

**The Washerwoman's Song.**

Wring out the old, wring out the new,  
Wring out the black, wring out the gray  
Wring out the white, wring out the blue—  
And thus I wring my life away.

An occupation strange is mine;  
At least it seems to people droll,  
That while I'm working at the line  
I'm going, too, from pole to pole.

Where'er I go I strive to please:  
From morn to night I rub and rub;  
I'm something like Diogenes—  
I almost live within a tub.

To acrobats who vault and spring  
In circus I take shine;  
They make their living in the ring,  
And by the wringer I make mine.

My calling's humble, I'll agree,  
But I am no cheap calico,  
As some folks are who sneer at me;  
I'm something that will wash, you know,

I smile in calm, I strive in storm,  
With life's difficulties I cope;  
My duties cheerfully perform,  
My motto: While there's life there's soap.

Wring out the old, wring out the new,  
Wring out the black, wring out the gray,  
Wring out the white, wring out the blue—  
And thus I wring my life away.

**LAUNCE.**

The last ray from the setting sun fell on a broken shaft across lake Lucerna, touching with a rich hue the handsome face of Launce, the boat-house keeper, as he sat on the edge of the long platform, with his fishing-line dropped in the water.

The sad look in his smouldering dark eyes did not bespeak much enjoyment of his occupation. As he jerked his line from the water, landing a shining beauty beside him, a shadow fell along the platform, and a girl's light step came after it.

"What success, Launce? Have you enough yet? You must bring them at once, for the supper must not be delayed," said a sweet but imperative voice.

"Would the consequence be so terrible if the Count Von Bruner should not get his supper as soon as he should want it?" asked the dark-faced Launce, with smiling sarcasm, as he arose and took up the basket of fish.

"I cannot say; only aunt Wilmine is anxious that everything should be ready when the carriage arrives," she replied impatiently. "Give me the basket; I will take them myself."

"Well, here they are, my lady; and it is hopeful I am that the Count will not get a fishbone in his throat," said Launce, with a half cynical laugh, as he held the basket toward her. When she reached to take it he caught her small hand in his, and pressed a kiss upon it.

The girl's face grew crimson with anger. She snatched her hand away, uttering with vehemence:

"How dare you, presumptuous fellow!"

"Your words are true, Gretchen. It is presumptuous for me to love you; yet I cannot help doing so. I will not again offend you."

He put the basket down at her feet and looked regretfully at the beautiful face, transformed with anger and wounded pride.

"If I tell Aunt Wilmine of this she will send you away immediately. She is calling me now, and has no doubt witnessed your bold act. How can I ever forgive you?" she said with increasing anger.

"You will forgive me sometime, Gretchen. Tell your aunt I am going away to save her the trouble of sending me. Dutch Jans can take my place. He can fill it better than I."

He watched her with his dark and deep eyes, as she went silently away, her step less light than when she had come a moment before; then he went into his little room, which was a part of the boat-house, and prepared his simple meal as was his custom.

An hour later, seated at his small window, he watched Gretchen and the wealthy Count Von Bruner strolling through parterres of flowers. With a feeling akin to jealousy, he saw the Count pluck the rarest rose to place in her golden hair, as if he were already master of "land and lady," which he had fondly hoped to be, if the fair lady would accept the suit he came to plead with her ambitious aunt.

Launce sat looking at the great mansion long after Gretchen and the Count had gone in. The lights from the arched windows shone through the lace curtains, and Gretchen's pure, rich voice floated across the distance in that passionate song: "Thou art so near and yet so far."

Gretchen's song ceased. Suddenly, Launce aroused himself. He went into a small inner room, and took from a peg on the wall an old leather bag, then—having lighted a candle—sat down to examine its contents. There was but little to look at, an old worn violin, that had been his father's, and a large wallet filled with old letters written in Italian.

Launce looked eagerly among them until he came to one not quite so yellow as the others. Five years had passed since he placed this letter in the old wallet. The remembrance of it had faded year by year, until it seemed like a vague dream.

Something within his heart to-night had recalled more vividly the memory of the time when his father lay dying, and had given him this letter, telling him when he should be all alone in the world to do as the letter directed him.

Launce was too young at that time to do more than earn a scant livelihood; but he was now seventeen, and he reproached himself that the command of his dying father—that might be the means of restoring him to his family and title, which his father had lost through wilfulness—had so long been disregarded.

He studied the letter closely for a long time; then he replaced the papers and put his few articles of apparel and what money he had into the old bag. Having extinguished the light, he took the violin and sat down once more at the little window.

Months had elapsed since its strings had responded to the touch of his fingers. With the quickness of an expert he tuned the chords to harmony, then lost himself in a sad, weird improvisation, as he had often heard his father

do in his sad hours when they were together.

The lights were out in the drawing-room of the great house, and Gretchen had gone to her own apartments. The gibbous moon hung high above the mountain top, and shone like quivering silver on the lake. Wild, sweet zephyrs, that seemed to come from some strange sphere, swept through the vines that hung at her window.

And now, while she stands there, what sound is that, swelling and dying on the night winds? Ah, those strains! Now filled with love, again with passionate despair, they float and quiver in the moonlight, then, wafted through the casement, envelop Gretchen in a sublime cadence.

The swaying vines touch her soft cheek where a teardrop rests. She knew not whence it came, nor why.

She kept thinking of Launce, who had dared to say he loved her—who had dared to kiss her hand, and say she would some day forgive him. Could she ever do so? Poor, lonely Launce; with no friends, no companionship. Ah!—was he not already forgiven?

The strains had died away, and Gretchen was losing herself in a wild, improbable fancy, in which she was wooed by one whom she loved, who was noble and high-born, but who had eyes like Launce's, in whose passionate depths was reflected her own soul.

She was aroused from this waking dream by seeing the figure of a man cautiously approaching from the direction of the boat-house. Could it be Launce? and what could he want at this hour? She forgot all her sympathy for him, and her old pride returning, she felt angry as she realized that he was coming directly under her window.

She feared to ask why he was there, lest somebody should hear her. She drew back in the shadow of the room.

"Farewell, Carissima, until we meet again!" came in low sad tones to her ear.

"Launce! Launce!" her heart cried, but her lips made no sound. When she looked again she saw only a dark object moving along the white road; then it faded out in the weird moonlight.

Aunt Wilmine was very angry the next morning at Launce's failure to bring the usual basket of fish for breakfast, and forthwith installed Dutch Jans in his place; but she was more angry at Gretchen's refusal that day of the Count's offer of marriage.

She had cherished the fond hope of seeing her niece a countess. Her grand scheme had been successful; the prize was within her grasp. Thus rudely to have the enchanting dream dispelled was more than her ambitious heart could bear with fortitude. She stormed and threatened, to no purpose. Gretchen was firm in her decision.

"Marry the Count yourself, Aunt Wilmine," she said. "I am sure you are quite young enough for him. As for myself, I do not wish to be married."

"I shall send you back to the convent, Gretchen, until you can act with reason and give a favorable answer to the Count," declared her irate aunt, with tears of vexation filling her eyes.

This decision of Aunt Wilmine's seemed to allay the anger and mortification of the Count, who went away with the understanding that he should be notified of any change in Gretchen's sentiments toward him.

The prospect of returning to the convent which had been a sweet, peaceful home to Gretchen for so many years, was not very appalling as a punishment. She looked forward to the event with much greater calmness than to the thought of becoming the bride of Count Von Bruner.

The decree of banishment being unalterable, Gretchen went back to Saint Ursula's, there to remain a prisoner until her acquiescence in her aunt's plans should set her free.

When, a week later, she wrote that she had entered on a course of music that would require five years to complete, Aunt Wilmine acknowledged herself checkmated.

The summer guests at Wiesbaden were in a state of delightful expectation over the announcement that the wonderful young violinist, Count Cellini, would give a concert at that place.

There had been a number of new arrivals at the spacious Hotel de l'Europe, and the younger ladies were on the quiver to discover which was the famous musician who, rumor said, belonged to one of the first families of Italy, and had inherited immense wealth from a deceased relative.

The guests were assembled for supper at the grand table d'hôte. A portly matron at the further end is no less a personage than Aunt Wilmine, and beside her the fair Gretchen, somewhat older than when last we saw her, but with a natural loveliness that far exceeds her girlish beauty. They have spent a year in travel since Gretchen was released from the convent. Count Von Bruner, seated on Aunt Wilmine's right, with a surviving hope still in his heart, has joined them at Wiesbaden.

A young man seated almost opposite to Gretchen, and who was unmistakably Italian, was the target for many and furtive glances. His gaze was repeatedly fixed upon Gretchen, who seemed entirely oblivious of his presence. As he rose to leave the table their eyes met.

At the concert that night their eyes met again; for he was in reality the great violinist. When he played the music seemed to recall those sad strains she had heard the night Launce went away. Before her mental vision arose the moonlit road, and on it one lone form that faded like a phantom.

The next day Gretchen and Aunt Wilmine returned to their suburban home from which they had been absent so long. Count Von Bruner accompanied them to again urge his suit.

"Gretchen has no lovers, and cares for no one else," Aunt Wilmine argued with herself, "and, now that she is older and wiser, must see the propriety of choosing a husband. Where should she find one save in the Count, who has been so faithful and long waiting?"

They arrived at home in the afternoon. Being fatigued, Gretchen kept her room until the next day. Then, eager for a sight of her old haunts and a clamber up the mountain side, she left the house unknown to her aunt.

The Count, growing impatient at her non-appearance, sent to request an interview. Not finding her in her room, Aunt Wilmine learned from the servants that she had gone for a walk.

Thinking it a propitious time to urge her to some romantic spot and forgive her acceptance of his love, the Count took his hat and hastened to find her.

Down by the old boat-house Gretchen had gone, where she lingered a while, thinking of Launce and his last words spoken under her window: "Farewell, Carissima, until we meet again." Ah! that would never be!

"She gave a faint sigh as she left the place, and was soon climbing up the mountain in search of her favorite wild flower—the mountain pink.

Presently she espied a bunch, but unfortunately they were in a spot almost inaccessible—on a steep slope directly over the lake, where a false step would precipitate her into its deep waters. Her desire to have them, overcame her fears at last, and creeping cautiously along, holding by strong vines and bushes, she secured her prize.

As she turned to go back a portion of the projection that had served as a foothold, broke loose and fell into the lake, leaving her no hope of regaining her safety.

Just at that moment she saw the Count, who was seeking her to lay his love and title at her feet. Calling loudly to him to save her, she clung to her frail support with revolving hope.

The Count, who seemed born for love-making instead of heroic deeds, ran to the house for assistance, leaving Gretchen, with fast falling strength, hanging in extreme peril.

"Courage! brave girl; I will save you. Hold firmly to the bushes, and do not look down," said a clear, rich voice, with Italian accent.

In a moment the owner of the voice had the boat from the boat-house, and with swift strokes was soon near the spot where Gretchen hung.

"Now jump into the lake; no not fear. It is your only way of escape."

Gretchen obeyed the voice that commanded her, and sank into the dark water. The next moment she came to the surface and was lifted into the boat by her brave rescuer. She was unconscious, and Launce was excusable if he kissed the face of the woman he loved.

The Count having by this time returned with Dutch Jans, took in the situation at once, and feeling that he would be out of place in the presence of the man who had saved Gretchen from a death to which his cowardice had left her, he hastened to the house, took his portmanteau, and, without a word, to anyone, left the place.

When Gretchen recovered consciousness and looked upon her preserver, she said:

"You are Count Cellini, the great violinist whom I met at Wiesbaden?"

"I am," he replied, "but I have another title by which you may better remember me—Launce! and I have come back for your forgiveness for the offense I gave you six years ago."

"Oh, Launce! you had my forgiveness the night you went away."

"Now I want something more, Gretchen—I want your love."

"I think I gave you that with the forgiveness, Launce."

**A House Full of Clocks.**

"I have a funny old uncle down in New Hampshire—a crank on clocks," said Mr. Fred Richardson, the artist.

"I spent a night in his house not long ago, and I don't intend to spend another there soon. I am a light sleeper, and when I am awakened I have a hard time to get back to sleep. Well, at 12 o'clock that night I was awakened by the loud, lazy stroke of an old-fashioned, tall clock in the hall. It struck 12 times, and I thought it would never quit and let me go to sleep. I had just swooned off in the direction of sleep when a nasty little clock, with a busy, whanging knocker, pealed off 12 more. In a few minutes the soothing chime of a pretty French clock crept up through my bedroom floor from the parlor. I might have gone to sleep under this influence, but in a few moments more the loud, jangling voice of another clock in some part of the house drove all sleep from my eyes. In sheer desperation I lay and counted clock after clock, until 15 of them had each struck 12, and then, just as I had concluded that was the end of the procession of noises, the big father clock of all—the one in the hall—struck 1, and the rest followed its example.

"In the morning I discovered that the 15 clocks were set just five minutes apart.

"What do you keep your clocks all set differently for?" I asked.

"Well," said my uncle, "when I wake up at night I like to know what time it is. Now, as I have my clocks arranged, one of them strikes every five minutes, so I don't have to wait long to find out whether it is time to get up."

"He knew the voice of every clock in the house, and knew just what time it was whenever any one of them struck."

**A Woman's Noble Work.**

A young girl staggered down Eighth avenue, N. Y., recently, at half-past 3 o'clock. She was pretty and not more than 17 years of age. She had been drinking.

A policeman stopped her and it looked as though she would be arrested. Just then an elderly, benevolent-looking lady, elegantly dressed, stepped up and said she would care for the girl. Then she hailed a passing hack and entering it, with the girl, was soon out of sight.

"That girl is all right now," said a bystander to a Telegram reporter, "for she is in the hands of a woman who will save her from the ruin now staring her in the face. The lady is wealthy, and if ever a good woman lived she is she."

She gives largely to charity and is interested in the work of reclaiming unfortunate girls. She has taken that girl to some home where she will be tenderly cared for."

—Telegram Girl, the property of T. A. Diabrow, of New York, died at Gosben, N. Y., of lockjaw. Telegram Girl was sired by Harry Arlington, and had a record of 2,291.

**RUNNERS FOR STEAMSHIPS.**

**Collaring People for a Small Commission. How Passengers Are Picked.**

Back and forth before the offices of the big transatlantic steamship lines fronting on Bowling green and in that vicinity may, on almost any day, be observed certain men pacing the pavements with a hungry look in their eyes, eagerly scanning the face of every person who approaches. If that person happens to inspire in the minds of these watchers, from the fact of his looking at the office signs, from his appearance pronouncing him to be a stranger, or from any other outward indication, any remote hint that he might be desirous of purchasing a passage across the ocean, he is at once approached with offers to assist him in his search. The name of the port to which he wants to go being elicited, the "runners" will at once compete with each other for the honor of introducing him to the agent from whom he can obtain "the best and cheapest passage." The man is at once dragged off, perplexed, but somewhat tempted by the offer of a cheaper fare than that which he had been led to expect, to the steamship office where the "runner" who has him in charge can obtain the largest commission upon the purchase of his ticket.

"There isn't half as much money in this business now that there was a few years ago," said a veteran runner recently. "We used to get \$5 commission on each ticket across. Now the rates are down to almost nothing, and the companies will allow us only from \$3 to \$5. Then when several fellows get around a man, of course the one who will offer the passenger the most reduction off his ticket gets him, but that reduction, of course, has to come out of our commission."

"Do you depend entirely upon chance in the passengers you catch?"

"Not altogether. Some of us who have made a business of the thing have agents of our own in other cities and out west, who advise us when a party is coming to New York to go across. Then we make it a point to meet the passengers and arrange with them to buy their tickets."

"How do you tell by the look of a man whether he may prove a customer?"

"It's easy enough," said the veteran, "to spot a stranger, and easier still to tell whether he is German, Swedish or Irish. Then if you can speak to him in his own language the probability is that you are all right. If not, it's easy enough to back out. Sometimes I've spoken to a man entirely on 'spec,' and struck a first class passenger. Of course, the higher grade passenger you get, the more commission there is off his ticket for you."

A former runner, who is now engaged in other business, was asked if the steamship companies gave special commissions to favored men.

"Oh, no," said he, "any steamship company will give you a commission if you take them a passenger, it makes hardly any difference who you are. I sometimes earn a few dollars that way yet, and frequently oblige a friend by obtaining a ticket for him at the discount of my commission. Last summer when I made a trip across myself, I got another friend to buy my ticket and saved \$3 on it."

Another ex-runner said that there were very few men who made a permanent business of picking up passengers now. Like himself, a good many were on the lookout for commissions when travel was brisk, as in the summer season, or when they hadn't anything else to do. But the commissions were small now, the competition was keen, and those who had made a business of it had mostly succeeded in establishing little offices of their own.

**Fun With the Students.**

The students and nearly all of Ann Arbor are still discussing the somewhat startling situations that grew out of the annual ball of Company A. The students welcome the ball as one in which they can overstep the bounds set by exact society and enjoy themselves under cover of a mask.

Nearly one hundred of the university boys were terribly sold when the masks were removed and they found that the fair damsels to whom they had paid such devoted attention during the evening were the same young ladies that they had seen the night before at the table at their boarding house, and the boys have not been saying much about the matter.

The young ladies, however, take all the pains possible to tell of the attentions which the young society bloods paid them before the whole university world. It is not certain that any "Co-Eds" were at the ball, but rumor has it that two fair lady mediums were present and excited much curiosity by their beautiful and chic costumes. One appeared in a handsome suit of black velvet, the other in black bloomers. But the rumor that they were mediums lacks confirmation, as they left the ball before unmasking.

**How Inexperienced Hunters Are Lost.**

Inexperienced hunters should never, when it can be avoided, go out alone into a wooded section they are not familiar with, as in case of fogs or snow storms they are quite likely to become lost or bewildered. I have known several such cases where men, losing their bearings, have wandered about for days in a state of confusion and uncertainty, upon the verge of lunacy. They do not reason upon their situation, but invariably exhaust themselves by running ahead at their utmost speed without the least regard to directions, and often follow their own tracks around in a circle, with the idea that they are in a beaten trail.

During one of my earliest expeditions over the plains, a German gentleman with the party became lost while hunting, and was absent for about ten days before he rejoined us; and during all this time he was wandering about between the Canadian River and the plain wagon road we had made, which at no point were over two miles apart. Yet he did not remember seeing either the road or river at any time during his long absence.

**FASHION NOTES.**

Braiding on tailor suits will be more frequent and more elaborate next season.

The arrangement of the tulle draperies on ball corsages are very varied and eccentric.

Very pretty new jackets are made up of the new imitation braided dolman cloth.

The skirts of dresses for the spring are scarcely draped at all—only a ripple here and there.

Dolman cloth is the newest fabric for wraps; it is covered with a pattern in relief that simulates braid.

Visites are still popular, and by the fresh materials and various pretty details used are made almost to appear as novelties.

The indoor dress of black lace is correct wear for young matrons and elderly women, but is too sombre for young girls.

Laces and passementeries are used to trim costumes of plain velvet, and sometimes striped velvets are used in combination.

Metallic threads, braids and tinsel spangles are worn on all sorts of indoor dresses, ball gowns and dressy visiting toilets.

Green cashmere frocks are in favor for girls of twelve to fifteen, and these are frequently piped and trimmed with pale blue silk.

Clusters of six heavily crusted gold balls, set with turquoises where the balls connect, are pretty pendants for the chateleine.

Bottomless kid gloves are in highest favor, but it almost breaks many a girl's heart that fashion decrees they should be of a size too big.

Best dressed women now almost wholly discard the bustle, and they not only look much better, but are probably far more comfortable.

Necklaces of colored stones, as the sapphire alternating with the ruby or the emerald with the turquoise, have lately driven out the diamond in Paris.

Beauty spots of court plaster, or painted on the face in India ink, are observed more frequently now, and this is another fashionable revival.

The newest Paris bonnet of black velvet and black ostrich tips goes up on one side like a hat and is well described as "rakish."

Demi-trained dresses of the new China silks are being made up for afternoon tea and indoor dresses where an elaborate toilet is not demanded.

Lucifer red push bands and accessories make a gown of opaline gray silk very dressy and becoming, and, if brightened with tinsel, it becomes brilliantly effective.

English brides have discarded satin for their wedding gowns, using faille, peau de soie, and gros grain instead. What will the satin weavers of Como do about it?

The reticule or small hand bag is coming in vogue. It is made of scraps of brocade velvet and plush, silk and satin, and made decorative with silk and tinsel embroidery.

Pretty arrangements of black lace over some bright color, with two bows on one shoulder, one on the other, and another lower down, are worn to brighten sombre-colored dresses for evening wear.

Some sleeves of house dresses and tea gowns are made full above the elbow and tight below. Others are made in full Bishop form, with a tight slashed cap covering the upper portion of the arm.

Passementeries and galloon are extensively used on bodices, being arranged lengthwise and tapering narrowly at the waist. This trimming is particularly appropriate for short women inclined to stoutness.

Suede brown, Nile and absteinhe green, mahogany red, Gobein blue, ashes of rose, and other quaint colors are preferred by some girls for their tulle gowns, and quaint flowers, orchids, mignonette, hops, chrysanthemums, and other flowers in colors that match the dress are used for trimmings.

This may be called a pink winter in fashionable parlance, all rose tinted fabrics, ribbons, flowers, menu cards, dancing cards, bisque and porcelain figures, fancy glass objects, and even the tea and cakes at luncheons, dinners and suppers partaking of the *couleur de rose* in one or another shade of Aurora's sun-dyed mantle.

**A White Robin.**

We have all heard of that rare bird, a white crow. I have long desired to see some bird whose plumage varied in like manner from the color of its companions. My wish was gratified one September day when a bird that, at first glimpse, I had thought a stranger, turned out to be a robin masquerading in a white coat. A few days later, in the midst of a large flock of robins which were feeding upon the lawn, I saw the same bird (as I assume, since the marking was so unusual.) Its back appearing to be pure white; wings and tail white, bordered with olive gray. This light coat set off the dark cap and red waistcoat to great advantage.

Birds are said to peck at and drive off any of their own species which show striking variations of color from the established type. But, as far as could be seen, this robin was in good favor among its fellows. When (all too soon for my curiosity) the whole company took alarm at the scream of a Jay, the white bird flew off surrounded by the others.

The following spring, strangely enough, I saw another robin in mottled garb. This bird had much less white in its plumage, though sufficient to render it conspicuous. The latter appeared to be a female, while the former had the pronounced black and orange of the male birds on head and breast.

Since the above were clearly not cases of albinism, but true variations, does not nature hint that if we could but induce the birds to stay all winter and remain attached to one domestic, as doves to their dove-cote, we might rear a race of white robins?

**HORSE NOTES.**

The Sire Bros. have made an offer for Arab, 2 1/2.

John Murphy has begun joggling Maud S. record 2.06 1/4.

Freeland is at Memphis. He has been broken to harness.

Thirteen horses have been declared out of the Suburban handicap.

The stallion Lumps, 2.21, has been shipped to his new home in Maine.

Mr. Rodgers of San Francisco, has purchased several horses in Australia.

Ban Box will be stabled at the Boulevard, Coney Island, and trained there.

Barnum, by Bonnie Scotland, has run 210 races in his six years on the turf.

The Dwyer Bros. will probably sell Pontic to Milton Young for stock purposes.

J. I. Case has placed the management of Hickory Grove Farm largely in the hands of his son, J. I. Case, Jr.

All horses that have run at the Guttenburg and Clifton half-mile tracks will be allowed to race at Cedarhurst.

The stallion Enfield, by Hambietean, dam Julia Machren by Seelye's American Star, is dead. He was foaled in 1868.

A full brother to Emperor of Norfolk was foaled at "Brookwood Winters" Rancho del Rio Stud in California, on January 19.

James B. McCarty, who owned Flora Belle, 2 1/3, and Zoe B. 2 1/4, when they were on the turf, died of pneumonia at Vincennes, Ind., on February 24.

F. B. Muir, of Chilesburg, Ky., is reported to have bought his partner's interests in Count Wilkes, by George Wilkes, dam Jewell by Gill's Vermont, for \$3500.

A special stake will be run at St. Louis on June 5 in honor of the Democratic National Convention, to be called the Cleveland stakes, for all ages, with \$2000 added.

Nald Queen, record 2.20 1/4, by Gooding's Champion, was the highest priced animal sold at the recent Kentucky horse sales. She was bred by G. White, of Paris, Ky., for \$5050.

J. H. Walsh, who for more than thirty years was chief editor of the London Field, and who became widely known by his nom de plume, "Stoneheage," died on February 12, aged 77 years.

E. A. Bordman, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has purchased of O. F. Oford, of Lexington, (Ky.) Stock Farm, ch. c. Tom Pugh, by Red Wilkes, dam Lottie Temple by Mambro Temple, for \$3500.

The 1888 meeting of the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders will be held at Detroit, Mich., the first week in September in connection with the meeting of the Michigan Breeders' Association.

John Bunch, the colored jockey who shot and killed James Kiley, a Texas jockey, at Hollywood Driving Park three years ago, died at the Dixmont Insane Asylum, Pittsburg, on February 23, of consumption.

Colonel S. D. Bruce has conditionally purchased the stallion Torpedo, by Hermit, from Matthew Dawson, ch. c. of Exeter House, Newmarket, for Messrs. Clay & Woodford, of the Runnymede Stud, Bourbon county, Ky.

The latest English exchanges state that Friar's Balsam, the Derby favorite, is under suspicion. It is commonly hinted around Newmarket that the colt "makes a noise," or in other words, has turned "roarer."

Before leaving for California on the 18th Ed. Garrison, the jockey, wrote to President Dwyer, of the Brooklyn Jockey Club, demanding investigation as to the allegations set forth by Captain Brown as to the riding of Blue Wing in the Brooklyn handicap of 1887.

The horse Swillington will not be imported, as expected. Mr. Easton, who is in Europe, has a commission to buy Sefon, and it is quite probable that the crack who won the City and Suburban and Epsom Derby of 1878 will be brought over the sea.

S. A. Brown & Co., of Kalamazoo Stock Farm, have sold to Frankfort, Ky., parties the 3-year-old stallion Bell Boy, 2.26, by Electioneer, dam Beautiful Belle, 2.29 1/4, by the Moor. The price paid was \$35,000, an advance of just \$30,000 over his purchase price by Messrs. Brown & Co., one year ago. This is the largest sum ever paid for a trotting 3-year-old.

Knap McCarthy will ship his horses from Los Angeles, Cal., where he has been wintering, to Terre Haute, Ind., about the middle of April. He is now joggling A. V. Pantland, 2.20 1/4; Belle Echo, 2.20; William C. 2.23 1/4; Jesse Ballard, 2.27; Daisy Gardner, 2.27; Geneva S., 2.32; Daisy Wilkes, 2.27; William S., 2.32; and the pacer Johnny Woods, 2.23 1/4.

John D. Morrissy's stable of trotters and runners at Denver, Col., was sold March 1st some fifty horses bringing about \$35,000. The pacer L. C. Lee, record 2.15, was bid in by James Healy, of Leadville, for \$10,000; the trotting stallion Superior, by J. W. Page, of New York, for \$7200, and the trotter Black Diamond, by J. B. Mill, of Denver, for \$2600.

The Turf Congress amended rule 23, giving judges the power to compel each rider or driver "to wear such colors or numbers, or both, as may be supplied by the member to designate the horse." The object of this amendment is to make the races as attractive as possible to the general public. The people who buy admission tickets like to see the drivers neatly dressed, and they want them to wear distinctive colors. All the prominent drivers have suits of their own, and if they shall notify the Secretary of each track on which they trot their horses, their colors, jackets and caps will be assigned to them.