May we not call upon the band? May we not ask the priest?
Our golden wedding is at hand,
And we shall hold a feast.

But where is he in snow-white stole Who the old service read, That made us one in heart and soul? Long, long has he been dead.

The bridesmaids clad in silken fold Who waited on the bride, Where are they now? Their tale is told; Long, long ago they died.

Where is the groomsman, chosen friend, The true, the well-beloved? His term, alas! is at an end; Too soon was he removed

Where is the bride, ah! such a bride As every joy foretells? I see her walking by my side, I hear the wedding bells.

Where is she now? That we should say She did not live to know How passed her silver wedding day So many years ago.

But come, and for your mother's sake, Though vain it were to weep, Let us the silent feast partake, Her golden wedding keep.

IN MAGGIE'S GARDEN.

"I hope they'll be nice," said Celia, thoughtfully biting her crochet-needle, and looking through the porch-vines tovard the next house.

"They won't be," said Maggie, winging her pretty foot from the railng on which she was perched. "I'm ertain of it; and besides, Celia, what nuch to do with us. Anybody rich enough to buy the Moulton House associating with the poor little dot of a pouse next door! Oh, no!"

Maggie spoke with calm conviction, and an entire absence of despondency. She was a sensible and independent little person.

Celia was watching the unloading of a van at their new neighbor's gate. "I am afrail they are awfully rich!" she admitted. "They've unpacked some of the things out of doors, and the furniture is lovely - plush and stamped leather, and cherry bed-room-

sets; and they've a grand piano." "Well," said Maggie, gaily, "let 'em have 'em. We've got cane-seated chairs and a cretonne sofa and pine bedsteads and a melodeon; and what

more could you ask for?" "Well, a few things, perhaps," said Celia smiling at her bright younger

"If Tom Carson gets rich in the grocery business-" said Maggie banteringly.

"Pshaw!" said Celia, getting red. "In all probability you can have hem," Maggie concluded, and jumped lown and tripped away. She went around to the rear of the

louse, and down to the garden. It was not a large garden, and there was not much in it now but cucumbers and tomatoes. But it was a remarkable garden, nevertheless; for Maggie suit, and a soft traveling-cap. Fallen is an idea that might be copied in the count. "Your head is forhad made and tended it herself. Her among the tomato-vines were a cane States. Milk is milked directly from feit. mother and Celia had protested, but and umbrella, strapped together. Maggie had gone determinedly to work. For the possession of a garden substantially reduced their grocery bills, if Fom Carson was in the grocery line; and Maggie had decided that they couldn't afford to hire Pat Murphy this year. And she was proud of her gar-

They had had lettuce and onions, and seems and peas; and Maggie's round more robust, than it had been in

It were Maggie's tomatoes that made the trouble. She burst into the sittingroom, a week later, with excited speed. "What do you think?" she demanded, breathlessly. "They keep hensyes, there are fifty, if there's one; and there ain't a sign of a hen-park; and

I've just been chasing them out of my tomatoes-my tomatoes ! ' said Maggie, on. They'll have to put up another fence-that's all."

"They seem like nice, quiet people, clis commented. "1 presume they'll e willing to do something."

"Nice and quiet!" said Maggie, with "I should think so. The sarcasm. pokiest old couple you ever saw. Sevanty, if they're a day, and-well, just misers; I know they are. He-what's "And-I can't thank you enough for the name? Tisdale?-Well, Mr. Tis- your goodness. What should I have to make it impossible for a person to dale, he wears the most dreadful old done? I think he really meant to kill clothes; a coat that's just shabby, and me-and just because I wanted him to a kent-in hat. And she goes about in | go home!' an old blue sacque that must have come out of the ragbag; and you ought to see her bonnet—such a thing!" "Perhaps they're in reduced circum-

stances said Celia, reprovingly. "With that lovely house and furnishings?' said Maggie, unanswerably.

'Oh, no! And-to come back to the hens-they must fix that fence, I can't lose my lovely tomatoes. Think of all the cans we were to have, Celia-Chili sance and pickles, and the little yellow ones in preserves! Oh, I won't give them up to Mr. Tisdale's hens! And Maggie wandered into the yard again in aimiess anxiety.

Mr. Tisdale was just over the fence, hoeing about the roots of a grape-vine. Maggie looked at him in contemptuous had a broad face and small eyes, and a that they were the people?" stubby gray beard, and he had on a He could not help laugh

on its back. did not look inviting. Then she stepped to the fence firmly.

by a highly-colored, pugnacious-looking rooster, was coming through the pickets and toward the tomatoes. "Mr. Tisdale!" said Maggie, timidly,

Tisdale hoed on without re "Mr. Tisdale!" she repeated.

He did not turn the fraction of an Maggie gazed at him. "If you please-," she cried, with the strength of Indignation, But her neighbor stooped to unclog

his hoe in utter silence.

Maggie gasped. What a boor! what a brutel What would Celia say now? The flock had reached the tomatoes. She could see them contentedly pecking there-a dozen of them. What should

shy enjoyment.
"My mother came with me; we're all the family," said Mr. Tisdale, hastily, as Maggie, half-frightened at the odd, The old man raised his head at this juncture and looked at her. Maggie looked sternly into his sharp little eyes. "I want to ask you, sir," she said, with severity, "about your hens. They're ruining my tomatoes as fast as they can, and I've worked over them all summer, and we can't afford to lose

them. Won't you-" She stopped-not because she had finished, but because Mr. Tisdale, after a blinking inspection of her had turned about and gone on hoeing without a responsive syllable.

Maggie's face burned hotly; her pretty lips trembled. "If I were a man!" she murmured, with her little brown hands clenched. 'How can he? What does he mean by

it? The beast!" The clucking in the tomato patch had reached a triumphant pitch, and a fresh flock had wandered through the fence.

Maggie forgot Mr. Tisdale. The hack was coming down the street from the noon train, laden with passengers; but she cared not for the observation of hack passengers, nor, for the matter of Tisdale for a brother-in-law. kings and queens.

She seized her white, beruffled apron in her trembling hands and rushed toward the garden.

There was a wild cackling, a frightcoachman in English livery. The dark ened peeping of little yellow balls, and a frenzied scattering.
"Shoo—shoo!" cried Maggie, her

voice unsteady with indignation and approaching tears. "Shoo!" If the hens were alarmed and temf they are? It isn't likely they'll have porarily routed, the brilliantly-tinted,

sulky-eyed rooster was not. He stood motionless on the spot where Maggie's onslaught had found himmotionless save for a rising, a swelling, and a trembling of his gay, red comb, while his eyes grew fiercer. Maggie shook her apron with cyclonic

"You impudent old thing!" she cried, the laughter struggling through her tears, and charged upon him valiantly. She felt a sudden whir in the air, an angry upraising of yellow legs and bright feathers and she put her hands

to her face with a little scream. A sharp peck came down on her which adds nothing to the vehicular fingers; she heard his fluttering wings display. in the air, close at her face.

She lowered her head into her apron, and fought at him with one courageous fist. And then she heard rapid strid- purchase sage for the dressing of a fowl ing steps, and a rattling crash through the dry bean-vines; there was a panic- must also go for soda for cooking. stricken squawk, choked in its first stage, a flapping of wings, and silence. stock, but you are referred from them Maggie took her head out of the

It was as though her fairy godmother | you can't buy a bottle of patient medi-Mr. Tisdale's rooster lay on the ground go to a wholesale drug store. Rope in an expiring flutter, his sheeny neck takes the place of nails in temporary block. twisted, his warlike eyes forever dulled. structures and carp enters or masons

"Are you hurt?" he said. He had taken out his handkerchief. and was pressing it to her hand, on which the blood had started.

"I saw it from the back you see, and I lost no time in getting over. Do you think your hand is hurt?" "No," said Maggie, bewilderedly.

But she was not quite dazed. She saw that the hack had stopped at the face was browner, and her robust health | Tisdales' gate, and that a trunk was unloading from it.

He had come on a visit; a relative, probably. She feit a thrill of regret at

"No," she said, gratefully; "it was just a peck. How very good in you! And look at your handkerchief!" "My handkerchief!" said the young man reproachfully.

For Maggie, her pretty, brown face flushed and her eyes softly smiling, almost tearfully. "The fence-pickets looked very sweet, despite her rumbled are so wide apart they can hop right hair and her wrinkled apron; and there The first smell of it has almost inwas something more than mere polite concern in the young man's pleasant

> He took her arm, still anxious, and led her to an upturned box at the edge of the garden. There was room for them both, and they both sat down.

"Thank you! I do feel a little queer, I was frightened," Maggie admitted. He joined in her laugh, reassured by

her brightness. "Home?" he repeated. "What! next door?" Maggie nodded.

"They have so many chickens, and they're all so fond of my tomatoes." They laughed. Somehow they felt as though they had been acquainted a long time.

"I must see to that," said the young man, decisively. "I'll speak to Wilson about it. He must have a park built, certainly."

"Wilson?" said Maggie, timidly. "My man - gardener, or what you please—he does a little of everything," he explained, smiling. "They came on ahead, you know-is your hand better? astenishment. What niggardliness! to | —he and the housekeeper—to get things | be found in opposition to this popular do himself, and at his age, work which settled a little. Why, you didn't he could so well afford to hire done. | think," he queried, studying her puz-He was decidedly common-looking; he | zled face, "that they owned the house?

He could not help laughing. coat with frayed sleeves, and a patch he took a card from his pocket-book its back.

Maggie stood irresolute; Mr. Tisdale bow with burlesque formality. It bore the name of Harlan C. Tisdale

ed to the fence firmly.

Even then a straggling flock, headed y a highly-colored, pugnacious-look
And then she blushed, and could have bitten her tongue; but Mr. Tisdale

> 'Oh, Wilson! Did he have his eartrumpet?" said Mr. Tisdale.

wondering what was coming next.

A COUNTS REVENGE.

new neighbor observed, with twinkl-

And they both laughed again; he

And she put her hand trustfully into

And Maggie explained at enthusias-

"He wants us to call on his mother,"

"But it isn't likely they'll take any

"But-why, Celia, it's different, you

And, with shrewd foresight, she was

Funny Things in Mexico.

fight is the spectacle of an Indian

face of the somewhat diminutive Aztec

them, an absolutely different air, which

is relieved by a grin at the corners of

sort of look on the poor fellow's faces,

as if they were inwardly saying, "We

don't like this sort of thing, you must

see, and only wish we were back in our

sombreros and short jackets," in which

these men always look artistically pict-

uresque. It is a mistake to introduce

English livery into this country. The

men are not suited to it, and it only

ends in giving them a ludicrous air,

There are some minor points of cus-

to as here which strike an American

oldly. For example, it seems queer to

at the apothecary shops, to which one

Suoe stores do not have shoe-horns in

to the hardware store. An apothecary

Burglars and Chloroform.

We often see it announced that burg-

lars extered a house and after chloro-

forming the inmates carried off money.

jewelry, clothing, etc., and the state-

ment is generally accepted without

question. It is important to know that

such a thing is practically impossible,

and that it is about on a par with "tak-

ing the eye out on the cheek, scraping

it and returning it to the socket, which

many intelligent persons will postively

We have had frequent occasion to

administer chloroform to children pre-

paratory to performing operations, and

have attempted to have them begin the

inhalation of it while in a sound sleep.

stantly aroused the sleeping child, and

it is impossible to produce any effect.

The same is equally true with adults-

the first smell is irritating to the air

density of the vapor, the strong, pun-

gent odor, and the irritation caused by

pass from a natural sleep into a state of

anæsthesia. Again, a person undergo-

to become excited, to struggle violently,

talk loudly, and thus defeat the object

for which chloroform is said to be used,

and in many extreme nausea and vo-

Do these symptoms tally with the stories of whole families being chloro-

sleep, astonished to find the evidences

to such cases. The testimony of phy-

belief as to their use as aids in the per-

of burglars' work on all sides?

scientific investigation.

miting ensue.

breathing chloroform at first, combine

person from the soundest sleep.

assert was done to their knowledge.

the milk has not.

Almost as good as a hacienda bull-

the one he held out to her.
"I was mistaken, Celia," said Mag-

gaily, she bewilderedly, and both with

sure you're not hurt?"

"What!" said Celia.

notice of us," said Celia, slyly.

know," said Maggie, with a blush.
"Ah, Yes!" said Celia, smilingly.

under his eager eyes.

Tisdale."

we'll go."

Fifteenth Century Legend Gathered from a Nook in the Alps.

Count Montmayeur generally dwelt in Savoy, where he owned large estates, Part of these lands were claimed by a kinsman, and after much fierce dispute new pleasure in her heart, rose. "You | the matter was laid before the senate of must come over and see her. You're Chambery. When notice of this suit reached Montmayeur at his castle of Clairvaux, a few miles from the city, "Very sure," said Maggie, flushing he instantly rode down to the senate house with a big bag, full of title-deeds at his saddle-bow, and, whether by logic or threats, pleaded his cause so gie, when she sat down, with restored well that the president of the tribunal, calmness, at the dinner-table; they are one Sieur de Fessigney, staked his life very nice, indeed, the Tisdales— the on the count's success. The verdict, nevertheless, was given against him, and Montmayeur, with a mighty oath, swore to be revenged. But time went on and there was no sign of either beak or claws being called into play. she concluded, prettily. "Of course

Then one morning Fessigny was sur-prised by a visit from the defeated count, and still more surprised by his courteous and smiling demeanor. Montmayeur was weary, it seemed, of family strife, and, having already made peace with his victorious kinsman, had bidden him, with other friends and realmost as certain at that minute as she lations, to a grand banquet. Might he not hope to be also favored with the was some months later of having Mr.

President's company. De Fessigny hemmed and hawed, but finally accepted the invitation, and on the appointed day rode up to the gates of Clairvaux. He had passed no one on the road, the castle looked grim and deserted, there were no signs of festivity to be seen, and for a moment he felt under a tall hat, his slight form incased strongly inclined to turn tail and galin a thick cloth coat, make up a picture lop back down the steep descent. But for a comic artist. Add a footman in the chieftan, all smiles and affability, the same stiff livery, and the sight is stood waiting to welcome him under provokingly funny. Both sit, as per the archway with thanks for his kind instructions, grimly on the box, and punctuality. The other guests had not they essay that which is impossible to yet appeared; the host became fidgety, astonished, annoyed, and presently ordered the repast to be served without the mouth. There is, too, a hopeless them. The president's suspicions were quite allayed by this time. The dishes were exquisite, the wines of the choicest growths. He drank deep, so did the count; their tongues loosened, jest followed jest, and the host was most excellent company. Their merriment was at its height, when suddenly Montmayeur's manner changed, and he said, in a solemn tone:

"Sieur de Fessigny, are you a good Christian?" The president laughed, and raising his glass answered, lightly:

"You are very kind, my dear count; what concern may you have in the state of my soul?" "Furn round and you will see,

thundered Montmayeur.

De Fessigny turned and sprang to his feet. The arras behind him had been drawn aside. He saw a funeral bier at does not sell whole packages; that is, the end of the hall, and a dozen monks ranged round it began chanting a litany if she had one-had been at work. | cine at your apothecary's, but you must | for the dead. A masked figure, dressed in red, stood, ax in hand, beside a

De Fessigny's eyes opened, his glass And close at her side, anxious and erect stagings tied with cord for their dropped and the blood red wine ran

> "Your head is for- direct Quickly make peace with the cow, at the big city dairies, into Heaven, for you have to die." the cook's pitcher, thus making sure

"This is a sorry jest, my lord count," that even if the cow has been watered he stammered with trembling lips. "Tis no jest. Make thy peace with

Then the betrayed man fell upon his knees, appealing to the laws of hospitality, asking mercy for wife and child's sake. But in vain! At a sign from the quite low, and is trimmed or bordered chief two of the feigned monks dragged all round in the quaintest and simplest the victim to the block and in an instant the executioner's work was done.

Early the next morning the count leathern bag at his saddle bow-rode down to the senate. "Here is a fresh document connected

with my case," he said, laying his bag on the table, and hastily saluting the assembly, at once quitted the hall and rode away. The senators sat waiting for their president, grumbling some bag. It was opened and they found the head of De Fessigny.

An Imaginary Buffalo Girl. A young lady on Franklin street, passages and causes a strong feeling of Buffalo, has been thinking seriously aversion that is sufficient to awaken a lately of taking a course of study at Cornell or the Harvard "Annex." When asked recently if she had made all her preparations yet, she said: "Oh, dear, yes, all but one, and I really fear I must abandon the idea of going at all."

"Why, why?" "I can't find any one for a chape-

ing anæsthesia is certain in most cases "Chaperone!" "Why, goodness, yes. Do you think I'd go to a horrid college ful! of awful men without a chaperone? Not for all

the world." "Why, my goodness me, you don't suppose other girls at college have chaperones, do you?" formed and awaking as from a natural

"I certainly should hope so," "Well most girls that make up their minds to go to college are independent When an empty chloroform bottle is enough to do without chaperones," found and the room is filled with fumes "But don't you think it would be vulof chloroform after some crime has been committed, it at least suggests the gar? Just imagine, a young man might possibility of coliuston, that demands a wink at me. I must certainly abandon closer examination than is usually given the idea utterly."

And she has. But it would be insicians who have had any experience in tensely amusing to see the girls at Corthe administration of anæsthetics will nell and Harvard trotting about tied to the apron strings of a chaperone.

The Young Girl's Freedom.

petration of crime, and it is time that Very likely the right and proper the question was settled by a careful course would lie in a wise medium between the American freedom and the French cloister. Our own young girls could indubitably be given a longer Returning Letters Was All Nonsense. period of happy, irresponsible girlhood A Somerset business man not long since had an occasion to write to a gen-tleman who evidently had few corresto absorb all there is of it, to the ignorpondents. The envelope had the usual ing and exclusion of those that they "Return in ten days to ---, Somerset, find there before them, very much to Ky.," on it. In about ten days the their advantage both in health and looked delighted.

"I—you see, he was so horrid," by a scrawling note, the writer saying that he had returned the letter according to the request on the envelope, seas were they allowed more liberty in the selection of the partners of their though he "didn't see why he was so lives and fortunes, and not ushered from the selection of the partners of their lives and fortunes, and not ushered from the selection of the partners of their lives and fortunes, and not ushered from the selection of the partners of their lives and fortunes, and not ushered from the selection of the partners of their lives and fortunes, and not ushered from the selection of the partners of their lives and fortunes, and not ushered from the selection of the partners of their lives and fortunes, and not ushered from the selection of the partners of their lives and fortunes, and not ushered from the selection of the partners of their lives and fortunes, and not ushered from the selection of the partners of their lives and fortunes, and not ushered from the selection of the partners of their lives and fortunes, and not ushered from the selection of the partners of their lives and fortunes, and not ushered from the selection of the partners of their lives and fortunes, and not ushered from the selection of the partners of their lives and fortunes, and not ushered from the selection of the partners of their lives and fortunes. letter came back to him, accompanied manners, not to say morals; while it "Ear-trumpet? No," said Maggie, rondering what was coming next.

"Oh well, he's awfully deaf!" her horse to Crit Davis, Harrodsburg, Kr. and sunshine.

FASHION NOTES.

-Precious stones will edge low corsages for full dress during the winter. -Diamonds are not worn on the street any more by women of refinement.

-In France standing collars, with turneddown points, are worn only in full dress.

-Crushed roses and loops of tulle make the popular trimming for Leghorn hats. -Very wide sashes of black brocade

are all the rage, and are worn with all sorts of costumes. -The colored pearls-rose, gray and black, the latter for mourning-are

very much the fashion. -Coarse braids are more stylish than any of finer weave for dressy hats, either in black or in colors.

-Bracelets are never worn in pairs. In fact, it is the fashion only to manacle the right arm at present. -The diminutive mantelets now so popular are elaborately trimmed with

beaded ornaments, jetted fringe and -Tennis blouses of checked, striped or plaited surah are fashionably worn;

skirts.

hellotrope cloth mixed with heliotrope by Gieneig, dam Marmat, and bay colt satin, on which is a rich Louis Quinze by Glenelg, dam Petiola. pattern in embossed velvet, the coloring being a much darker beliotrope the embossed material, over which trained Oliver K. folds of the heliotrope cloth cross from right to left, edged with double vandykes, the first being of the cloth itself pinked out and thrown up by similar vandykes under them of the plain heliotrope velvet. The neck is finished by a high collar of the plain velvet, at the wrists there is no cuff, but a finishing of the double vandykes. The skirt has a panel of the embossed velvet on satin, over which the heliotrops cloth opens, falling in double folds from the waist on each side of the panel. The back of the skirt is of the cloth, all hung in draperles, which are edged finished all round with the double vandykes in place of frou-frou.

-Another very effective dress is distinctly directoire; it is a short theatre gown, of vieux rose and crimson silk mixed. There is a panel in the front of the skirt, which is all a passementerie of vieux rose beads worked on vieux rose silk. Over this the crimson silk opens, redingote fashion, and is taken in large pleats all round the right side of the skirt, and put in very full behind, hanging in straight folds from the waist. At the left side the crimson silk opens over a pleated pettiit, over which falls a large sash of vieux rose silk, not ribbon, but cut Tufts, for alleged pulling of Loretta from piece-silk. This meets the broad F., from all tracks under its jurisdicire waist sash of the same silk. so that the pale color is carried right A very smart little directoire up. puffed shoulder-sleeves of the crimson silk, and elbow-sleeves of the crape folded, and edged simply with a row of vieux rose pearls. There is a vest of vieux rose silk, finished at the neck with passementerie. The neck is cut passementerie falling from the plain edge of the crimson silk. There are mounted his horse and-again with a charming little epaulettes, or rather shoulder-collars, made of the passementerie worked on the vieux rose silk; they stand up most prettily, like little wings.

-An exceedingly slender woman can wear what may be called fat clothes. A neglige for her room can be effectively made, for instance, of cream what at his delay, when presently red drops were seen oozing from the leathern ribbon run into "pulled" places wherever any trimming can be used. Now that it is cold she can have a veiling. The lining is of thin delaine. the outer surface of blue surah, and between the two there is a layer of cotton wadding basted securely to the lining all over. Then up and down the front and about the locse sleeves and collar it is tacked through and through at intervals of three inches, just as a comfortable is made. A coarse needle threaded with stout linen is passed through the whole thing, and a bunch of the fine, pearl-edged satin ribbon, for running into lace, is tied securely in tufting to the front in rows and going around the neck and sleeves several times. It is an exquisite thing, so soft and so sweet, for an ounce or so of violet sachet powder scattered upon the cotton perfumes the robe like a Spring morning. Of course none but the Sarah Rernhardts of women can indulge in such wadded gowns. The unfortunate possessors of avoirdupois can not have tufted dresses unless they wished to look stuffed. But there are plenty of slim women who can be perfect loves of comfort and beauty in this charming kind of gown.

A Topical Song for Mephistopheles,

They were playing the opera of "Faust" once at a theatre, the proprietor of which was not much of a connoisseur of music. He ran his house to make money and give the public enter-tainment. One evening during the performance he went behind the scenes. He saw Mephisto, grand, gloomy and peculiar, posing sardonically at the back of the scene. He called the stage

"What's the comedian doing at the back there? Does he want to make people sick? Why don't he go down and make them laugh ?" "My dear sir, this is Gounod's

'Faust' we're playing."
"Pretty—slow, this is. I want people to laugh. I don't pay fellows to do this kind of business."

"But, this is a grand-opera

"You go down to the leader and tell him to write a topical song for that red devil. He gives me the blues. HORSE NOTES.

-Garrison announces that he has signed to ride for the Haggin stable in

-Robert Bonner has Maud S. in New York now and is driving her double with Pickard.

-Patsy Clinker and running mate went a mile in 2.14, last half in 1.04, at New Orleans recently. -W. S. Tilton, Vice President of

the National Trotting Association, is quite ill at his home, near Boston. -S. S. Howland, of New York, has purchased in England the bay horse

Lammermoor, bred at the Cobham Stud in 1874, by Scottish Chief, dam Armada by Buccaneer. "Lucky" Baldwin's Santa Anita sta-

ble won \$112,527 last season, Emperor of Norfolk heading the list with \$37 .-140; Los Angeles second, with \$22,435, and Volante third, with \$20.137. -Crit Davis writes that he had Mc-Leod and Johnson the (king of pacers) weighed after their arrival in Harrods-

pounds and the latter's 930 1005 pounds, -Three yearling colts owned by S. they can be utilized with various S. Brown, of Pittsburg, died recently at Lexington, Cy. They were: Bay
—A very beautiful dress is one of colt by Gleneig, dam Mayfield; bay colt

burg, Ky. The former's weight was

-John Munhingdom, of the Standard Oil Company, on the 13th bought and a deep moss green. All the bodice of Pat. Shank, of Litchfield, Ohio, the is of this gorgeous material, except the bay filly Florence, two years, by Hot front, where the smart little jacket Spur Joe, dam Gadiola, by Harold, for shape turns back to show its lining of \$1000. Florence is looked upon as one plain heliotrope velvet and a compil- of the most promising fillies in the cated under bodice. There is a vest of country. Pat Snank is the man who

-The stallion Domestic lost the hoof off both forefeet through an attack of influenza that led to inflammation of the quick. The lamina was left bare, and for a time the life of the horse was despaired of, but he is now able to stand, and it is hoped that in a year he will be in condition to return to the turf.

-The Buffalo Trotting Association should have given a special purse for horses to trot against the time of Mr. Hamlin's horses (Belle Hamlin, and Belle Hamlin and Justina), and not with the vandyking, and the bottom is have turned the free-for-all and the double team purses in for the Hamlin family's especial benefit.

-The first meeting of the Board of Appeals of the American Trotting Association opened at the Sherman House, Chicago, Ill., on the 6th and closed on the 7th. Mr. Charles Green President of the St. Louis Fair Association, presided. The members of the Board of Review present were: R. W. Gillet, W. P. Ijams and C. M. Cottrill. All of the ringers that have been pirating on the Western Trotting Associations for years were brought up and expelled. The Board also recogcoat of vieux rose crape, with tucks in nized the ruling of the National Trotting Association by expelling George tion.

-Senator Palmer, of Michigan, has sent an accredited agent to Europe to bodice completes the dress; it has purchase a number of choice Percheron stallions and mares. Then his agent, advised by Mr. Charles Du Hayes, head of the Bureau of Hippopages of France, will proceed to Arabia and secure five of the best Arabian stallions that can be bought. Brought to this country the Arabs and Percherons will be bred together, and the proway, with hanging threads of the duce bred again. By long and intelligent ill-breeding Senator Palmer hopes to create a new type of horse, or, failing in that, to improve the old type by crossing the Arab horse upon the Percheron mare and vile versa.

-The recent sale of the racing stud belonging to the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, who runs her horses in the name of "Mr. Manton," attracted a large number of visitors to the Park paddocks at Newmarket, but the bidding was exceptionally slow. Fourteen horses were put up, Of the 4 year olds Devil to Pay; which cost the Duchess £5000 two years ago, was knocked wrapper of surah silk and white nun's down to Cannon, the jockey, for £125. Oberon, by Galopin out of Wheel of Fortune, which cost the Duchess £2500 in 1884, was sold for £1700. The best animal in the sale was Timothy, which ran third for St. Leger. He was run up to £5000, and knocked down at that price to Captain Machel.

-Five horses were burned in Bowerman Bros. stables, located on the Fair grounds, Lexington, Ky., on the 8th as follows: Clement M., 5 years old, by Red Wilkes, dam by Mambrino Patchen, owned by Bowerman Bros., and recently purchased for \$5000; Forest Sprague, 6 years old, by Governor Sprague, dam by Edwin Forest, owned by C. D. Larney, New York, and valued at \$2000; yearling colt Inwood, by Wedgwood, dam by George Wilkes, owned by John S. Clark and valued at \$2000; brown saddle horse owned by John Ryan, of New York, valued at \$500, and Mat. the famous old family mare of the late Hon. M. C. Johnson valued at \$500.

-Secretary Cosker, of the American Jockey Club, advocates the raising of weights. Said he: "If I could have my way I would make the weights in races exclusively for 2 year olds 120 pounds for colts and 116 pounds for fillies and geldings, and in races for 3 year olds 125 pounds for colts, and 120 for filli a and geldings. The horses can stand it well enough, and with such a scale we would get truer and better racing, and horse-owners, instead of tresting their animals to incompetent stable boys, could place thoroughly competent jockeys in the saddle. As it is now, with the excessive allowances, owners have to put up boys who haven't strength enough to prevent a horse from run-ning his head off early in a race, or, providing they can keep him from doing that, they haven't strength enough left to finish with, and so are frequently beaten out on the post when they have a mount they should win. The scale in weight for age ra-ces ought also to be raised, for as it is now the 3 year olds have all the advantage, horses coming into their best form nowadays in the autumn of the