be, We loose our boat from the flowery strand And sail away on a summer sea, The wavelets ripple a silvery sheen

Round gem-like islands with a shining But beyond those beautiful meadows green Are fairer ones that we never reach.

The valley is bright with blooming flowers, And sweet with the wild-wood secrets; but fain

Would we climb the mountain that grand ly towers; And long for heights that we can not gain,

Ah, how we yearn for the enchanted peaks Whose crests are lost in the golden hazel! And ever a pathway our footstep seeks, Till our eyes grow dim in steadfast gaze.

Why is it we never are satisfied? Whence comes this spirit of sad unrest, This baunting ghost e'er by our side, This restless longing within the breast? Does the soul still pine for its native clime And the spirit-haunts that it knew of some land where it always is summer

Some beautiful dim-remembered shore?

But it finds no rest for the weary feet, Nowhere beneath the shining stars; And forever the wild wings beat and beat, Like a captive bird 'gainst prison bars; Waiting, waiting, we know not why,
For something. Alas! it is ever thus;
And never beneath the wind-swept sky, Do the things we wait for come to us

HAVING HER OWN WAY.

"But I don't want to be rich!" said Violet Howard. "I'm quite as rich as I need to be already. What do I gain by another fifty thousand dollars?" Old Herodotus Howard stared at his pounded a piece of rank heresy-as in- pickles and cold pork. deed it was in his system of every day

"Violet, you are a fool," said he, harshly. "And it's lucky for you you have a grandfather who can look after your interest better than you seem able to do yourself. Mr. Ericson is to be here to-morrow afternoon. And you will please"-with an ironical emphasis on the word - "receive him as your future husband!"

Violet opened wide her saucy brown "And what is to become of Oliver

Belton?" she asked, demurely. "Oliver Belton is nothing to me!" "Neither stormed her grandfather. you nor Oliver Belton thought it proper to consult me before you wound up a boy and girl love affair with a boy and girl engagement; and I might long ago have told you that Mr. Ericson had honored you by a proposal! As it is, you must take the consequences of your own folly!

And Mr. Howard trolled off down the garden path, to look at his buds of tulips and jonquils

Violet's eyes followed her grandfather, with a mischievous sparkle in

their hazel depths. herself, "if grandpapa really thinks I am going to tie myself for life to that old fossil of a Caleb Ericson! To carry his slippers, pour his tea, listen to his lectures upon the 'movement cure' and 'salt water bathing,' for—nobody can guess how many years! Not if I know myself to be really and truly Violet scratch, if she chose! And wasn't it mining her family."
Howard! But then, I've got to be very just possible that Violet Howard might "The family seems cautious, for I know grandpapa oweshim a deal of money, and poor grandpapa has been very kind to me, even though he don't quite understand how Oliver and I feel toward each other!"

Violet sat down on the farm-house step, her cheek resting in one hand,

and pondered deeply.
What a pretty little "cabinet picture" she would have made in the cool afternoon sunshine, with the apple blossoms showering their tiny pink shells downy, yellow chickens peeping around her for a morsel of meal or a bit of crumbled bread. She was plump and round and chubby herself like the chickens, and pink, like the apple blooms, and passing fair to look upon. Whoever Oliver Belton might have been he was unquestionably, a gentleman of good taste.

Presently Violet rose up again and pin into her golden-brown hair as she

"Dorcas!" said she, putting her face into the kitchen, where the said maidservant was chopping suet for an unctuous pudding.

Dorcas looked up, even her hard countenance softening at the radiant apparition of youth and beauty in her homely kitchen world. "Well, Miss Vi'let!"

"We shall commence to clean house to-morrow,' "To clean house! Miss Vi'let, and

company coming. Violet's brows contracted. "Company ought to make no difference at a regular institution like this,

Dorcas."

ever we commenced afore," remonstrated Dorcas. "I can't help that," said Violet briskly, "can't have the spring cleaning

dragging half through the year. There's something in that," said Dorcas reflectively. "But what will master say?"

eyes shone mischievously, "he can't Violet, whenever she finds some one to help himself." Dorcas smiled grimly. Dorcas White

never had a lover or a love affair in all the six-and fifty years of her solitary life, but Dorcas had a woman's instinct she evidently comprehended the whole

"Very well, Miss Vi'let," she said. And Violet went singing off to skim

the cream for tea. Mr. Ericson came in the next evening's stage, complacently looking forward to country air, country rest and | that has prevailed for several years. country delicacies, after his long dusty journey. He was a portly, well-pre-served old gentleman, with a bald head, a dyed mustache and a set of expensive false teeth, who considered that, as money had bought pretty much everything else in the world for him it if you can avoide it.

might wind up matters by purchasing a pretty eighteen-year-old wife in the personality of Violet Howard!

Mr. Howard had gone to the nearest village that day on some legal business and only contrived to meet his expected visitor at the very garden gate.

"Delighted to see you, I'm sure," said Mr. Howard, taking off his stovepipe hat and mopping his brow with a spotless silk pocket handkerchief. Lovely spring weather we're having. Yes, yes; walk in, walk in, Dorcas, where's Miss Voolet?"

Dorcas, who made her appearance with a visage as stony as that of the Gorgons of old, and her head tied up in a towel, sat down her pail and scrubbing brush.

"She is up-stairs, sir, polishin' the back windys," "Polishing the back windows! my

granddaughter!" "Yes, sir, We're cleaning house, sir," chuckled Dorcas. "The deuce you are!"

Mr. Howard's under jaw dropped. He turned to his guest. "There is no accounting for woman's freaks," said he, sourly.

"But I certainly told Violet you were coming. "Don't, I beg of you, let me interfere

with any of your household arrangements," said Mr. Ericson, whose idea of house-cleaning consisted of leaving a dirty room in the morning, and coming back to new curtains, fresh chair covers and polished furniture at night. You see our old bachelor had yet much to

Violet came to the tea-table, her pretty face disfigured by a close cap, a bib apron enveloping her figure in its voluminous and curious folds and a pre-occupied air. There was nothing saucy grand-daughter as if she had pro- to eat but bread and butter, damaged

"Eh! How's this?" asked Mr. Howard, surveying the board with a disgusted air. "Is this the best you have to set before us, Violet?"

"Grandpapa!" said Violet, with an injured air, "you know I have some ambition to be a good housekeeper-and how can I clean house properly and yet spend my whole time in the kitchen? Besides, I for one don't believe in indigestible dainties. If ever I keep house I shall live on plain Graham bread and simple cold water!"

Mr. Ericson, who was rather fond of harmless little side-dishes and salads, jellies and creams, winced visibly. Grandpapa Howard stared at the saucy little girl in blank wonder.

After tea Mr. Ericson sat down to a chat with Violet; but he had scarcely spoken a sentence before she rose.

"Excuse me!" said she; "but I must go and see that the carpets are brought in from the grass and the white-wash pails covered. Your room was whitewashed to-day, Mr. Ericson, and thoroughly scrubbed. I saw to it, my-

"Eh?" gasped the elderly lover thinking of his rheumatism and sciatica, 'Possibly it may be a little damp-ifconvenient-"

The bedsteads are all down, and the carpets all up!" interrupted Violet. 'You can either sleep there or in the barn, whichever you choose!"

Mr. Ericson looked rather discomfited. Evidently the velvet kitten could just possible that Violet Howard might be a shrew? He was no Petruchio to attempt taming this Katherine-and-Just then Mr. Howard came in, and the old gentleman's reverie was cut

He went yawning to his bedroom, at nine o'clock. It was rather stupid to sit by the light of a kerosene lamp and listen to old Howard's platitudes.

Violet came near him no more. "Phe-e-w!" said Mr. Ericson, looking hopelessly at the wet floors, and all around her on the grass, and the reeking walls of his room. "Sheets damp, I'll bet a cookey! My good woman," to Dorcas, who was carrying his lamp; "how often does your young lady clean house?"

"Four times a year, sir," said Dorcas promptly," and oftener if she thinks the house needs it. She's a dreadful smart housekeeper, is Miss Vi'let.

"Four times a year!" echoed Mr. Presently Violet rose up again and Ericson, in dismay. "Why a man's went into the house, only stopping to life would be scoured and scrubbed and gather a cluster of ciunamon roses to steamed away from him at this rate.' He woke up at the first dawn of the morning, stiff, sore, with aching pains

in every joint. Confound house - cleaning," thought, as he contrived to draw his broadcloth coat across the newlywhitened wall, thereby causing it to assume a resemblance to a miller's blouse. "I've had enough of it."

He came down to a breakfast of weak coffee, pickles and cold pork again, with a bag ready packed.

"You're not going to leave us, Ericson?" cried his host. "I-I find important business will take me away this morning," unblush-

ingly lied our venerable hero. "And look you here Howard—a word in your ear-I find, on mature reflection, that place. But it's a full fortnight earlier than it would be very foolish for an old codger like myself to think of allying myself, to your - ahem - charming grand-daughter. May and November, eh? and all that sort of thing! She'll be a great deal happier with some one nearer her own age. And," speaking very fast to anticipate the opposition he saw in Mr. Herodotus Howard's She was a girl strangely particular "He needn't know it, Dorcas, until face, "about that trifle of money bewe've got the carpets all up and the tween us, we'll cry quits. What does perfection. But all that could wait floors all deluged with soap-suds. And a few dollars signify between friends?" then you see, Dorcas," and the brown Take it as a wedding present to Miss

take my place. Ha! ha! ha!" And away went Mr. Ericson, Violet Howard did not waste a single tear over her recreant lover. She went merrily on with the spring cleaning. lying dormant within her heart, and And when the annual ceremonial was over she married-Oliver Belton! It driving along the King's Road, her was very singular how Violet Howard

> -The same latitude in details prevalls in fashionable garments this fall. in hats, bonnets, dresses and wraps

always contrived to have her own way.

-L. C. Chase, the former owner of Hopeful, 2.144, 18 dead. -The Western Turf Congress will meet in Lexington this month.

Never have a sink under a window

or, Loye Finds a Way.

Oswald Money was the son of a poor country doctor and he had come to London to make his own fortune.

THAT DANCING GIRL.

There was no inducement for him to follow his father's business, so he had to go into trade and spent his days on a high stool making up accounts for a large exporting firm. While he was waiting to become a

partner in the concern he lived with his Aunt Ursula Money, who compelled him to keep early hours and to regulate his habits with mathematic exactness to suit her fancy.

Oswald was not a sentimental youth nor easily impressed, but coming home from work one night he stopped for a she missed her sweet young nurse. moment to watch a merry group of "Why do you not stay with me?" girls dancing in the parlor of one of the she called when Lina came back after villas he passed. There was one tall a long absence. girl, with dark eyes and black hair, who seemed to be teaching the others a gladness shone in her eyes. Spanish dance, clicking the castanets as an accompaniment. Oswald went on his way but the memory of that girl and stay with me in London." went with him. He was enthusiastic that night at the table about what he kindly, had seen, but Miss Ursula would hard-

"Tut, tut! the subject is distasteful to me. Reach me the paper. Have you read the report of the Social Science Meeting?"

She read. Oswald lazily moved about the room. "Really!" she cried, "I cannot endure your aimless fidgets. Has Herodias bewitched you?"

"It is the dance, aunt, that has beof it I dare say I could exercise my demon.

"A minuet?" The young man laughed lightly. Then he described what he had seen. "Castantets?" said the old lady sharply. "I suppose so."

"Tarantella-a witch's dance." "A fairy's dance, if you will." Another silence fell, and Miss Ursula either dozed or ruminated—she certainly did not read, for the paper had got turned upside down in her angry contempt, and she never righted it. Presently she said suddenly:

"Where did you see that foreign "The dancing? In Lansdowne Villas, There were four fair girls and one dark one. Do you know any people answer-

ing that description?"
He tried to seem careless but failed. "I may or I may not." "Then perhaps"-he took the "may not" for simply being words thrown in shook her hand at Oswald. for his behoof, and therefore heeded taken me in altogether, and-andthem not-"perhaps you may some day | there! give me a kiss child!" come across Herohas-I beg her pardon

for so misnaming her." "Do you mean to say that you did not know that Drayson's head-clerk lives there-in Lansdowne Villas?" "Well? Not at that house, surely?"

Oswald actually flushed. The old lady jerked her head as she set her gold spectacles more tightly he was drunk-very much so, in fact. under the chin with long strips of taken some Spanish girl to educate with his daughters—a nice thing for his wife to have a young Popish minx under-

"The family seemed happy under the process," carelessly said Oswald. "Pshaw! He'll repent it. Mark my

"The daughter of one of our correspondents, I suppose," mused the young

"Suppose' nothing," commanded
Miss Ursula grimly, "or you'll repent
in worse dust and ashes than poor Mrs. Reddison. I'll have no Papistical dancing niece brought here-mind!" She only strengthened that vague germ of fancy of which we have spoken.

Such things may exist slumberously for a long while, but just give one nick of opposition to the fancy and it starts into a full growth at once. Oswald Money before long was a wel-

come guest at the house of his fellowclerk. The old clerk would continue in clerkdom, but Money all the world knew would rise to mastership either in "Drayson's" or in connection with life every faculty, and as though an "Drayson's"-a man may be glad enough to welcome such a fellow to his house when there are four fair young daughters with an unseen future before them.

Alas and alas for the Reddison hopes! It was Carolina, the Spanish girl. She was as full of grace and of all sweet charms in the clear light of companionship as she had been through the misty October night, She it was for whom Oswald Money angered his aunt.

Yes, without doubt he had offended her beyond any retrieving. She soon knew all, and she spoke some few of her strong words.

She turned Oswald out of her house, and she altered her will. Things happen strangely in this world, which looks so utterly common-

Three years went by. Oswald was working hard, and would rise by his own worth and capability. Lina had left the Reddison and for six months went to stay at Brighton with some relations of her own who were in England-by-the-bye, she was of high She was a girl strangely particular in the matter of lovers, she would need until she went home, when the relations returned to Spain. Perhaps she had some sure perception of that perfect lover, though as yet no one had de-clared himself to her under that name. No; Oswald had his ideas of manly

honor-he was not rich yet. Miss Ursula Money became ill, and she also went to Brighton. One day, horses took fright at some hideous clang of so-called music, and an accident happened. The old lady's collar-bone was broken.

Things are done with barbaric freedom at such times; they carried her into the house occupied by a Madame Molinez. She might have been carried home almost as easily. Well, she was not, and here came the ordering of fate. A tall, dark girl, whose touch was gentleness itself, and whose voice was music, though it bore what once Miss Ursula would have contemned as water bread.

a foreign ring, nursed her, or helped to nurse her.

The girl was Lina P-Miss Ursula thought her name was Molinez, and that she was a daughter of the lady who so courteously housed her - the

invalid. While this was going on Oswald Money got his promotion-would he branch house at Lisbon, becoming dresses. thereby a partner in the house of Drayson & Co.?

Accept?-of course he accepted at He wrote a letter home, and he went off at once to Brighton; he knew

enough of Senor Molinez to be able to over wool grounds. call at his wife's house. Miss Ursula was weak and fretful she heard sounds about the house, and antique broche mohair skirts.

The girl was flushed, and tears of

"What is it? Are you ordered back home? You do not want to go? Come trimming, is being made up into the old lady spoke sharply, but not un-"Yes," I go," she said. "But many

at my father's house"-'Some marrying nonsense!' snapped the old lady.

Lina laughed then she directly after began to cry. "I will not cry!" she burst out; "I am too happy; but ah! how can I tell you all? I will make you angry with

me-hate me!" "Stuff! Who are you going to marry? witched me. If I only knew the name Is he a gentleman?-is he an Englishman?-is he rich?"

"Yes—yes—yes. All three—yes. But you do not think I care about the last-do you?" Miss Ursula. "Is the creature in the house?

"Yes." Lina's face was a study of brilliant | tons. purpose. She clasped her hands energetically.

"Bring him to me." "And you will say he is good? You will say that I, Lina, am good, too? You will not be angry with me? You will not say, 'Bah! I will have no foreign niece'?"

Lina was gone. The poor old lady was weak; she fell a-crying, and so they found her-they, Oswald Money, her nephew, and Lina --- her future niece.

"You!" she cried, and she brushed her unusual ears way. "You," she one anther. Feather edgings are much shook her hand at Oswald. "She's used to line and edge the brims, both

Only a Women's Voice.

when he boarded the car. tend to you when we get down here a to any but those of slender build.

piece." In a few moments the car stopped and the driver stepped inside, shook the sleeper and told him in an auctioneer tone of voice to "wake up and get off," But the passenger did neither. Then a gentleman next to him endeavored to arouse him, but beyond a muttered remark that could not be understood he

remained a fixture in his seat. This sort of thing was becoming monotonous when a little woman was seen approaching the car. A slight rain was falling, and she daintily picked her way across the muddy street and stepped upon the car. She glanced inside but did not enter, and spoke but one word-"John." It was not a loud "John," but through the befuddled brain of that drunken sleeper it seemed to flash, penetrasing and starting into electric battery had completed the circuit directly beneath him, he sprang up, and as gracefully as was possible to him left the car supported by that little woman, whose voice had almost sober-

The moral of this little incident can be arranged to suit the taste, but the superiority of the female voice under such circumstances cannot be doubted.

Smoking Under Water.

"Do you know how that trick of it tried in the swimming tanks. It looks strange. I admit, to see a man go under water with a lighted cigar in his Astrakhan are fashionable; they show mouth, smoke calmly at the bottom, and come to the surface with the cigar burning as nicely as if he were smoking in his easy chair. It is a trick, but it requires practice. I used to be quite proficient at it. Just as I threw myself backward to go down, I would flip the cigar end for end with my tongue and upper lip and get the lighted end in my mouth, closing my lips water tight around it. A little slippery elm juice gargled before going in, prevents any accidental burning of the mouth. Going slowly down backward, I would lie at full length on the bottom of the tank and blow smoke through the cut end of the cigar. Just as I reached the surface again another flip reversed the of the dress. The two fronts, bordered cigar, and there I was smoking calmly. nobody notices it."

"MR. Hoskins, I'm glad you've staid to dinner with us to-day." "Thank you, Johnny." Why are you

"I heard mamma tell the cook two hours ago that there wasn't any signs your knee?"

Milk bread dries out faster than

FASHION NOTES.

-Fine all-wool black serges make

useful dresses. -Steel-gray alpaca and mohair are the popular materials for travelling

-Lace and jet passementeries are at \$8600. accept the post of manager of the the correct trimmings for black slik

> -The newest imported French hats and bonnets have lower crowns and wider brims. -Soutache velvet is a new fabric

> that imitates braid patterns on velvet -Polonaises with only a hint of

-New braided jackets have long waistcoats, overlapping turned back fronts, high collars, and backs that mold the figure like a glove.

-A frise broche cloth, having a pattern all over it so that it requires no The tight-fitting full-skirted paletots.

-Wood, bronze and tawny tans are the preferred autumn tints for the principal part of suits made up of two things are changed; I do not go to stay fabrics. These colors combine well with most bright ones.

-The Jacquard loom has been busy in the production of flowered velvet, plush and curly plle stripes in varicolored, finely graded shades on dull surfaced neutral tinted woolens.

-This is the time of year when those who contemplate buying winter wraps-generally an expensive matter -begin to look about them. The choice is a large one. Fur will be much worn; sealskins are made as mantles. which are short in the back and long in the front, and as large voluminous "I do. Lovers are fools," growled wraps which completely cover the figure. Sealskin jackets are quite short in the basque, but are often made double-breasted, with large brown but-

-Bonnets show a decided tendency toward the poke shape, and in some this tendency is fully developed. White cloth, embroidered, is the newest material, but a very pretty ltttle bonnet of plain black velvet derives its quaintness from being studded over with very small paste diamonds, riveted into the velvet like stars. A less dressy bonnet has its crown entirely composed of the multitudinous loops of a bow of narrow black ribbon, all caught down at the beginning of the brim with gilt pins and evenly overlapping used to line and edge the brims, both in black and white.

-The long nun's or Carmelite pelisses are much liked for traveling because they are protective, stylish and easily put on and off. They are simply The bell had rung and the car was long, straight garments, shirred about about to start on its down town trip the throat, with or without hoods, and from the Exposition grounds yesterday inside the fronts have short sling sleeves. They are finished with a "I am ignorant of which your house It did not require more than a glance deep hem all round, and closed with to convince every one who saw him that handsome clasps, or simply tied on her nose. "I know that he has He sank into an unoccupied seat in the faille or satin ribbon the shade of the corner, leaned his weary head against pelisse. These dust mantles are made the fare box and in a moment was in that stupor which too much whisky mohair, camel's hair, serge and produces. The driver evidently knew vigogue, and, though worn by women him and smiled as he said: "I'll at- of stout figure, are really not becoming

-In trimmings there is a new departure in favor of elaborate fringes, and, though the jetted passementeries are handsome and more elaborate than ever, the somewhat stiff arrangements of small silk balls, cords and tassels, which are exact miniature reproductions of the old curtain fringes, seem likely to replace jet for some while in popular favor. Akin to these, but less formal, are fringes made of knotted pendants of black silk balls of various sizes, which recall in their arrangement the seed vessels of the plane tree. Other fringes are made entirely of black silk crochet, and are pretty and soft in effect. In jet the last idea seems a frosted appearance, produced by the surface of beads being covered over with tiny grains. These beads, when mingled with the cut jet, give value to the glitter of the latter, while rendering it less distracting to the eye. While on the subject of jet, we must note one novelty which would make a charming birthday or Christmas present-the fashionable long-handled eveglasses, made in cut jet instead of tortoise shell. The brilliancy of the jet | Mateo Stock Farm. make them pretty toys and a desirable adjunct to a black evening gown.

-Curled natural lamb's wool is which for the early autumn are mostly putty color, but will be worn in blue smoking under water is done?" asked a and brown shades, and, the newest of showman the other day. "You'll see all, a dark paon or peacock, and on this the undyed wool looks particularly well. Red cloth jackets with black a good deal of the fur, which is employed as a large collar, with one revers crossing the front diagonally. All this class of jacket have the stitched half-moon shaped pockets at the side.

Quite a new introduction is the blue, very elaborately braided in two erected in time for next season. widths of gold braid. It is warm, but unbecoming to all but very slender figures, for it is set with thick single plaits into a straight neckband braided in gold; but the plaits tend to thicken with the gold braiding, are distinct, The reversing is done so quickly that the sides opening over them for the arms to slip through. A band goes round the waist, covering the box-plait in the centre of the back, and confining the fronts. It is a good country or

carriage wrap, The newest coats imported from Paris either envelope the figure entirely, fitting the back, or are short at of your going, and she might as well the back, just covering the waist, and open a jar of preserves. If you hadn't form two long ends in the front. They stald, we wouldn't have had any pre- are made in velvet, corded silk, mateserves, I expect-why, mamma, what lasse, such as the Susanite matelasse, are you punching me that way for with and the new peau de soie faconne which shows a geometric pattern in satin. The description of a few models will best bring the fashionable makes

HORSE NOTES.

-Crit Davis writes that his 4-yearold colt, trotted a half mile in 1.16.

-The bay stallion Ansel has obtained a record of 2.20 at Bay District Park. -Green Mountain Maid is 25 years old, and has an unweaned coit valued

-A. J. Cassatt's horses have gone into their winter quarters at Chesterbrook Farm.

-The fastest time ever made on the Ivy City track was Hanover's mile in 1.417, on the 31st ult.

-The coffin of the late George Fordham, the jockey, has his inscription: "It is the pace that kills," looping will be worn over velvet and -H. Dailey, of this city, has brought

from the Genessee Valley Stock Farm the bay mare Tansy. -Messrs. Appleby and Johnson have paid \$17,000 for Raceland, which made such good time at the Ivy City races. -J. H. Conklin, the son of the late

R. B. Conklin, of Greenport, L. I., will manage his father's trotting stock. -Fannie Willoughby (late Ten Foil), foaled in 1884, has broken up, and will be bred to Little Ruffin next

-Blood poisoning has killed the chestnut mare Peaceful, 12 years old, by Planet, out of Loretta by Sovereign.

-A controlling, 51 per cent., in the stallion Sultan. 2.24, has been sold to Walton Handy, of Cyntpians, Ky., for \$13,000.

-Wilkins, owned by John Madden, trotted a mile recently over the Louisville course in 2.194-the last half mile in 1.084.

-Kisber, the Hungarian horse, which won the Lerby in 1876, has been sold for \$20,000 to the Ducal stud at Harburg. -The brood mare Linda Lemis died

at Bardstown, Ky., the other day, aged 23 years. She was the dam or Kioba and Linden. -F. Owsley, of Burksville, Ky., has bought the 4-year-old stallion Red Squirrel, by Black Squirrel, by James

W. Hayden, of Lexington, Ky. -Standard Bearer, 2.29½, by Forrest Golddust, who has been traveling through Maryland as Circulator, has been sold at Frederick for \$3500.

-F. J. Berry, of Chicago, has sold

to a Boston man for \$3000 the chestnut gelding Charley Bay, 2,252, by L. J., dam by Vermonter. -A grayhound named Clothesline beat the running horse Black Diamond

a quarter of a mile in 27 seconds at Kettson's St. Paul track recently. -Joe Hooker, once valued at \$3000, but now 22 years old, was sold for \$85 at Harrisburg the other day by his owner, James Rudy, Jr., to John

-Z. E. Simmons, of the Walnut Hill Stock Farm, has sold the bay 3 year old colt Girard, by Beverly dam by George Wilkes, for \$4000, to James Boyd, of San, Jose, Cal. -William M. Singerly's 2 year old

colt, full brother to Katherine S., by Messenger Chief, trotted a half mile in 1.151. The colt is being developed by Macey Bros., Versailles, Ky. -John Madden has placed in Crit Davis' hands a 2 year old pacer called Araminta. Recently Araminta was

taken from a pasture field, and without any preparation went a half mile in -The 2 year old Nutwood filly Irma, who made a record of 2.24 at the Kentucky Breeders' Meeting, was driven her first mile last spring in

2.43. She suffered all summer from —C. J. Hamlin, at Buffalo, drove his two mares, Belle Hamlin and Justina, to the pole a mile in 2.18. The wagon they were hooked to weighed 155 pounds, and Mr. Hamlin's weight was

-These horses belonging to the Chicago Stable have been castrated: Spalding, Jacobin (yearling brother to Jacobin) and a yearling by King Ernest, dam Fan Fan. -Sable Wilkes, a 3 yoar old colt,

trotted a mile in 2.18 at San Francisco,

making the best record for 6 year olds.

185 pounds.

He is by Guy Wilkes, dam by The Moor, and comes from the San -We are in receipt of a letter from W. H. Crawford, the driver, which states that he was purchased the much employed on short cloth jackets, Smith farm, two and one-half miles from Lexington, Ky., where he will engage in the breeding and developing of

trotting horses. -The best sale of trotters and pacers over held in Tennessee took place at Ewell Farm, Spring Hill, last week, when seventy-eight head were sold, bringing \$14,329. Nine pacers averaged \$377 each, and twelve yearling trotters \$278 each.

-The Minnehaha Driving Association has been informed at Minneapolis, and \$35,000 worth of stock has been Killarney cloak, which we borrow from subscribed. The capital stock will be the Irish peasant. It is chiefly made \$100,000, with which a mile track will in rough red frieze cloth, or in a dark be laid out and buildings and stables

> -General Wilkes, who has closed the season with a record of 2.214, is by George Wilkes, out of Grace Goodman, 2.31, by Peacock, son of Benton's Diomed, second dam by Drennon, and third dam by Grey Eagle. He is 16 year6 old, and stands 16 hands high.

> —During the present season only Harry Wilkes and Belle Hamlin have made records better than 2.14, and only three horses, excluding Jay-Eye-See, have trotted in better than 2.17 without beating 2.14. These were Prince Wilkes, Patron and Arab.

-At the Lincoln autumn meeting the Lincoln autumn handicap was won by Mr. T. Valentine's 3 year old bay filly St. Helen, with Mr. W. Steven-son's 5 year old chestnut mare Nightcap second. Mr. Melville's 3 year old colt Horton, and Mr. T. J. Enning's 3 year old chestnut filly Valentine ran a dead heat for third place. There were