And truly ours is hardest fate, Our lot more hopeless far, Who scarcely feel our lost estate, Or know what slaves we are.

Slaves to Life's thousand small demands, Its toil, its fret, its care: Slaves to our homes, our goods, our lands, Slaves to the clothes we wear!

Slaves to the cherished things we fold In careful closets shut,
The plate we store, the books we hold Too choice to read- or cut!

Slaves-ah, to what a host of things! Poor Gullivers would quake Beneath a web of threads and strings We know not how to break!

Give place, O "Tamerlane the Great," Sesostris, Ptolemy! I sing the bond to whose hard weight Your chains were liberty:

The yoke more strict than despot's thrall, More stern than rule of kings-The bardest tyranny of all, The tyranny of things!

A MISTAKE RECTIFIED.

"lnex, do you love him? He is almost a stranger to you. Do you love him?" The question was asked with drawn,

white lips, but the girl did not see them. She was blushing vividly, and her beautiful gray eyes were fastened on the spray of blossoms which she plucked nervously to pieces. "I-I think so, Cecil. I never saw

anybody like him, and he is so-so handsome! Yes, I think I love him. Will you tell him so?" "No, no, I will not tell him so. Go

out to him there, Inex, and tell him yourself. I will only pray God to keep you happy. Go now; I have work to

She went shyly out, wondering that Cecil Crane should ever be so busy as to send her from his presence, but forgetting all about it in a moment, and trembling with shy delight at the thought that Alton Forrest was waiting for assurance of her love.

Cecil, left behind, bowed his white face to his hands, and fought the passionate pain that smote him.

She was going out of his life at last -she whom he had hoped would never care to leave him. He had kept silent concerning his own love, thinking her too young to listen; and lo! another had spoken and she was gone out to the sunlight, to lay her hand in the hand of her lover, and be to Cecil Crane forever after only the fair young creature whom he had loved and lost,

He had loved her ever since that night, nine years before, when he had striven with others to save some of the passengers and crew of a vessel which was flung in fragments on the beach below, after being driven by tempest on the reef's cruel surface.

He had taken a heavy burden up the aid. it.was a dying mother and an un- as my love for you is, I cannot spare conscious child, locked fast in each you this,"

The mother lay in the graveyard, which he could see from his window, the child was grown to a fair and gracious maiden, and a stranger, pausing in the tiny hamlet beside the sea, had wooed her, won her, and would bear her away with him to his home afar.

A stranger had won her! Yet to save her life, nine years before, Cecil Crane had risked his own; and as he from all evil forever.

"Not love you?" he said, sadly. drew his hand over his forehead his fingers touched a long, livid scar, received by him that tempestuous night. when he, a stripling of seventeen, had taken the child from the locked, dead arms of its mother, and placed it in the tender ones of his own.

That scar he would carry with him ear, had come to him to ask, her hand! "Why did I never dream of this? Why did I not realize that other eyes than mine must see her beauty?" he cried, below his breath. "She seemed my own-given me by the waters. claimed by none for nine long years How will I live without her? will life be when she is no longer

He could not bear to dwell on that. Setting his teeth hard, he lifted his head and arose to his feet. Then he went out to where Inez was standing beside her lover ...

The handsome face of his unconscious rival was full of triumphant joy. It made Cecil's heart cold to see it, but he went quietly up to Aiton. "Mr. Forrest," he said, so clearly

and calmly that no one would fancy he was fresh from the most cruel blow fate could deal him, "Inez is young, and I ask you to wait a year before you claim her."

"A year!" cried the impetuous lover. his eyes darkening with discontent. "One is never too young to be happy, and Inez loves me. She will be happiest with me. I will not wait a year. Why should I?"

"Why?" repeated Cecil, slowly, with his grave eye on the handsome, flushed face, which, in his sight, lacked somewhat of strength and truth-"why? Because of your past I know too little to be glad to give into your keeping the young life it has been my care to render happy for nine years-because Inez is well worth waiting for, and if you love her truly you will wait."

"But you have not the right to decide for her-she is not akin to you!" broke out Alton, hotly. Inez laid her hand on her lover's arm.

a certain dignity about her, as she faced

brother ever was to sister, and if you love me, you will remember all I owe less laces, sets of precious stones and Cecil, and make him your friend. I the family jewels, would rather part from you now, and part forever, than know I had gone against the wishes of one to whom I owe my life and nine years of perfect happiness."
"I—I forgot that he had saved your cips.

life, stammered Alton. "But I will try to remember it. A year seems so long! But I can come often to see you, and you will write me every day, will you not? My beautiful love, I wish I could take you with me now; you have

bewitched me!" "Yes," muttered Cecil, as he walked on and left them-"yes, there is a spell on you now, Mr. Alton Forrest, but I read you wrongly, if you are not faith-less—if you have not so loved and so vowed before. For one year I will keep my sunbeam; then, if you prove true, you shall be free to take her from me, and I will dwell in my dark-

A week after, and Alton Forrest left the village beside the sea, vowing that he left his heart, every hope of his life behind him, and that he would soon return; but weeks drifted by, months followed, until six were told, and his face had not been seen by Inez. He wrote, it is true, at first often and fondly, then seldom and briefly, and Cecil, seeing, felt a hot resentment grow in his soul against the man whose indifference had paled the fair face of his darling, and brought that wistful, wait-

ing look, into her sweet eyes. "He has found another pretty face, and Inez will watch for him in vain," he told himself. "Thank heaven, I did not give her to him six months ago; better have her heart break for loss of him, than see her drag out the weary, dreary life of an unloved wife. Oh, how I would have cherished her, had

she given her young love to me!" Through all the days that came and went, he watched the flower-fair face lose its bloom, and the delicate lips lose their laughter; and in his heart he hated, with a fierce, overmastering hatred, the butterfly lover, who left his light kiss on the fairest blossom he had met, then flown away and forgotten, while the flower drooped, pining for the

light gauze of his wing.
She said nothing, but she was no longer the merry child, and her gray eyes grew yearning.

Cecil saw all, and when the letters wholly ceased, and he understood that Inez was wholly forsaken, he wrote to Alton Forrest himself-a letter which bore in every line a blow.

For answer he received a newspaper, with one paragraph marked with red

Alton Forrest was married, and the year which he had thought so long to wait for Inez had not yet passed. With his troth to her unbroken, he, who had wooed her so passionately but a few brief months before, was another's hus-

Cecil crushed the paper in his hand, and bent his face. "Oh, God! how can I tell her?" he

cried, hoarsely. A small hand stole across his forehead, lingering tenderly on the scar near the temple.

"Cecil, are you in trouble? Let me share it-let me soothe you if I can." It was Inez. She had glided in and stood near, fair, sweet, pale, but with her gray eyes steadfast and tender, as he lifted his own to them.

"Inez," he said, sadly, "my precious one, this trouble is not wholly mine! Would to God it were! You share it, wet sands and laid it down before the Inez. The heaviest part of it will fall throng of women who were there to on you. Dear as you are to me, great

She looked down in his face with startled eyes; her breath came rapidly, her hands trembled.

"You-you love me, Cecil?" she whispered, pantingly. "You did not mean that, did you? You do not love

He drew her suddenly into his arms, and held her to his bosom, as though he would fain keep her there, sheltered

"Not love you, when my heart has held you in it ever since I first saw you, a tiny child, with eyes like stars? My darling, through all those years you have seemed mine, although I said no word to you; and when Alton Forrest asked me for you, he asked for all the to his coffin; yet, a stranger, who had glory of my life. Dear, it was hard to only whispered low love-words at her give you to him, but I tried to do it in silence. I wished only your happiness; and now - now - Oh, my

Inez! He held her close, and she did not shrink from him. Her cheeks were crimson, her eyes were full of light. "And now, Cecil?" she whispered,

"Alton Forrest is married, Inez." She laughed, a low, musical laugh; and touched his cheek gently with her

"I am so glad!" she said, gaily. "I so feared he might want me to keep my promise to him, and I never loved him, Cecil. I was such a child, and his face was handsome. It was only when I began to think of going away from you that I knew how much you were to me. I have not grieved for Alton; I was trying to fight down my love for you. I did not think you cared for me, and I was very miserable. Cecil, I have never been so happy as I am now; I am so glad you love me."

"Inez, you are sure-sure? You do not say this all from pity? You love me-me, not Alton Forrest?"

"Not Alton Forrest, my Cecil," she hispered at his ear. "That was a whispered at his ear. girlish fartcy, and such things die. This is a woman's love, and such things never die." "My darling," he said, below his

breath, "my precious one-my own!" Engagements in France.

Engagements in France do not generally last very long, three or four months being often the limit, and this time is hardly sufficient to prepare the extensive trousseau required. The corbeille de mariage is an n ard of thing in our country, but it is essential in France. It is the gift of the future husband and his family, and must be "You do not quite understand," she furnished with all that is beautiful and said, gently. "Cecil has the right to costly. The cashmere shawls, the veldecide for me. He is more to me than vet dresses, diamonds and pearls are the first gifts, and then comes the price-

-Report has it that Blue Wing has developed a splint on the inside of his near foreleg, and that he will not start in the Brooklyn or Suburban handi-

THE BIG HORN HERMIT.

Living in the Mountain With a Pet Bear.

Few people can know of the strange things that we meet in the wilds of Wyoming. While hunting not long ago up in the very heart of the Big Horn mountains we came to a little open valley through which ran a stream of pure cold water. Following the stream up to its source we found a magnificent spring. The pool was six feet wide, seven or eight feet deep and so clear that every pebble on the bottom could be distinctly seen. Near the spring stood an old double cabin of rough-hewn logs, which we at first thought was uninhabited. On closer inspection, however, we found that somebody lived in it. We rapped on the door, but got no response, and we were about to turn away when a pet bear shambled up the path toward us and an old man clad almost entirely in skins of wild animals followed close behind the bear.

"Come here, Jacko," said the man, and don't be too free with the strangers. He won't hurt you, gentlemen, continued the old man, "but he is mighty free." The bear sat up and looked and then came up and smelled "Get out of the way, Jacko," said the old frontiersman, giving the brute a smart kick, "and mind your manners. Come in, gentlemen, and don't mind Jacko; he is my only companion, and he and I live here all alone. I expect I spoil him sometimes, but Jacko is a mighty smart bear and can do almost everything but talk. I got him when he was only a little cub up there on the mountain, and he is now over a year old. Go and lie down, Jacko," and the

bear did as he was bid. We were now in the cabin, and a strange place it was. An old fireplace, with a few pans and kettles, a rough table made of hewn logs and set up on stakes and three-legged stools completed the furniture. The earthen floor was covered with bear, wolf, fox and swift skins, and Jacko rested on the pelt of a magnificent grizzly, perhaps the hide of his own father. The walls were ornamented with skins hung up on pegs, and a dozen or more heads of elk, deer, bear, antelope, wolves and lions beautifully preserved looked down at us. The poise and expression of the heads were so lifelike they seemed as if about to spring from the walls. One huge wolf, a Rocky mountain lion and a swift had been stuffed entire and they looked as if alive. I expressed astonishment at the beautiful art of the taxidermist and the skill with which the work was done and the old man seemed pleased.

"I did it all," he said; "the winter nights are long and when I work it keeps me from getting lonesome."

Hearing me addressed by my companion by my military title, the old man looked hard at me and then asked

"Are you a soldier? In what army did, you serve during the war?" had served in the Army of the Potomac

for nearly three years. there too, and I remember you perfect- copper dish) is placed upon a carpet on ecru. ly well now. "Well, well," he con- the floor. On this are set two cakes of tinued, "it seems a long time since the unleavened bread covered with a cloth war, and I presume most of my old comrades are dead." He then told me silk on Sabbaths and festivals. Salt. the number of his regiment and com- onions, garlic and fruit are ranged had gone into service from Philadel-Before the war he was a furrier on Arch street, Ph ladelphia.

asked. "Not God-forsaken," he replied, "for we are almost face to face with God." "But what are you doing here living like a hermit?" I persisted. "Come, old comrade," I added kindly, "you

may trust me and give me your story." And he did tell it. It was one of the saddest tales I ever heard, and I should like to repeat it entire, only I don't think he would like me to do so. Suffice it to say he had a family-a young wife and two children-when he went into the army and left them behind in drink targe quantities of it without the great city. For a year or two all went well, and then he heard strange tales of his wife's infidelity. He did not believe them and served out his enlistment and returned home, only to find the stories he had heard were too true and his wife was living with another man. He took his children from her, cursed her and left, His children he left with his brother in Iowa and then came to the Rocky mountains. He had been for over twenty years in the valley where I found him, and said he never would leave it. I asked him if he did not want to see his children, and he said they were both married to good men, and would not want to see such an uncouth old creature as himself even if he did want to see them. He had given all his money and property to his brother for them and that ended it. He knew they were all right and he was glad of it. He preferred to be alone, for he had nothing now to

He cooked us some supper, and it was plain enough, but good. An ash cake, some fried deer meat and baked potatoes was all he had to offer, but it tasted good, and we washed our food down with a draught of sweet water from the

beautiful spring. After supper he took us into the adjoining cabin, and there I saw a sight I shall not soon forget. The walls were completly covered with heads beautifully done and wonderfully life-like. There were elk and deer with great antlers, and Rocky Mountain lions. I expressed my astonishment at the perfection of his work, and he said: "Time and our humanity." care does it. The winter evenings are long, and I spend much time at my work." I asked him where he got his skins, and he said he shot the animals. Formerly he killed a great many for sport, but now he killed only a few for food, and occasionally one for his pelt, I asked him how he tanned them, and he said an old Mexican named Pete, who lived over the mountain in another

valley, tanned them for him. Yes, once in a while he sold some stumbled on his place and caried away ses.

some of the heads. An English lord-Captain Grissell, or something of the

kind-had come last year and taken away most of his best heads and carried them to England.

Wouldn't we stay all night? It was late in the day and the paths in the mountains were uncertain. He could give us a fur bed and a pretty good breakfast of fat venison. If we would stay he would make Jacko dance for

It needed not much urging, for the clouds looked heavy in the west and evidently a storm was coming up. It was nearly dark, too, and thanking the ery. old hermit for his hospitality we gladly accepted the friendly shelter of his roof | ite material of the season for walking for the night, Then he brought in costumes. It fits well and makes up some pine logs, made up a good fire, fried some more potatoes and deer meat and baked some batter in a pan. After eating all we could hold he called up Jacko and made him dance, turn somersaults, tumble, open and shut the door, go for water, bring in wood and perform a number of tricks. Jacko was given his supper of cooked meat and put to bed in the corner.

"You don't know what a comfort Jacko is to me," said the old man. "He's just like a human being, only he's a deal better than some I have known. Jacko is honest, and we often talk together—that is, I talk to him, and sometimes I think he understands

me." "I smoke a good deal," he said, "and find my pipe company. There is lots of company in a pipe when I'm lonesome. Jacko smokes, or thinks he does." He then called up Jacko, made him sit up, put a pipe in his mouth and

went to his corner. talk about the battles he had been in. I had noticed he was slightly lame, and a simple toilet. he showed me where he had been shot in the leg at Antietam. I told him he was entitled to a pension, and should get it for his children, if not for himsaid: "I have all I need. I have done with the world. Jacko and I will stay here and not bother about anything,"

I was a little afraid of that bear, but the old man assured me he would not move out of his corner until morning, and he did not.

Next morning, after a hearty breakfast, we left him at the door of his lonely cabin, and Jacko turned several somersaults of delight, as if he was glad we were going, and no doubt he

Jewish Highlanders in the Caucasus.

fond of green stuff, consuming it in a slight V in the neck above a silk 2.161, by Epaulette, 2,191. id you serve during the war?" quantities that amaze a stranger. In tucker. The basque then fastens over I gave him my name and told him I partaking of food, as in the mode of a silk vest that is long on the hips service, the old Jewish customs are and extends around to the sides of the strictly followed. A wooden platter postillion. The silk composing the ciation will be held at Buffalo, under "My God!" he exclaimed. "I was (or, if a guest be present, a handsome vest and tucker is usually white or the auspices of the International Fair, -woolen on ordinary occasions, but of pany and the names of his officers. He round the bread, and all sit down upon the floor. The master pours water over phia and had been all through the war, his two hands, recites a blessing, then uncovers the bread, breaks the upper loaf into as many pieces as there are "What are you doing out here all males present, and gives each one a alone in this God-forsaken place?" I piece. The pieces are dipped into salt three times and eaten. The second loaf is then served in like fashion and here, General, amid these mountains distributed among the females. The mistress of the house brings in the first dish hersels; then, if a stranger be present, veils and withdraws. Everything is put on the table, or rather on the noor, at once, and it is customary to take a little of each dish served. When roast meats are eaten, a sharp piece of wood is employed as an aid to the fingers, but ordinary fingers alone are de rigueur. The highland Jews prepare an excellent "mountain dew," seeming to experience any intoxicating effects.

The American Deputation.

Joseph Leroux, of Versailles, France, writes Mr. Cremer after his return to England: "You will not have passed useless in this life. The work you have been doing will reckon in the march of humanity. I salute you and send you my hearty felicitations. When I look here in France, or in England, or elsewhere, in the other countries, I do not see a man that has been as faithful and as daring for the idea that illuminates him as you. You have been always the lighthouse, which you and I and so many see forward : peace before your eyes. You have stepped forward and taken our sacred idea ahead. Be thanked and thanked again. I have read with tears in the eyes your journey to America. Lots of good work done, ideas fixed that were only floating, practical perception of our ideas. The mist disappearing and the sun full of brilliance appearing to a whole lot of men, they seeing peace practicable. A lot of warmth, of goodness, of fraternity developed by your move. how many millions of men are suffering actually from the abominations wars, how many are under its threats and will lose their lives in that absurd, abominable, criminal slaughter. Blessed be those that like you are putting their soul, their intelligence, wolves, foxes, swifts, antelopes, bears their time, to have this darkness, this horror, away from our earth, from

-Russell Railey, of Kentucky, sold in Philadelphia the brown saddle geldbuys for the London (Eng.) market, which requires horses with plenty of action. Price, \$600.

-Racing does not appear to thrive town lots. heads to get flour, ammunition and to- go to Walla Walla, where there is more

FASHION NOTES.

-The bodice is long-waisted, in spite of the influence of "La Tosca." -We do not believe there will be any return to the Empire style, which | not take place until June. places the waistband just under the arms and takes all grace and elegance from the female figure.

-Two, or at most three, steel circles are placed in the upper part of the underskirt, and none at all in the lower part. The redingote style prevails, with loose fronts and little or no drap-

-Fine lady's cloth is still the favormost distingue costumes. Mouse-gray and gray and white are fashionable combinations.

-The new balayeuses are exceedingly pretty. They are made of black or colored glace silk, according to the color of the dress or its degree of ele-gance. Instead of being pinked out, they are now edged with a moire ribbon of the color of the silk. There is no hem. It is sufficient to fold back the material on the right side and to apply the ribbon over it.

-There is also a new style of pocket handkerchief. It is of white cambric. with a narrow strip of insertion above the hem, and lace frilling round the The old man had some tobacco and edge. Both the insertion and frilling corncob pipes, and he offered us each are black. They are of Chantilly, or imitation. Some have the lace frilling only, and no insertion. The name or mitials are worked in black silk in im-

itation of writing. -Turned-down collarettes and frillings are taking the place of the turnedplaced his hat on the bear's head. The up collar. One of the prettiest models bear made a funny picture. "Come of this kind consists of a double frilland give me a hug and go to bed, ing of white crepe scalloped out round Jacko," said the old man, and the bear | the edge, with white, blue, red or black came and gave him a hug and then silk. This frilling is sewed on inside and turned back on the outside. The We sat quite late into the night talk- same trimming is put on round the ing of the war. The old man loved to edge of the sleeves. This trimming is a mere trifle, but it is a pretty finish to

-Fancy woolens in small checks of mixed colors are in high favor. The underskirt is of silk, the slightly draped overskirt of the checked maelf. He shook his head sadly and terial; the bodice comes down just a little beyond the waist, and is buttoned straight down in front. The out-ofdoor jacket is of the same material, tight-fitting at the back with loose fronts. It has a collar and revers of velvet, and is fastened at the neck only; but on each side there is a row of very large ornamental buttons. This jacket is lined with fancy striped silk.

-Basques are lavishly trimmed, and are exhibited in countless varities. Velvet basques to be worn with light skirts have a Pompadour neck filled in with crepe, which also forms the puffed sleeve below the velvet one vandyked at the elbow. A neat design for a The Caucasian Jews are inordinately dressy costume shows a basque open in the noted pacing mare Bessie M.,

_Bodices which have the sides prolonged into panels that fall straight 2 and 3 year olds belonging to the from the belt to the hem of the skirt Dwyer Bros,, have arrived at New will be a feature of costumes again coming to women of stout figure to be relinquished. These long, straight panels are, in fact, very graceful upon most women; and upon handsome white dresses of sheer wool or of organdie, Indian muslin, batiste and the like will be shaped and decorated in various novel ways. These panels are noted upon tea.gowns of China siik; foulared and faille very recently imported.

-A walking-dress for the morning is of rust-colored cloth. A more elegant one is of beaver-brown cashmere, and it is expected that Mr. Carr will opening over a skirt of the same color, composed of strips of faille, alternating with strips of embroidered ribbon. Jacket to match, with collar and revers of velvet. And for the evening a dress of rose-colored bengaline and tulle; the bodice opens into a point in front, and is of bengaline and deeply peaked. There is a planted plastron of pink tulle in front, which is finished at the waist under a bow of ribbon. The pointed opening of the bodice is trimmed with a deep frilling of the handleap: Rightaway, Blue Wing, Los rose-colored tulle turned down and slightly gathered. The sleeves are fin- Gray, Elgin, Santalene, Hinda, Tom ished at the elbow with a similar frilling and bow of ribbon.

-New embroideries are shown in are still fifty-four left eligible to start. forty and forty-two inches width. They will be in very general demand for white dresses, and draperies will be made of them to wear over skirts of white India linen, with a narrow flounce around the bottom. Trimmings are to be in general favor, and when one looks through the assortments of elegant novelties in the importers' cases there is no reason for wonder why it is so, for such an array of beautiful things no novice would ever dream of. Metal threads and metai cords and tinsel will be more popular than ever before in the history of trimmings. They are of much better quality, and are of such exquisite designs and so perfectly finished that they are attractive even to look at, to say nothing of the pleasure of wearing them. There are passementeries, with bullion and cord, the spaces filled up with flowers of fine velvet. The bul- and already the names of fifteen 2.30 lion is sewed over the flowers, and forms veins and markings, and adds immeasurably to the richness and effect of the garniture. There are metal embroideries on felt, or heavy flannel, performer or cashmere. They have an under surdead: face of gilt jersey net, the embroidery being wrought through the net and the dannel or felt. This gives a brilliant and showy surface, even where there is no embroidery. The beauty of the fining Headlight to a Mr. Phillips, who ished trimming can scarcely be imagined. There are entire waist garnitures made of gold and silver cords. The two are placed side by side, and of these the design is wrought. in Oregon. The track buildings at trimming, covers the front of the waist Pendleton are being torn down, and to the point of the vest. There are pieces the entire prem'ses will be laid out in that passes around the front and at the Trainers are compelled to back, and meet under the arms, and there is a long V for the middle of the bacco, and once in a while hunters entergrise and more interest felt in hor- back. This is one of the choicest of the new importations.

HORSE NOTES.

-John Sheppard, of Boston, is slowly regaining health.

-The opening at Point Breeze will

-Macey Brothers, Versailles, Ky., have sold the gray gelding King Clifton, record 2.30.

-Elkwood has come with a rush from 45 down to 10 to 1 in the Brooklyn Handicap betting. -The brood mare Carrie P. died at

the Meadowthorpe Farm, near Lexing--The veteran steeplechaser, Aurelian died at Louisville the third week

in April. -Bob Miles promises to become a noted performer over the sticks. -Hanover's reported breakdown

caused a ripple of excitement in racing circles. -The running colt Sid has won every race he started for at Bay District track, San Francisco.

-The ex-champion, Freeland, now 10 years old, is worked regularly at cross-country jumping.

-Volante, Miss Ford and Wonder land came out of the Ash Forks Railroad accident all right.

-The Board of Appeals of the American Trotting Association will meet at Chicago, Ill., on May 1.

-Frank Rector has twelve of William Disston's trotters at Belmont Course. Fiction (2.291) is one of the -Mayflower, dam of Wildflower,

2.21, and Manzanita, 2.16, foaled a bay filly by Electricity at Palo Alto on -R. C. Pate, at one time a promi-

nent turfman, is the starter at Mem-

-Work on the Cape May track, suspended by cold weather, has been resumed.

-Green B. Morris says that Sir Dixon may start in the Kentucky Derby. -The bay horse Wilkelay, foaled

1884, by Red Wilkes, dam Fanny Clay, owned by C. H. Nelson, Waterville. Me., died of lung fever the third week in April.

-W. C. France mourns the loss of Prince Red, full brother to Prince Wilkes 2.16. -J. A. Goldsmith has sold the bay

mare Sister, 2.194, by Admiral, dam Flora, to W. Corbitt, who will breed her to Guy Wilkes. _J. H. Goldsmith has Silver Thread, 2.184; Libbie S., 2.194; Atlantic, 2.21; Gene Smith, 2.221; William, 2.321, and

several others. -C. A. Bradenburgh, of the Dime Museum, lost recently a fine foal out of

-The next meeting of the New York State Trotting Horse Breeders' Assoon September 11, 12, 13 and 14. -Inspector B. Pontiac and sixtee

York from Kentucky. Pontiac is all next season. The style is far too be- right, and Inspetor B. may, with careful, work, again see the post, -The Hinsdale Horse, 2.44, died April 10 at Ox Bow, N. Y. He was twenty seven years old, and sire of

Deck Wright, 2.19; Mattie K., 2.24; Wilbur F., 2.24; N. J. Fuller, 2.26; and many others near 2.30. -President Johnston, of the National Trotting Association, has appointed, Messrs. Strickland, Archer, Delano, Mitchell and Smith as members of the Board of Review at the Chicago meeting. Mr. Smith cannot attend.

fill his place. -The yearling colt out of Messenger Girl, sired by Red Wilkes, has been named Fitler. The grand dam of Fitler is the dam of Prince Wilkes, and the sire of Prince Wilkes is the sire of Fitler, thus making the little fellow the step-nephew of the great Prince, he being out of the Prince's half sister.

-The following horses have been officially declared out of the Kentucky Angeles, Wonderland, Winona, Jm Martin, Bonita, Kirklin, Contraband and G. W. Cook. With these out there

-G. M. Irwin has the following horses at Belmont Course: B. g. Merchantville, 2.341; ch. m. Lady 2.291; r. g. Nonpareil; br. s. Elf King (pacer); b. s. Vallet; blk. g. Charley Allen; b. m. Helen R., 2.341; b. g. Starlight (pacer) 2.38½, ch. g. Playboy; br. g. Soltaire, 2.38½; g. g. Dan, 2.42½, and a bay pacer.

-At the Fleetwood Course, New York Jerome, Whepley has Majolica, 2.15; Pottery Girl, 2.34, and A. W. Richmond. H. L. Hurd has ch. m. Jessie 2.22, and Beaconsfield, 2 27. Weeks has Six Walter, Jr., 2:184, and Queen Wilkes, 2.234. W. Burndge is training six green ones that are doing well. Charles Davidson has Cuba, Little Dan and several others.

-Death has been busy among the trotters since the beginning of the year, performers, ten sires of speed, and five producing dams have been reported. At least one-half of these died at a good old age. The following are the 2.30 performers that have been reported

Clemmie G. 2.15% Jersey Prince. 2.27%
Scott's Thomas. 2.21
Unalala. 2.20%
Esie Good. 2.23%
Rexford. 2.24
Cuitton Bell. 2.25%
Hall's Mohawk Jr. 2.26.
Loss Joseph Girl. 2.20%
Lossing Nor. 2.20%

-The annual report issued to Par-liament on the subject of horse breeding in India shows that at the close of last year the number of stallions employed was as follows: In the Bengal Presidency, thoroughbred English 69; half-bred English and Norfolk trotters. 136; Australian, 2; Arab, 71; Persian, 1; Studbred, 29; Pegu, 0; total, 308. In the Bombay Presidency there were 79