No fleeting freaks of fashion Across her fancy run; She's never in a passion Except a tender one.

Her voice is low and cooing: She listens more than speaks; While others talk of doing, The duty near she seeks.

It may be but to burnish The sideboard's scanty plate, Or but with bread to furnish The beggar at the gate.

So I, who see what graces She sheds on lowly life, To fashion's fairest faces Prefer my little wife. And though at her with pity

Who deem her hardly pretty And sadly out of style. To me she seems a creature So musically sweet, I would not change one feature,

The silly dames may smile,

One curve from crown to feet. And if I could be never Her lover and her mate, I think I'd be forever The beggar at the gate.

THE AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

I must be an eminent man, or people would not write me so many letters, tell me all their private affairs, ask for large loans without security, to be faithfully repaid in a few weeks, and beseech my interest for Charles and Mary, who are young and gifted, and need only an opportunity to astonish the world. Above all, they would not flood me with autograph albums, in which I am expected to write a quotation or a "characteristic sentiment." When this popularity was fresh, I used to take some pleasure in signing my same to honeyed phrases from the poets. I besought Heaven to rain sweet odors on ladies I had never seen, and I assured gentlemen with whom I had not the slightest acquaintance that I wore them in my heart of hearts. The result was that the albums came in shoals by every post. Some of them were small, and got mislaid. Others were large, and demanded an impossible physical effort to return them. Many were without the names and addresses of the owners, and these, of course, were accompanied by notes, which I straightway lost, requesting the utmost promptitude of compliance. In a few days came indignant missives expressing surprise that any one calling himself a gentleman could treat with silent neglect a volume which contained the autographs of people so much more eminent than himself. Then there was your charms! a touch of sorrowful remonstrances. "Is it possible that you refuse to grant so simple a request from a delicate girl who has to spend the winter in Florida, What earthly comfort there could be in my crabbed and illegible hand to an insight."

jolly round hand anybody can read at seems to me that I am not so eminent as I was. valied in Florida I never could imagine. Then there was a pleasant intimation that some noted rival of mine had sent his autograph with alacrity, thus showing his intellectual moral superiority to me. . Worse than this was an encounter in a street-car with a lady who said: "I think you are the celebrated Mr. Fitzphosphorus." "Madam," I said, 'you are mistaken." She gave me a neezing look, and next day I had a letter declaring that the writer knew at ast why her book had not been returned, for a man who could lie so unblushngly would probably steal.

flictions with exemplary weakness, I took it for granted that when a man is famous he becomes the lawful prey of people who think that as they have made his reputation, the least he can do for them is to sit signing autograph albums all day. The popular formula, leveled at him like a pistol, seems to be something like this: "We buy your books, or your pictures, we pay to see you act, or hear you sing, or watch your gambols on the flying trapeze, therefore your eminences and your fortune are due to us, and we demand that you shall chain yourself to the autographic pen like the galley-slave to the oar. There is nothing in your handwriting that is essentially beautiful or virtuous, but it pleases us to have your sign-manual in our books as a proof of your bondage to those who made you." For a long time I accepted this decree | acre." as the penalty of success, but the lady of the street-car roused me to revolt. "It is my misfortune to be eminent." I said to myself, "but this persecution must end." At first I thought I would point out to my tormentor that a fib in street-car is no worse than a tarradiddle on a doorstep, and that I was at least as justified in denying my identity to an autograph hunter as a footman is in blandly closing the door in an unwelcome caller's face, with the conventional "not at home," though his mistress is writing tracts for the young up-stairs. But I reflected that in such a case reasoning by analogy was waste of time. It was too late by several generations to appeal to the commonsense and fair play of the autograph tyrant. Not persuasion, but a blow, was needed; not reason, but retaliation. Then think of the inestimable boon I should confer on the whole race of distinguished people by freeing them from the insufferable yoke of the mediocre and obscure! It was a noble cause, and I fairly glowed with the enthusiasm of the man who has discovered an entirely new field for the spirit of justice and self-sacrifice.

Up to this time I had borne these af-

My resolution was taken, but how was it to be carried out? I debated various plans. I might make a practice of returning the albums without the expected autograph. It was pleasant to picture the disappointment and disgust of the despot as he opened his book and found a blank page. But that was not enough. I yearned for a more intense form of irritation. It was not a bad idea to announce in the newspaper that I would not be responsible for the return of albums, and that I intended to devote the postagestamps sent with them to a fund for the benefit of some asylum for idiots. On consideration I rejected this project because it was too general. I wanted to strike a blow that would be felt individually rather than collectively, to bring home

his special, personal inquity. At last I denly. had the happiest thought of all. Why not write scathing and contemptuous | ceived it," I gasped. quotations in every book? Nobody could accuse me of deliberate libel, for I might say that the quotation was one of my favorite passages. For instance, if I wrote: "Yours with all good wishes. Hubert Fitzhosphorus," and underneath: "A halter gratis," the rebeauty rest with you always!" and add-

The great plan was put into execution without delay. I attacked mountain of albums, and poured into the enemy a crushing fire of vicarious sarcasm and invective. The ranks of the inquisitors and persecutors reeled before me. I felt I was wiping out a said Cudgell, with a malicious smile. hundred wrongs as I took a curse from Shakespeare and dropped it into a volume in which the autographs of many victims seemed to groan for vengeance. It was ecstasy to write: "These tedious old fools," in the book of a man one of the books, turn pale and then able signatures for many years. I then, with one indignant flash at me, spared neither age nor sex. "Frailty, thy name is woman," was my contribution to the album of a lady who, as I afterward learned, was the pious founder of a church and two hospitals; and a friend described to me with much relish the sensation created in an ultra-Protestant family when the daughter of

the house received from me the injunc-

and yet enjoy the security of inverted

tion: "Get thee to a nunnery." I pursued the campaign with unabated ardor and enjoyment until one fatal day when an entirely unforeseen conjunction of events completely turned the tables. I had been visiting for some time at the house of a wealthy citizen whose fortune had been made either by his father or himself in a brewery. Mr. Tankerdale had retired from business long before I knew him, and the origin of his wealth was never daughter who took much interest in my eminence, and whose attractions began to make me a frequent guest. ' She was a fine girl, with rather a high color, which she subdued with those subtle artifices so dear to the hearts of women. Ah, Helena, if you should ever read this confession you may be convinced at last that only a wretched mischance. and not a malignant purpose, made me appear before you as the slanderer of

I had dined with the Tankerdales one evening, and the conversation turned upon handwriting.

"Yours must be a pretty stiff hand with St. Vitus' dance. Now mine is a the postage myself. For somehow it

your balance at the As round as bank," said Mr. Cudgell, who was a An Ingenious Mendicant's Tricks. distant relative of the Tankerdales, not attracted by eminence as distinct from dollars.

"As round as your barrels at the brewery," said I, but not aloud. "Papa doesn't think much about the character of handwriting," said Helena, sweetly. "To me, Mr. Fitzphos-

phorous, your hand is quite clear and full of meaning. "That is because it writes the dictates of the heart," I said, tenderly, in her ear. Unfortunately the effect of this speech was to heighten her color. which was already rather strong. But,

oh. Helena. I knew it was natural!

"When I was young," piped an old lady at the other end of the table, "girls used to write a lady-like hand, but now they try to scribble like men. I call it forward. I do. There's Helena, whose writing is that bold that it always makes me blush."

Everybody laughed, and Tankerdale "Aunt Jane still writes with a said: fine old gold pen she used thirty years ago. A modern rib is so broad that it shocks her."

"Do you find the autograph hunters very tiresome?" said Helena to me. They are pests," I answered. "If they had been numbered amongst the plagues of Epypt, Pharaoh would either have given in much sooner, or settled the Jewish question by wholesale mass-

"Give me the autograph at the foot of a check!" murmured Cudgell, in his coffee-cup, with his eye on the host.

"When I was young," said Aunt Jane, "I once had a letter from Grimaldi, the famous clown, you know. Long before your time," added the old lady, looking at me. "Ay, clowns were clowns in those days!" She seemed to believe that I was Grimaldi's successor, and a very poor substitute.

"But I hope you don't think every one a pest who asks for your autograph, said Helena.

"But such a request from you, should feel honored," said I. the general nulsance is so great that I am obliged to tell these people what I really think of them." And then I explained my glorious scheme for scarifying the autograph hunter, and emancipating my brothers in distinction and

distress. "Excellent!" said Cudgell: table like this?"

"Mr. Fitzphosphorus knows friends too well," said Helena. "Don't be too sure of that," laughed her father. "If you had sent him an autograph album, you might have had a withering quotation like the rest."

At this a curious shiver of presentiment ran through me, and I looked inquiringly at Helena, who had a queerly mysterious expression in her eyes. But here the irrepressible old lady broke in

"they used to write verses about me. My brother Charles picked up a piece of paper one morning, and said it was dropped by the man who swept the chimney. I remember two lines very well indeed-

"'Queen of Beauty, while you sleep, Dream you of your chimney-aweep?"

"Don't you know that I sent you my | terpoise in another.

to every autograph fiend the sense of autograph album?" said Helena, sud-

My blood ran cold, "I have not re-

"It was some time ago," she said. before, and I thought I would try the | moved there, my wife and I, and now effect of the request on the only eminent man I know. I scarcely knew you at all, though, when I sent the album. And to make the onslaught all

ed this pleasant ambiguity: "Let her that very morning I had cleared off of her own—only r paint an Inch thick," I should sting some arrears of albums in a great hurbad made for her. without exposing myself to the charge ry and a very bad temper, that I had of open outrage. The more I consid- not examined the names of the sender. ered this idea, the more I chuckled; I and had left them to be addressed and to get a big one. Nobody but a parent was going to have a horrid revenge, posted by somebody else.

> later a servant entered with three books. "Why, here they are!" cried Helena.

gleefully. "Now we shall see how Mr. Fitzphosphorus distinguishes his friends," cels of calico and tea and sugar put up. tan-colored cloth. This is quite new,

I never liked that man.

dramatic attitude:

"Take some more claret and brace yourself up," said Tankerdale. But I was far beyond the fortifying praises about her doll. aid of claret. I saw Helena glance at who said he had been collecting valu- flery red, look at the other albums, and rush from the room.

"Hallo!" said Cudgell, "you have one face, and you make yourselve ankerdale: 'How like a fawning publican | may-be six miles, from home. he looks!"

bouncing out of his chair, "this is a deliberate insult!"

witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries," he?" she screamed. "When I was money about me. It might be a trap to protect me no one though a vag- be out on the prairie in such a night, at mentioned in his household. He had a abond out of a circus, a monster out of such an hour? The bit of a coward

menagerie-" eminence has nothing to do either with I heard the cry, and I said: a circus or a menagerie, but I did not that I was the victim of a disastrous die." coincidence, but in vain. Helena refused to see me, and returned no anture that I knew her complexion to be as real as the jewels of her mind.

now, I give it with all my original in sore need of help. The Lord heard the gold embreidery, weakness. If any one who reads this my prayer. Cuddled up under one of —A stylish gown

There is a seemingly blind mendicant who for the past year or so has gained a living in the Eastern district three years ago. Up to the time the me she hid her face. reporter met him last he did not have any doubts of the man's affliction, but an incitient occurred on last Monday night which will make the reporter man

wide awake. On the 7.30 boat from Brooklyn the reporter on looking up suddenly observed the man, but instead of working the blind dodge he had a new wrinklethat of a one-armed veteran. In a small satchel suspended around his child, my Dolly. neck he had a number of silver and gold paper envelopes, in which were two or three kinds of court plaster, the virtues of which he proclaimed in a loud tone of voice. He was not very successful in disposing of his wares, and when the boat reached the slip the reporter followed the man as he got off. He walked up East street to Broome, and behind a pile of lumber handed his satchel to a dissipated looking mortal, receiving in return a staff and square piece of pasteboard. When he had placed the pasteboard around his neck he walked slowly up Broome street to Tompkins, and then turned into Grand street. On the corner of Gran 1 and Lewis streets he halted, took a bundle of lead pencils in his hands, and cried out in a piteous tone of voice: "Please help the blind."

The reporter watched him a few moments, and then walked over to him and said:

"You are the greatest rogue I ever I noticed you on the ferry boat, when you could see as well as I can, and now you suddenly become blind. What do you mean by it?"

The man opened his eyes, turned and provingly; "and who is Joe?" walked rapidly up Grand street to the Bowery.

-The importers' freshly opened boxes are packed with elegant fancies little grandson Joe, who was so chubby in passementerie of silk and metal, and well-fed; and then he asked how in passementerie of silk and metal, galloons, gimps, applique ornaments many papers were left.
and new and rare devices in beading "Five!" answered Jim, as he stood wouldn't it be rather awkward if you and new and rare devices in beading were to meet some of them, say at a and slik-cord garnitures of every description. Some of the open-work fabrics for dinner and carriage gowns are made to imitate elaborate Persian embroideries wrought of silk or silk grapes. Never mind the change, and canvas. Much of the handwork is in keep your papers!" Then blowing his and numerous small wraps, fronts of fast, and felt very warm and virtuous bodices, side-panels and peplums are elegantly decorated with these garniface, and he ran and bought two hoky

in pattern. -In consequence of the change in stairway again to try his little game on the ample tournure, wraps that were the next kind old gentleman who might "When I was young," she quavered, they used to write verses about me. adapted to the former ungainly and pass, they used to write verses about me. modified, and bonnets whose grotesque heights were in a way rendered necesensemble, are lowered considerably to

Lost and Found.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and live miles and miles away upon the Western prairie. There "I had never asked for an autograph wasn't a house in sight when we first we haven't many neighbors, though those we have are good ones.

One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of check cambric, about two inches or sponsibility would be quite as much the more formidable, I sent a book for of cattle. I was to buy some groceries so in width, in shades of gray, blue, Shakespeare's as mine. Or if I address- papa and another for Aunt Jane. But and dry goods before I came back; and, red or brown, with stripes of open ed a lady thus: "May bloom and of course you have overlooked them." above all, a doll for our youngest, I remember with horror that only Dolly. She had never had a store doll that very morning I had cleared off of her own-only rag babies her mother

> Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the gate to call after me Was it a fancy, or did I hear the of that toy, and how, when the cattle postman's knock? A few minutes were sold, the first thing I hurried off

> I was mounted on a steady-going old horse, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down as dark as pitch, while I was in the middle of the darkest bit of road I know of. I could have been pitching it strong. This is Hel- felt my way, though, I remembered it ena's quotation: 'God has given you so well. When the storm that had been brewing broke, and the rain came other.' Here's a crusher for you, Tan- down in torrents, I was five miles, or

> I rode as fast as I could, but all of a "By George, sir!" cried my host sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened. I heard it again. I called, and it an-"And here is a sweet thing for Aunt | swered me. I couldn't see a thing, all Jane," continued Cudge, striking a was as dark as pitch. I got down and "Aroint thee, felt around in the grass-called again, and again was answered. Then I be-The old lady was purple with fury. gan to wonder. I'm not timid, but 1 "Calls me a witch and an onion, does was known to be a drover, and to have young, my brother Charles would have to rob and murder me. I am not superbroken his head. Now there's no one stitions, not very, but how could a child that hides itself in--most men Here she broke down and wept. My showed itself to me then, but once more

> "If any man's child is hereabouts, dwell on that I tried to convince them | Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it

> I searched again. At last I bethought me of a clump of trees about swer to the many letters in which I fifty yards to the left of the road. In swore by all the sacred symbols of nathematiliness of the night I prayed to the Lord that he might guide me to the right path and lead me through the I have abandoned my great plan, darkness of that stormy night to the y coat as well as I could, to take it home to mamma. It seemed sleep on my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were of Brooklyn. He is a strapping big lights in them, and I supposed my wife trimmings. fellow physically, of dark complexion, had lit them for my sake, but when I and capable of doing any kind of got to the doorway I saw something manual labor. The writer met him a was the matter, and stood with a dread few evenings ago and recognized him as | fear of heart five minutes before I could a man whom he had frequently bestow- lift the latch. As last I did it, and saw ed small change upon when he stood on the room full of neighbors, and my wife Chatham street, New York city, not amid them weeping. When she saw

> "Oh, don't tell him," she said; "it will kill him." "What is it, neighbors?" I cried, and one of the neighbors inquired: "What's that you have in your

arms?" "A poor lost child," said I; "I found ton the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own

It was my own darling, and none other, that I had picked up on the drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet papa and the doll, while the mother was at work, and they were lamenting her as one dead. I thanked the Lord on my knees before

It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road, hardly ouder than a squirrel's chirp.

That's Dolly yonder with her mother n the meadow-a girl worth saving, I think; the prettiest and sweetest thing this side of the Mississippi.

The Modern Newsboy.

"I an't sold all my papers," replied Jim-for that was his name—'and I thought it was the old man goin' to lick me. And I'm so tired! for I bin workin nights to buy Joe some grapes for Thanksgivin'."

"You should say father, and not old man," answered Mr. Hunneman re-"My brother. His legs were run

over by the horse-car, so he can't walk or work no more. Mr. Hunneman thought of his own shivering.

Thereupon Mr. Hunneman put a round, shining silver dollar into Jim's "There, you can buy Joe some hand. sequins and pendants of various sorts, nose vigorously, he walked away very tures, most of them being wholly novel poky ice-creams. Having finished these delicacies, he lay down in the

-It is rumored in trotting cfreles that there may be a match between ensemble, are lowered considerably to large sum to take place either in New conform to the strict law of propor- York or in Philadelphia. These horFASHION NOTES.

"-Colored satin straws are in great favor. The feather trimmings are put on quite at the back.

-The new cotton materials are legion in color and make, but pale pink and gray appear to be in the ascendant. Stripes of all widths predominates. One pretty variety has alternate stripes work white canvas. For cool morning or easy tennis wear these would look well.

-Striped moire and grenadine, in black or white for both day and evening gowns, are among the novelties, and also alternate stripes of moire and can understand how full my mind was jetted lace. Gray woolen materials are particularly popular, and many of them are mixed with broken checks. Some to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a have walstcoats, cuffs, and side panels large one, with eyes that would open of white cloth, braided with gray and and shut when you pulled a wire, and silver fancy braid; and in a few cases had it wrapped up in a paper and tuck- the braiding itself is carried out on ed it under my arm while I had the par- another shade of gray, or even on pale Then, late as it was, I started for home. and gives an uncommon look. The I might have been more prudent to color is laid as a band on the white stay until morning, but I felt anxious cloth, and then braided. Dark green to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's with white cloth vest, tan cloth band and oxidized silver braid, look well.

-Heliotrope is still the fashionable color, as it is considered in better taste for the street than pink or blue. The small capote is generally made to suit the costume, but is by no means an exclusive model. The large Directoire bonnet, with its protruding front, is quite as fashionable. As for bats, they are enormous and very heavily trimmed with feathers. But here, also, there is great variety, and we see small shapes, which look more fit for a boy's than a lady's head.

-The fashionable spring jacket is made tailor-fashion, tight-fitting at the back, with loose fronts. It is made of cloth or fancy woolen, to suit the dress. There is a small velvet collar, fastened at the neck, but the fronts remain open from the neck downward. by A. T. Paige, of Akron, O. The revers on the fronts and on the sleeves are of the woolen material, neatly stitched. Enormously large fancy metal buttons are placed in a row of three or five upon each side, but are not intended to be fastened.

-Black toilets will continue to be favored of fashion for all occasions and in all fabrics. Nothing will prevail against them, and for evening there are black toilets embroidered with gold, combined with gold-colored moire. One elegant model has a skirt of tulle, with panel of gold embroidery, a Valois corsage demidecollette, with a gold embroidered plastron, a flaring collarette spreading to the shoulders, and long sleeves, slashed from shoulder to When I am asked for my autograph spot where I thought a little child was wrist, and decorated with insertions of

-A stylish gown is of dove habit in deference to the wishes of owners of far from her friends, and has nothing to console her but the signatures of the trees, I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in across the shoulders, has a narrow that moaned and sobbed as I took it in across the shoulders, has a narrow that moaned and sobbed as I took it in across the shoulders, has a narrow that moaned and sobbed as I took it in across the shoulders, has a narrow that moaned and sobbed as I took it in across the shoulders, has a narrow that moaned and sobbed as I took it in across the shoulders, has a narrow that moaned and sobbed as I took it in across the shoulders, has a narrow that moaned and sobbed as I took it in across the shoulders, has a narrow that moaned and sobbed as I took it in across the shoulders, has a narrow that moaned and sobbed as I took it in across the shoulders, has a narrow that moaned and sobbed as I took it in across the shoulders, has a narrow that moaned and sobbed as I took it in across the shoulders, has a narrow that moaned and sobbed as I took it in across the shoulders, has a narrow that moaned and sobbed as I took it in across the shoulders, has a narrow that moaned and sobbed as I took it in across the shoulders, has a narrow that moaned and sobbed as I took it in across the shoulders, has a narrow that moaned and sobbed as I took it in across the shoulders, has a narrow that moaned and sobbed as I took it in the trees, I found a little dripping thing the cloth; the trees, I found a little dripping thing the cloth is the trees, I found a little dripping thing the cloth is the trees. my arms. I called my horse, and the vest of Lincoln-green velvet, a simibeast came to me, and I mounted and larly shaped piece at the back being farm of Foster & Wright, Mercer, Pa., tucked the little soaked thing under continued below the waist. The romising braided trimming is of blended red. green and gold, and is brought just to so tired, and pretty soon cried itself to the figure in front, with back to correspond, forming epaulette trimming on the shoulders. The skirt, gracefully draped, is simply pointed with the

-A checked tweed is in two colors. fawn, with a line of heliotrope, and is made up blended with plain fawn material. The bodice, of check, is cut almost on the bias, and has a waistcoat of the plain, with narrow overvest of heliotrope velvet and sleeves of quired with the advancing season. On the racing season of 1887. the right side the checked drapery hangs in a deep flounce, with sets of on the left side beneath a long coat drapery of check.

-French milliners have added to their dainty novelties very charming vests, fichus and collars made entirely of fine flowers and leaves, the fichus coming down to a point in front, where is set a graceful belt bouquet. from which fall trailing garlands of maidenhair fern, rose, sprays, arbutus vines in blossom, fern, fronds and animal, but for all that he is being other delicate greenary. For garden schooled for cross-country work, and parties there is nothing more effective jumps as well as the best of them. Ten and appropriate than these floral accessories added to a picturesque toilet of a couple of weeks ago, and the next ers and a lace parasol similarly adorned.

-Nothing could be prettier than the little frocks now on exhibition for wee girlies. Quaint, unique, picturesque and dainty-all these adjectives are quite appropriate in describing them. While there are no very decided changes from last season, yet what there are, are all in the way of improvement. Among the most important of the changes we note the abandonment of coat sleeves. This is as it should be, as the full sleeve gives the Bros., Columbus, Wis.; M. P. Longley, children a chance to use their arms freely, a thing they could not do with the coat sleeve, as their elders can all vouch for. -

-The inexhaustible fancy which has already designed so many different corsages is still at work preparing pretty novelties of delicate and beautiful summer fabrics. No matter how plainly made and draped the skirt to the custome may be, the bodice must ing less and less numerous. Even for stout figures, the waist must have the appearance of balance and have the large and less numerous are balance as a few days ago a colt by Duquesne, stout figures, the waist must have the large ago that he waist must have the be adorned. Plain corsages are becomappearance of being draped, if not ac-tually so, the modiste making use of appearance of being draped, if not actually so, the modiste making use of various devices for producing the draped effect, a pleasure of the second s draped effect, a plastron, a revers of 26. velvet, a fall of lace, or a lichu of un- Miss Russell and Addie are 25. Both equal length crossing the bodice diagonally.

-The Charter Oak Guaranteed stakes will be 10,000 as usual, for trotters eligible to the 2.20 class. The new stakes are entitled the Standard Guaranteed stakes for 2.30 trotters, valued sary to establish harmony in the tout Harry Wilkes and Prince Wilkes for a at \$3000, and the Insurance Guaranteed stakes for 2.20 pacers, valued at \$4000, making a total of \$17,000 for the three tion, which cannot be set at naught in ses ought to make a good race, and events. The entrance to each stake is one direction without exacting a coun- we would like to see them come to- 10 per cent. 2 per cent. payable at time of closing, May 14.

HORSE NOTES.

-Blue Rock, brother to Raceland, is well thought of.

-S. A. Tanner has moved his horses to Belmont Course.

-Gallifet continues to be the book favorite for the Kentucky Derby. -Erie, Pa., will hold a \$5000 sum-

mer meeting in June. -Jerome Whelpley will drive Nathan Straus' horses again this season.

-S. S. Brown's runners have been shipped from Mobile to Washington. -"Ike" Fleming jogs Major Dickerson's road team out to F.eetwood track

every fine day. -Gus Wilson, of Cleveland, has the blk. m. Josephine, by Kentucky Prince, in his stable.

-Peter Pollard, the well-known Baltimore horseman, spent most of the winter in New York. -Mr. Ellis D. Yarnall recently pur-

chased of George A. Singerly a brown gelding that can trot in 2.40. -Bookmakers report that there

never has been a spring when betting on the Kentucky was such a drug. -Robert Steel has purchased the bay mare Happy Maid, 2.80, by Happy Medium, dam Rosa Bonheur, from A.

Oliver. -Bankrupt was invincible at the New Orleans meeting. He did 1 mile and 70 yards the other day within 1 second of the record.

-Edmund Dwyer Gray, founder of the Dublin Sport, died on March 27. One of his last requests was that nothing should be written of him.

-The Dwyer contingent of 2 year olds, which have been wintering in Kentucky under Hannegan's care, will be shipped to New York.

-Ben Starr, trotting record 2.213 pacing record 2,201, by Tom Hazzard has been sold to a Boston man for \$3000

-The 3 year old colt Comrade, by Gideon; dam by Norten's Hambletonian, that made such a good showing in the 2 year old stake at Mystic Park, last season, died the last week in March at C. Gilmore's stable, Water-

ville, Me. -The blind stallion Scott's Thomas, 2.21, by General George H. Thomas, dam Lady Rice, by Whitehall, was kicked in the stiffe a few days ago while performing stud duty. The bone was broken and he is not expected to recover.

-An important change has been made in the Detroit programme for the summer trotting meeting, July 24 to 28. Purse \$2000, for 2.19 class pacers, will be for 2.28 pacers instead. This is

-The broodmare Rosa, by Roscoe, dam Vienna, by Vandal, died at the foaling a filly to Henry Wade, She was the dam of the well-known George Wilkes stallions, Barnie Wilkes and Wilkie Collins.

-The management at Clifton announces that a prize of \$1000 will be awarded to the jockey having the most wins at Clifton and Brighton Beach during the season of 1888, and one of \$500 to the jockey baving the second largest number of winning mounts.

-James McLaughlin was presented at the Star Theatre New York with several floral tributes and a gold and plain tweed to correspond. The style silver whip studded with precious of this skirt is specially suited to stones, the gift of R. K. Fox, as an lighter materials, such as will be re- emblem of the jockey championship for

The "good luck" which was proverbial last season with D. A. Honig, the gathers at the waist, while the long St. Louis turfman, appears to be on front drapery of plain material is the wane. First he lost the services of tucked under at the foot, losing itself his very able trainer, R. W. Thomas; then his promising filly Omaha died, followed by the death of the good colt Nan Leland, and now a dispatch comes from St. Louis announcing the death from pneumonia, after a few days illness, of Archie McDonald, his new trainer.

-Some of Corrigan's horses are equally at home on the flat or in going over the sticks. Irish Pat is a stake schooled for cross-country work, and Times won a hurdle race in great style lace or tinted mull over a silk slip; a week won just as easily on the flat, and quaint round but wreathed with flow- in pretty good time at that. Winslow is also a jumper as well as a fair flat performer.

> -The entries for the Clay stakes, Island Park's great \$8000 purse for the 3.00 class closed April 9th, and received eleven nominations, as follows. A. P. McDonald, Albany, N. Y.; A. W. Huburger, New Haven, Conn.; J. J. Bowen, Boston, Mass.; R. W. Hunt, Troy, N. Y.; J. E. Turner, Philadelphia, Pa.; D. De Noyelles, New York city; A. J. Russell, Albany, N. Y .; Mass.; John Trout, Boston, Lynn, Mass.; Pleasanton Stock Farm Co., San Francisco, Cal. The Clay stakes will be trotted the second day of the great Eastern circuit meeting, on June 13.

-Breeders have asked frequently at what age the average brood-mare will stop breeding. The question is one that can hardly be answered when such a mare as Jesse Pepper is still in the ranks. She is 29 years old, and foaled She is in foal to Messenger Duroc. of them are in foal to Electioneer. Maid of Clay is 32. She has not had a foal, however, since 1881, but was bred last season. Lady Fashion dropped George B. when she was 28. Death in the majority of the instances seems to

be the limit. The true nature of electricity will be understood when it is stated that an electrical signal will travel one thousand miles in less time than it takes a nerve tremor to traverse the human