If Maidens But Knew.

r. good wife rose from her bed one morn And thought with nervous dread O/the piles on piles of clothes to be wash

And the dozen of mouths to be fed, "There's the meals to get for the men i the field.

And the children to fix away to school, And all the milk to be skimmed and churn

And all to be done this day."

It had rained in the night, and all the wood

Was wet as it could be, There were puddings and ples to bake And a loaf of cake for tea, And the day was hot, and her aching head

Throbbed wearily as she said: 'If maidens but knew what good wives

'They'd not be in haste to wed."

"Annie, what do you think I told Ned Brown?" Called the farmer from the well-

And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow, And his eyes half bashfully fell.

"It was this." and, coming near, he smiled; "It was this: That you are the best And the dearest wife in town.

"he farmer went back to the field, And the wife, in a smiling, absent way, dang snatches of tender little songs She'd not sung in many a day.

And the pain in her head was gone, and her clothes Were as white as the foam of the sea

And her butter as sweet and golden as it could be,

The night came down-The good wife smiled to herself as she

said:

" 'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love It is not strange that maids will wed."

HOW AMELIA WAS CAPTURED.

One evening last Winter as I was impatiently walking up and down the platform at a Paris railroad station, waiting for the 7:30 express train, I received a tremendous thump on the back. I turned around, and lo and behold! it was my friend Jacques.

"Where are you going?" he asked. "To Nice."

"1 am going to Nice, too."

"That is first rate. We will travel together."

The train had in the meantime arrived, and as we went to take our places in the coupe, we passed the postal car.

"I shouldn't like to be employed in one of those postal cars with all those dirty letter bags. They have to stand up all the time, too. I should think they would be tired out," I remarked.

"Yes, it is not agreeable to travel in one of those cars. I traveled two hundred miles in one of them once, and I don't think I ever suffered as much in my life."

"How did that happen?"

"It's a right funny story. Let us get our places, and then I'll tell you all about it."

is worth repeating.

"At the time to which I refer," said so far." Jacques, "I was acquainted with a certain blonde countess. You know ber, because several times I caught you try-

but my friend Maxime. He called me | carrier start out on the road to Amelia's to get in. I did so, and just as we were villa. I joined him and we soon bepassing the postoffice it occurred to me to post the letters." 'Yes, I begin to understand."

"I got out, bought two stamps, stuck one of them on the letter to the countess, shoved it through the hole, and passing through a village I set 'em up was about to do the same for Louisa's again. After two more pulls at the epistle, when I felt faint. I gasped for flask he was beautifully drunk, and air. I had addressed my letters to staggered helplessly. Coming to a gully Louisa to the countess at Var and post- I tripped him up. He fell like a log. ed it. In my hand was the letter to A moment more, and, under the prethe countess with the samples of silk, text of helping him up, I had opened addressed to Louisa in Normandy."

"You were in a fix." "Never was in so hideous a fix in all heard a noise, and looking up I saw a my life. Unless I regained that letter dog cart. There was a lady driving. I it was all up with the beautiful coun- felt myself turning pale all over, for the tess, who, as I told you, was as rich as lady was none other than the Countess she was pretty." "Yes, you told me she was quite

wealthy.

"Not only that, but I was really desperate in love with her besides. I went now is your time to show it." right into the postoffice and asked the clerk to hand me out the letter. The clerk began to cross examine me, and intimated that I was a candidate for the penitentiary. As my answers did Night before last, while I was writing not suit him, he refused to hand out to you, I heard you call my name three the letter. I remembered that I had a times. friend who was a high official in the postoffice department. I jumped into a cheeks, for I had caught a fearful cold, when the time came to learn another dence. I found him, explained matters, and, armed with an official docu- ed it into my pocket. ment, drove back to the postoffice. The the postal car. I jumped aboard just large as saucers with amazement. as the train moved off. The postal officers in the car, under the impression the floor, and while one kneeled on my breast the others choked me and searched me for arms. As seen as I got a

chance to speak, I showed my document and explained. Profuse apologies were offered and accepted. However, my collar was torn off, and my clothes suffered in the scuffle."

"Did they give you your letter?"

"The car was packed up to the roof with sacks of mail matter. The official said:

"'My dear sir, from four or five hundred thousand letters, you can't expect forbidden under any circumstances to really thought I should have to send for ly tried to kill him. But the 'dog' deliver any mail en route.""

What did you do?"

"There was nothing for me to do except to grin and bear it, I took a seat on the mail bags in order to rest myself, and think the sacks were not as comfortable as a pillow. They seemed to be full of hard and irregular shaped articles mixed up with letters. I won- dozen or more theatrical people may be dered if it was possible that I was sit- seen standing about conversing and ting on the identical bag that contained joking in front of a certain club house my affectionate letter to the countess. not a great way from Madison square Perhaps there was nothing between me and that part of Broadway where the We got into the coupe, and Jacques and that accursed document except an most elaborately dressed sons and following yarn, which I think eighth of an inch of leather and I whis- daughters of New York pass in review. tled quietly, 'Thou art so near and yet One afternoon quite recently one such

"Did you get it at last?"

penitentiary."

should I see driving past in his buggy and got a square meal. I saw the letter adas as I gave them I'm sure no audience ever listened to before, or since. I struggled along, coining sentences as came quite familiar. He was a dull stupid peasant. I had a flask with me, I proceeded, trying to keep what I said in harmony with the general plot of the play, of which I retained a fairly disand, after taking a small drink myself, tinct impression. I don't suppose what he took a healthy pull at it. I encour-I said sounded half so had to others as aged him in his debauchery, and in it did to me, for the people in the wings afterward told me that few persons not familiar with the text would have suspected the spurious character I was presenting. "As soon as I was off the stage I made a rush for the dressing room, grabbed my play book and laboriously

the bag and secured that long sought studied my next lengths until I was letter and shoved it into my pocket. I called out again. It was of no use. I could not recall one word of my part Desperation came to my aid, however, Amelia herself. She recognized me, but at first she was too astonished to with an improvision that would have made Bulwer's hair stand on end, withspeak. I thought to myself: 'Old boy, out any very bad breaks. That night if you have got any presence of mind, as 1 was getting into bed, feeling abso-"'Great God!' screamed Amelia, lutely disgusted with myself and all creation, every line of my part came

what has happened? How do you come to be in this condition, Jacques?' back to me like a flash, as clear as "'Amelia, do you believe in omens? though the text was before my eyes, Night before last, while I was writing and for weeks and weeks after they haunted me day and night. Indeed, they took such root in my memory that I had all I could do to drive them out As I said this tears ran down my

hack and was driven to his office. He and pulling out my handkerchief to part. was not in. Then I went to his resi- wipe my eyes, out dropped that accursed letter. I grabbed it and again shoy- never had another touch of that mal-

"'You heard me call your name. mail was already made up and on board Jacques?' asked Amelia, her eyes as dence. We had been rehearsing it for Yes, Amelia, and I left on the next | my part and business as well as I know

train just dressed as I was, to come to my name. I was the villain, and in the that I was trying to rob, hurled me to you. I thought it was one of those fourth act was to quarrel with and stab mysterious warnings that notify people my accomplice in crime, for which I of the death of loved ones, and, Amelia, oh, how I love you!' and here I dropped fessing all my villainy, in the next act. down in the mud on my knees.

The rest of the story is short, continued Jacques. "Amelia's eyes filled didn't forget lines, 'business' and every-with tears at this proof of my devotion, thing else, and, jumping away down to and although I looked like a tramp, she asked me to get into the dog cart with The author of the play, who was sitting her. I did so and before we got to the in a box, must have been paralyzed at villa she had consented to become my the liberties I took with the text, and wife. That, my friend, is the story of the audience must have thought it very our marriage. I have since told my odd that the hero should come to life so wife all about it and she laughed until readily in the next act, and that I should I thought she would have hysterics. I be sentenced to death for having mere-

Actors Who Forget Their Parts on the Stage.

Almost any pleasant afternoon a little party of actors were collected

"I should think, Jacques, that your about this spot listening attentively to conscience would have troubled you." one of their number, whose gray hair none excel the chapter of accidents that happened at the first presentation of "No, my conscience did not trouble seemed to lend weight to his statements

FASHION NOTES. -Brocades have not yet returned to favor for dresses, unless for the trains of reception robes, but for tea gowns

they are much sought after. -Long cloaks are made in a loose shape that follows the outlines of the figure in a graceful fashion, and is also more comfortable than the closely fitted garments. There are but four forms in these eloaks, two in front and

two behind, making a sacque like garment, and the sleeves are cut with long points,

-Cinderella dances, that close on the stroke of 12, are one of the features of the London season. These enjoyable affairs are much frequented when I got before the footlights again. by young people, who wear the daintiest and prettiest toilets of tulle gauze and I plunged boldly in and got through and satin striped mull, with low or half-high bodices and decorations of flowers or ribbons.

-For evening toilets which are not intended for wear at balls or large entertamments half long sleeves admit of many fancy arrangements. When. of black, white or rich broche lace they are trimmed with ribbon crossed, or in bands, and also arrangements to produce the effect of inserted lace puffings or embroidery flaps, with long strings of beads depending from them in Eastern fashion.

-Simple costumes are quit . fashion-"This occurred 10 years ago, and I able for young girls made of lancy patterned dark electric-blue vigogne, ady again until last winter. We were which is arranged over a dark velvet trying a new piece 'on the dog' in Proviunderskirt. The revers on the front of the bodice are of velvet, embroidsome time, and I felt sure I knew all ered with beads of the same shade, and opened back to show a vest of pale pink Ottoman silk; the back of the bodice is partly of velvet, arranged be interested. in a V-shaped plastron, with the was to be sentenced to death, after convigogne drawn down on each side into the waist in small folds. The intro-"I had a scene with the hero just beduction of the pink is a success. fore the quarrel, and, bless me! if I

-English-looking camisoles, fitting like a glove beneath the Boulanger thing else, and, jumping away down to cutaway jacket or Louis XIV coat, are made of dark green, blue or brown "faced" cloth, trimmed with a very delicate embroidery of gold or silver in a fine arabesque or Greek key pattern. An embroidery pouch of like design in Clifton and Guttenburg. ornamentation, flat and square in shape, is attached to the left side. The collar matches the camisole, and the upper portion of the sleeve is made to reach considerably below the elbow and corresponds with the jacket in fabric. From there emerges a lower are not at all uncommon with people half of the sleeve, which is like the clergymen who first write and then under vest in color and garniture.

-Worth and Pingat are making cloth jackets of far more dressy character than those made by London tailprofession, do more memorizing than ors. They use a great deal of passeany other set of men, there are more inmenterie for their trimming in open stances of this kind among them than lace like designs, which is made doubly with others. Dion Boucicault has sufeffective by having lighter cloth than fered often and acutely from the freaks that of the jacket placed under it, as, for instance, dark green cloth has of his memory, and in describing one black passementerie in leaf designs "Among the hundred and one amuslaid over the palest Nile green cloth, the public. ing incidents of my professional life and the garment is then edged with black Persian fur. These styliah coats are short, single-breasted and very was organized at Kendallville, Ind., the Shaughraun,' Everything went ooth even close-fitting, being the small tournure that is now so well worn. -Some rich dinner dresses have recently been made of terra-cotta plushes combined with blue satin embroidered in dull metal, and silks in fade colorings and Moorish effects. A dinner dress was recently shown made of paleblue faille Francaise and Amber plush. The skirt was brocaded on the edge with gold thread and blue silk thread in a dark shade. The back drapery of plain amber plush feil in severe soft folds over the tournure. The antique bodice was of amber plush and cut high at the throat, being Twin Springs Stock Farm, Baker's left opened in a plastron square below Summit, Bedford county, Pa., has the collar to disply a short puff of blue silk and a filling of creamy lace. The his stock. The stallion list is headed elbow sleeves of the bodice were fin- with Windsor (2.29), sire of Windsor ished by a full fall of lace, Dinner M. (2.201) and others. It contains a dresses follow the rule of dancing number of choicely bred brood-mares dresses; they are generally short. and colts. Trained dresses are made chiefly to fill special orders. Reception dresses are always short.

HORSE NOTES.

-The next Congress of the National Trotting Association will be held at Buffalo in 1890.

-Charley Freil, Euclid and Big Injun are being wintered at Exposition Park, Pittsburg.

-Troubadour will not be trained again, although Rogers thinks he would stand a preparation.

-William Allen, of Uniontown, will have Mambrino Clay, 2.27; Hattie T., 2.29; Consul, 2.24; and T. M. Bland, 2.42, to handle the coming season.

-E. J. Everett, of Deerfield, Mass., has purchased from the Shepherd Knapp estate the bay stallion Glenville, by Messenger Duroc, dam Hattle Hogan.

-Andy Culp is building a livery stable, with 60 feet front, adjoining the stable occupied by the late Mr. Spooner, Broad and Diamond streets, Philadelphia.

-Blue Wing, supposed to have broken down in the Brooklyn handicap, is apparently nearly all right again, and it is thought he will stand the training ordeal.

-Montana Regent is pronounced sound and all right by the veterinarians who have been attending him. The leg which gave him so much trouble it is thought will stand the ordeal of training.

-The partners composing the Chicago Stable, George Hankins and J. S. Campbell, have entered into a written agreement not to bet on horses outside of their own except both should

-The Monmouth Park Association has given away \$790,000 in added money during the last six years; 1882, \$85,000, 1883, \$115,000; 1884, \$115,000; 1885, \$125,000; \$1886, \$150,000; 1887. \$169,500; 1888, \$200,000.

-Two hundred and sixty horseowners and 119 jockeys are to be debarred from the tracks of the big jockey clubs next season for having engaged in racing at the half-mile tracks at

-Ed. Corrigan's Modesty will not be seen at the post again. She was windbroken all last season, showing but little improvement up to the close. She is now at Lexington, and will be bred in the spring to 'The Ill-Used.

-T. W. Ogden has purchased the famous brood-mare Peri and her weanling from R. Burgher, of Glendale, O. Peri is the dam of Alice Taylor, 2.30. She is a brown mare, foaled in 1867 by Edwin Forrest, dam Waterwitch.

-Competition is the life of trade. With Belmont and Point Breeze Courses under new managements the public expect to see some good and square trotting next season, and not any of the heretotore "put up jobs" to "skin"

-A new trotting circuit, known as the Ohio and Indiana Field of Fairs, second week in February. The places represented are Fort Wayne, Goshen, South Bend, Angola, Tolodo, Waterloo, Lagrange, Lagonier, Kendallville, Montpelier and Hicksville.

a doctor. MEMORY'S FREAKS.

ing to flirt with her. She was living at me, but my stomach made me wish that as he held forth. that time at her villa near Var. Her I were dead. There is no doubt but cause life is very tedious out in the country, and she had to do something was not going to make much of an effort to reciprocate my affections. Just at this crisis I was carrying on a correspondence of pretty much the same character with another lady whose name was not Amelia, but Louisa, and who was living in Normandy."

"A nice man you are."

"It is the prerogative of innocence to project the initiatory boulder," responded Jacques, lighting a cigarette.

"I suppose you mean to quote that 'he who is without sin among you should cast the first stone.' "

"J 1 s ." resumed Jacques. "Miss Loui , t is Normandy correspondent on account of my love for theel" was no countess. Neither was of m. she a blonde. We had reached that very much on the excursion," Amost every day that she loved me for the spasms and convulsions in my breast syself alone. I replied very cooly and had subsided, owing to the vile smells indifferently, for I was desirous of giv- and the racket, I could not get a wink ing her no encouragement whatever. of sleep until about 3 o'clock in the I was trying to give Louisa what is known as the cold shake, but I wanted to do it genteelly, as a gentleman when they came across that letter they should."

"I presume the countess is the one fused to give it to me. I could have that had the most money," I remarked | murdered them." cynically.

"You are a good guesser. The countess was very wealthy, and Louisa was Lyons the postmaster was very polite, aot. Poor Louisa! I did hate so to go but he said he could not let me have was impecunious. There was some- kept right along with that letter, unof the countess," and Jacques sighed hardships, until it got to Var, which is the first experience of that kind I ever a very small country town. I had to had.

"What has all this got to do with the ride to that place on a wagon without

"Sostal car?" any springs, alongside of the driver, the "You shall hear. Both of these cor-espondents of mine had the mania to tend me orders to fill. Hardly a day ed to the Countess Amelia being under passed that I did not have to buy some- the seat. I could not bribe the mail thing and mail it to them. I was at carrier, as I had only about twenty Paris, you know, and they were in the francs in my pocket. I intended to by mail.

One full of love and devotion from She also wanted me to pick miles from the villa of the countess. out a sample of merino and send it to her. The other letter was from the countess. It was a very gossipy sort ci Louisa. a document, but there was nothing gushing about it. She also desired me to pick out some samples of silks, and mall them to her. Louisa was merino, and the countess was silk with a big That was the difference between

"I immediately sat down and composed two love letters-one of them, however, without much love in it. The other letter-the one to the Countess Amelia—was running over with affec-tion and hints at suicide. The one to Louisa was philosophical and non-comto a dry goods store, selected the patterns, and put them with the letters in On our arrival at Var the bag containthe envelopes, and put them in my ing my letter was turned over to the my voice and said something-what, I pocket. Just at this moment, whom postmaster. I went to the local tavern don't know, but such a version of Bar.

"It always seemed queer to me," same is Amelia. We used to write to that I suffered internally. I am very said the speaker, "that somebody doesn't write a book on the psychologithoroughly informed of the fact that I full of them. There was evidently cal aspect of life on the stage. Probloved her madly. She wrote to me be- something rotten in Denmark, as far as ably the actor has as large an opporthe postoffice department is concerned. tunity of becoming acquainted with The worst smell was that damp leather. curious phenomena of the human intelto kill time. Her letters were rather cold, and I was much afraid that she people of France were in the habit of freaks of superstitious fancy that afflict sending Limburger cheese, sausage some of the best known actors are old seasoned with garlic, and the like, themes of discussion. For instance, through the mails. It was very warm, some think they can't act if they see a damp weather. The motion of the cars horse of a certain color-not necessarily made things worse inside of me. In or- white, however-or if they don't wear der to be more comfortable the clerks certain clothing, or if they play in a removed their shoes. At last the crisis certain house.

removed their shoes. At last the crisis came on. I put my head out of the window. I needed fresh air. My window. I needed fresh air. My tirely mechanical, and they at times tirely mechanical, and they at times bosom heaved convulsively. How I tirely mechanical, and they at times wished I had not eaten that hearty forget how far along they have got in breakfast. 'O, Amelia, Amelia!' I the play. Under some conditions of groaned, 'how little do you know how mind the oldest actor is liable to miss my bosom heaves for thee! How little his cue or cut a tellow actor out of his dost thou dream what sacrifices I make lines, even though he may know the play so well that he can repeat the whole "You must have enjoyed yourself thing from beginning to end. I have known even so thorough and careful an point in our correspondence when she "That was only the beginning of my actor as Lawrence Barrett, who has felt it incumbent on her to inform me suffering," resumed Jacques. "After played 'Richelieu' thousands of times, I suppose, to get thrown off the track in the first interview between the Cardinal and Julie, and have to go back to his first speech to get it right.

"Not long ago I heard Frederick Warde, in expatiating on his favorite play, 'Damon and Pythias,' in which he has acted in principal and subordinwoke me up to show it to me, but reate parts for 15 years, utterly fail to recall three lines from the very passage he was wont to deliver with the greatest effect from the stage. But the most "To cut things short, when we got to serious freak of any actor's memory, and the one to my mind furthest from back on her. It was not her fault, nor the letter because the order was not any rational explanation, is the way it mine either, for that matter, that she signed by the postmaster general. I will sometimes, and for no apparent cause, utterly refuse to take any imthing about her looks that reminded me dergoing all manner of exposure and pression at all. I remember very well

"I was in the company of a well-known tragedian of this city, and a change in the caste had given me the part of Baradas two days before 'Richelieu' was to be performed. I was fairly familiar with the part, and thought I would have no difficulty in becoming dead perfect in it. I studied all my country. I was eternally hunting up make a final appeal to the postmaster at lengths that night till I knew them samples of dress goods and sending them Var, and, if successful, return at once quite thoroughly. The next day I went quite thoroughly. The next day I went mail. Well, one morning I got two letters. to Paris. The more I thought of this at them again, and to my speechless plan, the more I became convinced it horror I discovered that all I had committed the previous night had escaped would not work. Var was only a few my mind. Read the lines over as often as I would, and strive as hard as I would to impress them upon my memory, not one solitary line would stick. If I should ever become a raving maniac I would never become a more pitiable object than I was that day. I locked myself in my room and refused to eat, while I went over the lines to myself as Nicholas Nickleby went over the apothwho it was. That would never do. I learned that half an hour after the mail arrived at Var, a letter carrier set ecary's lines to poor Smike. Toward evening I began to get the better of them, and when I went to the theatre I out on foot with the mail for the villa thought I had them all pat, and regam-ed my confidence and had no anticipa-tion of trouble. of the countess and the immediate vicinity. 1 determined to get my letter from the carrier by hook or crook.

"Imagine my feelings when I dis covered, as I heard my first cue, that "That was a nice way to get to the nittal; very much so, indeed. As I "I knew that well enough, but rather my whole part had again flown from had something to attend to, I hurried than have Amelia read the letter to my mind. I stood before that audience Louisa I was willing to take any risks. of upturned faces without the first idea On our arrival at Var the bag contain- of what I should say. At last I found

well until my first scene, in which I describe the fox hunt, to attend which Con steals Foley's horse. The public took fire before I expected, and exploded at the wrong place. This upset my equilibrium and I forgot my lines. Turning to Mme. Ponisi, I said: "What is it?" She replied:

the end of the act, I killed the hero.

lived, and I got off with only a 'scorch-

Such freaks and lapses of memory

who commit lines to memory. Many

memorize their sermons, have been vic-

tims of such a faux pas of memory.

But as actors, by the nature of their

ing' from the manager."

instance said:

"I don't know." And there we stood. I made up the rest of the speech as best I could, and somehow staggered through it."

Plants and the Electric Light.

According to a Berlin paper some disagreeable results have followe I the electric lighting of the Winter palace at St. Petersburg, the intense brilliancy of the light having been found to cause dire destruction among the ornamental plants used for the decorating of the banqueting halls. It appears that the complete illumination of the rooms for a single night is enough to cause the leaves to turn yellow and dry up, and ultimately to fall off. The damage to the celebrated collection of palms at the palace is especially serious. It is supposed that the injury is principally due to the sudden change from the sunless days of the northern winter and from to the blinding light of the banqueting has recently been arranged some stylthe subdued light of the plant houses halls. It has been shown beyond a doubt that the rapidity of the injarious action and the amount are directly proportional to the intensity of the illumination, and plants standing in nucles or other places partially shielded from the light are found to remain uninjured, There is no doubt that the injurious effects of the light are greatly intensified by the dry, artificially heated atmosphere of the rooms, and that they would be minimized, if not entirely obviated, if the plants could be surrounded by a steamy atmosphere, such as that in which they are grown.

A Cute Mouse.

The following mouse story was told our correspondent by the ladies who figured in the case: A few evenings ago three ladies were at the Wabash depot waiting for the 8:30 o'clock accommodation train. One of the young ladies had failed to eat any supper that evening, and the night operator, being aware of the fact, invited her to partake of a portion of his lunch, which invitaascal would be putting it mildly.

-Many of the rich cloth tailor gowns from Paris are most elaborately braided.

-Polonaises are coming more and more into vogue and promises to be one of the leading styles for spring

-At this season there is not much novelty, as the old fashions are fading gradually and the new ones are not quite ready for introduction. One were made by William Reading, of favorite material which is not yet out Havana, Cuba, the agent for Mr. of fashion is watered silk, and there

ish evening and dinner gowns of it, making the bodice and train of goldenbrown and the waistcoat and front of skirt of pale pink faille Francaise, or of yellow. A panel of the brown watered sllk, trimmed with gold and bronze passementrie, goes down the right side, showing the paler color be-tween it and the train, and a scarf of the same half crosses the front, put on in a novel manner. The bodice is richly trimmed with the passementerie. Another gown, handsome in appear-ance, was of black faille, with panels and bodice trimming of deep crimson velvet, beaded over with cut jet. For young ladies' simple morning gowns are made of fancy vigognes, smartly draped, with side pieces, of plain and flanked by two rows of pounced vigogne, plain and fancy.

-Heavy superb qualities of faille Francaise, Bengaline and corded Vic-toria silk of richest sheen, in colors of Venetian brown (resembling the old-fashioned "Bismarck" shade) moyenage blue, golden brown with ex-quisite glints of bronze in it, green in moss and chartreuse, and golden gray,

-The case of Frank McLaughlin, brother of the champion jockey, bids fair to attract considerable attention ere long. He has ridden at the half mile tracks, but only four or five times, and is now anxious to be reinstated, as he could, if not under the ban, get employment in good stables. He can ride at 110 pounds.

-Dr. J. W. Madara, proprietor of Twin Springs Stock Farm, Baker's sent us a nicely arranged catalogue of

-Charles Dickerman has engaged to drive for Antonio Terry, the wealthy Cuban planter, and will shortly start for Paris, taking Mollie Wilkes (2.221), Terry.

-Walter T. Chester, compiler of "Chester's Complete Trotting and Pacing Record," has credited Prince Wilkes with five races only for 1887. Prince Wilkes won six. He won at Utica, Albany, Springfield, Detroit, St. Louis, and finished the season by beating Belle Hamlin, 2.13%, and Lowland Girl at Lexington.

-The track of the Buffalo Driving Park will be newly graded on a plan that, it is believed, will make it the fastest in the country. The first quarter will have a gradual ascent of eleven inches; the third quarter will be per-fectly level, and the last quarter will have a gradual descent of fifteen inches.

-John Madden has purchased in England the stallion Warlock, by Belmont, out of Waterwitch by Pilot, Jr. Warlock will be trotted next season for a record, and then will do stud duty in Kentucky. Warlock was sold about two years ago by Robert Steel to an English gentleman for \$5000. It has been said that Madden and his partner paid \$10,000 for him.

-The Executive Committee of the Driving Club of New York has decided to claim September 18, 19, 20 and 21 as the dates for the fall meeting. The as the dates for the fall meeting. The club will give two \$5000-stake races— one for the 2.25 class, known as the Fleetwood stakes, and the other for the 3-minute class. The entrance to stake will be placed at 7½ per cent. of purse, and will close in April, horses to be named on the first day of August. There will also be another \$5000 purse offered for a class race.

made in regular tailor fashion, shows a bodice simply pointed in front, laced down the back, and ending below the waist in a short jabot postilion. Upon the shoulders are very costly epaulets of bronze and golden-brown beads, a dog-collar of the same, and special or-naments on the panels and at the wrists. A fac simile of this gown was displayed in one of moss green corded silk, decorated with green and gold

costumes.