## The Way to Fairy-Land.

wish of mine.

the baby sick?"

any longer!"

do you mean?"

en me, Ned."

he caught sight of me.

Half a mile from the house I met

"Oh, Lucy, what's the matter? Is

One glance at his white face convinc-

ed me that my hope was vain. Yet I cried out: "You've got the child, Ned,

you know you have; don't torture me

"Lucy, in the name of heaven, what

"She's gone! You stole her to fright-

"No; on my soul, Lucy!" "Then she's gone. God has granted

after words thrilled my soul with hor-

"The Indians! the Indians, boys!" he

cried. "They passed us, you know. They must have stolen her. Come!"

They followed him without a word,

and so did I. Over the spongy prairie

mud, the chill wind and driving rain

Little Sunbeam could not be found,

although our efforts were 'ceaseless,

Her crib remained in its corner, with

the impress of her head still on its pil-

I had ample time to perform all my

household duties then. No little quiv-

of the lonely days that followed, no

tongue can tell, the tender longing, the

on, no matter how sore and weary our

hearts may be. At the end of five years

Ned was considered a well-to-do-farmer.

He could look out over broad fields of

waving grain; he had been prosperous

in raising stock; he had realized his

most sanguine hopes. He had built up

not only a home but a name, in this

new country. We had a beautiful house and luxurious furniture, birds

and flowers, fine pictures and books,

nice horses and carriages, in fact all the

possessions that go to make up a happy

home, for Ned had fine taste. But we

were childless. Little Sunbeam had

never come back, and God had given

Poor Ned! That unforgotten sorrow,

together with hard work, had made

silver threads were thick on his temple,

and the furrows on his forehead deeply

cut. When we went back to our old

home, the friends of his youth did not

recognize him. His step once buoyant

us no other child to fill her place.

him and the men coming home to din-

ner. He started forward the moment

What is the way to fairy-land? Which is the road to take? Over the hills, or over the sand Where the river ripples break?

The hills stand listening night and day As if to a wonderful tale; The river whispers along its way Secrets to every sail.

They must be listening and whispering

there With the fairy-folk, I know; For what but this is the sound in the air So sweet, and soft, and low?-

The sound that floats o'er the misty hills. And runs with a little shiver, As of a thousand musical trills, Over the running river.

O hills that stand so lofty there, Listening night and day, Listen to me and show me where The fairy-folk do stray!

And river, river, whisper low, Whisper me low and sweet, Tell me the secrets that you know Of the fairy-folk's retreat.

# A MOTHER'S STORY.

I was bitterly discontented that morning, and there is no use denying it, discontented with my home, my husband, with everything, even with my baby. I remember the morning well, it was gray and cloudy, with a heavy mist that chilled me to the bone, was moored on the opposite shore. My wish had been granted. I had no baby. and hung the trees with a reeking moisture. The black mud about the door of our western home was thick and deep, and the bare floor of our cablow, but the little laughing face was in room was badly stained and soiled by the careless feet of the rough shod gone from us forever. workingmen. I had been cleaning up all the morning, but the more I cleaned ering cry to detain me when I was busy, the worse matters seemed to grow, and no clinking hands holding mine and keeping them idle. My wish was grantwhen a sudden puff of wind whirled the smoke and ashes down the pipe of ed me—I had no baby. Oh! the desolate, inconsolable sorrow my cooking stove, covering the books and table I had just cleaned off, I threw myself in the rocking chair and burst into a flood of tears. sharp, stringing remorse. But we lived and worked, for life and labor must go

The remembrance of the nice little cottage, with its low breezy windows, and its clean, well ordered rooms, adorned with all those charming useful little things, that go so far toward making a home pleasant and attractivethat was our home before the western fever seized us. It was my first home and a woman always loves that home better than any other. We were very happy, Ned and I, as cosy as two robins in a summer apple tree. Ned was a clerk, but with as good a salary as any clerk in the place, and when out baby came, "Little Sunbeam" as we called her, our happiness was indeed complete.

But after a while this new rapture began to cool, and as "Little Sunbeam's blue eyes deepened and expanded. Ned began to cast about him in a sage and fatherly manner. him an old man before his time. The

'We must do the best we can for our darling's sake, Lucy." He had caught the western fever.

"Westward the star of empire makes its way," Ned quoted, with telling emphasis, adding, "We must follow, Lucy, and build up a name and a home for Little Sunbeam."

aim and motion. I was in hopes a visit I assented, as I always did, to Ned's

way. It was cruel in him to frighten year or more. Couldn't you take her, her throat her new orange slik kerchief. me so; he must have heard that silly madam?" "Where are the clothes she had on?"

asked Ned and I; in the same breath. She gave each of us a keen, searching glance, and then pointed to the trunk. Ned lost no time in opening it. There they were folded carefully, the dainty, embroidered slip, the tiny bib, and one crimson stocking. Its mate lay in the bottom of my bureau drawer in my far western home

"Oh, Ned," I cried, "it is Little Sun-beam!" but already he had her in his arms.

"God be praised! We've found her at last," was all he said.

are red, his eyes are bright, and his step there was the chirp of waking birds me my wish. Oh, mv baby, my baby!" as light as before we met with our great I was rushing past him, but he caught and held me fast, commanding me to tell him all, and I did. And then his

Kind reader, I have told you a true story, hoping that if any of you feel that the burdens of life are more than you can bear, that your children are a burden and a hindrance to you, you will remember this poor stricken motherhow the memory of that wish rankled in her soul all through the weary years beating in our faces; down to the shore of the river we followed their tracks. of search, of the joy and peace that came to them with the finding of their But we were too late. The last canoe child. Remember that "God's ways are not our ways."

#### Two Festivals, And What Came of Them.

It was a festal day in that beautiful Italian town, Bells were ringing, the streets were carpeted with flowers and everywhere reigned gayety and mirth. One man, however, kneeling in the shadow of the cathedral, did not feel the spell of the occasion, nor did he lift his eyes as the gay concourse swept by. He was only a tanner named 'Sandro Ginotti, and all the love of his life was wrapped up in his children-his daughters Lua and Lassia.

He was praying for 'Lassia, now in the shadow of the church, One Cay when she was only sixteen an artist who had noticed her beauty asked to paint her, and from that day she be-came tired of her quiet life.

To cap the climax, in the midst of her discontent Carlo Guidi asked her to be his wife. He was a wood-carver and quick at his trade and they had plighted their love as children, but she sent him on his way with a merry good-

The next morning Guidi was not at his work and by and by it was reported that he had been met far away in the valley, going along the road that takes one to Rome.

'Sandro Ginotti, heard-no, he scarcely knew whether he had heard or not -for on the night before, when the sun set, and all the folks of the Contrada d' Oca were going to bed. 'Lassia was not to be found.

She had gone. But where?

In comparison to the loss of one's child, what is the disappearance of a and elastic had the slow gait of an old friend? Nothing at all, nothing at all. man. His life had lost its impelling And 'Sandro Ginotti, with all his simple life and single-heartedness, had a

By and by as the sun rose she would take it from her neck and would tie it over her head; now the pale young san

was light, and not scorching as he would be long before mid-day. Where would she be at mid-day! She did not know, she did not think. She gathered up a small bundle from

the dim room, and with a quick change of manner-a change that for the moment made her like her gay young sister

-she cried: "Avanti I padre mio !"

Then she linked her brown hand in

his, and with a quick, firm step she was out in the cool, dim street. Ned had grown young again, though People were moving; the air was full his hair is still silvered. His cheeks of the pungent smell of the tanneries;

> Lassia 'Landro walked silently by her side for half an hour, then he turned abruptly from her and went back to his work. He pulled his old hat over his eyes, he would not watch Lina out of sight.

People talked for a while, but soon their own affairs steadled their tongues, and they gave up Ginotti and his. One and another neighbor helped him with the children, and he got on.

The next thing was that Carlo Guidi came back; he had gone away in a passion, but the passion had cooled, and he turned his face toward his beloved hill-He would not trouble about city. Lassia Ginotti, he would devote hima second Barili, whose wood-carving is so famous; he would-----

He came back and found no 'Lassia, no Lina, all the glad house desolate. All his anger changed to grief. The truth of the matter was that gay, wild Lassie was the light of his eyes, nay, the very soul of his soul. And he did no work at all,

A letter came at last from Lina, She was with her aunt; 'Lassia was there too, but 'Lassia had been impetuous and angry, and had declared she would not be taken home. She knew she had been wrong, but she fought for her unwise independence; she said she would

earn her living as a servant in Florence. Muc., she knew of things! She fell ill, and Lina had to give up every other thought except that of doing all in her power to keep her wilful young sister from slipping out of her hands alto-gether. There was nothing to do but to wait.

"To wait!" An easy word to say, a very hard word to act out. One more letter. 'Lassia was rid of

the fever, but she was weak. But, the holy Madonna be praised! she was, as one might say, in her right mind, and when she could she would come home. Again the old hill city is in festa. Not this time a festa of the nation or of the church, but just a local affair altogether. For how many years and ages

### FASHION NOTES.

-For dressy mourning, black wat-

ered slift, shirred or cord over a coneshaped crown and bordered with a twist of silk and crape, is stylish.

ter. It is chiefly made of cloth, trimmed with fur and braiding.

-The very newest garniture is the ten-end bow, made of watered ribbon with ten-pointed drooping ends and five or six upright loops closely strapped. It is worn at one side of the head-gear, and offset by a huge dahlia rosette on the other side, to the making of which in the height of style six yards of ribbon are necessary.

-For young ladies very elegant tight-fitting jackets are made of warm cloth, with plastron, collar and facings of astrakhan or beaver. The small muff of the same fur is fastened with a silk cord round the neck. It is in good taste to wear also the cloth cap or beret of the same cloth as the jacket, and trimmed with fur to match and long. with an algrette of feathers.

-In bonnets we note the Mervell-leux capote of white cloth braided with gold; the Dircetolre bonnet of black velvet with tuft of feathers, red and black, at the back; a very fanciful Francois I bonnet of red felt shaded with black plumes, and a delightful little capote of mouse-gray plush with draped border of the same. In front there is a bow of moire ribbon, and at self to his art; he would make himself the back two dove wings joined together with a similar bow.

-A very unique dinner gown re-cently noticed was made of Indienne or slik zephyr, which was of dust color. with wde interwoven borderings of gold. It was arranged with a kilted skirt, with the strips of gold embroid-ery coming up the front. The upper skirt was draped in one long piece, the two front ends caught up and turned backward, forming paniers, a simple and original idea. Long ribbon bows fell at the side, and gold was interwoven into the bodice.

-Velvet will never go out of fashion, and it has come back with more favor this year than it has perhaps known for a long time. A magnifi-cent-looking gown of black velvet was embroidered in steel, the bodice draped with steel folds. Black and steel may be chosen with a certainty that they will remain the fashion for some time. Black tea-gowns were never more worn, especially made in striped silks with an entire front of jetted lace, bo:dered with broad-bead galloon, drawn into the waist.

-A very pretty dinner or evening gown for a young lady is of ciel-blue sicilienne. In front a rectangular panel forms a tablier. At the back there are two other panels slightly gathered at the waist. These three have the grand games of the Pallio panels are quite apart one from the been held in the great piazza! This other, and fall over a skirt of blue year they are grander than ever, for gauze, trimmed round the foot with

## HORSE NOTES.

-Judson H. Clark, Genesee Valley Farm, Elmira, N. Y., has purchased Young Fullerton, 2.20%.

twist of silk and crape, is stylish. —The long redingote, with visite sleeve, is the favorite mantle this win-thrown out and injured.

"Dod" Irwin has purchased the br. g. Solitaire, record 2.38, from Mr. Armstrong, Fair Hill, Md.

-The brood mars Ringlet, the property of B. J. Treacy, died re-cently at Ashland Park, Ky.

-W. H. Wilson, Abdallah Park, Cynthiana, Ky., says he sold \$27,000 worth of horses last November.

-Charles Wheatly will in all probability succeed Captain Coster as Secretary of the American Jockey Club.

-John Splan says that he will han-dle J. Q.  $(2.17\frac{1}{4})$ , Governor Hill (2.20)and Lady Jerauld  $(2.24\frac{1}{4})$  next season.

-The two main barns at Parkville Farm, L. I., are being connected. This will give a structure over 600 feet

-John Madden has sold the g. g. Class Leader, 2.221, to Colonel Loudon Snowden, who will use him as a road horse.

-Dr. R. V. Peirce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has purchased the b. g. Black Prince, trial 2.28, from George Button for \$1500.

-F. B. Harper, of the Nantura Stud, Midway, Ky., has lost two of his best-known broodmares in Gray Helen and Little Girl.

-Robert Steel has sold Veteran, 5 years old, by Happy Medium, to a gentleman of Chester county, Pa. Veteran trotted a mile in 2.41.

-Report has it that James Murphy will train a portion of Ed. Corrigan's string this season, and that Cal Fuller will ride for that section of the stable.

-The French Jockey Club adds \$225,000 to stakes to be run over Longchamps Course at its three meetings, covering twenty-three days, in 1888

-Mr. A. Smith McCann has purchased the McCauley property, on East Maxwell street, Lexington, Ky., for \$18,000. It contains five acres of land.

-While playing in his paddock at Mobile recently the 3 year old colt Tommy Collins, in the string of Tom Stevens, broke his leg and was subsequently shot.

W. B. Jennings has purchased the mare Tellie Doe, by Great Tom, dam Nina Turner, from W. P. Burch, giving in exchange Boccaccio, by Fletcher, and two 2 year olds.

-A turf club, a sort of institution intended to promote social intercourse and enjoyment among borsemen during the winter months, was recently organized at Lexington.

-Mr. Lee Paul left Lexington reroyal princes and princesses are there, seven rows of satin ribbon put on in cently for Nashville, Tenn., with a and the rooms that for so long have circles. The tablier is joined on to the string of twelve spankers. The most prominent were Terra Cotta Heron, Miss Royle and Don Regent.

plans though in my secret heart I felt to our old home in Ohio would help that the movement was a bad one.

We sold our pretty home and furni-ture, at a considerable sacrifice, Ned left his clerkship, and the winter after Little Sunbeam's birth found us in our western home.

Ned had urged me to bring a maidof-all-work with me, but in a fit of high-strung heroism I determined to do the housework myself. Ned would have to sacrifice his ease and comfort, I would not be behind him.

required more attention every day. The fall rains set in, converting the spongy soil into black adhearing mud. I work-ed late and early, and found it impos-ed late and early, and found it impos-our dear one. I could not bear to be so far from it, because of a foolish fear so far from it, because of a foolish fear sible to keep our rude home in anything like good order. I bore up as long as I could; but at last my strength utterly failed, and sitting down in the nearest chair I sobbed like a silly child. I thought of my old home, of the hours of pleasant leisure and social enjoyment to which I had been accustomed, and then, with a fresh burst of tears, I looked around the small untidy room in which I was imprisoned. It was wrong in Ned to bring me to such a place, and against my will, too, I thought bitterly; and a feeling of homesickness took pos-session of me, such weariness and lone-

liness as to make me wish I were dead. At that moment I heard the voice of

the sick hired man calling for water. Catching up the pitcher, I brushed away the tears and ran to the rude loft where he lay. As I reached the bed I dinner was to cook for Ned and the hired men. Giving the invalid his water, I paused a moment to mix a portion of the medicine for him. My thoughts full of smoking stove, and distasteful duties that awaited me bedistasteful duties that awaited me be-low, and just then, shrill and clear, came Little Sunbeam's cry. I threw down the dose I was mixing, exclaim-ing angrily: "It's no use; I can't get along no matter how hard I try. What shall I do? Oh, dear! I wish I had no baby!

My very finger-tips thrilled with terror the instant the terrible wish had passed my lips, and, cleaning the steps at one bound, I rushed to the corner of the room where the crib stood, eager to clasp her to my bosom and pour out my remorse in tears and kisses. The crib was empty-Little Sunbeam was gone. For a moment I stood dumb and almost senseless, then a swift thought came to my relief.

"Ned has stolen her to frighten me, I cried, and rushed out, I searched everywhere to find him, but in vain.

The mist was thickening into rain, I knew well enough that he was too, care-ful of our darling to expose her in such a manner; but I clung to the belief that he had taken her, as I clung to my life.

him, but in this I was disappointed, so with sad hearts we started on our journey to our western home, going a little out of our way to visit some friends who lived in Chicago and vicinity.

One night in the great city we were returning from the opera, when a child's v. ice startled us. "Please, sir," it said "give me a penny to buy some bread." It was mid-winter, the pavements were glazed with ice, and the stars

It was comparatively light in the be-ginning, when there were only Ned dreaming of my home in the far west, and myself to provide for. But after a while the hired man came and the baby required more attention every day. The fall rains set in, converting the spongy soil into black adhearing mud. I work-ed late and longing for the hour of my return my Little Sunbeam. The little cabin still stands; we regard it as the tomb of sewed and cocked; that she might come back and 1 not be there to welcome her. The sad pititul voice broke in upon

my reverie, and glancing out of the carriage window I saw a small, childish figure, a tiny hand reaching toward us, blue and stiff with cold.

"Stop, Ned! I shan't close my eyes to-night if we pass that child." My husband started up from his

stupor and obeyed me.

"What do you want little one?" he asked, kindly, bending over and taking the child's hand in his.

"A penny, please, sir, to buy a loaf for granny, she's sick."

Ned took some change from his pocket but I caught his arm before he dropped it into the little waiting hand. Something in the soft blue eyes, looking saw by the sun it was almost noon, and up so pleadingly, thrilled my heart to dinner was to cook for Ned and the its inmost core. I yearned to take the

can take her wherever she lives."

Good-natured, patient Ned, who never denies me, complied. Down dark and lonely streets, into one of the lowest haunts of poverty, up a long flight of stairs into a cheerless attic, she guided

An old woman lay upon a bed of straw, her face wearing that cold gray-ish hue which is the unmistakable precursor of death.

"Have you come?" she questioned, eagerly as we entered; "give me some bread,"

The child ran to her side and began

stroking back her gray hair. "A good lady and gentleman has come to see you granny," she lisped, softly.

"I'm glad you've come," she said, turning her wan face toward us. "I am goin' you see, and some one must take her," pointing to the child. "She's a good little thing. I've got her six a manner; but I clung to the belief that he had taken her, as I clung to my life. There were fresh footprints in the black mud about the door leading out toward the wood-lot, where Ned and the men were at work. I followed them unmindful of the chill and driving reference. Since some one is good little thing. I've got her six years coming next winter. She ain't mine, though. I got her from a squad of Ingins. They stole her from some one. She was such a pretty little thing; most like our Sallie that died. The old man an' me struck a trade for her. a manner; but I clung to the belief that he had taken her, as I clung to my life. There were fresh footprints in the black mud about the door leading out toward the wood-lot, where N ed and the men were at work. I followed them unmindful of the chill and driving rain, plunging ankle-deep into the yielding soil at every step. About half way I It was a little red stocking! My heart it was a little red stock

horrible fear; had 'Lassia gone towards Florence?

The signor who had painted her as the rapturous saint had gone therehe had a studio there.

Days and weeks passed.

Great folks might have known many ways of search, but what did 'Sandro or the country people about him know?

"Lassia would not come back," said the women, when 'Sandro's back was turned. When Lina's back was overhead glittered in the cold, blue sky turned, too, for Lina had grown silent like so many points of steel. I was and proud, and no one would have dreaming of my home in the far west, dared to whisper or to give a sign which should suggest that unspoken evil con-

> Lina minded the house, and tended her father and the children and sewed and cooked; but she moved about like a stern, proud woman, instead of the bright, simple girl she had

Then one day Lina shut her door and sat down to write a letter. There was a great misery all about her; the very fact of the door being shut, and no sweet sunlight being able to pour in upon her, made her feel worse. Was not life always an out-of-door life?

Now a thing had come to her which banished the old life altogether. She had waited, but no news had come, and one way she saw by which tidings of some sort might be found.

There was an aunt, her mother's sister, who lived at Signa, a village just before one comes to Florence. Lina would write to her and would tell the tale and ask her if 'Lassia had gone to her.

Well, the letter went and an answer came on the night before the festa. 'Lassia had come—she had walked all the way—she said she had come to find work in Florence.

So much for the news. And on the lovely festa 'Sandro had been praying since sunrise. He heeded not the festa, since sunrise. He heeded not the festa, he heard no bells ringing, he only went into the big cathedral as soon as the doors were open, and he would stay there till the late summer night fell. He would pray and pray—surely Mad-onna would help! he would give her no peace, he would pray until the church abould be shut up for the night, until he must sleep to gain strength for his work. Lina might think of what the should be done.

over some rejoicing of conquest over the Florentines. For Florence and this hill-city had in those days been always fighting with each other.

doughty soldiers are beautiful now for the first lady of Italy.

The flower of the youth of the hillcity play in these sports. Honest and true lives and manly and stalwart of white lace, over which falls another frames, these are the possessions needed for one's credentials. Among the first of these "mighty men" is Carlo Guidi, Who so tall and straight and strong as he? who has so quick an eye? who so ready a hand?

The sun is hotter and hotter, but who cares? Every house is decorated; banners, red, white and green, float from campanile and house-top, from every available point; every window has its crimson or blue or yellow cloth flung out, the place is a very kaleidoscope of color; the women's dresses and the masses of flowers pale under the flying pennons overhead.

Shouting and running, music of bands and the shrill call of the trumpets fill the air.

How thronged the piazza is! Not a space for one more head! Is that the queen in the balcony by the old loggia? -is that?--is that?

Don't talk; the race is over-the trumpets are letting every one know that, and Carlo Guidi is the winner. They are just in time; they have just come into the city, and 'Sandro, their father, has met them. How he drags and pushes; how the people make a space for them! Such a good-humored crowd an Italian crowd is. Lina and 'Lassia Ginotti look out and

see it all. There is Carlo Guidi doffing his hat; his dark curly head is bowing down, down to the very saddle as he rides past the royal princes and prin-

Now the next-now the next!

It all seems done in a minute. Carlo is free for the nonce, and he rides round, tossing his black locks and looking down at the heads of the crowd, He knows where his friends are; he knows that to-day, some time-

Can the story not end itself here?

A Sparrow and a Postage Stamp.

The night fell, and the bulk of the full o The Dean of Canterbury was at work, and a woman prays. Maybe. Here is the exception that proves the rule. The night fell, and the hill-city was ablaze with the glory of the iliumin-ations; the bands blared away in the hollow of the great plazza; the people danced and sang, and the grim old palace looked glorious again and festive, as in the olden time it might have done over some rejoicing of conquest over the Elerentines. For Elerent other that the sending a a hole in her nest?" Perhaps. It happened in June, but sparrows rear a great many families, so the home might have been out of repair. One would

laid across, At the back is loosely tied a baby sash of moire ribbon.

-The following is a charming model skirt of emerald-green plush. This skirt is quite round, but slit open on each side in the shape of a V, so as to show the lace flounces of the underskirt. The opening is edged on each side with a grelot fringe of silk passe-menterie. Round the waist an ample sash of white surah is loosely twisted and finished in two wide lapels. By way of bodice a short Bulgarian jacket, with loose fronts, edged like the skirt with grelot fringe. The open-ing of the jacket shows a full lace chemisette, matching the underskirt. Short plush sleeves, slit open and fringed with grelots over a full undersleeve of white lace.

-A beautiful visiting gown is of Lucifer-red bengaline and moss-green brocaded velvet. The foundation skirt brocaded velvet. The foundation skirt is of thin silk, and the upper one of bengaline. The front part of this skirt is formed of wide plaits, divided by fan-shaped flutings; the back falls in ample plaits. On one side a panel of brocaded velvet falls over the benga-line; the velvet is plaited and finished in two deep points. The tunic of ben-galine opens over the velvet panel. The front and right side form a sort of draped tablier, looped up from right to The front and right side form a sort of draped tablier, looped up from right to left; the left side comes down into a long draped point, which is thrown back. The back is arranged into a long draped puff. Peaked bodice of bengaline, open over a plastron of bro-caded velvet, faced with printed re-vers tapering down to the bottom of the waist. The neck is finished with a small turned-up collar of brocaded vel-vet, as well as the coat sleeves, termivet, as well as the coat sleeves, terminating in a small cuff.

-For home gatherings in the evening the pretty silken or lace and the striped woven cotton jerseys are quite the rage. Some are in alternate stripes of lace insertion and surah, others all of lace over color, but the generality are white, pale pink, blue, mauve or bright red ailk. Black ones of lace and jet stripes are worn by elderly as well as young women, and they may be varied by being worn over a thin colored silk under-bodice. Another fashion is a colored petticoat, as well as a black one, to a black lace skirt, red or yellow being most in favor. The lace is the light French variety, trans-parent enough to show the color be-neath. With the addition of a colored scarf sash, or some bows, the toilet may be completely varied. At chil-dren's parties the silken jerseys are dren's parties the silken jerseys are much worn by the young guests, with lace, nun's velling or surah skirts, and very well they look. There seems to be a disposition to give children deep ruby-colored hose, with neat little silk shoes to match, although black ones, with hlack or bronze shoes, are still the most popular. These dark hose are worn with all light colors, but sometimes themose and shoes match the costume, when the little wearer is in full dress. Black and dark blue velvet frocks, with pale blue or red soft silk frocks, with pale blue or red soft silk sashes, also appear popular this winter. This soft Fongee silk is a great deal used for frocks for children of all ages.

-The well-known horse Mikado, winner of the Omnibus stakes of 1885, has been sent by Mr. Withers to Mr. T. C. Patteson, of Toronto, and will make the season in Canada, Mikado is a bay horse, bred by Mr. Withers, in 1882, and is a son of King Ernest, dam Mimi, by imp. Eclipse.

-Edwin Thorne contemplates a large reduction of his trotting stud this spring, amounting in effect to a practical disbandment of the breeding department. All his stallions except Thorndale, 2.221, and every broodmare in his catalogue will be consigned for sale at auction in March.

-From an interstate standpoint the 912 entries for the Coney Island Futur-ity stake are divided as follows: Kenity stake are divided as follows: Ken-tucky, 384; Pennsylvania, 128; Califor-nia, 126; New York, 95, Tennessee, 48; New Jersey, 45; Maryland, 29; Vir-ginia, 19; Missouri, 15; Illinois, 4; Ohio and Alabama, 3 each; Montana, District of Columbia and Canada, 2 each; and Misnesota 1 each, and Minnesota 1.

-As a consequence of the recent turf scandals the English Jockey Club has refused to renew the license of Jockey Wood, who rode for Sir George Chetwynd, and who was charged by Lord Durham with selling races. The club has also refused to renew the license of George Barrett, another well-known jockey, on the ground that he had been guilty of foul riding in the races at Brighton.

-Commodore Kitson has nine youngsters, with which he will do some campaigning this year. They are Also, by Blackwood, Jr.; Rosanna, by Rev-enue; Minnie Winnie, by Simmons; Asterold, by Blackwood, Jr.; Reve So, by "Revenue, Ruby, by Von Arnim; Von E., by Von Arnim; Henown, by Revenue, and Bolfe, by Revenue, Dan and Jack Woodmansee are handling and Jack Woodmansee are handling the youngsters at St. Paul.

-The crack Australian colt The -The crack Australian colt The Australian Peer, son of J. B. Haggin's Darebin, followed up his Derby, by beating Dunlop, the Melbourne cup winner, in the Canterbury plate, two miles and a half, in 4 45, with 101 pounds, while the 5 year old carried 132 pounds, and was a bad third. All the racing authorities now concede he is one of the greatest race horses that has ever appeared in Australia.

-The Pleasant Valley Stock Farm, Woodstown, N. J. (William Disston, proprietor), has entered in the Gascon-ade stakes, to trot on October 6, 1888, at St. Louis, Mo., the 3 year old stal-lion Bentoneer. by General Benton, 1st dam Guess, 2d dam Electioneer; and in the Mississippi stakes, at the same the Mississippi stakes, at the same place, on October 4, Castanet, by En-field, 1st dam Lady Estill; also, Fidelia by Nutwood, 1st dam Marcia S.

-The Bochester Driving Park As-sociation on Jan., 18th elected the fol-lowing efficers: President, George W. Archer; Vice President, James W. Whitney: Secretary, A. Collins; Direc-tors, Frederick Cook, George W. Archer, C. B. Parsons, James W. Whitney, William Bartholomay, J. T. Cunningham, E. B. Chace, A. V. Smith, Frederick Goetzmann, A. Col-lins, G. A. Kramer, W. H. Howman lins, G. A. Kramer, W. H. Bowman, L. S. Fulton and E. M. Higgins,