Joy sat down & Sorrow's feet, And was tandt a lesson sweet.
Fain would e make kind return;
"Sorrow, a too old to learn?
Nay? The tarry yet awhile,
Till I've aught thee how to smile.

Since that hour the two have been Boundas by mysterious kin; Since hat hour they so exchange Tear and smiles, 'tis nothing strange if sometimes a puzzled heart Scarce can tell the twain apart.

WHAT CAME OF IT?

Stuart Willard was a kind-hearted boy, frank, generous, honest and truthful, but so lazy that his mother despaired of ever seeing him amount to anything. She was a widow, with no one to help her train her son, and neither advice, expostulation nor argument had any effect upon him. He studied no more than was actually necessary to enable him to keep up with his classes, had no ambition to be at the head of any of them, and worked as little as possible about the house, though love and consideration for his mother prevented wim from ever shirking his regular duties, such as milking the cow, cutting wood and bringing water. But he stared at her aghast when she proposed that he should take entire charge of the garden, devoting to it his time before and after school hours, thus say-

ing the expense of hiring help.
"O mother, I never could," he said. "the weeds would be higher than my head in a mouth's time; I'm no hand at a rake or a hoe."

"You're no hand at anything, so far as I can see," said his mother. "There will have to be a radical change in you, Stuart, if you expect ever to win money or position."

'I don't know that I care for either,' answered Stuart. "I'm not one of the pushing kind. A quiet life suits me best.

"And you'll be content to see all your friends get ahead of you, I suppose."

"Now, mother, don't worry"-and Stuart looked really distressed. "I'll come out all right never fear." "There il have to be a miracle work-

ed, then," said Mrs. Williard, sighing. "Laziness is the one fault of your character, and it will keep you down all your life,"

Though adverse to exertion of any kind, Stuart was a fun-loving boy, al- fellow will never know but that the ways ready for a frolic, and not apt to horse jumped the fence and fell over think, until repentance was too late to here by himself." be of any avail, of the right or wrong of "It wouldn't be right to let him think the good time. And he had three par- that," returned Stuart, "No, I've got ticular friends, who, in boy rarlance, to tell." "never stuck at anything," when there was fun ahead

They all considered old Simon Peif- per. fer, the richest man in Westville, fair game, for it was well known that he of you, There's no need of it that I hated anything in the shape of a boy, and never spoke to or looked at one, little or big, without growling like the rough old hear he was believed to be.

He was an old bachelor, and lived with a housekeeper and half a dozen servants in a handsome house in the suburbs of the town, and he might have thoroughly enjoyed his large grounds, fine orchards, and well-bred live stock. but for the boys of the town, who mischievously milked his cows, stole his fruit, fished in his trout pond, broke down his fences, left his gates open, and made themselves generally obnox-

The culprits always managed in some way to escape detection. Well did they know the terrible example that would be made of the first boy old Simon caught. He openly declared that he would show no mercy, and would know how to deal with the offender.

We never know how our most trifling impulses, if acted upon, may affect the lives of others. When Ben Hopper stopped one May evening at the gate of the fittle cottage in which Stuart lived, and asked if he didn't want to go out to the old mill on the Creek road to hunt squirrels, no intuition told him that he was doing something which was to lead cest of Stuart's life. Stuart accepted alarm. the invitation, of course, and on their way out of town the boys were joined by Tom Halpine and Luke Wright, who were quite as fond of squirrel-hunting as were Stuart and Ben.

For at teast half a mile after leaving the town the Creek road was bounded on one side by a pasture belonging to want to worry her. It would be time particular pleasure in pushing Stuart Mr. Peiffer, and so generously did it abound with chestnut, persimmon and Mr. Peiffer. crab-apple trees that the boys were That she familiar with every rod of it.

But it was not the season now for and the squirrel-hunting party would had not a handsome brown horse, quietsofthy.

better'n squirrel-hunting," said Luke Wright, stopping short. "What do you He had prepared a little speech with say to a ride?

"I'm in for it," answered Tom Halpine. "I don't believe we'd find any squirrels anyhow. They're gettin' so shy they don't come around the mill like they used to."

brown horse had probably been feeling losely, and was glad of com-pany, for he made no objection what- "You needn't deny it, sir," were the ever when buart let down a pair of bars, and going up to him, took hold of believe you on oath. You're the dull-his forelock and led him into the road.

succeeded in ridding himself of all four of them.

"We'll have to take turns riding," said Ben Hopper. "Each fellow can go as far as the bridge, and then turn back."

They had made a bridle out of a rope pair. Stuart had in his pocket and a piece of wMr. Peiffer wood they picked up in the road, and shaken voice. the borse allowed himself to be guided sir."

very easily. He seemed spirited but very gentle, and had evidently been

trained to trot. The boys acted on Ben's suggestion, and took turns at trying the animal's paces, enjoying themselves so much that they were loath to end the sport

when it began to grow dark. "I must have one more ride, and then I will be even with the rest of you and we can go hôme," said Stuart, as Luke came trotting up and swinging himself from the horse's back.

"Wouldn't old Simon be in a rage if he should happen along now," Tom, as he helped Stuart to mount. "This is about the best fun he ever furnished us," laughed Stuart, as he rode away, "and he'll never be any the

wiser, either." He went clattering up the road at a structure-was reached all too soon. "I guess I'll go a little further," he thought, "There's no telling when I'll get another ride, and I'd better make

the most of this," But he went even a shorter distance further than he intended, for, half way across the bridge, the horse suddenly stopped, gave a wild snort of terror, and began to back. Stuart saw that the animal was frightened by an old tree which, blasted by lightning and deprived of its bark, stood at the other end of | bridge. I might have known he would the bridge like a ghostly sentinel, looking almost snow-white in the uncertain light; but, unaccustomed to horses, he did not know what to do, and in his excitement and alarm pulled too hard on one rein. The horse reared, gave a wild whirl, and the next instant went plunging over the side of the bridge into the gulch, nearly thirty feet below.

Strange to say, Stuart escaped serious injury, being only stunned and bruised by the fall, and at the expiration of a few minutes was able to get up from the bed of mud into which he had fall-But the handsome brown horse did not move; he lay among the weeds and stones with a broken neck.

Stuart could not believe at first that the animal was dead; it seemed too horrible to be true. But all his efforts to rouse the poor creature proving futile, he sat down, sick and white, upon the nearest stone, and shouted to his companions for help.

But his shouts were so faint that it was a long time before they were answered. Then the boys came running up, frightened at his long absence, but utterly unprepared for the dreadful news Stuart had to tell them. They were terribly shocked, and gathered about the dead horse, uttering many expressions of dismay and sorrow.

"I don't know how I shall ever tell old Simon," groaned Stuart. "Boys, he'll just about kill me."

"Tell him!" exclaimed Tom Halpine. 'You're surely not going to be such a fool! What's the use of telling him? We'll take away the bridle, and the old

"And bring all the rest of us into the

muss, too, I suppose," said Ben Hop "No; I'll promise not to mention any

can see. "And I can't see that there's anything to be gained by telling Peiffer,"

said Luke. 'It won't bring the horse to life again. What's the use of being such a saint, Stuart?" "I don't pretend to be a saint," answered Stuart, "but I'm not a coward.

I shall tell Peiffer if he kills me the next minute. It's all I can do." "Oh, you'll think better of it," said

Luke, as he removed the rope bridle from the neck of the dead horse. night's sleep will cool you off."

But the night brought no sleep Stuart, so tormented was he by thoughts of the beautiful brown horse lying dead lets you go," was Mrs. Willard's first among the weeds and stones below the comment, "but you did only what was bridge, and when morning came it right in going straight to him with the found his resolution unchanged. He whole story, my son. It must have rewas, as he had said, no coward, and he quired a great deal of courage, and I street, a long distance, with several intended to confess what he had done, irrespective of consequences.

That Mr. Peiffer would be very severe he did not doubt for a moment, Perhaps the old man would give him a terrible thrashing or put him into jail. He was sure to mete out a punishment equal to the offense, and Stuart knew the offense was very great.

he came down stairs at 8 o'clock that was put into the office and taught how to an event that would influence all the his mother uttered an exclamation of

"You're sick, Stuart," she said; "you can go straight back to bed. I'll attend to the cow.'

But Stuart shook his head and went out to the stable to attend to the cow himself. He had not told his mother about his misfortune, for he did not enough to tell her when he had seen

That she might not suspect that something had occurred to trouble him, he tried to eat his usual allowance of chestnuts, persummons or crab-apples, griddle cakes at breakfast, but every mouthful seemed to choke him, and he have gone whistling and shouting by, had to give up the attempt in despair.

As soon as he rose from the table he ly grazing the short grass, raised his put on his hat and went out, despite head at sight of them and whinnied his mother's prophecy that the sun of the debt Stuart owed his employer would make him feel worse, and turned "I know something we can do a sight his steps at once in the direction of Mr. one day Mr. Peiffer called the young leans, and heir to the throne, who al-

mind when he entered Mr. Peiffer's grounds and saw the old gentleman standing only half a dozen yards away, and an angry look on his face and his eyes glaring at a young negro who stood | Stuart.

"You needn't deny it, sir," were the But he objected very vigorously to but I did think you had sense enough having four boys on his back at one time, and kicked and careered until he valuable horse like that out to pasture! You're discharged, and you needn't ask for a recommendation, for I won't give

With a heart that seemed like a lump of lead in his breast, and hesitating footsteps, Stuart approached the angry

"Mr. Peiffer," he said, in a low, haken voice. "I want to speak to you,

work to give you.' "No, sir; I don't want work," stammered poor Stuart. "I want to tell you that I took your horse out of the pasture, and-and-it got frightened and fell over the bridge."

For a moment, it seemed much longer to Stuart in his agony of suspense, the old gentleman stared at him in utter silence, his face fairly purple with

"You—you young reprobate!" he ex-claimed at last. "You ought to be shot!"

"Yes, sir, I know it," answered Stuart. "I was never so sorry for anything in all my life as I am for this, good pace, and the bridge—a rough log | But we only wanted to have a little fun, and never thought of hurting the horse,"

"You were not alone, then?" said Mr. Peiffer. "No, sir."

"Who were the others?" "There's no use in telling that, sir," answered Stuart, true to the promise of secrecy he had made. "I was the one who was on the horse when he fell over the bridge, and it was all my fault. I ought not to have tried to cross the be frightened at that old tree."

The angry flush left Mr. Peiffer's face, and a very peculiar look came into his keen gray eyes.

"Nevertheless, you had better tell me you," he said. "It will be wise for you to do so." But the covert threat contained in

ous as well as brave. "I told the boys I wouldn't, sir," he

answered respectfully. "They didn't offer to come with you, I suppose?" "There was no need of it, sir."

"Well, am I to look only to you to pay me for my horse?" Pay him! Stuart stared at the old

He knew payment was out of the the strictest economy that his mother managed to make her small income cover their necessary expenses-they did not indulge in luxuries of any

sort. "That horse was a thoroughbred," continued Mr. Peiffer, his keen eyes still fixed on the boy's white, distressed face. "I paid six hundred dollars for him the day before you broke his

"Six hundred dollars!" gasped poor Stuart, his face growing whiter still. "Oh, Mr. Peiffer!"

"I can show you the receipt for the money if you want to see it. I have it here," tapping his breast pocket, "Costly fun you had, eh?" Stuart tried to speak, but his tongue

clove to the roof of his mouth-"You haven't any money I suppose?"

said Mr. Peiffer. "No, sir; not a dollar." "You must work it out, then. Are you willing to do that?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" cried Stuart, the color coming back to his face. "I'd be glad to do anything to pay you." "Very well; report to me to-morrow morning at my factory. I'll see what I

can do for you." Mr. Peiffer turned away, and without closed the door.

With a feeling of profound relief Stuart went home and told his mother all about that piece of costly fun, its dark it is, I can tell you the dimensions tragic ending and the bargain he had

"Mr. Peiffer is the man to get the worth of the horse out of you before he am proud of you."

Stuart was deeply touched by his mother's praise, and the consciousness that he deserved it made him almost am studying shorthand, and as my hear-

It was a load that grew less with every day; for he soon became very useful in the factory, and as he wrote a He looked so white and haggard when good hand and was quick at figures, he to keep the books and invoice goods. In this way he learned every detail of the business.

It was very hard at first, of course, for Stuart's great fault stood in the way of his progress. But no one could be lazy very long where Mr. Peiffer was, he was such an energetic, industrious man himself, and he seemed to take along.

Stuart ascribed this at first to malice, better. He found that a kind heart beat under that exterior, and that the old gentleman appreciated at their full value the virtues of truth, sincerity and

manliness It was two years before the subject of the debt Stuart owed his employer twenty years. Louis Philippe, King of the French, had a son, the Duke of Orman into his own private office.

"I've been expecting for some time which he intended to begin his confession, but every word of it fled from his six hundred dollars you owe me, Wil-morning he forgot to count the number lard," he said; "but you have not mentioned It."

"I felt sure you would tell me when I had worked it out, sir," replied "If I say I consider the debt paid

now, you will be wanting to leave me, I suppose," said Mr. Peiffer. "Not if you want me to stay, sir. I shall not go to school again. I am 18 years old, and it is time I began to help my mother. I'll stay here if you want

me to do so, sir." Mr. Peiffer gave a short laugh. "That's modest, Willard, when you know as well as I do that I couldn't get along without you, now. The day you came to me like the brave, honest boy you are, and confessed that you had killed my horse, I made up my mind that you were the boy I needed here. It was worth more than six hundred dollars to me to find some one on whose

"Well, speak, and be quick about it," truth and honesty I could rely amplicwas the rough rejoinder. "You want Itly. If you stay with me, Willard, I'll work, I suppose, and big wages. You allow you a good salary from this day may as well leave, for I haven't any forward, and there'll be an excellent chance for promotion to something a good deal better."

Of course Willard stayed, and the "something a good deal better" proved to be a junior partnership at the end of

eight years' service. thankful that the principles of honesty and truth, instilled into him by his widowed mother, led him to make the confession which resulted in curing him forever of his great fault, and placing him in a position of honor and trust.

HOW A BLIND MAN SEES.

The Extraordinary Case of a Western Man.

Many instances have been related showing that defection in any one or more of the human senses often result in developing the corresponding inner sense. This has been more frequently observed in persons afflicted with loss of sight and hearing. One of the kind is interestingly described in a late issue of the Chicago Herald, which can be safely taken as one of the most remarkable

on record. Mr. Henry Hendrickson, born in Norway forty-three years ago, but who has lived in this country forty years, was deprived of sight when six months old. He was educated at the instituthe names of the boys who were with and is the author of a book entitled explanation of the mediumship with stuff overlapping it. which he is becoming endowed, although these last words did not cause Stuart to unable to account for it in any manner waver an instant. He was very gener- satisfactory to himself or conformable

to the known laws of physical science. The narrative states that he is well educated, a brilliant conversationalist, and, with glasses which hide his completely closed eyes, one would scarcely recognize him as a blind man. For the last twenty years he has seldom used an escort, except when in great haste, and when going on territory entirely strange gentleman aghast. The thought of to him. Many people who have obpaying for the horse had never entered served the facility with which he moves from place to place doubt that he is totally blind, but he has been put under question. He had not a dollar of his the severest tests, and those who have own in the world, and it was only by made the investigations are convinced that he cannot see.

Describing his habits to the reporter. he said: "When in a train at full speed I can distinguish and count the telegraph poles easily, and often do it as a course I do not see them, but I perceive perceptive qualities are not in the least impaired on account of my blindness. gray silk. I am not able to explain it, but I am never in total darkness. It is the same

ing me." A practical test was made. A thick, heavy cloth was thrown over his head as he sat in his chair. This hung down on all sides to his waist. It was impossible for any one to see through it. Then before him or behind him, it mattered not, an ordinary walking cane answer to the inquiry: "In what positions are heavily braided in 2.34½. and correct answers, without a single mistake, sometimes describing acute or oblique angles.

my life, not the faintest glimmer of one. another word went into the house and in that way. This will prove the idea to you: Take me into a strange room, one that I have never been into, and never heard about, and no matter how of the room very closely. I do not feel the walls; I will touch nothing; but there is communicated to me by some strange law of perception the size and

configuration of the room," He then related that being in New York in 1871, he walked from Union Square to a friend's house on Forty-first to it. I did not see it, and yet I did. I happy, in spite of the load on his ing is very good, I expect to become an heart. writing at first, but am now able to write very well."

Another remarkable illustration of beating the time for a choir, but describing phonetic characters, he tells the characters and interprets them. What might be termed a "crucial test" of this was given the Herald reporter.

Mr. Hendrickson further said: "I'm a very good skater, and can, when gliding over the ice swiftly, see every particle on the ice, every crack and rough spot, no matter how small and indistinct. The faster I go, the plainer I can see. Well, I don't mean that I can thing."

One Glass of Wine.

A glass of wine, for instance, changed the history of France for nearly ways drank only a certain number of glasses of wine, because even one more of his glasses and took one more than usual. When entering his carriage he stumbled, frightening the horses and causing them to run. In attempting to leap from the carriage his head struck the pavement and he soon died. That glass of wine overthrew the Orleans rule, confiscated their property of £20,-000,000, and sent the whole family into

Freedom from the risk of lead poisoning by using glazed earthenware is said to be secured from varnishing the glazed surface wish bore-silicate of

FASHION NOTES.

-Black lace hats and bonnets are high in favor for half-season wear, and are brightened by a cluster of velvet jonquils or pansies of golden hearts, or a gold-colored bow.

-Very new bonnets are of buckram, black, white or colored, with the new you see Stuart had reason to be gold passementerie in leaf designs sewn thickly over it, or else gold filigree or fine gold spangles.

-China crepe, duchesse lace, shot gauze or tulle, frosted with silver, are favorite garnitures for the golden hats and capotes, and soft tips and crushed roses the correct adjuncts.

-The fountain brooch-a lion's head of enamei with a falling diamond for water-and the dog's head of black onyx with collar of pearls, are more striking than pleasing in new jewelry. -Mandolin and zitner mustc, in the

next room or the hall, is part of the entertainment at fashionable New York dinners, high teas, and the little suppers where there are only a few chosen guests. -Pinked flounces begin to rage and

the correct width is from five to eight inches. The lowest one should go all round, as a finish to the skirt, whether or no the drapery allows it to be seen. -Lace is now used as a skirt trim-

ming in flat, lengthwise bands in tion for the blind in Janesville, Wis., double rows, with the points meeting under a button or bow and the plain "Out of the Darkness," somewhat in edge hidden by a pleat of the gown

-When the overdress and skirt are of contrasting colors the draperies are made very long, revealing but a small portion of the skirt. A pleasing variety is afforded by finishing the lower edge in square tabs, points or scallops.

-Checked and striped colored handkerchiefs are being received with some degree of favor. Ladies of refined tastes, however, prefer white handkerchiefs, or those with delicate colored embroidery, for use upon all occasions,

-Among the newest shades of color are malatesta, a warm russet brown; old oak, antique blue with a tinge of green, osage, a dark blue gray, heart of the sea rose, a peculiar pink, for evening wear; and Cordova, a pale golden shade of terra cetta.

-A very chic street dress, just from Paris, is a long redingote of long pastime, or to determine our speed. Of gray wool, falling straight and plain them. It is perception. Of course my with wide woolen revers, rolled back blood vessel in the head. from a pleated chemisette of the same

-The jersey has taken a new lease at midnight as at midday. There is always a bright glow of light surroundand ribbon waistbands, is the favorite bodice for wearing out skirts whose waists are utterly passe.

-Full waists of bright-colored wool very effective home dresses. Somewith some contrasting color.

-Newmarkets for traveling wear are chosen in gray suede or tobacco "I have never," he said, "by the or- brown, or for very young women dinary sense of sight seen an object in cream color, and are made with bell sleeves and collar, pockets, cuffs, balt My sight of discernment does not come and hood lining of silk in a prettily

contrasting color. -The shape in hats that has been popular all winter and will still be worn for early spring and summer traveling is the round hat turned up at the back, the trimming of ribbon, velvet loops and feathers placed there and falling well over the crown.

-Feminine hairdressing in Paris now strictly follows a code according to the color of the tresses. Fair hair is to be turned back loosely from the face, so as to form a golden aureole; dark turns, and did not make a miss. He locks must be parted down the centre said: "I knew the house when I came and smoothly arranged; chestnut and smoothly arranged; chestnut It is thought that the bill will be killed tresses may be piled high on the head in the under House. in Japanese style, with a few curls straying over the forehead.

-Plain velvet will always remain the handsomest of all stuffs; but at present, unless for a lady of mature age, a costume is too longer made exhis power to see without eyes in this: clusively of velvet; the velvet is asso-If one makes motions in the air like ciated with Louis Quinze brocade, with moire antique, either figured or plain, or perhaps with fallle francaise that has flowered stripes; this combination makes it a costume which can be worn until May, since it is no longer a velvet dress. For a train dress the train is made of velvet, and some of the pleats inserted in the silk breadths which complete the skirt. A part of the corsage is also made of velvet, sometimes the entire back, or only an insertion for the back, a plasand a desire for revenge; but he thought see, but I perceive, or something. It differently when he knew Mr. Peiffer is light to me, and I discern every-

-Cloth tailor-made dresses have

reached a point of perfection this season they never attained before. For some time past it has been a constant effort to combine warmth and grace with lightness and that perfection of fit which is the crowning feature of a fine tailor-made dress. This object has been attained in recent costumes, and it must be a joy to wear them. dress is made upon twilled silk, the drapery raised here and there but not bunched, the edge finished with many rows of embroidery stitching, narrow braid, a braided pattern or a broad band of feather fur. The line of trimming, often diagonal, comes to a point at the waist and outlines a point of velvet or braided vest, and also of color at the throat. The small "habit" cut is maintained at the back, only instead of perfectly plain lapels, as in the habit, a little fullness is often in-troduced. The interior finish of gold, hair striped silk or satin lining adds much to the effect of the exquisite work manship.

-The English jockey Sam Hibberd Excavations at the extremity of the One Act when she won the Chester Bois de Boulogne, in the environs of Paris, have brought to light the remains of a lake dwelling. They consist of piles and a great quantity and variety 1866, and Lecturer when the latter won dam of Adele Gould, and had a record the Cesarewitch of 1866.

HORSE NOTES.

-Walter Rollins, the trainer, has returned to Jerome Park from Hos Springs.

-Stuyvesant, with \$14,165 to his credit, heads the Glengarry list of winners for 1887.

-The question of constructing a straight-away course at Monmouth is being discussed.

-A. A. Darden has reased the Norfolk (Va) Driving Course, located about two miles from the city.

-May 8, 9, 10 and 11 are the dates chosen by J. H. Phillips for a spring meeting at Suffolk Course. -The breed-mare Alert, dam of Rickmond, died at Daniel Swigert's

Elmendorf Stud, in Kentucky 5, aged 21 years. -The American Jockey Club has opened the great Titan stakes for 2year-olds, to be run at the autumn

-Milton Young, of the McGrathina Stud, has sent the famous mares Spinaway and Wanda to be bred to Spendtkrift.

meeting.

-Captain Brown has the 4-year old Sunbeam and nine 2-year-olds in training at a farm thirty miles north of Louisville.

-J. B. Haggin, Radcho del Paso, Cal., has lost the bay mare Twilight, foaled 1875, by Norfolk, dam Kate Gift by Ledi.

-J. Prior, of Providence, R. I., has purchased the chestnut gelding Earl, 2.291, by Revenue, from Ulton Bros., of Merchantville, Vt.

-The horse Count Luna, Price, the owner, and Tribe, the jockey, ruled off at New Orleans about two weeks ago, have been reinstated. -Three weeks racing will be given by the Directors of the Ohio Centen-

nial, which will open at Columbus on September 4 and close on October 19. -There will be a trotting meeting at the Pimlico Course September 10 to 15, under the auspices of the Maryland

Agricultural and Mechanical Associa--John Splan was in Philadelphia, It is said that Splan will drive Harry Wilkes and the rest of the Sire Brothers' horses this year, in place of Frank

-Torpedo, prematurely reported as purchased by Clay & Woodford, has not been accepted by the gentlemen over a pleated skirt of gray silk, and named owing to his having burst a

Van Ness.

her produce.

-Hon. Oden Bowie, of Baltimore, has leased the stallion Priam (by Prophet, out of Regardless, by Eclipse) from the estate of Mr. Francis Mor--Percy Talbot has farmed Astral, 2.18, by August Belmont, and Montana

Maid, by George Wilkes, to Wilson & Handy, of Cynthiana, Ky., who will breed them to Sultan. goods, with collar, cuffs, yoke and belt -Ed de Cernea has sold the bay of black velvet, are worn by young mare Belle of Pottstown, by Harold, ladies with various skirts, and make dam by Wade Hampton, to D. Demarest for \$1200. She is 6 years old, and

> -Agnes, by Gilroy, the property of Mr. Rufus Lyle, has been one of the most profitable broodmares in Kentucky. Her owner in the last few years has realized \$16,000 by the sale of

> -It is rumored that Robert Swigert. the well-known young thoroughbred breeder and owner of Insolence and other flyers, will shortly wed Miss Armstrong, a wealthy heiress of Chillicothe, O.

-Alfred deCordova, President of the Driving Club of New York, purchased recently at Flushing, L. I., the stallion Mountain Boy, a brown borse foaled 1882, by Kentucky Prince, dam Elise.

-The first week in March the New Jersey Assembly passed the bill prohibiting racing in that State during December, January, February and March.

-Dr. M. W. Case, of Philadelphia,

has bought of Mr. Kenten the 4-year-old

pacer Our Boy, by Diamond, he by King Wheeler, dam Lulu Grant by Pacolet. Our Boy paced a mile over the Nashville track last fall in 2,274. -T. N. Miller's running horses that have wintered at Point Breeze are: Ten Booker, 5 years; Himalaya, 6 years; Harry Russell, 5 years; Pendennis, 4 years; Alan Archer, 3 years; Lady Archer, 2 years, and Clay Pate, 6

vears. -The projected racing meeting at St. Paul has been abandoned owing to the apathy of the public, it having been found impossible to subscribe the amount needed to offer anything like the purse to attract a good class of hor-

-Article X in the by-laws of the new Philadelphia Driving Park Association reads: "The ownership of one share of stock shall be necessary to constitute a member, and no member shall have more than one share of stock transferred to him or have more than one vote."

t, and (foaled 1871), by Blue Bull, dam by The Alexander's Abdallah, died recently. She was bred by D. P. Shawan and sold to James Wilson the spring she was 5 years old for \$5009. Her turf career began that season, and during the next five years she was started in 32 races, of which she won 13, was second in 4, third in 6, fourth in 3 and unplaced in 6. She trotted 115 contested heats, in her races, winning 45, 36 being finished in 2.30 or better.

-The injuries received by the stal-lion Jersey Prince at the Waverly Fair last fall were not regarded serious at the time, and he was supposed to be all right after a while. At the late Con-over sale the stallion was bid in by the estate at \$5500. The shock of collision developed a complaint which gradually preyed on the vitality of the horse, and he died on the 6th of March at the farm at Middletown. Jersey Prince