To cloud the beautiful brow so fair, And the spring flows on. A lithe youth walks by the sparkling stream Watching the silvery waters gleam,
His heart still pure as its waters are,
Unvexed by the ruth of a single care,
While the street of a single care, While the stream flows on.

Dreaming as one in a morning dream, Lazily watching the laughing stream Sporting its way in the noonday beam, And the stream flows on. A strong man stands by the river side,

Thoughtfully watching the fretful tide,
His shoulders stooped by the toil of years,
His broad brow bent with the bale of cares, While the stream flows on. His statue bent by the moll of years, Heart balf sick with its gathering cares, And eyes bedimmed by unbidden tears, And the tide flows on.

An old man waits on the ocean shore, Counting the years that have gone before, Waiting there for the ship to come To bear him away to his final home, While the tide flows on.

Longingly waiting the ship to come To bear him across to his long, long home, While the day grows dark in the evening's

And the tide rolls on.

## A DREAMER OF DREAMS.

James Bond had reached the mature age of 40 when the casual smile of a Grove one autumn afternoon, and knowledge. though she smiled not at him, but at an old crossing sweeper who was thanking her with excessive volubility for a sixpence, yet her beautiful face was so charged with sweetness that there arose within him a new sensation which he could not define.

"Can this be love?" he asked himself, gazing earnestly after the graceful known woman, whose influence, unfigure disappearing around the corner. | consciously exerted, had gone far be-"Pshaw! it is absurd. I don't even | youd the limits of her personal acquaintknow her name." "What is love?" he ance. Had it done nothing else it proceeded. "Unity—the dovetailing would have raised him above the dreary of angels-the meeting of extremes; therefore dependent upon the logical but it presently took a more practical faculties which alone can classify, sep- turn. arate and unite. Consequently, with- room, the cat the only homely thing in out thorough knowledge, love is im- it, and thought of that perfect home of possible. Yet her smile was sweet- his fancy, there flashed into his mind yes, it certainly was very sweet." At the question. Where is the money to the thought of that exquisite vision the dull gray eyes brightened, and the sal- to such as she, even if I had the money? low, careworn face wore a peculiarly This thought fell upon him like a thun-

Bond rented lodgings-dingy rooms, littered with books and papers, from Awakened to the reality of his dream, which his landlady was forbidden to the strong man girded up his loins, and

Walking homeward through a back | The cat-that subtle bond of ur different-why, he could not tell. Some causes are too subtle for analysis.

"My good children," he said advancyou know."

They turned and faced him, a dubious group ready to assail or flee, accord- he could work no longer. ing as he showed weakness or strength. Why do you beat the unfortunate animal?" he pursued.

"Cos it's mine," replied the red-headed young urchin who held the string. 'Highly illogical, my boy."

They opened their eyes and grinned at one another. After a pause the young spokesman demanded: "I say, guv'nor, what'll yer give for it?" 'fen shillings. See, here they are.

Is that enough?" Needless to say the bargain was struck on the spot. Bond paid the money, put the cat under his arm, and walked his threadbare clothes he certainly looked an ungainly figure at any time, but the struggles of the sleek and handsome tabby to free herself from his embrace made him a more than usually re-

markable object. "Now, why did I buy this creature?" he asks himself. "Was a hatred of cruelty the sole motive? No; each act is the resultant of two or more forces. Though the comparison may be carried | goods on false pretences." too far, the cat naturally suggests woman; she is the old maid's compantom of the matter-selfishness under hind. the guise of beneficence. Not quite

yes; her smile was very sweet." attributed to Eulalie qualities the very enough for anything. Amid a general opposite of his own, or rather, what he clamor for the police, the proprietor of supposed to be his own, for he set a the shop fortunately appeared on the very humble value upon himself. And scene. He was not going to have a so he had no difficulty in constructing fuss made there, he said; so Bond was his golden image, before which he, a hustled into the street. He turned vile creature of clay, meekly bowed his when he got clear of the crowd. head and did obeisance.

He had already given a name to the back. fair unknown, and that name was swear she was acquitted." Eulalie - the prettiest one he could think of. He depicted her in her home, surrounded by smiling faces-father, the doorway. mother, sisters, brothers—all uniting to render homage to the beautiful Eulalie; prietor. And shaking the youth by the and then he saw her in another home no shoulders, he pushed him back into the less happy, himself her vis-a-vis and shop. sole admirer. Somehow or other the cat purring on the hearth rug at his to his rooms. His pile of manuscript feet seemed to be a link between them. lay on the table; the cat sat purring be-It was absurd, no doubt; he tried to struggle back into a more rational mood —but all in vain; he seemed to have ent it all seemed! He dropped into a drifted into another sphere in which chair, and the veins stood out in his

reason was unknown. Next morning Bond went out into the Grove again. He was out of sorts, he told himself, and wanted a walk just? It was impossible. badly. And yet he lingered among the shops, looked absently into the windows, and with furtive anxiety at the what object he did not determine. By passers-by. But of a sudden he turned a strange chance he met her in the

tall and stately, charmingly dressed, with a fringe of dainty little brown curls on her forehead, and a face like an angel's. People turned to look at her as she went by; had they bowed down before her Bond would scarcely have felt surprised. She was attended by a couple of handsome men-one deferential, the other more observant of the sights around. Her brothers, commented Bond, who had squeezed himself into a doorway, and peeped timidly at her over the bonnets of two elderly ladies. As each passing cab momentfeared lest he should never behold her again. He saw her enter a shop, and presently come out again. Quite unconscious of the existence of her shabby admirer, she proceeded on her way, and

soon disappeared in the crowd. Then with the desperate courage which is perhaps most common in timid men, Bond plunged into the shop and asked the assistant her name.

"You mean the lady who was looking at these gloves," inquired the dapper youth, pausing in his task of returning them to the box in order to stare with evident amusement at his questioner.

world for him. "Yes, yes, of course." "I don't know her name, sir."

Bond looked disappointed. But see-

"I want a pair of gloves," he said. 'These will do very nicely." "They are ladies, sir," suggested the ssistant.

"Never mind. They will do me very well;" and he bought them.

There was a strange pathos in the love of this solitary student for an unlevel which he had so long occupied,

When he beheld his cheerless derclap; it threw him into a stupor, out of which he emerged trembling.

remove the dust. He was seldom there, put forth the strength which had hitherhowever, for he lived in dreams, the to lain dormant. Many years before construction of which occupied most of he had begun to write a book, which he his time, to the exclusion of more solid had not the energy to finish, he now work. A tall, gaunt, black-bearded took it up again, and worked at it day man, with rounded shoulders he went and night. Fame and fortune opened about like a scarecrow, a most tempt- out before him; useless before, they had ing object for the small boys in the now become priceless, for did they not neighborhood to pelt with jokes and lead to-how the blood coursed in his veins at the thought-Eulalie!

street he met a number of them just | between him and her-had grown quite | ers. turned loose from a board school. They friendly. As he wrote she often sat on were engaged in tormenting a cat held the table and blinked wonderingly at pity's sake, say you are a widow!" firmly by a string round its neck. At the round-shouldered scholar bending another time Bond would have gone over his desk, his sallow face flushed swiftly by, anxious only to escape to with his exertions, and his dull eyes proaching, she said: peace and quietness, but now it was brightening as his pen raced over the

But about this time a dreadful uneasiness seized upon him. He had not ing nervously, "you shouldn't do that seen Eulalie for a fortnight. When the fortnight grew into a month, and the month into two, he became so alarmed

At length, in despair, he again entered the shop where he had asked her name. He had seen her there many times since. The same dapper assistant was arranging gloves in a box, and the whole scene was so exactly the same that Bond paused in bewilderment, half inclined to think the past few months had been a dream. Advancing to the counter he stammered

"Have you seen her lately? The lady? What are you staring at? You

know who I mean." "See her !" exclaimed the assistant, off, followed by yells of laughter. In with a flash of remembrance. "The his threadbare clothes he certainly lady! Oh! ah! that's a good joke." He ended with a most objectionable laugh.

"A good joke!" said Bond absently. "I don't understand you." "You read the papers, I suppose, sir.

"I don't. Speak plainly, man," "The lady"-he grinned as he spoke -"has just been tried for obtaining

"You lie, you cur!" shouted Bond. Quick as lightning his clinched fist shot ion; why not the old bachelor's as well! across the counter and flattened the as-I am lonely. There we get to the bot- tonished youth against the shelves be-

A crowd collected in a moment, the bottom, however; why more lonely "Drunk," said one; "Mad," said anto-day than yesterday? But stay; only other; and those behind began to press a fool searches for first causes. Ah, forward, and those in front to sheer away. In truth, this gaunt creature In accordance with this theory Bond with the flaming eyes looked violent

"Tried, poor thing!" he shouted ack. "But she was acquitted. I "She was gullty, though," cried the

assistant, viciously shaking his fist from "Shut up, you idiot," cried the pro-

Bond scarcely knew how he got back pale forehead, and his hands worked convulsively. Eulatie in a felon's dock! Could men be so mad, so cruel, so un-

One solitary idea now took possession scarlet, for on the other side of the street next day; met and scarcely rec-street was Eulalie—a queenly woman, ognized her. Moving swiftly and ners.

stealthily along, as if she feared to be seen, with her hair in disorder, her face no longer touched by that art to which it had largely owed its beauty, and her dress old and slovenly, she was indeed dreadfully changed. Bond started back when he saw her, his face deadly white; he pressed his hands to his heart,

it gave such a painful throb; he could scarcely believe his own eyes. His earnest gaze seemed to discompose her, for she dropped a faded old umbrella in the mud, whereupon he rushed forward, picked it up, and handarily shut her out from his sight his ed it to her. She took it without a breath came fast and thick; he almost word of thanks, a scowl being all she gave him. Then she hurried away, leaving him in pained bewilderment.

"A bad un, sir," said a policeman who had been watching this little scene. "A regular bad un." He winked in the direction of the retreating woman. an irresistible impulse to offer her all she spent most her life, alone with her he had, yearning to tell his love and sorrow. acquire the right to protect her. Though his ideal was little more than a memory, the woman remained and, in his eyes, she was still beautiful.

But though he dived down one ob-"The lady!" repeated Bond, absent- find her. And at length, murmuring There was but one in the whole to himself, "Ah, yes, her smile was rld for him. "Yes, yes, of course." very sweet," he wearily dragged himself back to his lodgings.

Once again, and for the last time, he ing a pair of gloves which had just been saw her. It was on the following tried on he pounced upon them eagerly. afternoon. He was sitting at the open together, and she found a strange solace What was this strange thrill that went | window, absently caressing the cat through and through him? "The upon her lap, when she happened to touch of a vanished hand?" Sympathy? pass by on the opposite side of the existence. He met her in Westbourne Surely he was traveling the road of street. Looking up at the window she that his name was Jerome Wayne, and he had recovered from his surprise she stretched out her arms and cried: "Oh, my pussie! Nell, Nell, come to

The cat sprang through the window and crossed the street in less time than it takes to write the words. There could scarcely be a doubt about the ownership. The animal, with arched back and straightened tail, was delightedly rubbing itself against her shabby dress, and she was bending down, talk-

ing to it as it were her child. Bond was not slow to grasp the situation. He rose hastily to explain the circumstances under which he had bought the cat from a lad, whom he had believed to be the rightful owner. He was trembling in every limb, for had not his opportunity come at last, as some one has said it always will come to the man who waits? Blundering rome! down the stairs, he whispered to him-"Even the cat loves her and she loves it. I knew she was good and pure and lovely."

"I must apologize," he began, advancing awkwardly, "Miss—Miss—"Mrs. Travers," she said, rather 'de-

"Mrs!" he gasped, staggering back. thought affected him even more painfully than the one that followed it. paper a charge of swindling brought pride could part you and me?" against a Mrs. Travers, described as a member of a gang of fashionable sharp- her hand from his arm. "Then you are a widow,"

a seedy-looking individual who was ap-"Here comes my husband. Now, pray, what have you to say against me?

Just say it right out before him, if you dare," Poor Bond slunk away to his darkened room. His dream was over; his life was spent. He relapsed into his old landlady, renewed his edict against press. dusting. The life had gone out of him, him to his rest in Kensal Green his landlady the only mourner.

## Cost of Traveling in Siberia.

Vladivostock to London about thirty shillings a day, including everything. me! Do anything but look at me with You can cross the length and breadth such wild eyes! My love! oh, say I of Siberia, traveling first class by steamers and driving three horses in your tarantass, for £100, and do the distance in about two months and a whohalf. The food is very cheap, not very the risk of faring somewhat poorly at the various post stations. You are always sure of having a samovar with and milk, with sometimes a chicken. houses do not often go, The cost of living on the steamers, where you have very good fare, is about four shillings in the without a moan or sigh, and bending under the burden, slowly dragged it homeward.

It was quite dark when Jerome lifted

a day. The cheapest thing is the driving. At every ten to twenty miles along the main route you come upon a post house, maintained by the government, where you change horses. You buy your own carriage, a springless vehicle, which does very well on smooth routes, but he walked on, his face set in rigid lines. Breast high the hungry waves is bad, and which you sell when you get on the far end. I bought my tarantass at one end for £13, and sold it at the other end for £4, having taken £9 of jolting out of it in the 1,800 miles which it carried me safely. You drive from two to five horses, and travel at about the rate of six miles an hour. You pay for the horses three pence a mile for the three-one pence a mile per horse. In the very far east you only pay half that or one and one half pence a mile for three horses, which is certainly not dear, But most of the way you pay three pence a mile for the three, The driver, who is also provided by the government, receives a gratuity of four pence per stage of ten miles.

-Pearls are the favorite stones worn now. The ear-rings are enormous, but invariably composed of a single round ball. It cannot be too large, with as your jeweler can make.

-There is such a marked difference in the size of heads in England and France, and in the mode of arranging the hair and putting on the bonnet that it is not surprising, to meet the wants of our English market, that French head-covering need some careful treatment by skilled English milli-

The Story of a Strange Woolng.

"If I were a man," said Martha Hicks, "I believe I could kill my brother's murderer!" and then the girl burst into tears. They had brought her the news that morning of her brother's death. He had always been a wild, reckless boy, and given to dissipation of the worst kind, but Mattie had been fond of him and shielded him from his father's anger. When they were left orphans she did her best to lead him into a better life, and now that he was dead she sorrowed as if he was a saint instead of a torment.

Months went by, and still Martha Hicks refused to be comforted, even by her old nurse, She spent hours on the rocks by the sea, finding company But Bond was already out of ear- in the mournful surge of the waves, and into comfortable repute. Large gauze shot, hurrying after her in obedience to in the shrill voice of the sea-birds. Here veils are used to ornament these hats,

One day she found her place on the rocks occupied by a strange man she had never seen in the neighborhood before. He looked up at the sound of her footsteps, and touching his hat respectscure street after another he could not | fully to her disappeared. His face was a sad one, and involuntarily she found herself wondering who he was. From that day they met frequently by the lovely waves, and were soon on speaking terms with each other. The bond of a great sorrow drew them irresistibly

He never confided in her, however, the story of his life. All she knew was about a mile from where they generally met.

So this strange couple grew to love each other, though they seldom spoke pressure of hands.

One day he came to her to say farewell, nerving himself with mighty effort to say the words that must part them forever, to change the soft, shy lovelight in her eyes to bitter hate and deepest loathing.

Yet for one moment, as he faced her, there swept over his soul a fierce desire to snatch her to his breast, wrap forever in silence his guilty secret and gather her life into his own at any cost. It was this one flash of love unconquerable in his deep eyes that emboldened her to come close beside him and, putting her hand upon his arm, to whisper "Je-

Only one word, but telling of love almost holy in its pure intensity. For answer he groaned and turned his face

"Jerome," she said, steadily' though the little hand upon his arm trembled, "you will not despise me if I am un-Then she was a married woman! This but should pride part loving hearts, Jerome?"

"Pride?" he said, with a fierce, un-Some time before he had read in the mirthful laugh; "Martha, do you think She trembled still, but did not take

"I may have been wrong, humbly; "I thought you loved me." He turned and seized her hand in his, "Love you!" he cried. "Yes, better than the heaven I have lost, I love

you, Martha," and he crouched down in the shadow of the rocks sobbing while she looked at him in wonder. "Go," he said presently. "Leave me to my misery, Don't look at me with that pity on your face! Woman, I am your brother's murderer!"

She gave one cry as if he had shot bookworm habits, wore clothes as an-cient as ever, and to the despair of his now with a horror beyond words to ex-

"You wonder why I came here," he and three years after, strangers carried said, with a hard, dry sob in his voice, "but I had a wild fancy I might atone, I knew you were poor and hoped to help you. And when I knew-knew I loved you! I could not go! I waitedwaited, pituful coward as I was-hoping I have averaged on the whole from to die, and dying, to win your forgiveness! Martha! speak to me! Curse have not killed you!"

"No!" she said, in a hoarse, strained voice; "you-you-were-the-man-

"It was a quarrel We were both good. In the long drive from Stretinsk heated by wine. He struck me, and I to Tomsk, about 1,800 miles, you run shot him!" As he spoke he dropped at her feet, his face bowed to the very ground. But she rose, heavily, painfully stretching her hands before her as if boiling water, with which to make tea, groping. Not once looking back, she took this new, overwhelming misery Beyond that the resources of the post into her life without a moan or sigh,

his head. Alone, utterly alone for ever, with the brand of Cain upon his brow, he stood erect and faced the sea. The tide was in, and he walked straight forward. The water kissed his feet, which jolts you terribly when the route | beat upon him, but he faltered not till the waters met over his head, and only the sea and sky saw his expiation.

An English Girl on an American Gir l

I imagine that American girls think more of their dress than our own do, "dressing-up." I mean that they are dowdies at one time and elaborately gotup at others. They do not show so well at breakfast, for instance, as an English girl does. There is a certain want of finish about the colffure-and, indeed, the general outline of their figures. really pretty English girl never looks more charming than when she appears in the morning, fresh from the toilet. Her American cousin is limp at breakfast, and imparts no idea of freshness to the beholder. But then, when she triffling and insignificant a setting as is attired for the promenade she is smarter and better thought out than are any of us, as a rule.

> —Prince Wilkes has gone into winter quarters at Crit Davis,' Harrodsburg, Ky. By this time his shoes have been taken off. In the middle of the day he will be let run in his paddock, and at night he will be taken into the barn.
>
> Henry Chambers, his groom, keeps a careful eye over the Prince.

FASHION NOTES.

-Embroidered dress goods are very fashionable and much cheaper than formerly-a welcome announcement to many ladies of moderate means.

-Green cashmere is mixed by Worth with brick-red faille; but this addition, however discreet, at once converts the toilet into more of a carriage dress.

-Felt is a favorite material this season, plaited and treated in various ways. Gold feathers mixed with vulture plumes are among the trimmings.

-Cashmere, serge, bombazine, cam-el's hair and all-black woolens are used for mourning costumes; but Henrietta cloth is preferred for handsome costumes.

-Soft felt hats are already coming and the long ends are tied around the neck like a boa.

-Black velvet corset belts, pointed as the top both back and front, and finished at the waist with lappels, are to be worn with colored dresses. They are sure to be popular, for they make the figure look so trim and slight.

-Green leather is a new caprice for bags, belts, card-cases and portemonnaies, and for the large, soft wallets for carrying cards, money and notes. This new leather is a light-green tint, and is in raised designs like those of repousse silver.

-Another new idea in the precious stone line is to have single stones of all kinds, sizes and shapes mounted separately in a sort of crown setting, with four tiny holes to enable one to sew them on velvet or ribbon dog-collars. The nearer and more numerous they are the better, and bugs, flowers, butexcept in short sentences or through the terflies, and such fancy pins find their way happily into these brilliant con-

-Toques still find favor in Paris, but much modified. A new kind has cently. Katherine S. was third, in two wings at the back, starting from behind a broad brim. The great nov
—Mr. Farris, who lives near Danelty in toques is one which has much in its favor, viz., the Olivia front, or centre point over the face, which turns upward, giving ample room for the fringe. Up to the present season the great disadvantage of toques has been the way they are wont to hide the front 2.49. curls. Many hats are made with sailor crowns, having bows of ribbon at the back and feathers in front. Some of the crowns are covered with chameleon

velvet. -Traveling dresses for journeys by rail or steamer are made of lustrous mohair, either in shades of French gray or gray and white stripes, stripes of fawn and white, blue and white, or solid dark maidenly? I know how a man's pride blue. Some of these dresses are braided shrinks from owing aught to woman, with picot braid in flower patterns, while others have only stitching. Some of these mohair traveling gowns, made for brides, have been trimmed with the many rows of narrow moire ribbon so popular just now. With them are worn little, close bonnets of Dwyer Brothers the chestnut horse gray straw, trimmed with Russian Joe Cotton, 5 years old, by King Alforget-me-nots or biuettes.

-The polonaise has been revived under the title of blouse, and is much worn, more especially by young ladies is a dress, shorter than an ordinary dress, worn over a petticoat of the same fabric, on which it is slightly—

—At Macey Bros., Versailles, Ky., a 2-year-old colt by Messenger Chief, dam Forrest Maid, trotted a quarter in and girls. To describe it generally, it very slightly-draped. The blouse is worn with a belt, is shirred at the neck to define a round yoke, and is shirred again toward the waist. The sleeves are quite full, half long, and gathered at the arm-hole; a band of Bulgarian galloon, embroidered in colored silks blended with gold or silver, is around the arm-hole and on the wristband, and similar galloon is used for the belt. Such costumes are made of barege, for young girls' evening toilets.

-A charming tint of blue, neither light nor dark, called Italian sky, has appeared in fine plain armures, camel's hair and limousines, and is introduced in plain and figured materials in combination with fawn, russet, ecru, bronze and Japanese red. A famous man milliner has just completed a telling gown of this color, adorning it with a delicate embroidery of gold toned down with a cunning admixture of bronze. There is an odd velvet half corsage, the immediate fronts of which run to the collar. Beyond this it is cut away, giving it the appearance of a half-low bodice over a second one of the blue faille. The antique sleeves show an odd mixture of the silk, the velvet and the rich bronze brocatelle.

-Jackets, whatever their shape, are worn by all ladies in general with driven to pole. They are worth a good morning toilets, and by the young girls deal of money for a road team. at all hours of the day. With the short mantle wraps it is different; these are not worn at all by young girls; ladies of all ages wear them, in all degrees of elegance, for visiting and for afternoons. Some of these are so extremely rich as to be unsuitable for the street, and are only worn in the carri-age; these are of Genoese velvet in rich enough." And further, in his opinion, dark shades, sometimes embroidered with gold or trimmed with passementerie in which there is gold; almost all are trimmed with lace. Their shape is a combination of mantilla and visite, with sleeves forming part of the back, but they make the fatal mistake of and short tab fronts, the tabs cut square or pointed. -For handsome traveling dresses

are Argentine glace silks in dark colors, hair-lined and finely checked trotters that go on a campaign are surahs in black and white, blue and owned near home, it would be to the white, gray and golden-brown, bronze owner's advantage to enter at the and beige, made up with self-trim- nearest point. mings, or in conjunction with finest India cashmere or summer camel'shair. One very stylish model is made of dark-green foulard striped with gold.

The panels and kilts on the skirts show a mixture of dark-green camel's-hair and striped foulard, and a long Grecian tunic is gracefully draped above cian tunic is gracefully draped above this of the stripe alone. The bodice is of the camel's-hair fabric, with full bishop sleeves of the foulard gathered Milton Young's, in Kentucky, to be to a wristband of dark moss-velvet, laced up the outside of the arm with gold silk cord over a double row of

wet sandy land.

HORSE NOTES.

-Stuyvesant's mile in 1.40 this year was made in a public race, and so really outranks Ten Broeck's 1.393, which was made against time on a prepared

"Knapsack" McCarthy and John Madden purchased from Mr. Abe Smith, of Harrodsburg, Ky., the 4-yearold chestnut mare Geneva S., at St. Louis. Price, 1500.

ridge stakes at Baltimore makes his twenty-third race for the season and his nineteenth victory, his gross earnings for the year being \$84,210.50. -We have received a neat catalogue

-Hanover's victory in the Brecken-

of Distons' Pleasant Valley Stock Farm. Bentoneer and Mandarin are the stallions. It also contains a number of choice brood mares.

-Trainer McCabe has taken the Dwyer Brothers' string to the Brooklyn track, with the exception of Hanover, Kingston, Bessle June and Fordham, which have been sent to Baltimore.

-William Delong, the young jockey who was ruled off on the closing day of the autumn meeting of the Brooklyn Jockey Club, has been reinstated, and will ride during the Memphis meet-

-Dwyer Brothers have returned the bay mare Ferona, by Glenelg-LaHenderson, by Lexington, to D. Swigert, at the Elmendorf Stud, in Kentucky, having only leased the racing qualities of the filly.

-Prince Wilkes has won all of the races he has started in except the Hartford race. In his last two races he beat Harry Wilkes (record 2.131), at St. Louis, and Belle Hamlin (record 2.132), at Lexington.

-Katharine S., 4 years old, by Messenger Chief, beat the great show mare Lady De Jarnet for a place in the three minute race at Lexington, Ky., re-

-Mr. Farris, who lives near Danville, Ky., has a 2-year-old colt by Rienzi that can trot a mile close to 2.30. Macey Brothers, Versaillas, Ky., have a 2-year-old filly by the same horse, lately broken, that has gone a mile in

-Several offers have been made Mr. Jennings for his colt George Oyster, the highest being \$9000, which was made by Jockey Garrison. Mr. Jennings, however, has said he would take \$10,000, and not a cent less, as he esteems the colt to be fully worth it.

Jonh S. Clarke, who purchased the fastest yearling in the world, Sudie D., for \$5000, had the Bowerman Bros., to take off her shoes after she made her record of 2.35%. Mr. Clarke brought two of her shoes home with him as souvenirs. The front shoes weighed 81 ounces, and the hind one 3½ ounces.

\_S. W. Street has purchased of tulle and clusters of red carnations, fonso, dam Inverness (imp.) by Macaroni, grandam Elfrida by Faugh Ballagh, for \$2,000. The horse has developed a tendency to breaking blood vessels, which drove Iroquois, Harold and so many good horses off the turf.

374 seconds, and a yearling by Messenger Chief, out of the well-known white mare Jennie L. (record 2.271), that has not been broken quite a month, trotted a quarter in 50 seconds. They belong to William M. Singerly.

-This has been a great year for the Bowerman Bros., of Lexington, Ky. Mike beat the 2-year-old pacing record with his Nutwood filly Irma, which he sent a mile in 2,24}. George beat the veiling, English crape and crepeline yearling trotting record with Sudie D., in 2.352. Mike also drove the winner of the Blue Grass stakes for 4-yearolds, beating Bermuda and others.

-H. Clay Mock's bay gelding Manning, 4 years old, by Messenger Chief, went a mile over the Lexington Course in 2.23}. He was driven by Tip Bruce, who is considerably over weight. Mr. Mock is willing to show him a mile in 2.20 or better. Manning has no record, and should make a valuable track norse.

-Mr. George A. Singerly has a pair of young Messenger Chiefs which are fast. Pretty Belle is a bay filly, out of a mare by Bay Dick, son of Lexington, and she has trotted a mile in 2.304. Messenger Queen is a bay filly, out of a mare by Lysle's Wilkes, and she has shown a mile in 2.33. The fillies are matched in color and gait, and they are

-C. J. Hamlin and his trainer, Horace Brown, are home from their Kentucky trip and the horses are at the Village Farm, Horace, when asked ing; only Belle was not in condition he did not think any horse on the turf was licensed to beat Prince Wilkes.

-A great deal of talk is going on about forming an Eastern or Metropolitan circuit, to take in tracks at New York city, Parkville, L. I., Poughkeepsie, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Providence and Boston. It is argued that trotting has almost died out in the East, and as most of the

-Welter Gratz, the popular young Philadelphia turiman, has accumula-ted a stud of some twenty brood mares, Milton Young's, in Kentucky, to be bred to Unondaga, Duke of Montrose or Pizarro, while some may be sent to Ventilator, in New Jersey, and to Plums will not do well on low and will be sent to Bill Meade, in Tennessee, to be bred to Iroquois.