Though sunbeams slant and growe more And raines are falling slowe and colde, blossoms weare a cheerful leafe, And proudly decke themselves with golde.

Unfearing troubled storms that rise And frosts that creepe within the grounder Thou 'rt steadfaste looking at the skyes While summer dreames in sleepe profounde!

Now some within the nestling vale, Where thou hast growne by sunshines

kist, The wandering windes will moane and And snowes will rush in blinding mist.

Now soone thy blooms will waste away, Thy faithful postes pale decline; And yet the sunne with generous ray Hath warmed the grapes for sprightly

And gilt the graine with summer's noone And all thy flowers weare its glowe In winter dayes that haste too soone; Forgetting where thy postes growel

MARKLEHAM'S ERROR.

For ten years Hugh Markleham had been a wanderer upon the face of the earth. Financially speaking he had been successful but for all that period of time he had been literally homeless. Now he was proceeding to a home of his own.

"The first road to the left beyond the bridge," mused Mr. Markleham to himself, "and the first house you come to is the one. The directions are plain enough, I am sure."

And he repocketed his memorandumbook, wherein Mr. Moses Gibbs, the house agent, had jotted down sundry items regarding his new purchase, and once more resumed his plodding way.

Hugh Markleham had clear hazel eyes, a profusion of dark hair and a set of dazzling white teeth, while his figure was straight and stalwart as that of a back-woodsman.

He paused half hesitatingly in front of a low wicket gate, hanging by one hinge from which a shrub-grown path wound up through untrimmed woods to a one-story dwelling.

"Nonsense?" he muttered to himself; "it can't be that shed of a place. desirable cottage' was what Gibbs said, 'situated in the midst of charming grounds.' And, by Jupiter, this is the very spot!"

He swung open the gilded iron gate of a pretty little inclosure, where the graveled paths shone whitely in the twifight, and evergreens skirted the path like tall old monks wrapped in green serge cloaks. Here and there a rustic seat of twisted cedar boughs stood beneath the leafless branches of eims or maples, and the cottage beyond -a loweaved, picturesque affair, with verandas on every side-exactly met our hero's preconceived ideas of the intry residence" painted | Ten minutes afterwards he found in such glowing terms by "Moses Gibbs,

Esq., real estate and insurance agent."
"Yes, yes," soliloquized Mr. Harkleham; as he strode up the path, "I shall be as comfortable as possible here. I always did fancy sylvan solitudes, and —But what's this? A fire burning, as I livel Well, this is thoughtful of

His countenance expanded into broad smiles as he pushed open the door and entered a pretty room on the left of the main entrance hall, carpeted in green brussels and curtained to correspond, while a glowing fire of anthracite coal cast ruddy reflections through the whole room, and a cushioned arm-chair stood close to the velvet rug.

"Gibbs told me there was some furniture in the house, and an old woman left in charge," thought Markleham, sitting down in the easy chair, and expanding his chilled fingers to the cheery blaze; "but I hadn't any idea of such Well, well, snug quarters as this. there is something in a home of one's own, after all. Tinted walls-plants on a stand with a tea-rose in bloom," And he paused an instant to snuff up the subtle fragrance exhaled by the one royal blossom, as it nodded on its slen-der stem. "And I declare, newspapers and books on the table! Gibbs is a jewel among men! He told me I should like the place, and I believe he's determined to make me fall in love with it at first sight."

Mr. Markleham leaned luxuriously back among the cushions, and, strangely enough, his thoughts went back to ten years ago, to the days when he was a preux chevalier among the pretty girls in Carristown.

"Pshaw!" he ejaculated aloud. "What a true saying it is that there is no fool like an old fool! I do believe there's something suggestive of matrimeny in this comfortable little room, the rose, and the pink walls, and the firelight! Why, I'm over forty, if

As Mr. Markleham sat there, basking in the warmth and coziness of the scene the door of an adjoining room opened and two ladies came in, timpled faces glowing with the frosty wind, and their eyes sparkling like four stars that had somehow wandered from their sideral spheres, and take refuge beneath nut-brown lashes.

"Why, Lizzie! cried the shorter one, stopping suddenly in the very act of laying her fur-bordered hood on the table, "there is some one in the "there is some one in the parlor!" "Nonsensel" said Lizzie, who, al-though she was eight or nine and twenty, was exceedingly rosy and fair to look upon, with a ripe red berry of a mouth, and a little saucy nose slightly turned up at the extreme point.
"The cat and the crickets may be there, but who on earth beside? Sue, you're

a goose!"
"But I tell you I saw him," sald Sae, gripping her cousin's arm with a sort of nervous terror. "A great big tall man in your easy chair, sitting staring at the fire."

'Fiddlesticks! cried Lizzie. "There, let go of my arm. I'll go and see for myself, It's some mistake, I dare

best a stray dog, who had crept in out of the wintry cold of the twilight air. Seeing a veritable specimen of the genus home, she paused a little abruptly, and stared at the new comer. Mr. Markleham stared equally hard at her. Moses Gibbs, Esq., real estate and insurance agent, had mentioned an old woman.

His ideas of old age must have been singular in the extreme. "I suppose you're Mary Ann," said he affably. "No, sir," said Miss Wyman, still

sorely puzzled, "I'm Lizzie," "Oh, Lizzie, eh? Well, it's just the I dare say you didn't expect me same. just yet?" "No, sir, I certainly did not," said

Lizzie, beginning to wonder whether or not she was dreaming. "It's all right, no doubt," said Mr.

Things look very nice and comfortable here, Lizzie my girl, and now the best thing that you can do will be to toss me a little bit of supper and be quick about it, for I'm half famished, And Lizzie, you might send the other girl out for any little trifle you want in the culinary department. Of course, though," he added, as he drew out a bill and extended it, grand seigneur fashion, toward the astonished damsel, "I shan't expect to keep two girls as a regular thing, although I must hunt up a man to take care of the Now run along and make haste,"

Lizzie Wyman retreated back upon Sue Baring, with the money in her hand scarlet with suppressed mirth. "Sue," she cried, the instant the door was safely closed, "I see it all!"

"The man is an escaped lunatic, isn't he? Dear, dear, we shall all be murdered!" cried Sue, growing hyster-

"Nothing of the sort!" said Lizzle, energetically. "He has only made a dreadful blunder. Can't you see, Sue, it's the old bachelor who has taken the place next door?"

"Oh-h-h!" aspirated Sue, with the sparkle of amusement beginning to come into her eyes. "But, Lizzie, what are you going to do?"
"To cook him the nicest supper I

can, and afterward explain to him his mistake, in the politest manner possible. Poor fellow, he is rather handsome, I think."

"What fun!" cried Sue gleefully, clapping her hands together. Lizzie, I'll make the coffee after Monsieur Duval's French fashion and I'll prepare an omelette while you are broiling the steak; and those dear little volau-vents we made this morning they'll come in just right, won't they?' And the two girls bustled about; while Mr. Markleham sat viewing the fire, and wondering what Gibbs could possibly have meant by talking about 'an old woman!"

"Why she has got cheeks like peaches, and hair as thick and brown and glossy as my own!" he told him-self. "Old, indeed! It won't be such bad fun to have a servant girl like that flitting about the house. She to have extra wages on account of her good looks,"

himself seated before a table, whereupon was spread a rich repast, "This is very nice indeed, Lizzie!" "I am glad to see that you are such a

good cook," And he straightway proceeded to do the best of practical justice to her efforts; for the long walk had given additional zest to an appetite which was not poor at any time. Lizzie Wyman, from her corner, composedly watched

him the while, "A very nice supper, Lizzie!" said Mr. Markleham, refolding his napkin, placing it on the table ere he drew out a cigar from his pocket-case.

"I'm glad you like it sir," said, Lizzie, smiling, "and I hope that when you become my neighbor at Laurel Cottage, you will often drop in to such another.

"Eh?" cried Mr. Markleham, starting back. "Ain't this Laurel Cottage? Am I not in my own house?"

"No, sir," Miss Wyman answered de murely. "You are in my house, and I am Elizabeth Wyman, your future neighbor, very happy to make your acquaintance, even after this rather unusual fashion."

"I-I beg you pardon, Miss Wyman," gasped our hero, turning scarlet and pale in a breath. "I don't see how I ever came to make such a ridiculous mistake! What an egregious donkey you must have taken me for!"

And a cold prespiration broke out round the roots of his hair as he recalled the off-hand mrnner in which he had addressed his supposed domestic.

"I'll go," he uttered, making a dive toward his hat, and dropping the un-smoked eigar on the floor, with a countenance of such misery that Lizzie Wyman's womanly pity came to the

"You will do no such thing, Mr. Markleham," she said, "My brother will be here presently, and you shall stay and spend the evening with us and learn to laugh at your own mistake.

So Mr. Markleham stayed until Tom Wyman came home from the city on the evening train; and as he afterward said, when Lizzie Wyman became Mrs. Markleham, "he never spent a pleasanter evening in his life!"

In the first stages of the manufacture of wood pulp for paper, poplar was regarded as pre-eminently adapted for the purpose, and for a considerabe time it was thought that wood, basswood, and a few other kinds could be ground into a suitable pulp. Now, however, machines are made which turn out pulp with squal facility from all kinds of

A Gaze at The Unseen World.

The night was frosty, as the ear could detect by the crisp crunching of the newly formed crystals on the road as

my horse put his feet along. Frosty, as I could tell not only by the bright moon and flashing stars, but Ly the clouds of steam that came from our nostrils (self and horse) and the tingling of ears and finger tips as I drove

silently on. I had been shooting on the Inverdoolie moors, and was called suddenly to London by a telegram announcing my only sister's serious illness. The message was so worded as to give me every cause for alarm, and it was with the greatest anxiety that I said "good-bye" to my kind host and hostess, and started to catch the last train at the little

station of Inverdoss. The little grey horse stepped over the seven miles we had to go, with an alacrity that ought to have cheered me up; but I had an instinct of something sad if not serious consequent on my sister's illness, and could not cheer my-

self in any way. When within a quarter of a mile of the station I heard the express whistling, and soon was aware of the sh-shsh of the slowing train; but though I gave my horse the reins and made his flanks feel the whip, I only arrived in time to see the rear lights of the last car as she sped on her journey south-

And that was the last train.

Should I go back? It is considered unlucky in most lands to return suddenly when you have bidden farewell to anyone, and in Scotland superstition adds its weight to luck and unluck so much, that I felt I should be flying in the face of Providence if I

went back. I made inquiries of the night porter who, on the receipt of a florin, imparted to me the welcome announcement that if I waited till one o'clock I could catch a freight train, and "aiblins" the guard might take me on with him in the van.

I concluded to wait, and taking my luggage off the trap sent back the dogcart, with instructions to the groom not to say that I had missed the train. Nearly two hours to wait in a coun-

try station on a frosty night, with no one to speak to but a Scotch porter, is a situation not calculated to raise one's spirits Sometimes I stood by the stove, which was as niggardly of its warmth as a Lowland bailiff; sometimes I would listen to the Æolian moans of the tele-

the meaning of the endless ticking of the machine within. Whatever I did or wherever I looked, the face of my dying sister crept between my eyes and my horizon, and I feared I should never arrive in time to

graph wires outside or try and detect

say adieu to her for the last time. At last I heard a ticking, to which the sleepy porter paid some attention. was signaled; and soon, after collecting up moodily before me. London.

on my seat when the cars came in; so I was not long in climbing into the "van," as the smaller freight car is called, where I seated myself on the only avail-

able trunk on the premises. The guard wished me good-night, and to my disgust locked the car outside, carrying away with him his lantern, which had just light enough in it | bra. to be a companion more than an illuminator.

A whistle, and the train had started. I was now alone for the night in total

I had plenty of wraps, and at least as the clergymen is in his pulpit. my cigar case.

I found my cigar case, and there was a stock of excellent Reinas in it, but as relation. But the tradition is as fool-

a matter of course I could not find my matches, I searched in every pocket. Not a

match. The darkness was becoming almost felt, and the whirling of the wheels seemed to sing a kind of "Runic rhyme" that told me of my sister far away, waiting, waiting to see me once again. The very trunk I sat on seemed to

was something uncanny about it.

pockets, I found a vesta. horror, that I was sitting, not on a trunk, but on a coffin. Yes; a coffin.

It is all very well to say you have no superstitious feelings, no prejudices, no dread of the unknown world, but at the same time you cannot make an easy chair of a coffin; especially when it is not your own. I confess that I felt chillier than I had done under the influence of the frost, and left my ghastly seat for a friendly corner of the van, where, among carpet-bags, hampers of game and miscellaneous parcels, I man-aged to seat myself on a coign of vantage, which my back protected from any invasion of bogies or other weird

Each time that I sucked air through maple has a fibre shorter than that of spruce or pine, and is quite hard to grind, birch is very hard, and grinds quite short. Poplar and buckeye pulps remain white for a considerable time, other woods changing color; birch basswood takes. my cigar, and the burning extremity glowed red before me, I could faintly trace the outline of the coffin, and note around, the van seemed beset by the elements; the rush of the wind, the screeching of the steam, the lashing of the rain which now came down in torsay."

A vessel lately brought 2,600 tons of from the rain which now came down in torthe room where set our hero.

This ore came from the Island of Reina, to fancy it was exhibitating to the seam, the lashing of the rain which now came down in torthe rents, all contributed to a horrid hurly-burly without, while I was there inside trying my best with my half-smoxed Reina, to fancy it was exhibitating to

be thus tete-a-tete-with an unknown

Too wide awake to sleep, yet too drowsy to be in full possession of my wits, what wonder if my nerves came unstrung and that the surroundings helped to induce hallucinations! Just as I was nearing the bitter end of my eigar, I heard the rattle of metal, as if screws were being turned or handles lifted. I was sure the coffin moved. A certain cold clammy numbness seem ed to come over me. Still determined not to give way to such feeble slaves as nerves, I drew on my weed till the ruddy point nearly blazed, and thenoh, horror! My blood seemed to jerk spasmodically to my head! my heart beat so rapidly I felt it must burst, and I could count every root of my hair as I saw, with my own eyes, saw that coffin lid rise and a pale face with two glassy eyes, in which the light was reflected, turn slowly round to me and stare with a melancholy that was more suggested than seen, so faint was the light which showed me the apparition.

For more minutes than I should like to calculate, my blood congealed; my heart seemed to stop, and I felt a faintness coming over me which I should have been ashamed to own if I really had succumbed to it; but my senses mind sufficient to make the ember glow again, and again assure myself the pale head was still there and the glassy eyes still looking at me. I then had the courage to shake myself together and reassure myself against ghosts, by the arguments I have so often used, that there is a solution for every phenomenon. I forced myself to rise, and approaching the fearful object, discovered lying by the side of the coffin, with his silky head resting on the lid, a fine specimen of the Clumber breed of spanhim and proceeded to elucidate the

The sounds of moving metal were caused by his chain. The lid of the coffin had never moved, though my imagination no doubt had helped it to rise as the dog put its nose up into the

Both the dog and I were palpably relieved, and we became excellent friends on the ensuing journey. At Edinburg I telegraphed and received an answer from my sister, telling me the wording of her wire was incorrect, and that she was entirely recovered.

I stayed in the Scotch capital long enough to find the owner of the Clumber, and I bought my friend the ghost, with

considerable pleasure. But I never yet experienced so entirely the nervous awe connected with spirit-raising, as I did in that freight car on that cold, stormy night, between a cigar and a coffin,

Girls' Courtesy in School.

Many young girls who are elsewhere well behaved and charming, seem to He informed me the freight train fancy that a school teacher has no claims upon their courtesy which they my things, a long funeral-looking train, with but one light in front of the loco- warped sort of public sentiment among motive, came lumbering in and drew school girls which allows a professedly up moodily before me. The guard well bred maiden to leave her good came out with his lantern and seeing | manners on the doorsteps when she goes "This is very nice indeed, Lizzie!" that my appearance argued favorably into school. The teacher expects inat-said Mr. Markleham patronizingly. or the prospects of "siller," agreed tention and insolence from those whose after a short parley to lodge me in the | birth and training have been of an unrear van as far as Edinburgh, where I lovely and vulgar sort; but it is unfortcould catch the morning express to unately true that the most wayward and disagreeable pupils are too often I was getting sleepy, and only the those from whom one might expect to cold prevented me from falling asleep receive the most graceful respect and receive the most graceful respect and co-operation.

Girls who would pride themselves on lady like deportment at a reception or party, and would be ashamed to pay a clergyman or a lecturer the incivility of open inattention. will often be flippantly inattentive and impertinent to the teacher of English history or alge-

Yet, while the school is in session, its teacher is a hostess, her pupils are, properly, guests; and, setting aside the personel, religious reasons for decent darkness; without companion, fire or demeanor in the church, the teacher is as much entitled to respect at her desk

The secret of this wrong probably Happy thought! a weed would cheer lies in that unwritten tradition of school a little, for it was almost too life which makes teacher and pupils ex officio enemies; somehow life which opposed in interest by virtue of their very ish as it is unkind,

Chestnut Burrs.

Some people like these burrs, are covered with unpleasant ways and manners. They say sharp, disagree able words, so that we are afraid to speae to them, almost afraid to have add to my discomforts. I fancied there any dealings with them. Yet when we get at the inner and the better nature At last, in the smallest of my ticket of some of these, we find that at heart they are noble and good; notwithstand-Oh! joy ineffable! I lit the vesta and | ing the rough outer covering, there are then the vesta lit my cigar; but as the good chesinuts of loving wishes and wretched little match flamed up for a worthy plans there. They mean to do wretched little match flamed up for a moment I saw, to my inexpressible good, though they take an unfortunate way of doing it. But when we reach the hearts of the others, we see nothing there but the empty shells of unseldshness, the shriveled husks of hidden meanness, the worthless empty hulls of vanity. Rough without and worthless within, they are empty burrs, It is bad enough to be like the first kind-to have all of your good hidden by a rough and prickly cover-ing—for it costs people almost as much as it is worth to get at that good; but it is far worse to have nothing but roughness and sharpness without and worthlessness within. Do not copy after chestnut-burrs; you may copy the wrong kind. God did not make them as a copy for us; He made us in His own image; copy after that. A man or a woman who can imitate nothing better than a pricky burr must be hard put to it for a pattern.

Inulia, is a substance which closely resembles starch. It is found in the dandelion, chicory, elecampane, artichoke, danina, and other plants of the same natural family. It exists in these roots in a liquid form, and when the expressed juice from them is allowed to stand for some time, it is deposited in the form of minute white grains. These are soluble in hot water but are again deposited when the water cools. Whe boiled with water it is converted into levulose or fruit sugar.

FASHION NOTES.

-Spanish girdles of black velvet, embroidered in gold, are in high fashion on demi-dress gowns.

-Cleopatra has a gold helmet. Tunic in figured sky-blue brocade, ornamented with pampillis, and embroidered in silver, gold and bronze, Lute in the hand.

-A costume for mediæval page consists of jersey tights, striped indigo blue and sulphur. Full blouse bodice and sleeves in mouse gray surah, with deep cuffs of velvet, which also forms the tabbed epaulets and the lining of the silk hood. Blue felt hat.

-The Directoire costume for a girl has a redingote in pretty colored cheviot, trimmed with silk galloon checked in two shades of olive, simulating treble folds in the cape. The redingote is tied over the olive, lisse, plaited front, with cream watered silk ribbon, black stockings, hat of black felt, adorned with a checked galloon.

-White, in ivory and cream shades, and white and silver, and white and gold, will be extensively worn in various fabrics all winter at dinners. evening receptions, and even for comcame back to me, and I had strength of paratively simple entertainments. Corsages wil be crossed and worn with a fichu. Gold galloon and gold braiding will remain in favor, and also dainty plastrons of gold-brocaded gauze. The tournure will be less exa gerated in outline.

-Pompadour shepherdess has a costume composed of white faille or pongee, combined with dark green velvet. Princess front, composed of white gauze or net, dotted with green flies, and bordered on one side with a row of white daisles sewn on a black ribbon, iels, who licked my hand as I patted to contrast with the opposite side, where the daisies are black over a white ribbon. Mittens of green silk lace. Stockings of pearl-gray silk. White and black ox-eye daisies in the powdered hair.

-A few wraps are shown trimmed with bands of ostrich feathers, but furs of various kinds, including bear, black raccon, black fox and long fleecy furs are generally preferred. Quilted linings of gay striped satin, or satin in a dark shade of one color, like brown or crimson, are used to give extra warmth to the cloth wrap. To increase the re-semblance of the wrap to a street gown, the fur trimming is sometimes put on in the form of a long boa with hanging ends, or in shape of a fur stole.

-Pink, pale gold, terra-cotta, mauve and ciel-blue velvets are in special favor this winter for ball and reception gowns. A famous man milliner in Paris has just sent over a number of recherche toilets made of these fabrics, among them a dress of Nile green velvet, the court train looped back at each side to show a pettleoat of pink satin covered with an embroidery of pearl, emerald and opal beads wrought in exquisitely beautiful designs of flowers, fern fronds and trailing vines.

-Notwithstanding the war made on high hats there is no disguising the fact of the extreme upward flight of both hat and bonnet decorations and the coiffure at the opera. Aigrettes, ribbons and flowers actually tower on the head, and if a simple style be adopted jewel pins so bedizen the coils and curls that the head seems to be ablaze. The same remark applies to of a jeweler. If not the fashion it would be considered decidedly vulgar; but, like the nose of Moses, it is accepted as charming because it is chic. It is peedless to say that half the pins are imitation, and when mixed with a few good ones the effect is quite bril-

-Plain silk velvets are largely imported and will be used for entire costumes, and also for coats or basques, with fine wool skirts for day wear, and for low bodices with those of silk or lace for dress occasions. When the whole gown is of velvet it may be partly of striped velvet, and there are many entire costumes of striped velvet, but the preference will be given by the generality of the best-dressed women to plain velvets trimmed with fur, lace, et, and the superb- passementeries designed especially to decorate these costly fabrics. Dark moss green, next to black, is commended for velvet dresses; also, golden bronze, dark terracotta, rosewood, prune, the dahlia colors, and a certain rich shade of violet with no purple in it.

-Waterproof mantles are chiefly made of English cheviot or twilled cloth. Thick colored threads going through the dark brown or slate grey ground give a lighter shade to the cloth and when woven in broad stripes with regular intervals, similar threads imimpart a darker and more decided appearance to the cloth.

The redingote shape is still the most popular, although even this is subject to numerous modifications. Sometimes it has a round pelerine with an long pointed hood reaching down to the waist, or a half collar forming a pelerine in front touches the arm like an epaulette and ends in the back part of the sleeve. The back is generally made jacket shaped, the basques covering the setting on of the skirt folds.

-Some of the most beautiful bonnets of black velvet are ornamented with an applique of white lace and trimmed with a simple cluster of moire ribbon and a long comb-like ornament of brilliant Rhinestone down the centre of the crown. The bonnet is finished by strings of moire in No. 12 width, Many of the straight rims of felt hats are of velvet, while others are simply bound with ribbon. These, like all hats and bonnets to be worn with street costumes, are trimined this season to match the dress. They are often fin-ished with braided bands and a cluster of ribbon set among a bunch of cocks' plumes. The tailor hat or bonnet is the model for street wear, though the work is oftener done by the milliner than by

stable of J. I. Case, at Racine, Wis., and several of his horses are sick. On December 16 Mr. Case lost a \$500 Tyrant colt, and on the 10th he lost a Phallas colt, valued at \$4000.

HORSE NOTES.

-At the close of 1870 there were 151 horses in the 2.30 list, and now there are over 3000.

-The Bard has thoroughly recovered, and will probably be heard from on the turf next season.

-Several thoroughbred breed mares in foal by good sires were shipped from England to Brazil recently. -John Croker, the Brighton Beach

trainer, has recovered from his recent illness, and is once more around -W. B. Fasig, of Cleveland, denies the report that he is a candidate for the Secretaryship of the National Trot-

ting Association. -Andy Welch has sold the bay 3 year old filly Lena Wfikes, 2.291, by Barney Wilkes, to J. B. Potter, Providence, R. I. Price, \$2500.

-The stallion Domestic and the pacer Silverthreads have been brought from Detroit to Walnut Grove Farm. Domestic is doing well.

-The bay horse Zealot, foaled 1882, by Cuyler, dam Zither by Woodford Mambrino, died at Trenton, N. J., recently from enlargement of the heart.

-A Montreal trotting association has been formed with the following officers: President, Mr. Samuel Coulson; Secretary, Mr. Frank Vale, Treas-urer, Mr. James O'Conner.

-E. N. Doty, of Mifflintown, has purchased of T. J. Middagh a fine standard-bred sucking colt by Norwood Chief, dam Blanche, for \$500, and has named it Minnie Wood.

-Emma G. and Bess trotted a \$250 match at the Bay District track, San Francisco, Cal., on Tuesday December 20. Emma G. won, and reduced her record to 2.27; in the second heat.

-Pierre Lorlilard Jr., states that there is no intention of putting old Parole in training again, the horse having been removed to Jerome Park for convenience sake and better attention.

-Oliver K., 2.164, will be trotted next season. There will be a race for a million if the big son of King Wilkes ever scores for the word with Belle Hamlin, Harry Wilkes and Prince Wilkes.

—Nellie Gray, 2.264, owned by Charles N. Voshall, Rochester, N. Y., broke her near hind leg in a runaway recently and was destroyed. She made her record at Boston, Mass., in 1885, and was valued at \$4000. -At a meeting of the Executive

Committee of the American Jockey Club held the 28th of December, Messrs. Hunter, Duer and L. L. Lorillard were present, and the position of Treasurer was filled by the election of Mr. F. A. Lovecraft. -T. J. Middagh, of Patterson, Juniata county, writes that he is wintering

the following trotters: Dick Organ, blk. g., record 2.24; Myrtella G., s. m., 2.28; Tony Newell, b. g., 2.19; and Mack, br. g. 2.33. Mr. Middagh has built a fine large stable. -Budd Doble has purchased from

Major Dickinson for a Chicago gentleman Major Dickinson's famous pair of road mares, Cora Beile and Flora Huff, which trotted at Fleetwood track the corsage. Every sert of pin and stone is used, and they are placed all over the waist, as in the shop window 28th ult.

-A match has been made between the chestnut stallion Cypress, by Kentucky I rince, owned by Charles Bussini, of Irvington, N. J., and the bay stallion Slander, by Tattler, owned at Fashion Farm. The contest win take place on May 30, over the Waverly (N. J.) track.

-While a heat was being trotted on December 26 at Woodsburg, L. I., Augustus Vandewater and Frank Horton attempted to cross the track. One of the horses collided with Horton, and a second later Vandewater was knocked down. Both men were badly injured.

-George Forbes and W. B. Fasig have matched two 3 year olds to trot three in five for \$250 a side during the grand circuit meeting at Cleveland next July. Forbes has named his 3 year old bay gelding by Young Jim, and Fasig has named the b. f. Keoger, by Ambassador.

—Tea Tray, the new purchase of the Dwyers, has been rather ailing since his arrival from the Kentucky sale. The colt tock a cold en route, and there were fears of pneumonia, but he is now considered out of danger, thanks to careful nursing, a mere case of strangles having shown itself.

-There is a threatened clash of Jockey Club has announced that its meetings will be held on May 15 and close on May 30, while Jerome Park has announced May 29 as its opening day. This means racing both at Jerome Park and Brooklyn on Decora tion day.

-The trotting stallion Lumps (record 2.21) has been purchased from W. L. Simmons, of Lexington, Ky., by George W. Leavitt, of Boston, as agent for a new breeding farm in Maine. Lumps is by George Wilkes, out of Mother Lumps, and is the stre of Snooks and others.

-Six hundred and ninety-two yes ling thoroughbreds, the get of 118 stal-lions, were sold at public sale in 1887, realizing \$465.395, an average of \$672.54. There were 353 colts and 339 fillies. The best average attained was that of imp. Billett, whose thirteen head brought \$24,525, an average of

Maribyronong died at the farm of his owner, Mr. A. Town, Hobartville, on October 20, Maribyronong was a -The famous Australian stallion October 20. Maribyronoug was a brown horse, foaled in 1863 by the fam-ous English horse Fisherman, dam imp. Rosede Florence by The Flying Imp. Rosede Florence by The Fr Dutchman. He was a large h-standing 16.3. As a sire he wi