Her hair is like the sunbeam's gold, Her face an angel's well might be; Her form is cast in beauty's mold, Her loveliness cannot be told, E'en by a worshiper like me.

I cannot leave her musing there And go my way, when only she
My heart, and life, and love can share— Ahf lady fair, dear lady fair, Leome to thee! I come to thee!

She heard his footfall as he came, And suddenly across her cheek There swept a vivid scarlet flame. She trembled as he breathed her name, But not an answer did she speak.

Her lace-bound hat she lightly drew Close to her brows, and he-O! he, Bent nearer to her eyes of blue,
And with a look that thrilled her through, He asked her king of dreams to be.

There was a tender thrill of bliss From a brown nest above the two, After the silence of a kiss, As, with a look love would not miss For Heaven, she said, "I dreamed of you!"

WHEN YOU ARE THIRTY.

His name was James, not Ganymede. At was a closely clipped lawn upon which he trod, instead of the divine heights of Mt. Olympus. Neither were those gods and goddesses-those four athletic figures, clad in white and red flangel, disporting themselves upon a portion of the lawn marked off with lime, and wrangling in tones high and heated. James never wrangled. He scorned it. As he approached the group, bearing his tray so skillfully that the ice scarcely tinkled in the pitcher, the expression of his countenance bordered upon the sublime.

"Set it down there, James," called Miss Edith, and James set it down, with mathematical precision, exactly in line with the tennis net and about three feet from it. The pitcher was of earthenware, and the glasses came from the kitchen and were not out. James had been told by Miss Edith that when tennis balls came violently in contact with cut glass, broken glass was apt to be the result. Hence the discrepancy between the elegance of James' de- you'll be so altogether lovely as to let meanor and the painfully plebeian character of the burden which he bore. To show annoyance, however, was beneath him; and Jupiter himself, to say nothing of Ganymede, could not have bent the upper portion of his body at a | customed to addressing the empty space right angle with his legs in a more classical manner than did James as he deposited upon the grass the pitcher, of the earth-earthy, and the glasses as mournfully suggestive of the kitchen and the cook. Musingly, with his eyes appeared with a heterogeneous mass of upon high heaven, yet respectfully always. James withdrew.

standing in his pantry decorously pol- were all rattling along on the road to ishing a tablespoon, the door had open- | the beach. ed briskly, a scarlet-capped head had presented itself to his view, and Miss Edith's voice had said; "Water on the tennis court, please, James, and lemonade and gingerbread at half-past 11."

"Yes, Miss," said James. His vocal organ did not correspond in dignity with the rest of him. It was most undoubtedly squeaky. Miss Edith paused. Twice within a week James had qualified his respectful assent to similar orders with "The lemons is h'out, Miss." The lemons were evidently "h'in" this he had been carousing on fifteenthtime, and Edith was spared the necessity of a sigh over the inconvenience of living four miles from a lemon. A moment later her red and white tennis skirt had fluttered across the lawn, and

the game had begun. Just as James appeared with the water, Edith, who was playing at the him stop?" net, jumped into the air, gave a downward blow with her racket, sent the ball into the net, and said "Deuce!"

"Deuce!" vociferated Eric Allen with a vicious tug at his mustache. "Eric always loses his temper when he plays with me," had been Edith's comment before they began, "Deuce! Why you're wild! It's thirty-love, They're thirty and we're love," he added, unnecessarily.

"So it is," said Edith as she backed to a position for receiving the next ball, 'and much nicer for them than if it were deuce. Papa does so love to win."

"By Jove i" growled her partner. I havn't seen you so much in a fiendish humor since - yesterday morning,"the last words were jerked out as Edith which came flying at her from her tather's racket, and sped by her with the rapidity of light.

and Ned Whitney. Eric Allen laugh- ous green as they leaped, and curved -'tis painful the way you miss those flew by like silent wings, and faintly balls," he said. Miss West looked at across the meadows from the distant aim with an air peculiar to Miss West, town came the chiming of church bells. "Sears himself couldn't have taken that

.han Sears." "Children! Children!" expostulated Mr. Niel, while Ned Whitney sat down | they make !" They certainly did, as apon the handle of his racket and "Stop quarreling. Ready, Eric?" The swift ball was returned on this occasion, and was volleyed back by Ned Whitney over Edith's head. Edith struck wildly at it, then turned ily than when they plunged into the see Eric do likewise and fail, glorious waves.

'Game," called Mr. West. "Why on earth, Edith, didn't you take that ball?" demanded Eric. "For the simple reason that it wasn't mine. You ought to have taken it

geomrself." 'It was yours. You had no business to miss it."

Eric, don't you speak to me in that | ing: tone again. If you do, I won't play

"Well, I don't care if you don't," Eric had never before said anything the water before the other girls did, you look that way. I'll take it all back that so outrageous or insincers. Even and sternly refused to let Eric carry about Sir Galahad. Who is that you're tuite so outrageous or insincere. Even his "tennis temper," for which allow- her pail. ances were always made, was no ex-Fire flashed from the gray eyes others came, clothed in their right ander the scarlet cap. "I wouldn't minds, from their red gold hair. Eric had been drying her red gold hair. Eric he's as a forget that I was a gentleman if I were had been drying her red gold hair. Eric polite." quiet, and consequently crushing.

and I appeal to you. Did I say any-

thing ungentlemanly?"
"Ned," observed Mr. West, turning to his patient partner, "you're no lady." Then to Edith, "go on, my child, it's your serve. Anyone would think you and Eric were two years old."

Edith began to serve. She played in wrath and silence, and she played well. Game after game was won. Eric looked almost meek, but neither he nor Edith spoke.

"Set!" at last gasped Edith, breathlessly triumphant, and the four players moved toward the water pitcher.

"Miss West," her father said, as he handed her a glass of water, "allow me to present to you Mr. Allen." A smile crept into the gray eyes under the scarlet cap and twitched at the corners of the sweet red mouth.

"I'm happy to meet you, Mr. Allen.' A small hand was placed in a large brown one and was clasped tightly, while Mr. Allen mentally called him-

self a boor. Peace and politeness reigned upon the tennis court during the next two sets, and enthusiasm waned.

'I've had enough,'' said Mr. West. "I've heard enough," echoed his gues me so much as to have Eric lose his temper." That young gentleman looked unutterable things - some of them were nice-but wisely held his

"There is lemonade in the diningroom," Miss West announced as they strolled towards the house, "and gingerbread.'

"I don't care much for lemonade," Erlc said as the two young men and minute." Edith sat in the cool and darkened room. "It doesn't quench my thirst" -filling his glass for the third time. "This gingerbred is bang-up though. Got any candy?" Silence from Miss West, whose mouth was full.

"You might as well tell him. He'll hunt till he finds it." Ned Whitney rarely did anything so trival as to speak, but when he did peals of truth fell from his lips.

"He may hunt. He ate every bit there was in the house yesterday, and he owes me a pound besides. I'm going to order the buckboard, Is any one going bathing from our house, Ericz"

"Every one. They are going to take Ned's and my things down to the beach. We're going to drive down with you if us," Edith had vanished before this sentence had reached its climax, and Eric resolved to repeat it next day. Edith often vanished in the mldst of his remarks, and he was becoming acwhere she had been.

"Buckboard's here," he called from the foot of the stairs as the clock struck 12, and a crunching of gravel and wild barking from the dogs were heard. Edith scanty garments and voluminous bathing towels in her arms. Mr. West em-Five minutes earlier, as James was erged from the library, and soon they

"Why don't you leave that beast at demanded Eric from the back seat, as Edith's great dog sprang into the wayside weary." the air in front of the horse with a series of great barks.

"Are you referring to Sir Galahad?" Even the back of Edith's head looked dignified as she asked the question. 'He always goes where I go. Besides, he likes to bathe as much as you do." "And needs it more," Eric had the temerity to observe. "I should think

century fish from the way he smells," "I scorn to pursue the subject further. Papa, can't you make him stop?'

"Which? Eric or Sir Galahad?" "Sir Galahad. Be quiet, boy!" she more wild. "Oh, will nothing make

"Yes," said Ned, "a bullet violently inserted between his eyes, or a bag of dynamite tied to his tail. "

"Ned! I thought you were a friend voice made Ned feel that his speeches, rare as they were, were yet too frequent, and he descended abjectly from the buckboard as it drew up in front of the fun of wondering. bath houses.

The Rockland Beach stretched white and smooth for half a mile. A cliff sheltered it on one side-a long point of land on the other. Now the only sound to be heard upon it was the booming of the surf, breaking in long, level lines of foam. The day was perfect, so thought "What's the matter with you, Eric? Eric Allen-the first to come out from all stray dogs that come about here," his bath house—as he walked slowly up and down the warm, shining sand and waiting for the others before taking his made a frantic effort to receive a ball first plunge. The sea, blue as a liquid sky, flashed and sparkled in the sunshine. The waves came bounding shoreward, crested with white foam, "Vantage!"-duet from Mr. West and turned to the sea's own cool, delici-

> they come. Heavens! what a noise moving it forcibly. and Ned Whitney, each carrying a pail, came running over the sand-talking, laughing and screaming, only less nois-

The girls could all swim well-on their sides, on their backs, under the water-anything the men could do, the girls did. So it was uncalled for in Eric Allen to swim gently up where of Miss West's expression. Edith lay dreamily floating, grasp her, ance, and strike out for shore, exclaim-'Thank heaven! I have saved you!" This proceeding was repeated a mile away.
twice until Edith stamped and sputter"See here, ed in her vexation. She actually left and sternly refused to let Eric carry

She was sitting on a rock when the Edith's voice was unusually thought it lovely. "I will soon be and consequently crushing. driven to despair, golden hair," he sang "By Jove! I draw the line! Mr. softly, and was rewarded with a with- yours. He's probably only an acquaint-West. Edith says I'm no gentleman, lering glance.

"Don't be more of a goose than you can help," advised Miss West.

"Edith," interrupted Bess Allen, standing tall and graceful before her, 'when are you going driving with me in my cart ?"

"Why, I don't know, dear-to-mor-row, if you want me to." "Edith," said Eric, "when am I go ing driving with you in your dog cart? You said a week ago you were going to take me and you have not done it yet.

What's more, I don't believe you ever intend to take me." "Mr. Allen, will you go driving with me this afternoon?" "Miss West, it will give me the great-

est pleasure." "I will call for you at 4 o'clock. We will drive into town and stop at Lowler's and you can get me that candy that you owe me." "Oh, I say-"

"Come, Edith. Good-bye, girls," called Mr. West, and whatever it was Eric had to say was said to Ned Whitney and the girls. . . 'To-morrow, then," shrieked Bess after the retreating buckboard, and

Edith waved a towel in reply. Mrs. Allen's afternoon nap in the verdaughter. "There's nothing that fati- anda hammock was disturbed by Edith's fresh, young voice saying, "Whoa, Countess," and as she drowsily opened her eyes she saw that damsel. dressed in white, looking as dainty as the bunch of sweet peas in her belt, just stepping from her cart, while the faultless Peter stood at Countess' head.

> "How sweet you look, dear," said Mrs. Allen as Edith stooped to kiss the genile face. "Eric will be down in a

"Eric is down now," came from the hall, and the owner of the name appeared, hat and cane in hand. "Don't keep us, mother. We're in a hurry.' "I'm not, Mrs. Allen. I'd rather talk to you than have to listen to Eric for the next three hours."

"Fib," was Eric's laconic observation as he helped her into the cart. "Where are you going, children?" asked his mother.

"We're going to have Eric's hair cut, Mrs. Allen. Good-bye. All right, Peter?" and Edith gathered up the lines. Laughter, admiration and a something warmer still were in the dark eyes that were turned on Edith as Countess trotted briskly out the gate.

"By Jove! if you don't beat everything I ever saw! I won't have my hair cut.

"Oh, yes you will! You may be good, but you're not pretty with your hair that way. "But I can't. Didn't bring any

"I'll lend you some." "Well, I'll draw the line! That's adding insult to injury. Make me have and dark, and one that gleamed white my hair cut and lend me the money to do it with. You grieve me sorely. And you appear to forget that you're only twenty-two while I'm twenty-six."

"I don't see what that has to do with it. No one would ever imagine it, anyway. You know papa said this morning you acted as though you were about two

"I forbear to retort, for I suppose I must put up with abuse, or be left by

Edith laughed and they drove on for awhile in silence. The leaves on the trees by the wayside stirred gently and threw fluttering shadows on Edith's white gown. Overhead a robin sang. From the distance behind them came the murmur of the sea. In front of them, moving slowly, six great oxen drawing a wagon loaded with dripping, glistening kelp, with fluted edges.

"Ah !" Edith drew a long breath as they came at last within sight of the harbor alive with sails and spars. What a divine day this is! Do you ed at him were raised to his, and in know, it seems to me I never before ordered, as the dog's barking became had a lovelier Summer? Arn't you sorry that it's almost time for you to go back to the city and resume the ac-

cumulation of wealth?" "Sorry! Jove! It breaks me all up to think of it. Do you know why?" Eric lowered his voice. Peter was deaf. of mine." The reproach in Edith's but to depend too much upon his deafness was unsafe.

"No, and I don't want you to tell me either, for then I wouldn't have the Calmly spoken, but there was a faint

tinge added to the color in her face. She continued a trifle hurriedly: "What do you suppose the Captain of the Life Saving Station has done?"

"I don't know," said Eric, gnawing his moustache. "Why, he's ordered his men to shoot

"Perfectly proper." "Perfectly heathenish. I don't see how they can do it. Could you shoot a big, beautiful dog-shoot him dead ?" "If it were Sir Galahad and he had been toying with my legs, I could, Humbly and thankfully I say it."

"Go on, Countess." Countess jumped as the lash of a whip struck her. "Tis strange-'tis passing strange and broke upon the beach. White sails | Yet it would probably have struck much more sharply could Countess and across the meadows from the distant Mr. Allen have changed places. Countess resented the cut, slight as it was, "It's good to be alive on a day like and forthwith dropped her tail over one ball, and I don't pretend to play better | this," said Eric half aloud. "Those | rein and clinched it tightly. Eric leanbells make it seem like Sunday. Here ed forward and grasped the tail, re-

"Thank heaven!" he exclaimed with seven bath-house doors burst open, and fervor. "Thrice to-day have I been Eric's four sisters, Mr. West, Edith the humble instrument of saving your

precious life." If he expected gratitude he was disappointed. Miss West sat very straight indeed, and looked directly in front of her. Mr. Allen surveyed her with a

critic's eye. "How stunning you look to-day! I like that gown.' Perceptible increase in the severity

"Won't you give me a sweet pea for take her in tow in spite of her resist | my button-hole? Do, and we'll call it square." Miss West's thoughts are apparently

"See here, Edith, it makes the cold chills run up and down my spine when bowing to? He looks like a regular tough."

"It would be very much better form

FASHION NOTES.

more of this anon, I tell you I take

"Very well," said Edith, turning

the full glory of her smile upon him.

"I'll forgive you this time. Here's the

how long I have known and-"

barber shop. Get out, Eric."

I'll get you two pounds of candy,'

"I've just discovered some in a hid-

A passion of longing rose in his heart.

is to be a blessing or a curse to me."

"Don't step off from the veranda.

"Did you see Eric this evening?"

asked Mrs. West of her husband as she

went into the library. "He looked so

very queer; quite pale, and such a rest-

less light in his eyes. I'm afraid he's

West, mysteriously, and became so ab-

sorbed in his paper that he did not have

to reply to his wife's shocked exclama-

tion. Mr. West liked Eric, but Edith

veranda walked two figures-one tall

in the starlight. Up and down, up and

frightened, wished she had not.

yet, Eric," the sweet voice trembled.

man's whole soul was in the question.

their depth a solemn splendor shown.

Eric took her in his arms.

thought the night wind cold.

"The deuce!" said Eric.

through the door.

love!"

The slender figure near him swayed-

It was 10 o'clock when Mrs. West

Eric paused with his hand on the

"When shall it be, beloved ?" Eric

"When?" Edith repeated dreamily.

"When?" Oh!" and a little laugh

came from her. "When you are thirty,

Some Delicacies.

Chinese and Japanese eat everything

that come out of the season. All the

fishes are good to their taste, and are

several sorts are sent far into the in-

terior to be used in thickening soups,

gravies and puddings and are highly

prized because they give a relishing

flavor of salt, which is a luxury be-

and sea-weed are eaten the world over

but surely no other people eat the tide-flat animals swallowed by the natives of

Yesso. For example, the most simply

organized of the class of animals to

which "shells" belong are called asci-

dians. They grow sometimes singly,

sometimes in clusters, and are rooted

immovably to the sandy bottom, sub-

sisting on what the currents may bring

which is as large as one's fist. It has

no shell whatever, and is a gray, flabby,

tulip-shaped sac, supported on a short stalk. But in spite of its forbidding

and use it as food.

to them. In Japan there is an ascidiac

She put her hand on his, turned with

handle of the door, and Edith stopped

opened the door and called "Edith,"

and shut it again, shivering.

Up and down, up and down on the

'I'm afraid he isn't," replied Mr.

Mrs. West."

you warm enough ?"

"Quite, mama."

was the apple of his eye.

It's very damp.

going to be ill."

charged.

me. Edith.

back what I said about Sir Galahad. And to-night, when we are walking on -A pretty combination jewel is a your veranda he may chew my coatdiamond crescent with a star in the tails into shreds. Now, what more can centre. I say? Look at me, Edith, Think

-A double star set alternately with rubles and sapphires is a charming pat-

tern for a brooch. -A brooch consisting of an oxidized silver sun has a large eagle of bright

"Edith, if you let me off this once, I gold flying toward it. swear I'll come in to-morrow afternoon -A novelty in silver cane-heads is and have my hair cut at my own exthe face of Old Mother Hubbard, with pense. Just drive on to Lowler's, and an etched band beneath.

-A tape measure in an oxidized silver "I never refuse a bribe," laughed case, ornamented with repousse work, Edith, "but I thought you had no makes an elaborate tool. -Grain-worked initials on oxidized

silver match-boxes is the latest fancy, den recess of my raiment. Edith you are an angel. By Jove! You shall have three pounds." And she had but a somewhat costly one. -A tea service of oxidized silver in Moorish design and chasing is among

the latest novelties in silverware. The sun had gone down, leaving -Silver parasol handles bear many clouds of splendor behind him when handsome ornamental designs Eric stood upon the veranda watching leaves, flowers, fruits and grasses. Edith drive away. In the crimson

glow of the western sky hung a silver -A large opal sun, the rays of thread of new moon. The calm breast which are set with alternate pearls and of the sea shown with opalescent tints. diamonds, makes a handsome pin. An infinite calm descended upon the -White and wood violets are leadearth. Eric caught the words of a ing designs for bonnet pins. Hairpin-

quaint love song that Bess was singing tops of twisted silver wire are now ocsoftly in the twilight of the library. casionally set with garnets. -We note with pleasure the return "This very night," he said through his set teeth. "I shall learn whether she to white collars and cuffs with summer | 2.154, dam Lucy, 2 14. dresses. Young ladies wear the starched white collar with the plastroncravat of white faille, fastened with a

"Eric! Really! I thought the rash | tiny jeweled pin, This looks extremely vow you made this afternoon as to the | well with the open jacket-bodice. liberties you were going to let Sir Gala--The parasols now being used are had take with your coat-tails would be wonderful to see, and the decoration is sufficient to give you such a headache continued to the point of the handles, that you couldn't possibly come down." which are covered either with velvet or "Put something on and come out. silk, and are trimmed with pretentious It's a divine night. Good evening, bows of often extremely wide ribbon. Some of the thin muslin, lace and net "Ah, Eric, I haven't seen you for parasols look more like whipped cream, several days. I've been so engaged in and are no real protection against the several ways that I've missed you every sun; while others are made half the time you've been here. Edith, are depth in velvet, the other half in lace,

apparently secured with jet beads, -Bronze sandals will be very fashionable all summer for dressy house wear. The Egyptian sandal has the diminutive toe, covered with an embroidery of gay cashmere beads, some designs showing little palms in brilliant colors. The Roman sandal is strapped ever the instep and fastened by a buckle of real silver, with a Roman medallion in the centre. 'Cleveland' sandal is made of black satin, with jet embroidery on the toe, and lined with scarlet silk. The Chinese sandal has a shapely pointed toe and a "common sense" heel. "Dieppe" sandal is of black undressed kid, to be worn with dark-red silk hose, and the Richelieu shoe of bronze is a street foot-covering to be worn

down, treading silently behind themwith dark golden-brown silk hose, Sir Galahad. Edith fitfully hummed a -New hats for the seaside are made tune. Eric was silent. So was Sir Galahad. The atmosphere seemed of coarse fancy straw, with the brim very narrow, almost straight at the "Say something, Eric," commanded back, broad in front and turned up at the side. By way ut trimming, the Leader had cut his quarter was wrong. the girl upon his arm, and then, half Madras silk kerchief is twisted round The horse is all right and will start at Eric turned and faced her. His face the crown and knotted at the side. A St. Paul. "I love you," he said, and his voice Sarah hat in multi-colored straw. Its was hoarse and strange. "I love you crown is low and its brim very broad, so utterly that I am nothing but my shading the face. We noticed one love for you. If you will not be my of yellow straw chiped of various wife I must know it now-now. And shades, the brim lined with green velthen I shall go away where I never can vet, and a handsome cluster of feath-

look upon your face again. Speak to ers by way of trimming. Leghorn hats are once more all the "You haven't asked me anything fashion. A great many are made with a brim of shirred black or straw-colored "My darling, do you love me?" The tulle.

-A novelty of the season is chevron jours. It is a pretty plaid batiste, the gray eyes that almost always laugh, with spiked patterns in open-work all over it. Prettier still is reseau, a new open-work thread tissue-like lace-work "I love you," she whispered, and in all shades of gray, blue, Havana. beige and buff, and also in black. It requires a silk underskirt and lining for stakes of the Pennsylvania Association the bodice, this forming most elegant of Trotting Horse Breeders.

summer toilets for the seaside. There are also a variety of buff and ecru thread etamines in lace-work insertion patterns, some plain and some to rest her cheek on Sir Galahad's great brocaded with streaks of red, blue or hellotrope satin, looking as though a narrow ribbon had been passed in and out of the lace-work, This also requires to be worn over silk. The skirt is just slightly draped over faille or track, and is in fighting trim. If there it the handle, and pushed by him surah of the color of the satin streak, and the bodice is lined with the same, | can beat Patron, Mr. Emery says It is sometimes put on to a turned-up that he will make a match and place no collar and small shoulder-piece of the limit on the amount. He is willing to colored silk. A pretty model has this trot over any good mile track. Patron piece cut out in the shape of a star and | will start in the \$10,000 race at Hartembroidered with beads. The sleeves

are finished with cuffs to match. Another style of bodice which is very fashionable is cut quite low, crossed over the chest and deeply peaked; the opening is filled in with a caught with great skill. Seaweeds of finely-plaited chemisette of glace surah. Sleeves are made quite short again, with a little fullness just above the elbow.

-The fine lawn called fil-a-fil, as soft as silk, is to be had in all fashionable yond the reach of most Chinese peasshades of color-salmon-pink, Etnaants. The use of sea-weed is almost red, indigo, reddish-purple, maroon, identical with the very common use of Havana, and Iron gray, Finer and "Irish moss" by Americans in making softer still is Indian batiste in lovely toothsome dishes. But, indeed, fishes shades of rose color, heliotrope and ciel blue. This in self-colors, while in fantaisie we have quite a variety of beautiful patterns upon soft, neutral grounds, moss roses with buds and foliage, chrysanthemums, passion flowers, honeysuckles and anemones in exquisite natural tints, and the same in grisaille over pale rose color; straw or cream. Begonia leaves, tullips, irises sult of the Junior Champion stakes, and jessamine softly shaded over the although I have my doubts about the dark grounds, and the everlasting dots | best animal having won, I hereby make of which one seems never to tire in blue, pink, red or purple over white grounds. These will make up charming summer toilets with the plain batiste by

appearance the Japs pickle it in vinegar way of underskirt. -A diamond dragon-fly makes a handsome ornament for ladles' neckperfect idyl on a dress; Watteau shepherds and shepherdesses, Louis XV lords and ladies in wigs and panniers, cherubs in clouds, cupids among flow--A miniature turtle, enameled in colors true to nature, with diamond eyes, is a pleasing novelty in brooches.

—Bouncer, the once famous mare, up into pretty dresses for the country.

—Bouncer, the once famous mare, up into pretty dresses for the country.

—Bouncer, the once famous mare, up into pretty dresses for the country. "I don't believe he's a friend of yours. He's probably only an acquaintance. I know all your friends. But wice, if not upheld by self-respect.

Nashville, Ky., on July 3.

Humility, sweet as it may be a trait of character, may degenerate into vice, if not upheld by self-respect.

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HORSE NOTES.

-The pacers McClincock and Cyclone were burned in a stable fire out West recently.

-The 2.18 pacing race at Hampden Park did not fill. There are 98 entries to the other races.

—The 2.18 class pacing race at Utica was another "skin." Argyle or Jennie Lind should have won. -Flora Huff and Cora Bell, S. N.

Dickinson's double team, trotted a mile in 2.321 at New York a few days -There is talk of a race between Clingstone and Patron at Cleveland

during the breeders' meeting at that place. -The Monmouth Park Association contemplates erecting stables with

some twenty or thirty boxes adjoining the paddock. -The once fleet-footed Billy Gilmore, the hero of not a few sensational

races, has been sold to Johnston, the jockey, for \$500. -The great racing meeting at Kansas City, Mo., will be held from November 5 to 17, instead of October, as

originally announced. -J. H. McCarthy, owner of C. H.

Todd, the Chicago Derby winner, owns a 2-year-old stallion by Guy Wilkes, -It was an easy thing for Hanover

in the Champion stakes. McLaughlin says he never felt in doubt about the race, notwithstanding Firenzi's strong bid at the flaish. -The mutual pools should not be

permitted to be sold at the trotting meetings, as they cause many heats to be "dropped," and the horses thus engaged frequently lose their races.

-Dr. J. W. Day's yearling colt Bartholdi Patchen trotted in 3.022 at Rochester recently, which is the best record by 4% seconds for a yearling outside of California and Kentucky. -The 5 year-old stallion Arthur

Symms, by General Knox, dam Lady Arthur by Bourbon Chief, has been sold by R. P. Todhunter, Lexington, Ky., to T. E. Elkin, Lancaster, Ky. -J. H. Shults, of Brooklyn, has

bought of J. H. Batchelor the yearling filly Sally Graham, by Nutwood, dam Mattie Graham, and a bay suckling colt by Pancost, dam Mattie Graham. -Three pacing stallions have records of 2.18 - Brown Hal, Cohannet and L. C. Lee. Duplex holds the pacing stallion record, he having obtained a mark of 2.17 at the Detroit meet-

-The "jobbers" wanted Knapsack McCarthy to put the "brakes" on Johnny Woods in the 2.24 pacing race at Utica, but "Knap" would not have it that way, and went on and won the race.

-John Madden has sold Mambrinette to W. J. Mills, of Buffalo, Madden says that the report that Class

-The stallions Maxey Cobb, Jr., and Mambrino Hasson are in charge of Joseph C. Beyer, who is shaping them up for the fall campaign. They are both showing up finely and should make things lively in their class.

-The Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association has decided to offer a purse of \$1000, free for all except Harry Wilkes, Patron, Clingstone and Jay-Eye-See, to be trotted on October 13, the fourth day of the

meeting. -A. W. Harbison, of New Castle, Pa., has had the misfortune to lose by death the young mare Theta Quay, by Beaumont, dam by Allen Sontag. Theta was entered in the 4-year-old

-A. A. Kitzmiller, of Lexington, Ky., purchased recently from H. L. Fleet, of Cutchogue, L. I., the ch. s. Hylas, 2.24), by Alcalde dam Santa Maria, by Pilot, Jr., for \$200. Hylas was foaled in 1869, and got his record in 1876. He sired Hylas Maid, 2.291.

-Patron is located at the Cleveland be anybody who thinks Harry Wilkes ford,

-The dam Rosaline Wilkes, 2.183. is Cigarette, by Zilcadı Golddust, Cigarette was bred on shares with Mrs. Harbison, of Shelby county, Ky., and was sold when 3 years old to Dr. R. H. Pearce, of Louisville, Ky., who used her in his practice. She is the only mare by Zilcadi Golddust whose produce has ever been handled for speed.

-Andy Welch and James H. Goldsmith have purchased the black horse Atlantic (2 241), foaled 1878, by Almont, dam Isabelle Clay, by Kentucky Clay, for \$5000. Andy Welch has also bought of William Wilkin, or Cambridge, O., the br. m. Lady Wilkins (2.27), foaled 1881, by Ambafsador, dam Sleepy Jane by Invincible, for \$2500.

-E. J. Baldwin, the owner of Los Angeles, has had the following published over his own signature: "While I am not disposed to grumble at the rea proposition which, I think, ought to lead to a great race, as well as a satisfactory test of a 2-year-old supremacy. I suggest a grand 2-year-old sweep-stakes, for either the Sheepshead Bay Very pretty, too. and more rustic, is or Prospect Park autumn meeting, toile d'Irlande, in fanciful patterns, a \$2500 entrance, haif forfeit, six furlongs, entries to close on say the 1st of September. I assume the club on whose course the race will be run would give a handsome sum of added money. The amount of the entrance