Amid our childish play; We joyed in gleesome laughter, Once, o'er each other's joy; We smiled and wept together When we were girl and boy.

Far back through many summers My spirit roves to-night. Amid the fairy dream and When hopes were young and bright; I hear thy voice resounding

Along the shady lane, I see thy small hand beckon Across the meadow plain. I start! ah, 'tis a vision!

Full twenty years have past Since o'er the scented meadow You beckoned to me last, How changed are we, and changing; Our bearts are full of pain; No more the golden gladness

One bour ago I met thee Amid a merry crowd And as you coldly passed me My beart beat high and loud. We once were friends together, We loved each other well; And why you have forgotten The bitter world may tell!

Of youth may come again.

## AN ELIGIBLE BOARDING-PLACE

"Ne hotel?" said Mr. Percival Payne. "Nothing in the shape of one," answered his friend, Lucius Warden, with the subdued triumph of one who announces a startling fact.

'I never heard of such a thing in my life," said Payne. "Nor I, neither," serenely remarked Warden.

"But how do you account for it?" demanded the would-be tourist, smiting his forehead in despair.

'I don't account for it at all," said Mr. Warden, surveying the nails which he had just been carefully trimming with his penknife, "except that nobody knows anything about the place as yet. There's a factory-wall-paper, I believe, or something of that sort-and a cigar-shop, and a beer shop, and two thread-and-needle stores, and a postoffice where the mails come twice a week; and there's the Magalloway River, all carpeted over with waterlilies, and half a dozen glorious little trout-streams running into it, and the finest bit of scenery you ever saw. But -there's no hotel!'

"But where's a fellow to stay?" helplessly demanded Payne.

"Get an outsit and camp out, as I did," said Warden, cheerfully. needles, to keep the mosquitoes off at kerosene lamp in her hand, opened the night, and-"

"But I don't enjoy camping out," "Oh," said she, peering sharply at vehemently remonstrated Payne. "It him, "you're the young man from the is all very well for those who like it, city, are you?" but I'm not one of that sort. I like regular meals served three times a his head. day."

'Well, then, look here," said War-"Go to the Widow Buck's, She takes boarders, now and then." Who is the Widow Back?" asked

'That I don't know," replied his asked to stay."

friend. "And where does she live?"

"There you have me again." "Man alive! are you crazy?" despairingly questioned Payne. "How am I about you. You may be a bank-burg-

'Inquire," calmly responded Mr. Warden, as he shut up his knife and replaced it in his vest pocket, "Go to Mailzie Ford - eleven a. m., stagecoach-through in one day. Ask for the Widow Buck's! Bless my heart! nothing in the wide world could be easier. I have always heard that people got good fare there and comfortable And Mailzie Ford is a perfect

little Paradise when once you get there. "Well," said Payne, dejectedly, "it seems a wild-goose chase, but I've a mind to try it. A man can but come

back again. It was rather early in the season for the conventional operation known to the American public as "summering," but Percival Payne, being a bachelor of independent fortune and cultivated tastes, felt that he could do as he pleased. And it was rather a luxury to anticipate the first mad rush of travel, when all the seats are engaged, the cozy corners taken, and the most desirable

crayons and sketching-paper, and start- you, anyway! When she heard you ed for the far northern wilderness of Mailzie Ford.

always are late-and it was four o'clock | pick up your traps and go back again in the afternoon when Mr. Payne found in the way you come! You won't wagon, alongside of two trunks, a pack
But while Widow Buck was age of salt codfish, a mait-bag and a pretty girl, with eyes as soft as black pools of water, and one of those odd, fringy hats of black straw all covered with loops and ribbon, that make people look so picturesque.

The driver stared at him. "This 'ere's the stage," said he. "Git up, Sorrell"

Mr. Payne started. "But stages have tops," said he.
"This 'ere stage don't," said the

It was rather a trying situationsteep up-hill part of the way, and steep down-hill the rest, with the codfish and Mr. Payne's lap, and the pretty girl think how ever I could have made such laughing in her sleeve at his embarrass- a blunder! Do walk in, sir."

line, it wouldn't trouble you so much."
"A good idea," said Payne, briskly. Thanks, very much, for suggesting

"I've traveled over this road before," said the pretty girl, laughing. "Are you going to Maizle Ford?" said Mr. Payire, with a sudden gleam

Catley's Dam." "Perhaps you know something about Maizle Ford?" hazarded our hero. "Oh ves," said the nymph with the

"No," said the pretty girl. "To

used to live there before I went into the factory at Catley's." "Do you know the Widow Buck?

asked Payne, with nterest. "Very well, nodded the pretty girl. "I'm going there to look for board," said Mr. Pavne.

"I hope you'll be suited," said the And then they began to talk about the tall, blue-crested mountains, which were beginning to close in around

them. The dewy-eyed damsel had read eau; she was even "up" in Ruskin, and and handled a fishing-pole most skill-she expressed herself with grace and fully. spirit, which set Mr. Payne to wondering if all the Maine girls were equally cultivated and beautiful.

And then the codtish tumbled down again and had to be tightened anew, and by that time they had come to a house in the midst of a lonely belt of the housework; and when the autuma woods, which the driver said was "Cat- came, she was engaged-to Mr. Perciley's Dam," upon which the pretty girl disappeared into the purple twilight, and Mr. Payne and the codfish went

on, sorrowful, much jolted, and alone.

A glimpse of the beautiful Magalloway River by moonlight; the cry of a wild-bird in the woods; the noise of hidden cascades; a blur of lighted windows, which the driver said was the factory; down a blind lane, and checking the tired horses at a one storied stone-house behind a wall of cedar trees, and then the Jehu cried out:

"Now, then! Here we be! Widow Buck's!"

Mr. Payne got stiffly out, and belped to unload the various pamphernalia of travel which belonged to him-all of them by this time considerably flavored

with salt codfish. "Perhaps you had better wait," said he, as the driver turned around and chirruped to his horse.

"What for?" demanded the man. "In case Mrs. Buck should not be able to accommodate me, or-".
"Oh, it's all right," said the driver. 'She'll take you in. Naomi would

have told you, else." And away he drove, leaving our hero pile of luggage at his feet, and a gaunt dog smelling at the skirts of his coat. "Who's Naomi?" said Mr. Payne,

addressing the moon. would she have told me?" "And what He raised an old-fashioned brassknocker that bung at the door, and rattled it briskly. The gaunt dog, arousas I ed to a sense of his duty, left off snuffling and began to bark. Presently, a blanket; a canvas tent, with pegs and tall, thin woman, with a red pocketloops; a little smudge of bran, or pine- handkerchief tied on her head, with a

"Oh," said she, peering sharply at

With the initiative thus taken out of four good walls, a feather pillow, and his hands, Mr. Payne could only incline "All them traps your'n?" demanded

the Widow Buck, abruptly. "Yes, madam," Mr. Payne admitted. "Humph!" said the widow. "Pears mister, to take it for granted you'd be

"I thought, madam-" "I'm a-talkin' now," said the widow, sharply. "To begin right straight at

lar, or a counterfeiter, for all we know.' "My references, madam-" "Yes, I know," said widow. "And them very references is most likely forged. But I'm willin' to be reason-

able. How old be you?" And Mr. Payne, secretly wondering if this was they managed things in

Maine, answered meekly: "Two-and-thirty." "Ever been married before?" sharply questioned the widow.

'Certainly not, madam! I am a single man!" answered Mr. Payne, with a very justifiable spark of indignation in his manner.

"Any business?" went on his catechist.

"None, madam." "Well, I like that!" said the widow, with a scornful sniff. "Like your impudence, to come here and own to such a disgrace as that! Expect to live on

"Madam?" gasped poor Mr. Payne. "How d'ye suppose you're ever going to keep my Naomi, even if I allowed points of observation usurped.
So he packed his valise, laid up his fishing-tackle, laid in a great store of don't you think it! She don't care for was coming, she made up her mind to failzie Ford. stop off at Catley's Dam, just to get rid of course, the train was late—trains of the sight of you. There! So just

But while Widow Buck was volubly uttering these last glib sentences. faint light began to dawn on Mr. Payne's semi-obscured brain. "I think, Mrs. Buck," said he, "that

you must be laboring under a little mise look so picturesque.
"Where do we meet the stage?" said Payne. I am from Boston. I was rec-Mr. Payne, as he settled himself so as ommended here, as an eligible board-to inconvenience his pretty neighbor as little as possible.

Tayle: Tail Holl Boston: T was leed ommended here, as an eligible boarding-place, by Mr. Warden, of 15 Peppermint Place." "Mrs, Buck nearly dropped her lamp

in her consternation "Well, I never!" said she, instantly flinging the door wide open. "Please to walk in, sir. I'll send the boy out arter your trunks and things in half a minute. I beg your pardon, I'm sure, for mistaking you for Peleg Driggs, from Lowell, as was comin' here after my daughter Naomi! She works in the mail-bag alternately tumbling into the Lowell mills, Naomi does, To

"I'm very rude, I know," said she; duced to a delightful little "interior, of red carpet, round table spread for tea, shaded lamplight, and a fire of logs, the result is the result of the result in And Mr. Payne was promptly intro-duced to a delightful little "interior," burning on an open hearth, to keep out the damp of the summer evening.

After ten o'clock, when the wearied traveler was in bed, in a pretty little room, where there was an eight-day clock in a cherry-wood case, and a carpet made of woven rags, he heard the opening and shuting of doors below, the clear sound of a familiar voicethe voice of his black-eyed traveling

"Well, mother, did he come?" she asked.

"Peleg didn't come," said the Widow

dark eyes. "It's a lovely place! I Buck. "But a young gentleman from the city came. And don't you b'lieve, Naomi, I took him for Peleg, and I peppered away at him well!"
"Oh, mother, what will he think?"

cried the softer young voice. "I asked his pardon, of course," said the old lady. "And he took it all as a joke."

And when Peleg Driggs himself, the next day, put in an appearance, he was summarily dismissed, while Mr. Per-cival Payne and the fair Naomi were ly felt. sitting by a trout-pool in the cool woods below; for Naomi knew all about the Longfellow; she knew all about Thor- haunts and nooks of the neighborhood,

Mr. Payne liked Mailzie Ford, and stayed there all summer. And as there were several boarders in the old stonehouse, Miss Naomi concluded not to return to factory-life in the Lowell mills. but to stay and help her mother with val Payne.

"The sweetest wild-flower in all the Northern woods," he wrote, enthusiastically, to his friend Warden Warden went up to Mailzie Ford, He was introduced to Miss Naomi.

He agreed with his friend, "She's a little jewel," said he, 'You're a lucky fellow, Payne. But I didn't know, when you wrote me that you were so well suited with the accommodations here-'

"That I was suiting myself for life," "But you see that interrupted Payne. such was the fact."

A SHAKING ISLAND. Thrilling Experience of a Hunting Party.

We were in the heart of Okefinokee swamp. There were five in the party, three young men besides myself, and Sam, our negro cook and factotum.

When we started on our hunting expedition it was our intention to skirt along the edge of the swamp, without attempting to penetrate the interior. The excitement of the chase and the novelty of our surroundings gradually alone in the spectral moonlight, with a led us into the swamp. For two days we had observed a light curling smoke some miles ahead of us, and we finally agreed to push on and investigate it. "I have seen the same thing in one of the big Florida swamps," said Dupont, one of our party, "and it is believed down there that the smoke comes from an eternal fire underground."

As our way was through morasses. quicksands, stangant pools, and tangled undergrowth, our progress was slow. We had to keep a sharp lookout for snakes and alligators, and altogether our work of exploration was exceedingly difficult, and somewhat hazardous. "It is an island!" shouted Dupont.

We had reached the spot at last, In the middle of a lake, whose black waters were rippling in a curious fashion, was an island of perhaps 200 acres, covered with scrubby bushes. All over the island thin columns of brown smoke could be seen slowly rising.

"I don't understand what keeps the ter disturbed " said one of "there is no breeze," "Hit am de debbil's own pot," said

black Sam, looking wild eyed and nerv-We quieted Sam, and put him to work with the others constructing a rude raft out of dead trees which were lying around in abundance. In a short time the raft was ready, and we paddle.I ourselves to the island.

"It shakes!" exclaimed Dupont, who was the first to land. Sam was the next one on shore, but he at once sepped back on the raft.

"De Lawd hab mussy!" he said, "I kain't stan' dat." We all followed Dupont and found that the island was trembling quite

perceptibly. "Perbaps it is a floating island," suggested one of my companions. "It is nothing of the kind," I re-

marked. "I have heard of it before, but we are doubtless the first white men who have landed here in forty years." "What do you know about it? asked

Dupont, quickly. "Simply this, When Sir Charles Leyll, the famous British geologist, visited this country, he explored the swamp and examined this very spot. He found it shaking all the time, with fissures in the earth constantly opening and closing, with this same peculiar smoke rising from them. He came to the conclusion that the crust of the earth was thinner right here than in any locality of the globe. The volcanic action near the surface causes the smoke, and also the continual bubbling of the lake. This may have been going on for centuries. You know that the Indian word Okefinokee means

trembling earth." "Well, I can't say that I care to

the unstable island. "I have found a geyser," reported one of our explorers, who had been

rambling about on his own hook. Guided by him, we went to a little spring of boiling water that was gushing forth near the center of the island. feet a muffled roar or rumble.

"Marse Ross," gasped Sam, "I mus' git out'er heah." He made a run toward the raft, when a small fissure in the earth about a foot wide yawned in front of him. The poor fellow dropped on the ground in speechless terror. We helped him up and tried to reassure him, but it was and as silently stole away. As soon as he was calm

enough to walk, he made a break for

the raft.

"Sam is the only sensible fellow in the party." said Dupont, "There is danger of breaking a leg in one of these fissures, and I don't see why a man could not be swallowed up." I laughed at this. Sir Charles Lyell had spoken of the island as a remarkable curiosity, but he had not predicted any serious outbreak of the forces of

"See that"! continued Dupont

I looked. The fissure which had frightened Sam had closed up completely. I drew a long breath. In the midst of such phenomena a man feels small. Before I could say anything there was a deafening roar, a thousand cracks opened in the earth, and the smoke coming out of the ground was so thick that we were almost stifled. Undoubtedly it was a genuine shock of earthquake; something altogether dif-

ferent from the light tremors previous-"We must run for it," I shouted. Just then another shock came, and threw us heavily to the ground. We rose in a dazed condition, and saw within a few feet of us a yawning chasm fully three feet wide and a hundred feet long. It emitted a volume of steam, and with inconceivable rapidity closed up with another jar that nearly

toppled us over again. We started on a run for the raft.

"Where is Dupont?" We all asked this question at once, The raft was in sight, but Sam was the only occupant. We faced about, but could see nothing of the missing man. Had he in his terror taken the wrong direction? It would not do to leave

to retrace our steps. every foot of the island. There was shades of red, orange, yellow and not a trace of our friend. We looked cream. at each other with terror stricken faces. and paddled to the other shore. I suggested that Dupont had rushed off when smoke, he had perhaps fallen into the

"No, Marse Ross," said Sam, gloombowels ob de yairth. Hit's done happened befo'. Ise heerd many a time dat Injuns and hunters wuz lost heah in just dat way. I useter laugh at 'em as fairy tales, but I 'members dem now, and knows dem fur de truf.

A hurried search around the lake compelled us to accept Sam's explana-

tlements. We had a new trouble to face. People would not believe our story. At first they were inclined to think that we had killed Dupont, but that theory was soon abandoned, and it was held that our friend had drowned himself in

the lake Under the circumstances there was nothing to be gained by discussing the matter with strangers. We left the simple country people sticking to their belief that Dupont was under the lake somewhere, but we knew as well as we knew anything that he had fallen headlong into the very centre of the fires raging so fiercely in that slumbering volcano.

Out Early in Life.

"Please, how much is that very large doll?" asked a beautifully dressed little girl, about two feet six inches high, of a salesman in a Woodward avenue establishment, standing on tiptoe to get a glimpse over the counter.

"That is \$25, miss," was the amused "Isn't that a good deal for one dolly?" she asked, wistfully.

"Yes, but it is a very large one; its eyes open and shut, it cries, says 'mamma' and 'papa;' can sit in any position and has a beautiful dress."

"The frock is pretty," said the little one, dubiously, "but it's lots of money, and I'm afraid I haven't got enough. Here is my purse, sir, will you please count it?"

The clerk did as requested, and an-rounced the result: "Two dollars and forty-seven cents;" "That's lots too little, isn't it?" asked the small lady.

"Yes, a good deal."
"Well, let me see. I have some money in my bank at home, and there is some more coming to me for not eating dessert and-oh, I'll tell you," she exclaimed, brightening at the truly feminine idea, "you may send it to the house and charge it to papa."

## College Minstrels at the Wrong Window.

A good story is told at the expense of the Amherst College Glee Club. About ten years ago the club made a trip through New York State, and sang Rochester at the same time that Kate Pennoyer, a pretty stage singer, camp here," said Dupont, "but, as we was there. After the concert it was are here, we might as well explore a lit- proposed to serenade the lady and the club proceeded to her home and struck This was the general opinion, and Sam was persuaded to leave his quarters on the raft and trust himself to thusly:

Sweet Kate Pennoyer, Our love for thee

After singing the entire song the boys waited a moment for a recognition of their serenade. Slowly a win-With the water came jets of steam, dow in the third story was raised, later sand and blue mud. At this place the a man clothed in robes of white and shaking was so violent that it made us with whiskers a foot long was seen, and stagger, and we would hear under our then a bass solo was wafted down to the collegians:

Dear Boys, below there, Sweet boys, below there, Your Kate Pennoyer, Lives four doors below here. As the last words of his song died on the frosty air the Amherst College Glee Club gathered themselves up like Arabs

-The management of the Maple Avenue Driving Park, Elmira, N. Y., has decided to hold a spring meeting, commencing June 12 and continuing four days.

-Sleeves to ball dresses and other full evening tollets are suspected rather than seen.

—Opera-glass bags are very hand-somely made of plush or old Floren-tine embroidery, and are quite orna-

FASHION NOTES.

-Stripes are fashionable not only for dresses but for mantles.

-Speaking of the theatre, it is once more the fashion for ladies to carry bouquets in their hands-small, round bouquets, wrapped round with a handsome old-lace pocket handkerchief,

-With walking costumes cloth skirts of deep red are very fashionable; tunics of brown, gray and such neutral tints are draped over them. The mantle is sined with red, and there is also a soupcon of red in the trimming of the bonnet.

-Gray or black and white costumes are also in great favor, so that quiet tastes can also be indulged, and fashion has plenty of variety to choose from. As a rule bright linings to dark or gray outer materials are considered in best taste.

-The most elegant trimming for dresses is embroidery. Dresses of plain Indian cashmere are trimmed with panels covered with embroidery, in floral or arabesque patterns. Thus a very tasteful dress is of Russian gray Indian cashmere; it is draped on the him, and there was nothing to do but left side over a large panel of embroidery. The pattern represents a profu-We yelled out his name and traversed sion of chrysanthemums in various

-The Lyons manufacturers have The same thought was uppermost in introduced this winter most beautiful the minds of all. Had Dupont been silks in lovely tints and artistic deswallowed up in the yawning chasm? signs, which are made up into ex-It looked very much like it. Again we tremely handsome dinner and evening resumed our search, but without any dresses. Silk brocaded grenadines are better success than before. Then we also employed for such toilets. For gloomingly made our way to the raft | the theatre light silks are made with peaked bodices, open in a point in front, without any trimming. The the shock came, and, blinded by the skirt is quite plain, or merely trimmed with one deep flounce.

-An elegant skirt for a dinner toilet is of pink and dawn colored glace silk. "He's done swallowed up in de It is trimmed round the foot with a deep-planted flounce of pink China crape, put on like a limp puffing, falling down to the edge of the skirt; above that falls a deep lace flounce. A little above the heading of the flounce the fulness of the skirt is gathered together and fastened at the back under an enormous bow of moire ribtion, and we took up our line of march | bon. Such a skirt may be worn with tion, and we took up our line of march bon. Such a skirt may be worn with dent, J. G. Taylor, Vice Presidents, without a halt until we reached the set- a plush or velvet bodice or with a H. A. Hammel and J. H. Clements; senorita jacket of rose colored silk over white lace.

-A new style of bodice chiefly made of velvet or silk, is tight fitting; the back, made with five seams, is continued into a basque, cut out into five spikes; the front comes down in one deep peak. The small standing-up collar is covered with point lace, and a deep point of the same comes down nearly to the waist in front. This bodice looks extremely pretty in the new glace velvet or plush, shot of two colors, so fashienable this winter. It is also made of very fine cloth, black or colored, and the point lace may be exchanged for a braided pattern.

-Tweeds of every description, checked, plain and plaided cloths, and A Feminine Tendency Which Came striped woolen materials in endless varisty, may be seen in all shops in color schemes and combinations never before introduced. Dresses now made of these comfortable winter fabrics can be worn far into June with perfect comfort, and it is indispensable that they should be made in great simplicity. These woolen materials really require but little drapery or garnishing, the stylish effect of a gown of the description depending entirely upon its perfect fit and finish.

-An elegant model for a reception dress is of electric-blue cashmere: it opens in front, over the chest. The opening is filled up with white cloth, embroidered with gold braid. The cashmere tunic is draped over a white cloth skirt, leaving a good deal of it visible at the foot and on the left side. This white cloth is richly braided with gold. The braid pattern forms a deep panel on the left side up to the waist. and a wide border round the foot. The sleeves are plaited on the outside, and close on August 25. the plaits are fastened down at regular distances by a few stitches, and are finally gathered on to a deep facing of white cloth, embroidered with gold. This toilet can be made more simply of light brown cashmere and white cloth braided with brown.

-A close-fitting pelisse of Russiangray cloth, - which is almost blue, - the back of the skirt formed of full breadths that are sewed in a reverse manner to the bottom of the back pieces, about three inches below the waist line in close gathers. Tapes are next races. At present a small portion used inside at the back to keep the of the course is in the manor of Walfullness from sprending too much at ton, and a heavy sum has to be paid to the sides. From the shoulders to the the lord of the manor for permitting foot the fronts are ornamented with races to be run over it. By taking the elaborate braiding, in the same color, the braid sewed on by one edge so that it stands out from the goods. The back of the waist is trimmed with a pointed design in braid, and the sleeves, which are slightly flowing, have a broad braiding at the bottom. For midwinter a stole-shaped collarette and a muff of blue fox fur will be worn with this cloak, and bands of the same fur will be added on the sleeves. -The prettiest dresses are seen at

this season of the year simply because the season is nearly over and everyone wants to wear out their pretty gowns.
If new gowns are to be made up at this season it is well to make them of materials and in such style that they will be useful for the early spring season.

A pretty dress of this kind lately seen was of white albatross, striped velvet and Marguerite lace net, the velvet being of a tera cotta shade. The skirt proper or foundation was in the accepted four-gored style, and by the arrangement of the drapery was exposed at each side from the belt to the lower edge. The exposed portions were overhung by ruffles of deep lace, the lower one extending across the gores, the others being set diagonally on the side gores. Both side edges and the upper edge of this tablier were laid in deep side plaits and long borunoes loops that come at the belt when this drapery is disposed. The drapery was of the bouffant style and very pretty. The basque was fitted perfectly and a front of lace but with brotalies of the science of horse-laws on the science of horse-laws of the science of horse-laws. Professor Gleason, after The basque was fitted perfectly and had a front of lace net with brotelies of the velvet outlining it. The sleeves were of the lace and full with straps of the velvet confining them at training them at training his book over to the Government printer, is to be applicable. the velvet confining them at wrist and

HORSE NOTES.

-It has been reported that Harry Blaylock, the Canadian jockey, will ride for Green Morris this year.

-H. L. & F. D. Stout, of Dubuque. Ia., recently refused \$3500 for the colu Dubuque, by Nutwood.

-Henry Ridley will occupy the road-house near Point Breeze Course when John E. Turner shall go to Ambler Park.

-Dr. L. Herr, Lexington, Ky., has sent us his catalogue of Forrest Park. It shows the breeding of some choice horses.

-The Spring meeting of the National Jockey Club, of Washington, will commence on April 26 and continue eight days.

-John Sheppard, of Boston, who was recently injured by a runaway accident, is so ill that visitors are not allowed to see him. -Happy Medium was 25 years old

when he died. Up to the present time 106 trotters and pacers of his get have appeared in public races. -William Neely, of New Haven, Conn., has purchased the pair of bay

mares Faith and Hope, formerly owned by Mr. William Edwards, of Cleveland, O., both sired by Lexingtor Chief. -Walter Gratz has just purchased in California of M. Monroe, the chest-

nut colt Ellwood, 4 years, by Norfolk, dam Ballinette. Ellwood will be trained and schooled for cross-country work. -The syndicate of Directors and stockholders of the Cape May Driving Park have purchased the steamer Republic and the Cape May and Delaware

Railroad as accessories to the driving -E1. Bither left Racine, January 31, for the Glenview Stock Farm, in Kentucky, and took with him Jay-Eye-See, Phallas, Brown, James G., Victoria Wilkes, Lydia Sprague and twelve

other horses owned by J. I. Case. -The Gentlemen's Driving Club of St. Louis, Mo., has elected the following officers for the current year: Presi-Secretary C. G. Osgood; Treasurer, W. N. Tivy.

—A bill has been introduced in the Trenton (N. J.) Legislature by Assemblyman Emley, of Paterson, which has as its object the suppression of racing during themonths of November, December, January, February, March and April.

-The Mutual Driving Association, of Newark, elected officers as follows the first week in February: President, E. E. Bergen; First Vice President, William Naething, Second Vice Pres!dent, Charles Leroy; Secretary, Alex. T. Benedict; Treasurer, C. F. Can-

"Majah" Leavitt, with Jim Gould made the snow fly. It flew more owing to the "Majah" having the shafts of the sleigh spliced with bean poles in order to lengthen them, so that the little gelding's big stride would not interfere with his way of going.

-Harry Long, the new lessee of Belmont Race Course, should do well with his new enterprise, providing he shall start right, and there is no reason to doubt but that he will. The track has many friends, and with a good proprietor to cater to them it should

soon be flourishing. -The dates originally selected for the meeting of the Northwestern Association of Trotting and Pacing Horse Breeders at Washington Park, Chicago, were August 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18, but when it was found that the meeting at Rochester was fixed the same week a change was made. The meeting will begin on August 21 and

-W. W. Flint, of Stroudsburg, Pa., writes that the Monroe County Agricultural Society will have the track at its Fair grounds put in good shape for tr tting. The associa-tion will give a fall meeting, with liberal purses, A number of younger people have taken a hold and mean to push things so that they may have a

place to trot their horses. -A slight alteration is to be made in the English Derby course before the course a little more to the west the manor will be avoided, and the money which now has to be paid saved.

-Robert Steel, has sold \$50,000 worth of trotters within six weeks. John P. Crozier; of Upland, Pa., purchased Graceful (2,23½), Gawrey, Merry Thought(2,22½), Buzz Medium (2,20½), Halleween, Happy Princess, (2,23½), Toto and Nutbar. J. C. Sibley, Franklin, Pa., pnrchased Daisy Miller, Farce (2 294), Princess Royal Nora Temple (2.274) and Nubia. S. A. Brown, of Kalamazoo, Mich., bought Ides, and H. W. Chalfant, of Unionville, Pa., bought Veteran.

-Charles Page went sleighing in the morning, and "slayed" them in the afternoon with his high strung Richelieu. He beat "Jack" Phillips, with The Item; then John Strickland, with the pacer Brint Medium, and finished the afternoon's ride by beating the fast pacing mare Jimmy Green once had. Charles went to bed that night and never awakened until the next morning.

-Bills have been introduced in the Senate and House of Representatives at Washington, by Mr. Hampton, of South Carolina, and Mr. Wise, of Virment printer, is to be employed to establish schools for instruction at