A Positive Engagement.

You needn't ask Nan to a party,
A dinner or five o'clock tea,
Three weeks from to-day—which is Thursday,
For "engaged" and "at home" she will be.

She set her white Brahma this morning,
In a box with sweet hay for a bed,
On a dozen great eggs, all a-flutter,
With plumy wings softly outspread.

The hen looks so proud and important,
With her treasures hid under her breast;
Every feather alive if you touch her,
As if warning you off from her nest.

And the capable creature will sit there,
Come sunshine, come storm, or what may,
With her wings and her warmth and her wisdom,
Till exactly three weeks from to-day.

And then! oh, the downy soft treasures,
The dear little yellow round things,
That will break from the shells and come peeping
And stretching their small helpless wings!

Oh! you needn't ask Nan to a party
Or a dinner or five o'clock tea,
Three weeks from to-day—which is Thursday—
For "at home" and "engaged" she will be!

JACOB GRAVES' SUNSTROKE.

The supper dishes had been removed and carefully washed in the kitchen sink, and restored to their respective places on the pantry shelves; the red cloth had been spread over the table, the large kerosene lamp set in the center, and Farmer Graves had drawn from his capacious pocket a weekly agricultural journal, and seated himself to enjoy its contents. He was a thin, spare man, with sharp blue eyes, bushy gray eyebrows, a long nose, and a firm, square chin. By means of good judgment, the strictest economy, and hard labor, he had managed to amass considerable wealth, and was consequently looked upon with great respect by his neighbors, who knew little of the iron rule which governed his home and made unhappy the lives of his wife and two young sons.

The big kitchen was very still. The ticking of the eight-day clock in the corner, and the buzz of a few flies which had managed to effect an entrance in spite of screens, and to live, in defiance of the pan of fly-poison placed conspicuously and invitingly on a window sill, alone disturbed the silence. The day had been very warm, and Mrs. Graves, worn out with its cares, had seated herself in a rocking-chair and was, for a few minutes, resting both tired hands and exhausted body, while Fred and Harry, early taught the value of time, were silently mending a harness which lay between them on the big wooden settee. Occasionally they glanced at their father, and then at each other, as if debating the propriety of some project to be submitted to him; and at last Fred pushed the harness from his lap, and made a movement as if to rise. But Harry laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"It's no use to ask," he whispered.

"Perhaps not," replied Fred, in the same tone, "but it can't do any harm. He can only say 'no,' and 'nothing venture, nothing have' is a saying I believe in."

"All right; go ahead," said Harry. "I'll back you up the best way I can."

Thus admonished, Fred cleared his throat nervously and approached his father.

"Father," he said, "to-morrow'll be Fourth of July, you know. There's going to be a procession of 'horribles' in town in the morning, and speeches in the afternoon."

"Well," said the farmer, without glancing up from his paper, "what of it? I can't say as I'm interested in such tomfoolery doings."

"We've never been to anything of the kind, you know," continued Fred, hesitatingly, "and all the other boys about here are going. So we thought—"

"That I was fool enough to let you waste a hull day," interrupted the farmer, grimly. "Well, you thought wrong. I ain't no sort of believer in this yere fourth of July poppycock. A pa'cel o' men an' boys paradin' up an' down the streets dressed up like monkeys! They'd oughter be ashamed o' themselves. My father learned me better'n that how to use my time. No; ye'll spend to-morrow in gettin' in that hay. I've got to go to Morristown to see Talman 'bout them hides, but you two kin get in the hay an' then—"

He was interrupted by a knock at the screen door. His wife hastened wearily to open it. Two men—rough-looking fellows enough—stood outside.

"We want to stop the night," said one of them. "We're trampin' it to Boston."

"And you'll not stop your trampin' here," said the farmer. "Move on. We've no room here for the likes of you."

"Let us sleep in the barn on the hay, then," said the man who had not before spoken. "That ain't much to ask o' you."

"Too much, all the same," said the farmer. "I don't trust no tramps in my barn. So be off with you."

The men turned away, muttering something which the farmer did not catch; and Fred and Harry, thinking it useless to return to the subject of the Fourth of July procession, put the harness away in a corner of the kitchen, and went up stairs to bed, their young hearts sore with the disappointment they had received.

So long had Mrs. Graves been under the despotic control of her husband, that she seldom ventured a remonstrance of any kind. But now her heart ached for her boys. She knew how deeply they felt their father's injustice and oppression, and scarcely had the sound of their foot-steps died away, when she went up to her husband's side, and timidly laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Jacob," she said, "the boys are young, and they need a little recreation now and then. Let them go to town to-morrow."

"I want no interference from you, Sarah," said the farmer, without looking up. "If women had the management o' all the boys, there'd never be a man worth anything."

"But they work so hard every day," pleaded the mother. "No man ever had better sons than yours, Jacob. Show them that you appreciate their kindness by giving them a holiday now and then. They'll work all the better for it."

"Let them once begin to waste time and there'll be no end to it," replied Jacob. "It's no use you puttin' in an oar for 'em, Sarah. Hard work and plenty of it is the best kind o' food for boys. I was brought up on it, an' oughter know."

His wife said no more. She leaned her aching head on her hand, and bent her sad eyes on the floor, wondering, poor soul, why she had attempted such a foolish thing as to change her husband's mind. She ought to have known him better after eighteen years of married life.

Dawn had scarcely broken in the east when Jacob Graves arose: He wanted to make an early start to Morristown, and his wife had prepared breakfast for him the night before. He stopped to wake the boys by a thundering knock on the door of the room where they slept, and then proceeded to the kitchen, where he hastily swallowed a bowl of cold oatmeal and milk, and then went to the barn to saddle the horse he was to ride.

To his surprise the barn-door was standing open, and the staple which held the padlock was wrenched from its place.

"Like as not them pesky tramps done this out o' spite," grumbled the farmer. "I wish to the land the hull o' 'em was in p'n'tentiary for life. I hope they ain't stole old Bet."

But a familiar whinny from the mare's stall as he entered set his mind at rest on this point; and he climbed the barn stairs to throw down the hay for the faithful creature's breakfast.

But scarcely had he filled the rack when there was a sudden rustle in the hay behind him, and with a low cry of exultation the two tramps to whom he had refused lodging the night before sprang fiercely upon him.

"You miserable, sneakin'—" he began, but the sentence was never finished, for a sudden blow on the head sent him reeling backward, senseless, and he fell like a log upon the hay.

When he recovered consciousness the sun was shining brightly through the cracks of the barn, and it seemed to him that several hours must have elapsed since that sudden blow had stretched him senseless. His hands and feet were tied fast together, and a ragged handkerchief had been used to gag him. There was a dull pain in his head, too, and he did not feel sufficient energy to make an effort to free himself. He was wondering, in a disconnected, stupid way, how long he must lie there before any one came to look for him, when he heard the sound of wagon wheels coming round the corner of the barn. Then came Harry's voice shouting to the oxen, "Haw, Beauty, gee, Bright," and the door of the loft of the barn was thrown open with a jerk.

"Gettin' in the hay as I told 'em," thought Jacob, and it occurred to his benumbed mind that his boys never needed his watchful eye and stirring voice to make them work. They never shirked anything, either of them.

Being only about five yards from them, he could hear every word they uttered, though the immense mound of hay which lay between him and the door concealed him from their view. He was wondering how he could make his situation known to them, when he heard Fred say:

"I really mean it, Harry. The day I'm twenty-one I leave this farm forever. I'd be willing to stay, and would do more for father than anyone else if he'd only appreciate what I do. But he looks upon us both as machines, and tries to see how much work he can get out of us."

"He ought to have let us off to-day, that's a fact," said Harry, who was always a little more moderate in everything he said and did than his elder brother. "He's rich enough to spare us a day."

"Lew Gibson belongs to a base ball club, and his father gives him every Saturday afternoon," said Fred. "I often wish I was in his place. Every fellow we know will be in town to-day to see the fun, while we have to get in this hay. And last year it was just the same. I mowed and you raked, just as if we'd never heard of such a day as the Fourth of July."

"Father'll be sorry for it some day," said Harry. "I don't believe he's really thought of the matter impartially. He was brought up to work hard, and he believes in work. Mother says that grandfather was just such a driver."

"Why, old Bet must be in her stall," cried Fred, as a sudden whinny sounded from the interior of the barn. "I wonder what in the world made father walk to Morristown! But I don't know as I care. Perhaps as it is so hot he'll get a sunstroke and come near dying, and see then how he's treated us boys. I have heard of such things."

Jacob Graves heard no more; for the boys having got in the hay drove off for another load; he had heard quite enough to set him thinking in good earnest, and for a wonder he was not angry. The longer he had listened the stronger became his conviction that his boys were right; that he had treated them as machines, and worked them to their uttermost, and that his whole system of management was wrong. Suppose Fred left the farm when he was twenty-one? How could the farm thrive without him? What was he, Jacob Graves, working for if not for his boys? And the thought that they wanted to leave him cut his heart like a knife. He thought of his own youth, how empty of all joys it had been! The recollection of the privations, the disappointments he had endured came to him as it had never come since he had left his father's house. He, also, had been anxious to strike out for himself, to leave behind him the old home with which he had no tender or loving associations, and what had he done? Forgetting the lessons of his own youth, he had made just such a youth and such a home for his own sons. He had closed his eyes to all signs of rebellion, his ears to the gentle reproaches of his overworked wife. He had followed in the track of his father because no other had been pointed out to him, and now his boys cared nothing for him; they were anxious for the day to come that would give them the right to leave him.

Lying there in the hay he saw very plainly the mistake he had made, and resolved to retrieve it as far as possible. What would life be to him without his boys? Oh, he must not, he could not let them go.

Burning with new resolutions, he made an effort to free himself, and at last succeeded. Then he went down the stairs and stood at the barn door just as the boys drove up with the second load of hay. They looked warm, and Fred was fanning himself with his hat.

"Why, father! back already?" cried Harry, in surprise.

"Yes; I didn't go far. I put off seein' Talman till to-morrow."

"You don't look well," said Fred. "You haven't had a—a—sunstroke, have you," remembering his hasty words.

"Yes I have—a kind of a sunstroke. But never mind that. I've changed my mind 'bout those horribles, boys. If it ain't too late, you can git ready and go."

The boys looked at each other in much astonishment.

"It's the sunstroke, I guess," said Fred, under his breath.

"Thank you, sir," said Harry, half believing with Fred that the sun had affected his father's mind. "It is only half-past nine, and the procession won't start for half an hour."

"But we must get this load in first, of course," said Fred.

"No matter 'bout that. I'll see to it myself. And boys, you might like to have a few fireworks to home this evening, and invite a few o' your friends, so here—" he paused, and a blank look came into his face, for he had just discovered that his pockets were all turned wrong side out. "I'll give you some money when you're ready to go," he said, and he walked to the house, muttering something about the "pesky tramps."

"He's certainly had a sunstroke," said Fred, as he jumped off the hay.

"I believe you; he never acted like this before," said Harry.

The effects of that imaginary sunstroke never left Mr. Graves. Only to his wife did he tell his experience in the barn, and she, faithful soul, aided him by every means in her power to keep the resolutions he had made that Fourth of July; and so well were they kept that when Fred reached his majority he was only too glad to make an agreement with his father to remain on the farm, to be his comfort, and the stay of his old age.

A Musical Toad.

It is, perhaps, open to doubt if the toad bears the precious jewel in its head of which the poet speaks, but a French cure has met with a toad which had a fortune in its throat, had it only fallen in with an impresario. The cure happened to call the other day on one of his poorer parishioners, who, in compliment to his visitor, added a fresh provision of fuel to the fire, which at once blazed up, emitting a welcome glow. Attracted by the warmth, as it would seem, an enormous toad emerged from under an old chest of drawers standing in a corner, hopped slowly up to the fire, and stationed himself in front of it like a pet animal, which, in fact, he was.

The peasant, after a few prefactory words, proceeded to drone out an old Gascon ballad and sang a verse of it through. To the Abbe's intense astonishment the toad continued, or rather added a sort of coda to the melody the moment his master stopped, singing first a la, then a fa, returning next to the first note, and concluding on mi. The voice of the little singer was plaintive and musical, reminding the Abbe of the notes of the harmonica. The peasant continued the ballad to the end, the other amateur chiming in regularly with the same four notes at the end of each stave, keeping its eyes fixed on its master throughout the performance, and evincing through its expression and attitude a manifest desire to do its part in the concert to his satisfaction. The peasant, who was ill at the time, died soon after; and the cure, who had meant to adopt the other inmate of the hut could find no trace of him when he went to fetch him.

Metropolitan Funerals.

The poor of New York are the most extravagant people in the world in the management of their funerals, writes Blakely Hall. When a death occurs the hawks descend upon the house in flocks. The richest undertakers are in the tenement house districts, and they have agents and wires innumerable. Many of them count their fortunes in six figures, though they live in squalor and apparent poverty. They own livery stables, grogshops and tenement houses, and every tenant, employe and political "heeler" is expected to work for the undertaker who patronizes him. The manufacturers of mottoes, wreaths, shrouds, texts and other catchpenny devices, that hang upon the human woe, are in close accord with the undertaker.

They extend their lines across the river and out to Calvary cemetery, on the outskirts of Brooklyn. Here the tenement house dead are buried, coffin on top of coffin, till as many as six bodies rest in one grave. All along the dusty road to the graveyard are rum shops and beer saloons—mere speculations on the part of the undertakers.

Up town it is the custom to conduct funerals with extraordinary privacy, and when the ceremony can be performed in a country house, the dead is conveyed out of town without any formalities at all. The one idea of poor New York is to make a show of the dead, while rich New York abhors it.

A Russian physician, Dr. S. Th. Stein, reports some remarkable experiments, in which he has induced cataract in the eyes of young porpoises by subjecting them to the continuous vibrations of a tuning-fork for from twelve to twenty-four hours, or to a much longer time when the animals were deprived of the power of hearing. The cataract soon disappeared on removing the exciting cause, and could be renewed. The phenomenon has not been satisfactorily explained.

VARIETIES OF HANDSHAKING.

How the Custom First Originated—Peculiarities of Different People.

"Did you ever consider how people first began to shake hands? No? Well, then, sit down here and I'll tell you what I think about it, for I have given this subject some study," said a gentleman to a reporter. "My opinion is that in early and barbarous times, when every savage or semi-savage was his own law-giver, judge, soldier and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety, in default of all other protection, when two friends or acquaintances, or two strangers desiring to be friends or acquaintances, when they chanced to meet, offered each to the other the right hand alike of offense and defense—the hand that wields the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk or other weapon of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty and that neither war nor treachery was intended. A man cannot well stab another while he is engaged in the act of shaking hands with him, unless he be a double-dyed traitor and villain and strives to aim a cowardly blow with the left while giving the right and pretending to be on good terms with him.

"Did you ever observe that the ladies never shake hands with the cordiality of men unless it be with each other? The reason is obvious. It is for them to receive homage, not to give it. They cannot be expected to show to persons of the other sex a warmth of greeting which might be misinterpreted unless such persons are very closely related, in which cases handshaking is not needed and the lips do more agreeable duty.

"Every man shakes hands according to his nature, whether it be timid or aggressive, proud or humble, courteous or churlish, vulgar or refined. There is certainly a great art in handshaking, but I tell you the kind of handshake I hate, and that is one of the what I call the jolly good fellow handshakes. One of those fellows will grasp your hand, squeeze it until the tears run down your cheek and then, using your arm in the same manner as a pump handle, will go on shaking all the time he is talking to you, letting it rest easy for a moment or so, with the exception of a little spasmodic shake now and again, only, however, to start it afresh. The first time you imagine he is doing it because he is extremely glad to see you, but when you see him manifest the same cordiality toward people whom he met for the first time yesterday and toward those with whom he has been intimate for years you know he is a humbug or is, at any rate, acting from habit. But of all the men to be avoided the man who squeezes your hand in an excruciating manner on a false pretense is the worst. He dislocates your joints to convince you that he regards you highly, and as soon as you are out of sight forgets you or thinks that you are no 'great shakes' after all or, worse still, abuses you behind your back.

"Another and even more odious kind of handshaker is he who offers you his hand, but will not permit you to get fair hold of it. To be treated with cool contempt of supercilious scorn which such a mode of salutation implies is worse than not to be saluted at all. If hands are to be shaken let it be done properly. Another species of handshaker I detest is the man who offers you one finger instead of five, as much as to say, 'I am either too preoccupied myself or think too little of you to give you my whole hand. With such a man the interchange of any but the barest and scantiest courtesy is rendered difficult by any one who has a particle of self respect.

"Yet another objectionable man is the one that shoves out his left hand in greeting you. That is discourteous, sometimes intentional and sometimes not, but it is an act that no true gentleman would commit. There is really no reason why it should be more discourteous than to kiss the left cheek instead of the right, but doubtless the custom that makes the right hand imperative in all sincere salutations dates from those early times when handshaking first began, and the hand that shook or was shaken in friendship was of necessity weaponless. The poor left hand that one would think ought to be of as much value and strength as the right, just as the left foot or leg is as strong as the right foot or leg, because they are both used equally, has fallen into disrepute as well as into comparative disuse, until it has become an accepted phrase to say of any proceedings that is inauspicious, artful, sly or secretly malicious, that it is 'sinister'—that it is left handed.

"I do not," he continued, "object to shake hands on certain occasions, but it is this perpetual 'shake, shake,' with everybody that I object to. It is pleasant to touch the hand of an honest man or woman, and to be on such terms of acquaintanceship with either of these masterpieces of creation as to justify you in the thought that you are their equal. Even to grasp the paw of an intelligent dog, who holds it up for you to shake on being asked to do so, is something pleasant. For the dog, unlike some men, would scorn to give his paw to one in whose eye and in whose face he, by his fine instinct, in some respect the equal if not the superior of reason, discovered treachery or evil. As I have said, it is the continued handshaking with Tom, Dick and Harry that ought to be put a stop to.

—Young girls who have walking dresses opened at the throat for a cravat, and sailor hats to match the suit, left over from last season will find them perfectly wearable again this summer. The effect of such costumes was so neat and stylish and altogether so comfortable to wear that it is very sensibly decided they may be resuscitated. The sailor hat is becoming to almost all young faces, and stiff white collar so liberally displayed and snowy tie are delightfully fresh and clean in appearance, so that their reign begins again.

—The jockeys McLaughlin and Hayward both say that they should not like to see The Bard and Hanover race. M'Laughlin says it would take too much out of Hanover, and Hayward says that Hanover would out-foot The Bard at the beginning of the race, and might keep going to the finish. The Bard certainly would keep going, and a desperate race would surely ensue.

FASHION NOTES.

—Another attractive costume is made up of picot edged ribbon and plat Valenciennes lace. The entire draperies, waist and sleeves are thus made. The dress is among the gems of the season's imports. The lower skirt is of faille in sea-shell pink; the ribbon is cream-white, as is the lace.

—Purses are growing in size—that is, in length, as they still remain very narrow. The handsomest are of heavily pebbled black leather, with full silver clasps, and the corners of the flap re-enforced with a border of silver in egg designs. For summer are shown others in all the light shades of tan and gray, while a few new ones are silver-colored and cream-white.

—For children's wide straw hats the most inexpensive and effective trimming is a knot of ribbon that can be bought already tied in the hat shops. These are usually made of two kinds of ribbon—as, for example, navy blue with another of Oriental design, but in which the prevailing shade is the same tint of blue. It takes about three yards to tie one of these, and requires a skilful hand to acquire the richly knotted effect so desirable. When properly made they are quite sufficient trimming.

—Black seems to be the standard again for street wear especially the soft, clinging fabrics. While black is very serviceable, it is distressing to see every other woman you meet in the street look as though she were in half mourning, or as though there had been a plague of some kind and all the inhabitants were in grief or mourning for their sins. Plain colored silks are scarcely worn at all, but fancy silks are fast growing in popularity, and this is a prediction of an early return to soft and gracefully draping fabrics in twilled goods, and a revival of what was known to our grandmothers as Turk's satin. Cotton fabrics grow more beautiful and attractive each season. Nothing can be softer or finer than batistes, while the sateens outrival foulards in point of lustre, and the ginghams are marvels of art and elegance.

—In the black materials made up for the street the tailor fashion is followed in the strictest manner. The draperies are very full and long, usually laid in deep side plaits in the back and at the sides, one edge being frequently drawn up into the folds of the skirt, so as to form a long point of the other edge. Front draperies usually have the right and left sides differently arranged although some very elegant new costumes have both sides of front and back draperies exactly alike. Some very stylish imported suits have sham skirts with a plain band at the bottom and ample overdraperies made almost like a whole skirt; one side seam being overlapped and finished with ornaments or handsome buttons, or one side may be faced with suitable material, and folded back in a rever. These drapery skirts are among the most graceful of fashions, and are especially becoming to ladies who are inclined to be stout. Worn with a trim, perfectly fitted waist with postillion and pointed front, close collar and sleeves and long gloves, they are the extreme of good taste, and may be taken as the proof of a refined taste and a first-class tailor. There is one point about the use of these dresses that should not be overlooked, and that is their appropriate use.

—Whatever approaches the tailor dress in general effect should be worn only on strictly informal, out-of-door occasions. Those who follow closely the demands of fashion would not think of appearing at any formal gathering arrayed in one of them. Care should be taken, therefore, that such suits are confined solely to the street, the morning drives or business occasions.

For more dressy use the same fabrics may be made up with various combination materials, or, indeed, be used wholly by themselves, the fashion being much more elaborate, and the general effect, while it could not be improved for the plain, handsomely finished dress, is by far the more elegant, yet the addition of a few folds, or the different arrangement of the draperies, may make an almost complete transformation in the style of the costume, and render it appropriate for the house or the many smaller occasions where fine woolen suits are altogether appropriate and desirable.

—Plain-colored cashmere, veiling and camel's-hair will be especially popular for young ladies' visiting dresses and for young matrons' "at homes." These materials may be made up with velvet or lace, or with fancy goods of various sorts. There are some very stylish striped camel's-hair fabrics that are designed for use with plain goods. Many new dresses have body, back draperies and sleeves of striped or fancy goods, and the front and sides of the skirt of plain. The vest and fanciful cuffs may be of plain goods or of surah exactly matching in color. While the general tendency is toward the employment of a single color or two colors in a suit, the addition of collar, revers and cuffs of an entirely different shade is permitted, and when the selection is harmonious and suits the wearer's complexion and style the effect is charming.

For still more dressy occasions there will be a very general use of fine woven goods combined with lace and embroidery and trimmed with ribbons. Norrower flouncings of lace are growing in favor, many new dresses showing eighteen-inch-deep flouncings on the skirt and four or five-inch deep edgings for other garniture. Oriental or Egyptian lace still hold the place of favor, although plat Valenciennes and Florentine laces are in good demand. A most exquisite costume for a young lady is composed of fine plat Valenciennes and crepe de Chine. The lace is about eighteen inches deep, and is set in jabot fashion on either side of the skirt, the front being made up of alternate folds of the soft crepe and lace set on diagonally. The back draperies are made up of bias folds of crepe and lace, so plaited as to give the same diagonal effect as the front. The waist is altogether of lace. Very long, full loopings of ribbon are set in the folds where the draperies are caught up.

HORSE NOTES.

—Crit Davis, Harrodsburg, Ky., has several 4-year-olds by Messenger Chief that can trot a mile in from 2.40 to 2.25.

—H. H. Harris, of Chicopee, Mass., has purchased King Philip, 2.21, by Jay Gould, from Fred Burns, of Albany N. Y.

—Maud S. has had twelve miles this season between 2.18 and 2.27½, and the fastest quarter she has trotted is 31½ seconds.

—A. J. Cassett has sold to Lomasney Bros, the bay filly Stray Note, 2 years old, by Stratford-Billet Doux, by Bonnie Scotland.

—George A. Singerley recently purchased, through Crit Davis, Harrodsburg, Ky. a brown trotting gelding called Paleface.

—This year's American Derby was worth very nearly $14,000 to the winner, while the second horse got $1000 and the third $500.

—D. Malcolm, a Brooklyn brewer, has purchased the bay team Hudson and Philmout from E. de Cernea, of New York for $2000.

—On June 24 Jay-Eye-See trotted a mile in 2.27½ over the Racine track. Ed. Bither says the little black is coming slowly but surely.

—Captain Bailey's Pinafore and Indian Joe have proven themselves the fastest team in Philadelphia. They went a mile recently in 2.35.

—J. I. Case, of Racine, has sold to John P. Cole, of Topeka, Kan., the baby stallion Coleman Sprague, 4 years old, by Governor Sprague, for $1000.

—Nellie Mayo's mile in 2.28 at Elmira was at the pacing gait. She also trots well—did a half 1.12 at that gait only a few days before her fast pacing mile.

—Macey Brothers, Versailles, Ky., besides having the Woodford Park Race Course, have a large livery and sale stable, where they traffic in all kinds of horses.

—J. D. Morrissey's horses are now at Coney Island. Montana, Regent and Banburg have improved so much that Mr. Morrissey hopes to start them at Monmouth Park.

—Walter Gratz, of Philadelphia, has purchased at St. Louis, of Mr. Todhunter, the chestnut colt Pocatello, 2 years, by Joe Hooker, dam Countess Zieka, by imp. Balrownie.

—Jerome Turner, 2.15½, is still lame from the effects of a strain to a tendon at Terre Haute a couple of weeks ago, and it is feared he will not be able to start again this season.

—William Gregg has purchased from George A. Singerly a 4-year-old gelding by Messenger Chief, dam a thoroughbred mare by Bay Dick. The trotting mare Lady Albern was taken in part payment.

—Stone, the colored jockey, who has shown such creditable horsemanship during the season, especially in Saxony was suspended for the balance of the season for disobedience at the post on June 23.

—Since 1882 the Monmouth Park Association has steadily increased its premiums in proportion as the public patronized its racing. In 1882 it gave $85,000; in 1883 this was increased to $115,000, and in 1884 it was further increased to $120,000. In 1885 it reached the enormous sum of $125,000, and it was generally supposed the club had reached its limit, but in 1886 it gave $150,000, and the present season announces that $167,850 will be distributed in strkes and purses, and should a special occasion arise calling for a special race it will add liberally in addition.

—Mambrino Paymaster, although son of Mambrino, the son of Messenger was so little appreciated when alive that he sold for $90, and was advertised to serve mares and insure a foal at $2.50 each. Now his blood, through his great son Mambrino Chief, is eagerly sought after and highly prized by the breeders of the land. The founders of kingly lines are not always born in the purple.

—Budd Doble has about a dozen horses at Chicago, including the following: Oliver K., 2.16¼; Bonnie McGregor, 2.16½; Charlie Hogan, 2.21½; Roxie McGregor, 2.27½; Omar, 2.34, by Green's Bashaw; Otho, full brother to Omar: Annie Carey, 2.30¼, by Dauntless, dam by Night Hawk; a bay stallion, by Bonnie McGregor, dam by Romulus; a bay gelding, by Robert McGregor, dam by Romulus; chestnut stallion Richard, by Judge Hayes, dam by General Grant.

—Quite a number of persons who own horses decline to put them in friendly races at the different tracks for fear of getting a record. They don't stop to think that if the majority of them were to enter in the regular trotting circuits they would get nothing, owing to their horses not being fast enough for that kind of company, and that their horses would be worth considerably more with records for road purposes. A mare is always worth more with a record than without.

—Of The Bard Mr. A. J. Cassatt says: If he does not break down or go amiss I shall send him to England in September. After the Champion stakes at Monmouth there are no stakes he can go into, and I shall probably send him as soon as the Monmouth meeting is brought to a close. I shall not race him in England this season. It is my intention, if he lands in England and does well, to retire him for the rest of the year and allow him to become thoroughly acclimated, and not race him until next season. I will confine him principally to scale-weight races, like the cups of Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster and Goodwood, the Hardwick stakes, and races where he will not be crushed out by weight. I should not care to depend wholly upon one horse for my racing in England, so will probably take over a number of good ones if I can get them.

Mr. Cassett says he will, in all probability, retire The Bard to the stud on his return from England unless he should retain all his speed, in which case he may be tempted to start him here in '89 against the new generation of cracks which time will have brought upon the scene.