Ohi steadfastly the sparrow sings, And sweet the sound; and sweet the touch wooing winds; and sweet the sight Of happy Nature's deep delight In her fair spring, desired so much!

But while so clear the sparrow sings, A cry of death is in my ear; The crashing of the riven wreck, Breakers that sweep the shuddering

And sounds of agony and fear. How is it that the birds can sing? Life is so full of bitter pain; Hearts are so wrung with hopeless grief; Woe is so long and joy so brief; Nor shall the lost return again.

No bliss of Nature can restore The friends whose hands I clasped so Sweet souls that through the night and Fied from the earth fore evermore.

Though rapturously the sparrow sings,

Yet still the sparrow sits and sings, Till longing, mourning, sorrowing love, Groping to find what hope may be Within death's awful mystery, Reaches its empty arms above

And, listening, while the sparrow sings And soft the evening shadows fall, Sees, through the crowding tears that blind,

A little light, and seems to find And clasp God's hand, who wrought it

## DISAPPOINTED.

Hugh Beverley never meant to marry. He had been of that way of thinking for ten years or more now, and he was at present six-and-thirty. His sister, Mrs. Valentine, was therefore quite safe in counting so confidently upon his portion of the Beverley property going to her two little boys, one of whom was his bachelor uncle's

godchild and favorite. Hugh Beverley had no earthly objection to her thus counting. Only he sometimes wished she would not make her anticipations so visible. It would be in better taste to veil them more.

However, poor Clara had always been rather worldly. And with this reflection Beverley folded that lady's last letter-scented and sealed with a crest and walked down the stairs of the little Tyrolean inn, where he was temporarily stopping in his wanderings, and out manded a view of the quaintly picturesque village street.

He had been sitting there with a hurried footsteps roused him from his landlord and speak to him.

The man gave some reply, and the girl turned quickly, almost running up the street. Mine host sauntered into is absolutely alone in the world, poor the house and presently re-emerged. "A bad bus ness—a bad business!" shaking his head. "That lady is very

"The mother of that young girl?" asked Beverley, putting two and two

'Yes; they've been here some weeks.

The mother's been going rapidly. Bad business-bad business! The girl, poor Who are they-Americans?" que-

ried Beverley. Yes; they were country women of

ly, the mother, whose name was regisaway, leaving her daughter alone. Beverley did not learn of the death

until the next morning. He was leaving his room when, in the wife, talking in slightly lowered voices and with expressive shrugs of the shoul-

A neighboring door stood open, and a stark form covered with a sheet within, told the tale. Near the bed sat the young girl of yesterday - motionless, with clasped hands and a rigid face.

shrug of the shoulders, to Beverley. "Good Heavens!" the latter stood appalled; "don't let that stand in the way. I'll do anything that is to be

everything for you," announced the man; "there's something left on the

bill, too," he added in a lower tone. He was really no harder and no worse than many of his fellow-creatures; he Germany. simply had the bump of acquisitiveness very largely developed.

Beverley looked at the girl with a sudden deep pity. She stood tall and straight in her shabby black dress,

She glanced up at him with her large mournful eyes. "Thank you," she said. No muscle

of her face moved. "Poor child! She is stunned, thought Beverley. The pale girlish face pursued him all that day.

On the next all that was mortal of self. Mrs. Ventnor was laid to rest in the crosses and grotesque beaded wreaths and comfortable basis when Beverley hanging on the same, at the end of the with the suddenness which usually village street, thousands of miles from characterised his movements, reappear her native land. Perhaps it was a happy release. She had been a wanderer for years, going about from place to place in search of health that would not come at the bidding; hope and courage, and friends and means, growing less

scason by season. The slender girl, who now turned away from the new-made mound, upon which, by Beverley's thoughtfulne some fresh flowers had been laid, had been familiar with the make-shifts of aimless early womanhood,

Poor Lucille Ventnor! hers had not been a happy girlhood.

She had not spoken a word as she

sole present friend and guardian, knew not how to broach the question of her plans and movements for the future which had now become imminent.

At length he spoke to the landlady: "You must rouse her from her lethargy. A young girl like that can't stay on here alone in this strange inn. You must ask her whether she has no friends to whom she can write and whom she can acquaint with her condition."

But when the girl was spoken to she answered: "No. There is no oneno one." And pushing back the heavy dark hair from her face with a rapid movement, she seemed to be looking with large, frightened, horror-stricken eyes into the hard strange world upon which she was thus suddenly thrust.

Beverley went out upon the balcony and smoked another meditative cigar, and there, in sight of the blue Tyrolean hills, came to a decision. Clara Valentine was living in Paris since her husband's death, and she had the means to give this girl a home.

No sooner thought of than done. Beverley had himself announced to Miss Ventnor, and in a few kind words offered her his sister's protection. "I am going to Paris myself to-mor-

row. If you will be ready I will take you directly to my sister's home." For a moment the young girl stood speechless. Then, raising her eyes to the kind dark once bent on her, the long tension abruptly gave way, and she burst into an uncontrollable hyster-

ical weeping fit. Beverley was horrified. But the young girl came herself to his assistance. She mastered herself after a moment with a violent effort, and dried amends as she could when the portiere

her tears. "I beg your pardon," she said simply; "I could not help it. You are very kind to me. Thank you." The large pathetic eyes looked up at

him with a childlike confidence. "I shall be ready to-morrow whenever you say." When Beverley turned away there was a lump in his throat.

"Well, this is about the most utterly preposterous thing I ever heard of in my life! And Hugh, of all men, to be mixed up in anything of the kind," This was Mrs. Valentine's first exclamation when left alone after her

brother's arrival with Lucille Ventnor. He had telegraphed to his sister in order to take first edge off her surprise, upon the covered balcony, which com- and then, when Lucille had been conducted to her room, had stated the case briefly and forcibly to her.

Mrs. Valentine was by no means an meditative cigar some little time when unfeeling woman under most circumstances, but in this case it distinctly reverie, and he saw a slender slip of a seemed to her that her bachelor brother girl, very young, and looking very had been by no manner of means called frightened and white, hastily accost the upon to interfere. Someone else might have taken charge of the girl, she said with irritation.

child! And she was there penniless among strangers."

"Good Heavens, Hugh! what if she were? Do you think it was making her lot easier to compromise the girl?" "Compromise her? What do you Beverley flushed darkly.

Mrs. Valentine knew that look in her brother's face, and generally avoided it. "Of course it is compromising to her thing! did not seem to fear anything to have brought her here alone with serious. Guess there isn't much money you-a young girl like that-who has either," concluded the man, evidently no claim upon you," she said, shrug-on his own interests intent. ging her shoulders, but speaking with less excitement.

"She is about twenty years younger than I," said Beverley, in a tone he did his. or, rather, the young girl was, for not often use, "and it is unworthy of in the course of the night, very sudden- you, Clara, to bring in any such word or thought in connection with her or tered upon mine host's books, "Mrs. me. Come," he added, dropping again Robert Ventnor, New York," passed into his nonchalant bonhomic manner, "you have a better heart than you want to show, Clara. Drop a little of your worldliness, and be kind to this poor child. She needs kindness sorely. I'm hall, he came upon the landlord and his going back to Germany to-morrow, and I shall leave her here with you."

Mrs. Valentine knew better than to make any further demur, but the irritation remained.

"To come all the way here just to bring that girl, and start off again the next day. And then he is indignant because I call it compromising. That "There's no money to do anything a man of the world like Hugh should with," said the landlord, with another indulge in anything so crazily quixotic."

Nevertheless, she was not, in her way, unkind to Lucille. She was even, according to her lights, very generous The landlord made a sign to the girl inside the room, and before Beverley could divine his purpose, she stood becould divine his purpose.

gowns-"very. I wonder if Hugh noticed it?"

Upon the whole she was just as well pleased that Hugh had gone back to

Lucille had begged, from the first day, to be allowed to take charge of the little boys, and, as the latter took to her very kindly, there was no objection to her doing so. And gradually she pleaded to have sundry other duties assigned her, until Mrs, Valentine had perforce to acknowledge that she was most willing, most anxious not to eat the bread of charity, and, that which was certainly not the least good thing about her, considerably useful to her-

The little Parislan household had, little grave-yard, with its fantastic iron | therefore, settled down upon a calm

> He never came to Paris at this season of the year, and Mrs. Valentine reminded him of the fact with some

"Oh, I thought I would try it," said carelessly. And he remained on without any very definite purpose that Mrs. Valentine could see, day after day and week after week.

Mrs. Valentine's temper began to grow very uncertain as time went by. genteel poverty ever since she had Her brother did not, perhaps, notice grown from a joyless childhood into the fact, but others did, and Lucille chief among the number.

One day the gathering storm broke Beverley was sitting unconcernedly in his sister's pretty boudoir when walked back to the house, and Bever-ly, who found himself, by the unex-pected developments of fite, in some thought she should keep Miss Ventans reconstituting this unknown girl's | nor.

up quickly, "has she shown any desire to go?"

"She? No!" cried Mrs. Valentine, impatiently. "But you don't expect the girl to go on living in perpetuity or kin to whom she can turn fer protection!"

"She has no one, Clara," said Beverley coldly, "and you know it. She is earning her living with you, as the poor girl would have to do elsewhere. You he had gone to meet that fascinating need a nursery-governess for the boys

"Let her be nursery-governess somewhere else!" cried Mrs. Valentine, ex-'You have taken a dislike to Miss Ventnor, Clara," said her brother slow-

"Why?" "It is you who have taken an unaccountable liking to her. I believe busied herself about her work in the you're in love with the girl!" "Clara!"

warning. He had turned pale. But would order on his way. The fish man Mrs. Valentine's prudence had forsaken

"Yes, indeed, I do think so. Blanche Conway is forgotten at last, it seems." (Ish read with startled eyes on The words were scarcely spoken be- label: fore Mrs. Valentine could have bitten her tongue out for uttering them.

She was frightened and sorry. It was a very sore spot in her brother's memory that she had touched. She was hastily drawn aside, and they both saw Lucille Ventnor on the threshold. "I have heard every word," the girl

began, There was not a vestige of color in her face, but her voice was steady and her gaze brave and direct. "I did not mean to; but I was going through the next room, and I stopped before I knew it. Forgive me, and let me go. You have been very, very kind to me. I shall never forget it. But I must not be the cause of misunder- found his wife up and dressed. standing. I see now that I should not have stayed so long."

She paused suddenly and put her hand to her head. "Never mind, child-never mind, said Mrs. Valentine soothingly.

She was rather startled at this denou-"Enough, Clara. Let Miss Ventnor your roof!" do as she thinks fit." And Lucille turned, and left the

"Perhaps it is just as well that she when her brother, too, had gone, leaving her alone. "If I can only get her

She did not put her fears into a more happening." Had she been called upon to particularise, however, she would scure and penniless girl twenty years have committed." his junior.

Meanwhile, Beverley had gone to the ante-room, which led into his little book had sat down in the window.

cille came hastily through. She started on seeing him, and made a motion as though to escape. Her eyes were red with weeping. Beverley quickly laid a firm detain-

ing hand upon her arm. "I don't want you to go, Miss Ventnor. I want you to stay-as my wife." The words were spoken. For a minute they both looked in silence into each other's eyes.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Lucille then "That can't be. Let me go!" But Beverley, in that one moment, had learned her secret too. He smiled and gently took her hand.

"My child, I have loved you from the very first, since you looked at me with those pathetic eyes the day your mother died. My poor lost lamb, left alone in this bleak world! Do I seem dear, I will cherish you as the apple of

my eye."
What other fond nonsense he whispered over the dark head pillowed on his breast it behooves us not to know. Presently be said:

"There is one thing more, Lucille. You heard my sister mention a woman's Perhaps the two things are connected in your mind. I did love that woman long years ago, dear. But she was unworthy. It was a deep wound. thought it would never heal-but it is obliterated now - gone - forgottensince the day when I found my poor little girl alone in that Tyrolean inn? Is all clear to you now, Lucille, mine?" In words Beverley had no reply, but he seemed to wish for none; her eyes

Suddenly, blushing rosy red, she disengaged herself from the strong encircling arm. "Oh, what will Mrs. Valentine say?"

she murmured. "She will be so-so "Disappointed?" supplemented Be verley. "Poor Clara! I'm afraid so;" and he laughed. "But she is excel lent at bottom. She will get over it, dear."

## . A Real Helper.

Speaking of the wife of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who died recently, the Boston Post says: "It was one of her special efforts to save to the man of genius his time—to prevent him from being deprived of it by the wellmeaning but inconsiderate people who, when he became famous, claimed his attention by letter and in person upon every conceivable pretext. For many years it was her habit to examine his voluminous correspondence for him and separate from it that which, being let alone, would answer itself, or could as well be answered by another hand. The world undoubtedly owes to her zealous preservation of his time and serenity much of the treasure of prose and poetry with which the doctor

"Why," queried Beverley, looking Her Jealousy; or, That Basket of

If Mary Rossiter had any fault at all, it was that she was suspiciously jealous of her husband, who before his this way, do you? I understand, of marriage had considerable reputation course, that you thought we might give as a flirt. He was even now unneher a home until other arrangements cessarily attentive, his wife thought could be made for her. She must have when pretty women were around, and someone-friend or relation-some kith particularly to a Mrs, Ferguson, a young and beautiful woman who lived n the neighborhood.

Every time Neil went away for any length of time the disagreeable thought would crowd into her thoughts that young flirt, and she could not conceal her jealousy.

One morning her husband left the house after telling her that he was going to bring a friend home to dinner that night and to prepare a good meal. He had not gone as far as the gate before the old jealous thought revived in Mary's mind. She, however, hope of forgetting her jealous fears and finally went down to the fish mar-Beverley's voice contained a note of ket to see about the fish Nell said he said he was just filling the order, and Mrs. Rossiter coming nearer to the

> "Ordered by N. Rossiter to be sent to Mrs. Ferguson, 19 Gleubervill Terrace."

the

basket in which he was placing the

Overcome with rage, Mrs. Rossite walked hastly out of the shop and did was going to make such blundering not stop until shesfound herself in her own room again, where she cried herself to sleep on the pillow.

When Neil Rossiter came home with his friend in the evening he was told that his wife was ill, but though he rapped on the door to inquire she did not let him in, pretending to be asleep. As soon as Mr. Rosslter could get rid of his companion he rushed upstairs again to see if Mamie was awake.

This time the door yielded when he tried it, and on entering the room he Her face was crimson with excitement, her eyes swollen with weeping,

and she was engaged in transferring to some trunks the contents of her drawers. "Do not touch me! Do not attempt to come near me!" she exclaimed. "I have found you out! I have discovered ment to the scene she had brought how false and unfaithful you are, and about. But Beverley said very quietly: this is the last night I shall spend under

"You foolish little woman, you are feverish!" exclaimed the astonished Nell, "What made you overtire your-Of course you have been asleep did hear," Mrs. Valentine reflected and dreaming. Come and sit on my knee and tell me"-

But with a cry of ageny she beat away quietly now, and before anything down the arms that would have enfolded her, and, seeing that she was suffering from great mental distress, precise formula than this or "anything he strove by quiet expostulations to calm her.

"Am I not to be heard in my own have said impatiently that "of course it defence? Is this your idea of woman's would be extremely trying to have justice? Still, I demand to know Hugh at this late day marrying an ob- the nature of the crime I am said to

Rossiter repeated, with heaving bosom. "Are your ideas of right and duty so A very short time passed before Lu- that vilest of women—that Mrs. Ferguson?"

Neil Rossiter's face became very "Hush! I cannot let you say a word against her. Who has been filling your

mind with such atrocious trash?" "No one; what I have learned I have discovered myself." "Indeed! Will you tell me how? Yes, Mamie, I insist upon it. You seem to be making preparations for leaving me, but out of this room you

shall not stir till you tell me the reason why you are acting so madly." She pressed her fingers to her beating "Yes, I am mad. I have been mad ever since I went to Dorey's this morn-

ing. It was there-it was there I learned your treachery," And then, by dint of a little questoo old for you, Lucille! Believe me, tioning, Neil Rossiter elicited the rest. As soon as he heard his wife's story

> he ran downstairs, snatched up his hat and quitted the house. Was it because he saw himself detected and had no excuse to offer for his conduct?

Slowly and sadly, her tears dropping on the garments made not so very long name. You have doubtless heard her since for her bridal, Mrs. Rossiter resay, too, that I never meant to marry, sumed her task of packing, stopping ever and anon to fling down some pretty trifle Neil had given her, and cry those bitter, hopeless tears that had never visited her blue eyes before. And all this unhappiness arose from

the mischievous coquettishness of a thoughtless, heartless woman, who exercised her witcheries on every one who came near her.

Again poor Mamie's head sank on her hands, and she was sitting on the floor oblivious to everything but her grief, when her husband returned to

He held out the label she had seen at the fishmonger's. "Here is the cause of all your trouble, my too hasty wife, and now

hear the explanation." Mamie shook her head and turned from him, but listened eagerly all the

"Just as I reached Dorey's shop this morning I met Dr. Finniss and he stopped to talk to me. He had just come from the death-bed of Mrs. Fer-

Mamie clasped her arms about her husband's knees in a parexysm of mingled shame for her injustice and re-

Forgiveness was earnestly and soon coorded, but she was very ill for some days in consequence of the agitation and fatigue she had undergone.

Need we say that no allusions are

ever made to that basket of fish, and Netl Rossiter's wife is quite cured of unfounded jealousy?

FASHION NOTES.

-Black-and-white combinations are exceedingly stylish and very elegant. -Satin-striped moire, draped with ribbon striped lace net, is a favorite combination for evening toilets,

-Beige, tan, bronze, golden-brown and all the tawny yellow shades are very fashionable the present season. -Fine broadcloth and ladies' cloth are said to be used in Paris for bridesmaids' dresses, and sometimes even for

bridal dresses. -Diamond hoop ear-rings have re-turned to favor. Bangle bracelets are sold of corresponding designs. The prettiest devices show a diamond dewdrop in the centre of the hoop.

-Fashions change for the babies as well as for their mammas; every year something new, or else something very old, makes its appearance. At present we are rather going back. Infants' lit- 24th at his home, in Baltimore, aged tle frocks are much in the style of 26 years. those worn a hundred years ago.

-Another is also of fine white nainsook, trimmed with bands of embroidery headed with narrow tucks and two flounces of deep lace. The bodice is formed of rows of tucks and bands of embroidery alternately, and is finished with a plaiting of lace round the neck.

-Cloth wraps to match the costume black moire Francaise or rows of heavy Hercules braid. Black silk passementerie appears on crimson and terra cotta cloth, and wraps of these materials can be worn with black or any colored costume not in too decided contrast.

-A very lovely but elaborate frock is made with its back of fine white nainsook, and the front a square piece of lace embroidered with insertion; at the foot of this are five flounces of lace. The front is edged on both sides with a row of lace. The bodice is of nainsook, with plaited V shaped trimming of the same edged with lace in front. The short sleeves are finished with a plaiting of lace rosettes of pale blue ribbon on the shoulders and in the front of the frock. Sash of wide blue ribbon finished with a rosette.

-The long ragian-shaped garments with fitted back, loose fronts and bell sleeves, remain in favor, and are made up in all the fashionable colors of "faced" cloth-terra cotta, sage green, fawn and biscuit color, Etna, or fire red, and lava, a dull gray. They are either made up quite simple in tailor style, trimmed with wide facings of moire antique down the front and on the sleeves. This facing is sometimes of the same color as the cloth, but still more frequently of black. Cordeneres of black silk are often added, and are very rich and heavy, and sometimes have jet mixed in the tassels.

-The most luxurious underwear is of white silk. Refined women do not use the various tints and colors shown 2.241, and Bell Boy, 2.271) by The sive stores do not keep them in stock unless as display goods. The only place nephews' school-room, and taking a lax that you do not look upon it as a in which an undervest of tinted silk is worn is with evening dresses, when a silk undervest cut pointed back and front is worn to match the evening dress in color. Silk underwear is nearly as warm as wool, and not irritating to the flesh as wool often is; it is much warmer than merino or cotton underwear. Union suits are shown in heavy and medium weights, and there are soft, luxurlous jersey-fitting vests of tvory-white silk which do not increase the size of the stoutest figure.

-Tue first woolens imported by merchants for dresses for early spring are Henrietta cloths in silk and wool, all wool chuddahs, camel's hairs and Scotch cheviots of silken quality and feather weight. These are warm though much lighter in weight than the winter goods now worn. They are displayed in a great variety of mixed colors of the neutral tints called "beige effects," and also in a variety of plain colors and fancy plaid and cross bar patterns. There are many shades of copper color in brown and in red tones. Sevres-blue colors range from a paleblue, less gray than cadet-blue, to a dark shade as deep in color as navy blue.

-It is observed on the latest tailor-

gowns that the buttons are only medium in size and very expensive. there is a waistcoat it should be simple in character, as the bodices of such gowns above described are made with a rigid avoldance of anything that interferes with the symmetrical outline of the wearer's figure. One popular style shows a very long, straight, Russian polonaise simply draped over a velvet skirt, Another shows a Greclan drapery finished with a deep hem, the drapery opening up the sides and at the back to show the handsome underdress beneath. Kilted skirts still appear on imported gowns, with Louis XIV tunics and bedices above, but these are designed for dressy occasions, the vests to the bodices often being the objective point of elaborate decoration. For the simpler gowns high white linen collars and narrow cuffs at the wrists are alone admirable. The hat en suite should be a model of trim neatness to correspond. All ends and fripperies of every sort are utterly misplaced in connection with the simplicity of style of come from the death-bed of Mrs. Ferguson, You start—you look incredulous, but it is too true. She has died of heart disease after an illness of a few hours. Knowing how young she was, and how fondly loved, in spite of her faults, by her husband and friends, I felt so much shocked, that, for the next hour I was like one in a dream. I did your errand, faithfully as I thought, but here is a proof that, in the confusion of my mind, I wrote, without knowing it, the wrong address."

Mrs. Ferguson dead!

Mamie clasped her arms about her the costume itself. However, this unadorned gown is not universally becoming. Many women look meager to a degree in such a dress, and require certain additions both to bodice and skirt, for, without doubt, there is a certain moderate degree of plumpness essential to the successful wearing of the tailor's severe models now in fashion. Tailar-made jackets of light colored and fancy checked cloth reappear in new goods, and all the favorite shapes which were popular toward the close of last season. Tricot cloths are used for many serviceable jackets for the costume itself. However, this unused for many serviceable jackets for ordinary every-day wear, and are made up in black or colors, with a wide binding of silk galloon to match. Short shoulder-capes are more often added than hoods, and some of the newest designs have, instead of either, short half-sleeves or caps at the top of the

HORSE NOTES.

-The Louisville Driving Park Association will hold a spring meeting on May 8 to 11. -Captain W. S. Tough has been

elected Secretary of the Kansas City Fair Association. -The Mock brothers, near Danville,

Ky., have a number of choicely bred Messenger Chief colts. -Andy McCarty was suspended at New Orleans on the 27th for abusing

the clerk of the scales. -Nearly 900 trotters have made records of better than 2.25, Seventy-six have just equaled that time. -John Croker, the Brighton Beach

srainer, who has passed through a severe siege of sickness is once more around. -Dr. John Deye, Newburg, N. Y., recently sold his chestnut gelding Hasbrouck to a Chicago, Ill., party for

\$5000. -Harry Harwood, the well-known steeplechase jockey, died on February

-Daisy Hamilton, record, 2.284. died at New York, of spinal mening. tis, recently. She was owned by R. C. Rathbone.

-The California State Board of Agriculture has decided to do away with pool-selling on heats of races trotted on its grounds.

-Match races between the pacers will be trimmed either with bands of Argyle, 2.14%, and Gossip, Jr., 2.14, and the trotters Favonia, 2.19, and Rosalind Wilkes, 2.18;, are likely to be arranged.

> -The contemplated race meeting at St. Paul, Minn., has been abandoned. The committee appointed for the purpose was unable to raise the sum necessary, \$26,000. -Enfield, b. s., record 2.29, foaled 1868, by Hambletonian, dam Julia

> Malone by Seelev's American Star, died at Marrowdale, Tenn., last month. He was the sire of Robin, 2.241, and Stonecutter, 2.281. -At a meeting of the Directors of the Hornellsville, N. Y., exposition recently aguaranteed purse of \$3000 was authorized for horses that never trotted

better than 2.33. The exposition will be held August 27 to September 1. -At a meeting of the new Phila-delphia Driving Park Association at No. 1157 South Broad street on Feb. 18th it was reported that 245 of the 300 shares had been subscribed for and that \$50 had been received for each share

sold. -The Northwestern Association of Trotting and Pacing Horse Breeders offers a stake purse of \$2000 for the 2.27 class, horses to eligible April 1, to be trotted during the August meeting at Washington Park, Chicago.

-Hon. J. C. Sibley has purchased from Governor Stanford for \$8,000 the bay filly Palo Alto Belle, by Electioneer, dam Beautiful Bells, 2.29 (dam of Hinda Rose, 2.19); St. Bel,

April, 1836. -The bay mare Souvenir, foaled 1882, by Scotlander, dam Patty by Jim Rogers, out of Patty Taylor, by imported Sovereign, property of James Duke, Marion, Ala., while being driven in double harness a short time since fell through a bridge and was killed instantly.

-Messrs. Chinn & Morgan, of the Leonatus Stud, Harrodsburg, Ky., have been rather unfortunate, having lost several of their best brood-mares. Among those lost were Idalia (1871). by Red Dick; Wave Ban (1883), by Wave Ban (1883), by King Ban; Jenny Rowett, (1872), by Uncle Vic; Semi-tone (1879), by Buckden, and Lorentia

(1868) by imp. Australian. -The Detroit Driving Club will hold enough for the coolest spring days, its summer meeting on July 24, 25, 26, and 27, at which time large purses will be given on the installment plan. Also a fall meeting on September 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8. A third meeting will be held with a view to making it a great breeders's event. There will be stake

races, purses and herd prizes. -Lonsdale, the winner of the great Maribyrnong Plate, the great 2-year-old event of Australia, at the Melbourne meeting, is thought to be one of the best colts that has ever stripped in the colonies. One of the most curious things in connection with Lonsdale is that he is the only foal got by his sire, First King, two years ago, the horse having covered only three or four mares.

-There promises to be rather an influx of imported stallions this season through Mr. William Easton, the head of the Kentucky Tattersall's. Mr. Easton has a commission from Mr. William Astor to purchase him an English horse to join Baden Baden and Frederick the Great at the Ferncliffe Stud. My. Milton Young has given him a partial commission to purchase an English horse if he can get one to fill the bill as regards price, etc., and another well-known turiman and breeder, whose name we are not at liberty to mention, has given him a commission to purchase a well-known son of Hermit. Messrs, Clay & Woodford are also on the lookout for an English horse, and if they purchase it will be a good one or none.

-Walter T. Chester had a bad scare recently. He started for Hartford to compare his copy for the 1887 supplement to Chester's Complete Trotting and Pacing Record with the official records at the Hartford office. In one records at the Hartford office. In one large value was packed the manuscript of the body of the work, all the races of all kinds carefully written out and properly arranged, the Index Books, in which an account is kept of every horse that starts during the season, the full official reports from the American Trotting Association at Detroit, and hundreds of letters of information bearing on the book. ing on the book. When he arrived at the depot he found that the valise had slipped off the coupe and was lost. He drove back over the ground, but could find no trace of it. An advertisement in all of the New York afterno pers went unanswered, but a \$20 re-ward advertisement in the morning popers brought it to light.