I saw across the glimmering dark
The white foam rise and fall;
I saw a drifting phantom bark,
I heard the sailors call; Then sheer upon my straining sight Fell down the curtain of the night.

The white foam lies upon the sand.

What ship was on the midnight deep What voices on the air? Did wandering spirits call and weep In darkness and despair? Did ever living seaman hail The land with such a hopeless wail.

The flush of dawn is in the sky, The dawn breeze on the sea,
The lark is singing sweet and high
A winged melody;
Here on the sand, among the foam,
The tired sailors have come home.

Their eyes, that stare so wide, so wide, See not the blessed light, For all the streams of death divide The morning from the night, Weary with tossing on her breast, The sea at last has given them rest.

THE YOUNGEST SISTER.

"I don't know how it is," groaned Kate Blessington, "but in our family things always happen cross-grained." "What's the matter now?" said

Georgia, the eldest sister, who, with a blue apron of checked domestic gingham tied around her waist, and her luxuriant flaxen hair confined in a red bandanna pocket-handkerchief, was cooking tomatoes for ketchup.

"Why, here have the Morefields come to spend the day, and mamma has just taken to her sofa with an attack of neuralgia, and there's nobody on earth to go to the train to meet the city boarder. You couldn't go, George, I suppose?'
—with a faint gleam of hope.

Georgia glanced up at the clock, and shook her head. "Couldn't possibly," said she. "There isn't time to get ready. Why don't you send Peter?"

Peter, indeed! He's cleaning the cistern out. Such a figure as he is!" 'Then I'm sure," observed Georgia, "I don't see what you are going to do." 'Couldn't I go, Kate?" pleaded a

small, sweet voice. And the second Miss Blessington became conscious of some one pulling gently at her sleeve. She turned sharply around. A tall, rosy girl stood there -a girl just arrived at the age where "brook and river meet," half child, half woman, but infinitely pretty in both her personalities. Sunburned, dark-eyed, clad in an outgrown calico frock, and with her hair braided into

A good ideal" said Georgia, tasting of the bubbling scarlet mass in the kettle, and adding a trifle more red pepper. "Let Chrissy gol"

one long, gold-gleaming queue behind,

"But Chrissy can't drive." "Oh, yes, I can!" urged Christine, the youngest and least presentable of all young man." "I drove old Jenks the Blessingtons. of pumpkins. I've often driven him of her neuralgia. when you didn't know it, George." "Oh. you horrid tom-boy!" said

Georgia, half-laughing. But Kate gave little Chrissy a sound box on the ear. Her black eyes flashed

"Christine," said she, "I'm ashamed of you! You're a disgrace to the family. Don't howl now!" (as Chrissy rubbing her empurpled ear, broke into an indigment wail). "The Morefields all smiles and freshly-tied pink ribwill hear you. Go quick-get on your bons. hat; and mind you don't show yourself cent; and besides, you'll be needed in the kitchen to wash dishes."

The tears dried on Chrissy's eyelashes at the prospect of driving old Jenks to the depot all by herself.

She made haste to pull a white worsted polo cap over her rebellious hair, and to scramble into the rather dilapi-

"Pete, I'm going to drive to the depot!"
"All right, miss," said Peter, who, fresh from the depths of the newly-

emptied cistern, was holding old Jenks, as if there was any danger of that anwants to turn in there-and mind you nitely puzzled. keep a tight grip o' the reins, if you meet a load o' barrels or one o' them janglin' tin-peddler's wagons." Away clattered the venerable buggy,

radiant with delight.

my ears," she pondered, as the first ela-tion subsided. "There was nothing wrong in driving the load of pumpkins yet!" Horse! Go right back to the depot. Mr. Dorrance must be waiting there yet!" I came by the back road, and nobody saw me. I don't love Katenor Georgia neither. They're always laughing at me and making fun of me, just because I grow so fast. They won't let me come into the room when good enough to tell him in what directhey've got company, because I'm only tion it was, a child; and they seed me for running And so he races with the dog, because I'm a woman, I wonder if they call that

By dint of extraordinary efforts on the part of Old Jenks, and a liberal ap- cane. plication of the whip on that of his mis-tress, they contrived to reach one side depot to meet me," said he. "And I of the depot building just as the train steamed away from the other.

tions, but one man stood there, glancing up and down the road, with a valise in his hand, a folded newspaper pro-truding from his coat-pocket.

Chrissy hesitated what to do; then she rose to the emergency. 'Hallo!'' she cried, in a sweet, highpitched soprano voice. "Are you the gentleman from the city—the new

He advanced, with a rather puzzled countenance.

"Yes," said he. "I-" "I've come to drive you to the cotsaid Christine Blessington.

There's room for it behind.

"My trunk is to be sent by express. But-

"Oh, very well!" said Chrissy. "Be quick, please-the horse won't stand!" The stranger cast an amused glance toward old Jenks, who certainly looked as little like a runaway steed as could be imagined as he stood there, meekly balanced on three legs, with his head hanging down.

"And who are you?" said he, pleasantly. "One of the family?" "Oh, I'm Chrissy—the youngest girl, you know!" explained she. "The youngest, eh? Are there many

of you?" Chrissy eyed him with a sidelong

"He's curious about us," thought "Well, that's natural." she answered, complacently:

"Well, there's Georgia-she's twentytwo. And she's engaged to an officer in the army, although she thinks I don't know it. And Kate is twenty, new principal of the school. At least she says so. She's tired of making over old gowns, and dyeing old ribbon, and keeping genteel boarders. I don't envelope the second course, 's said Mrs. Blessington, "she can't be married for a year yet. Why, she is nothing but a child!" the principal of the school," Chrissy added, giving old Jenks an admonitory touch with the whip, as he showed an undue inclination to sidle toward the entrance of Bowery Lane. "Kate has got an awful temper. She flew into a passion and boxed my ears just before I started."

"Boxed your ears!" repeated the stranger, repressing a strong inclin-ation to laugh. "Why, how old are

"I'm sixteen and a half," said Chrissy, almost wishing that she had not told the incident, as the crimson flush rose up to the very roots of her hair. "And she oughtn't to treat me like a child! I wish she would get married and go away. I should be a deal happier without her. Oh, oh! there comes a load of barrels! Old Jenks is awfully afraid of a load of barrels. He always shies when he sees one.

"Let me take the reins," suggested her passenger.

And presently, under his charge, old Jenks, who, to do him justice, had evinced no particular emotion of any sort, was engineered safely past the fearful object.

And then Chrissy pointed out the various localities to him, told him about the ghost that was said to walk in old Squire Hart's deserted house, showed him the place where a fox was shot in the spring, and confided to him where to go if he wanted to find the finest nutting copses of the vicinity.

And while she was enlarging on these subjects, old Jenks stopped sleepily at the front gate of the pretty Blessington she stood there, with an imploring All the Morefield heads were at the

window - Mrs. Morefield, Jeannette Morefield, Susanna Morefield, and the married Miss Morefield, whose present name was Mrs. Josiah Stubbs. "Bless me!" said Mrs. Stubbs, in a

stage whisper, "what a very genteel "It's the city boarder," explained up from the farm yesterday with a load Mrs. Blessington, between the twinges "Doctor Buffer recommended him here for pure country air. He's just up from malarial fever, and needs change, and Doctor Buffer-dear, good man-knew how we were situated, and that we had a nice front room to spare." "Humph!" commented Mrs. More-

field. "He doesn't look much like a sick man."

"Is it Mr. Dorrance?" she said. at the tea-table, Your new frock isn't am Miss Blessington"-with her most finished, and your old one isn't half de- engaging air of welcome. "Please walk in. I hope you haven't been very much tired by the journey?"

"It's Kate," whispered Chrissy, suddenly overcome by pangs of compunc-"Don't let her know I told you tion. about her temper."

"I am afraid there is some mistake." said the gentleman, pausing in the very dated buggy that was waiting at the act of taking his valise out of the wagon. "My name is not Dorrance. And | back on the other. Back and around "Get up, Jenks!" she cried, brandish- I was going to Mr. Falkner's place, ing the whip with gleeful countenance. where I have engaged board for the winter. I am John Wilder, the principal of the Graded School."

Chrissy dropped the reins, jumped out of the wagon and ran to hide herself in the hay mows of the barn. cient steed running away. "Drive The Morefields stared harder than keerful past Bowery Lane—he al'ays ever. Kate Blessington looked infi-The Morefields stared harder than

"Dear me!" said she; "it's one of Christine's blunders. We were very foolish to have trusted her. Do come in, Mr. Wilder"-with a still more old Jenks falling into a stiff trot like an | winsome smile—"and rest yourself, and | ling and crushing, but flying us only automaton horse, and Chrissy fairly have some tea. We are all anxiety to become acquainted with our new prin-"But Kate oughtn't to have boxed cipal. Pete! Pete! don't unbarness the

> But Mr. Wilder, with a curious expression of the mouth and eyes, declined Miss Blessington's invitation. He would go immediately to Mr. Falkner's, he said, if they would be

And so he bowed himself away. An hour or so afterward, the depot woman. I wonder if they call that consistency? Never mind, I'll pay 'em station above, brought Mr. Dorrance, a withered little old men.

was told I could get a hack at Smileybridge, two miles further on; and I'm Christine looked up and down the no walker, so I just stepped back into platform. Most of the passengers had already started forth in different direction my tea at six o'clock, if you please, and my tea at six o'clock, if you please, and rye bread and baked apples with it. For I haven't got back my digestion yet, and the doctor is very particular about my diet."

Chrissy Blessington was very slient and dispirited when she made her ap-pearance in the Graduating Class of the Graded School at the opening of the fall term, and she scarcely ventured to look at Mr. Wilder, as he entered her name at the head of the list.

At recess she lingered a little, as if

there was something on her mind.

"Jump in, please! Where's your trunk? ish things!" burst out Chrissy, with horizon. And following these outriders tears sparkling in her eyes. "That day, you know, that I took you for the city boarder, and drove you to our houseplease, please forget them! Kate and shall get into mischief with my tongue -and now I know that they are r-r- musical welcome. right!"

And poor Chrissy broke into a sob, in spite of all ner self-control. "My child, do not fret yourself," said Mr. Wilder. "I will remember nothing that you would have me for-

get!" At the end of the year, when the snows lay white on the hilltops, Mr. Dorrance was still boarding at the Blessington cottage, and tormenting every-

body on the subject of his "diet." Georgia was getting ready for her marriage to the army officer, Kate was lamenting her solitary blessedness, and Chrissy—little Chrissy, who was not yet seventeen—was actually engaged to Mr. Wilder, the new principal of the Grad-

while," said Chrissy, to her flancee. "For the family all treat me with respect now. Kate don't care to box my ears any more." "I should think not," said Mr. Wil-

THE PERILS OF A COWBOY. Very Thrilling Description of a Night Stampede.

A letter from the wilds of Colorado gives the following interesting description of the perils of cowboy life. "First guard 8 till 12," called the captain, with the addition; looks like rain.' The three men rose from the fire, stretched and yawned, and picking their slickers from their respective beds slouched away into the darkness, their clinking spurs sounding fainter and more indistinctly in the distance. A low murmur as they handle their staked horses, a few hoof beats and the guard, half a mile away, are saluted with three laconic "relief good-nights" and the new guard are riding slowly around the bedded cattle. Perhaps half a dozen or so of the latter are standing and uneasily snuffing toward the southwest. The air is still and oppressive and the scrubby cedars of the South mingle their sweet breath with the pungent sage and redweed, making the air heavy with its weight of perfume. The black "nigger-heads" climb slowabove the peaks and send fourth lowly drawn occasional sighs that jar the earth like the mutterings of some mighty bull.

The slow-riding guards start the old songs to the cattle-quaint, old-fashioned lullabies-coaxing, with drowsy tone, their long-horned charge, and the does. waking steer closes his eyes as he listens and lowers his head to dream of grassy meadows and lovely shades, with investigate the cause thereof.

THE BREAKING OF THE STORM. Eleven o'clock and the black clouds are nearly overhead, while the flying skirmishers of scud dart across the heavens, the advance line of the army behind. The bulls are on their feet, going among the recumbent ones and horning them till they rise. The thunder speaks more sharply, and bright boxes eating their heads off. Thus far flashes of lightning turn the black mass this year the weather has kept right, into gray, ragged and torn with the effort to hold its warring factions. A few big drops that sting the cattle into nags exercising with their grooms, motion, a rattling crash of Heaven's artillery, and the floodgates of wrath are opened, the deluge let loose. The warm steam of the cattle becomes phosphorescent with electricity and metamorphoses the cattle into prehistoric monstrosities, while the guards, in their yellow slickers, look like grotesque phantoms as they flit around the surging mass that commences to overflow at one side as surely as it is crowded ride the three men, crowding and forcing the unruly herd, that is fairly aching to break and scatter anywhere, everywhere, to escape the raging furies above and around it. A rattling crash and a pillar of flame strikes the west side of the herd and settles the ques-

With one mighty cry of terror the panic-stricken mass surges to the opposite side. The living sea has broken its frail bounds and is pouring forth in terrible fury of fear, horn rattling against horn, crowding, slipping, trampstampeded cattle can. Side by side with the head of the herd race the guards, urging their little ponies with voices and heel, leaning forward and panting with their eagerness to go faster. On, on, over gullies and prairie dog holes, scarcely seeming to rely upon their feet, so little do they regard these death traps, the faithful little horses are carrying riders Indian file, with the first one racing neck-and-neck with the

foremost long-horned pilgrim. A moment thus and then the rider's pistol sends a stream of fire hurtling about six inches in front of the steer's nose and directly across his path. As the steer swerves to one side the poney a withered little old man, who wore a stumbles, and horse and rider are hurl-wig and walked with a gold-headed ed in front of those thundering hoofs as the herd goes rolling on. The next rider is now racing neck-and-neck in the first one's place, and once more a spiteful, belching stream of fire against the leader's nose turns them, followed by another and another, that swings the foremost ones clear around and faces the herd into itself, bewildering

and milling in a slowing circle, and the stampede is stopped. The two guards left know there is small hope of any relief finding them now before daybreak, but as the herd quiets down one rides back and finds their lost mate and his pony, and then "Well?" said the principal, kindly. long, quivering lances of the sun's ad- were he a poor man, would compel him "I'm so sorry that I said those tool- vance guard glisten above the eastern to leave England,

come the heralds of the God of day to waken the world to welcome his coming. The two wet and thoroughly chilled guards hail his coming with infi-George are always telling me that I nite delight, while the feathered choris-

ters make the whole air vibrate to their

But two miles away lies one who will never welcome his coming more. The loving fingers of the sunshine kiss the brown hair and white set face and caress gently the cruelly bruised body. The hat has fallen off, but the cold fingers of his right hand still hold his pistol, while his left still clinch the reins connecting him with his faithful pony, whose one misstep cost both so

dearly. So God's choristers sing his requiem, and so the searchers find them with God's golden sunlight glorifying both alike, for both alike have been relieved.

FOLLOWING THE HOUNDS. Chat About Fox Hunting in England. What Its Defenders Say.

The first week in November is the hunting starting point, and it continues all through the winter until March without stop, check, impediment or interruption, save by one inexorable enemy. That enemy is a gentleman popularly known as Jack Frost. No weather, be it wind, fog, hail, sleet or rain, will hinder hunting. Indeed a ous. "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky bespeak a hunting morning," sings the old song, and no man (or woman away from a meet because it is raining or "looks like it." It is a curious thing that following the hounds should offer the average English lady or gentlemen of hunting proclivities are as much against going out in the rain as they are then in favor of it, or rather indifferent to it. Except when hunting is on the tapis they certainly "know enough to go in when it rains." Generally a wet day keeps every one indoors, huddled about the fire, peering out of the windows, watching for "enough blue in the sky to make a sailor a pair of trousers;" wandering aimlessly from room to room; sitting gossiping in the smoking room, or knocking the balls about at pool or pyramids in the billiard room. The ladies get no end of crochet and crewel work done, and work off a ence and unanswered letters. Foreigners are wont to laugh at the inevitable umbrella which to their eyes every Eng-

There is no hunting, there can be no hunting, when there is frost. And for two reasons: First, the ground would neither heelflies nor gnats to molest and be too hard for the horses' hoofs, and roundups once in ten years. Round jumping very dangerous; second, there starting round again as some restless fore a disastrous condition of things for one, missing the familiar drone, rises to fox hunters. Days and weeks go by, sometimes, waiting for a thaw, or inhopes that "this beastly weather would break up, don't you know." Last winter was a particularly hard one, in more than one respect, on hunting. One frost lasted for quite six weeks or more, and you should have heard the fellows growl and stamp. The horses did nothing but stand in their stalls and loose and on off days and in the mornings the roads are full of blanketed and hooded

I have said that about 30,000 people hunt regularly in England. I dare say some people will differ with me at first glance. But I wish to lay stress on the word regularly. Off and on, as occasion offers, business and occupation per-mits, or good fortune enables, there are thousands of others who hunt. But they only hunt when they can. They don't necessarily keep hunters. They hunt whatever nags they may possess, from carriage horses to ponies. Some people hire a horse now and then, others get their friends or relatives to give them a mount, say half a dozen times in the season, and army officers, on occasion, may so utilize their chargers. But such irregular proceedings cannot be dignified by the term "hunting," or considered so, when hunting as a regular systematic custom is under discus sion. Did hunting depend upon such people, I am afraid it would very soon fall into disuse. Yet, I venture to say, and I think most men who know anything about it will agree with me, if you want to hear hunting talked up, descanted upon, praised, upheld and defended, you'll find it among these spas-

modic sportsmen, To judge of hunting, and determine whether its observance as an annual custom is beneficial or injurious, one must weigh all the pros and cons worth affords a certain kind of sport; there is a vast amount of exhilarating excitement in a good run across country, if you are well mounted, and there is much that is pleasant in the social character of a meet. You are thrown in almost daily contact with your neighbors; riding across country is said to give a man nerve, though, for my part, I be-lieve one must possess the nerve to be-'Everybody likes it, my dear boy," the old squires will tell you, as they smack their port after dinner; "we like it, the horses like it, the hounds like it; yes, and egad, I believe the fox likes it, too." In this country, there are some men, in high places, who discountenance hunt-They are few, it is true, but they are of too high a rank and position to attempt to ostracise them. The last Earl of Ashburnham was one, and the their lost mate and his pony, and then the two take up their lone weary task together. The clouds pass away, the air is chillier and the long hours drag and creep along. A twitter of a prairie sparrow to his mate, a soft perfumed breeze from the East, and then the long, quivering lances of the sun's adverse guard glister, above the seatern FASHION NOTES.

-Bodices of red faille or surab, finely plaited on to a plain shoulderpiece and fastened around the waist with a belt, are very fashionable for young ladies to wear with various skirts. It is called the Odette bodice.

-It is said that the spring fashions will be remarkably rational. It is to be hoped that this will prove true. The skirts of dresses are to be scarcely draped at all. Very many will wear the plain round skirt.

-Moire silks are also used much as underskirts, with tunics of cashmere, veiling or Sicilienne. A great success is the dolman cloth, which is covered with a pattern in relief simulating braid. This pattern, or rather this unitation of braiding, is formed of a sort of frizzy velvet over a plain ground. Very pretty jackets are made of this new style of cloth.

-Costumes of plain cloth or cashmere have the skirt draped up at the side over a wide panel in braid work. The close fitting amazon bodice has a she was owned by H. D. McKir narrow plaited plastron braided to match. More simple and less expendent.—Charles Marvin says that the sive costumes have the self-colored skirt or tunic draped over a striped underskirt. The striped material is also used for trimming the bodice and

sleeves. -Bonnets made of gay embroidery, silver, gold, steel or jet passementerie, wet day is not otherwise than propiti- are worn at the theatre. Small they are and pearched up high on the head. They always have strings, which are tied under the chin or in a long bow who hunts) would dream of staying pinned up tight, on each side with all sorts of jewels. These bonnets are worn with the most elaborate and gayest open-neck evening dresses. Bonnets such inducements to get a wetting are discarded only for grand opera. without minding it. At other times Feather fans rule the breeze. They Feather fans rule the breeze. They are either gray or black tortoise shell.

-Colored cloth will be quite the favored material, so thick, soft and smooth and shining as to resemble thick silk, and its lights and shades so harmonious as to recall the most beautiful glace plushes and velvets. This fine cloth clings closely to the figure, fitting like a glove, drapes beautifully, and will certainly be the success of the spring season. Many fancy woolen materials are attempting to rival it, but without success. Some, however, are exceedingly pretty.

-Braiding looks remarkably well upon cloth. Very rich costumes and vast stock of long neglected correspond- mantles are obtained by braiding a close pattern in black over cloth of either a bright or light amber. With braided cloth fancy tissues striped with lishman carries rolled tightly up in his silk, plush or velvet are combined with hand, ready for any shower or down great effect. The new Medici velvets pour that may come up unawares, are charming, forming wide stripes, There are no people in the world so some plain, others speckled in various afraid of getting wet; but if rain colors. So are the phosphorescent doesn't put a stopper on hunting, frost moire velvets lovely with their brilliant changeful tints glinting like sunshine on the crest of dancing waves.

-Some of the new very elegant and expensive sashribbons are made into pretty fichus that cover the waist and shoulders almost entirely. The Perand round go the riders, stopping occa- is no scent, and without scent the sian brocaded sashribbons thus arsionally to converse in low tones with hounds wouldn't know where the fox ranged much resemble the kerchiefs of their nearest patroling mates and then had gone. A long spell of frost is there- the Swiss peasantry, only they are of poor health and may sell all his horses rich silk instead of cotton. is laid in close plaits on the shoulders, brought down and crossed below the chest in front, finishing with a large buckle that holds the ends. In the back there are loops and long ends falling from the fichu.

-Some very lovely luncheon and tea gowns for summer wear are already on exhibition. These are made of China sliks figured with small but gay Watteau designs, flower striped India silk muslins, real French challies as fine and sheer as the most expensive veilings, and also a soft finished failles in plain shades of primrose, cresson green, mauve, apricot, tea rose, cafe au lait, silver, fawn, bebe, blue or pale golden terra cotta with olive accessories. These are fashioned in princess style and opened broadly over petticoats of Persian silk net.

-The trotteur, or short costume for morning walks or shopping, is chiefly made of fancy checked cloth of various shades of brown, with streaks of bright red, blue and yellow. The skirt has one deep plaited flounce, with stitched heading and short drapery. The amazon bodice, close and clinging, comes down a few inches below the waist and is buttoned down the front. The out of door jacket of the same material is lined throughout with fancy striped silk. It is tight-fitting at the back, with loose front; the neck is finished with a turndown velvet collar and revers, and it is fastened with one double button only.

-The new silk-finished Venetien veilings are exceedingly delicate and beautiful. These come in plain shades of golden bronze, olive, Roman red, new terra cotta, moss green and other fashionable colors, and also in pale hued and neutral tints strewn with delicately colored buds and blossoms, These fabrics will be made into attractive tollets for the summer season, with slight draperies and plain full skirts. considering. Judged by the principal of the greatest good to the greatest number, it must fall to the ground. It cut in a V. or medium low square in the neck, with a chimesette of lace or crepe lisse set in. Much watered silk ribbon will be lavished upon the skirt and corsage, the gown entire forming an inexpensive toilet, which, however, will prove dressy enough for an ordi-

-The shape of wrappings for the spring will change very little in style. better and find out their good and bad points. It is a healthful exercise. tweeds checks and plain the figured English walking-jackets made of plain for several seasons past. Wraps with sling sleeves will retain their popularity, whatever may be their general style or length. Besides the short wrap with this kind of sleeves, which will be worn this spring, there are medium long jackets with a close-fitting back and front for a foundation, with added fronts loose and flowing, a trifle longer or shorter than the tight inside fronts which show like a vest between these flowing sidepieces. Some of the spring newmarkets and ulsters are made of very lightweight broadcloth of a solid dark color and elaborately trimmed over the shoulders and down the fronts with heavy silk cord ornaments in applique. There are no garnitures whatever on any portion of the skirt.

HORSE NOTES.

-Jim Gore is at the Louisville track. and he may stand training.

-Jockey Garrison has gone to California to join the Haggin stable.

-Green B. Morris has shipped his horses from New Orleans to Mobile. -Mary Overton has returned to Nashville from his visit to Califor-

-American jockeys will soon be required to procure a license to ride, as their English cousins do.;

-Dan Honig's 3 year old filly Omaha, by Tom Ochiltree, died at St. Louis, the first week in February from pneu-

-Columbus, O., will have a fall running meeting, commencing on September 6 and ending on the 18th, in cele-bration of the Ohio centennial, -Lady Blueher, dam of First Call,

2,212, died at Janesville, Wis., recently. She was owned by H. D. McKinney -Charles Marvin says that the Palo Alto colt will not come East next season, but next year he expects to bring out a string that will do credit to Cali-

fornia. -Axiom, a full brother to the great Tom Bowling and for half of which \$1000 was paid as a yearling, does duty between the shafts of a dray at Lexington, Ky.

-The 2.20 list has an active membership of over 100, a great proportion being new moterial. Of the 2.19 class over fifty horses are liable for duty; of the 2.20 class the ratio increases.

-The American-bred horse Blue Grass, by Pat Malloy, out of Amy Farley, by Planet, took a prize at the recent horse show at Nottingham, England. -A number of prominent trotting

horsemen and others are talking of giving a meeting at Belmont Course. They propose making the stakes \$40,-000 each day, to have a \$5000 purse. -Unolala, 2.22½, sister of St. Julien, 2.11½, and St. Remo, 2.28½, died

of paralysis at Woodburn Farm recently. She was in foal to Lord Russell, and was owned by J. B. Bales, of Pittsburg. -The purchase of the stallion Alarm

for \$4000 by B. G. Thomas, Dixiana Stud, Ky., from Commodore N. W. Kittson, Erdenheim Stud, Chestnut Hill, Pa-, is looked upon as a great bargain for Major Thomas. -There is yet hope that Major

Dickinson may yet become the owner of Bayonne Prince. 2.211. At present there is only a difference of \$1000 between the amount offered by the Major and the price asked by Mr. Cadugan. -The Brooklyn Jockey Club elected

this Board of Directors recently: P. J. Dwyer, M. F. Dwyer, Richard Hyde, L. C. Behman, A. C. Washington, John McCarty, John Delmar, B. A. Haggin and James Shevlin. -W. J. Gordon, of Cleveland, is in

at public auction. Should his health improve Mr. Gordon will be represented on the turf this year by Clingston, Mambrino, Sparkle and Guy. -R. S. Veech has secured the services of Phallas for the season ending May 1, when the horse will be returned to Hickory Grove, Phallas will be bred exclusively to Indian Hill mares, ex-

cepting a few belonging to the Glenview Company. -Walter Gratz. the Philadelphia turfman, who has been spending some time in California, says he likes the Australian horse Sir Modred much better than Darebin. Mr. Gratz is now in Mexico, and will visit the Sandwich Islands before returning to Philadel-

-Manxman, the best stallion at Tuscarora Farm, Frederick, Md., died from inflammation of the bowels recently. He was a chestnut horse, 15; hands, foaled 1882, by Harold, dam Fairy Belle by Belmont Tuscarora Farm is owned by C. M. DeGarmen-

-A Boston paper says that the formation of a jockey club in that city has long been talked of, but was never so near being realized as at present. Charles Thayer, the manager of the Point of Pines Company, has taken the initiative and decided to fix up the old half-mile track at the Pines, extend it to a three-quarter track, and have racing there three days a week.

-The wife of a prominent breeder of trotting stock, and one to the manor born, was chatting the other day with a lady friend who resides in the same house, and who has heard more horse talk than anything else for the past quarter of a century, and something in the conversation caused the breeder's wife to exclaim in surprise: "Why, I don't believe you know what a gelding isl" L. F. (indignautly)-"Why, of course I do; the idea." L. F. (triumphantly)-"It's a mare that never had a baby."

-E. S. Edwards suggests that the following should not be forgotten when speaking of New Jersey bred when speaking of New Jersey bred tretters: Billy Button 2,184, made in the aixth heat of a race; Irish Lad, 2,234, son of Aberdeen, who fought to a finish a bruising contest at Mystic Park; Adele Gould, 2,19, out of Old Emeline; Helene, 2,21, who made one of the female apparatus with of the famoas quarters with Edwin Thorne, Clingstone and Santa Claus in the great \$10,000 purse at Boston; Peralto, 2.26; full brother to Billy Button, which trotted a half-mile over Fleetwood in 1.03; David L. 2,194, 14 hands high, which trotted a mile over Waverly half mile track last August in 2.21; Kate Taylor, 2.28;, out of Old Emeline, and Rumor, 2.24;. To these may be added some young ones just coming on, such as Cypress, by Kentucky Prince, dam Lady Hitton; Jersey rince, 2.27½; Cad, 2.27½, by Bayonne Prince, 2.27½; Cad, 2.27½, by Bayonne Prince, the colt that was killed by lightning last summer; Frank M., by Sweepstakes, club record 2.27½; Zahn, the horse that dropped from 2.50 to 2.23½ in one season; Col. Wood, 2.22½. These and others of like merit have raised New Jersey to the first rank among speed-producing States.