

Sour Grapes.

"The melancholy days" are here— I mean, you know, it's May— When winter things look mighty queer, And furs must pack away; When every shop has blossomed out With all the Spring's new styles, And hats and gowns begin to sprout Along the way for miles. My last year's wrap is trimmed with lace, And jet is now the rage; My hat's not tall enough for grace, My bonnet shows its age; The very buttons on my suit Are out of vogue completely; The very pattern of my boot Escapes the style quite fealty. My parasol, unlike the shad, Has bones indeed too few; Nor is my bag the latest fad Since Russia gives the cue. My tourneur is not quite the thing, My ulster has no cape— In fact, the fads of the Spring To me are all sour grapes. I will not care what's worn to-day, The poets of the woods Are singing such a roundelay, But not about dry goods; The May flowers have not changed their suit In color or in sheen, And every young and tender shoot Still wears the same old green.

A BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

In as nearly his own language as I can remember it, this is the story, and I have no doubt the true story, that Peter Landis, a clerk at the East St. Louis stock yards, told to me. People who picture a bloodhound as a mastiff magnified about two diameters, tawny colored, with a muzzle like a keg, and paws the size of small hams, have derived their idea from Uncle Tom's Cabin troupes, and know nothing about the real article. Bloodhounds are used in the penal institutions of all the southern states, but nowhere as extensively as in Texas, where the raising of them and their sale to sheriffs and wardens forms quite an industry. I happen to know a good deal about the beasts, although I was never a dog fancier or an officer. The truth is I was a convict.

I look back on it with sorrow, but without shame, for I was convicted of something I do not consider a crime. I had been employed as a cow puncher on a ranch south of Fort Worth, on the Rio Grande, and we were taking a bunch of cattle north to the Panhandle district. At a little town called Hayman Junction a sheriff's posse stopped us to look for some stolen horses, and one of the deputies claimed my pony. I had raised the animal from a colt, but the deputy was obstinate, so we had words, and he finally snatched up a Winchester. I protest I had no wish to hurt the man, but I believed I was in danger, and, to make a long story short, I shot him in the shoulder. I was arrested, tried, and, in spite of all my friends could do, sentenced to the Northern penitentiary for two years. The charge was "assault with intent to do great bodily harm," and there was considerable prejudice against cowboys in the place where I was tried.

I had never been a bad young fellow, and this was heartbreaking to me, but I had still my self respect and determined to serve out my sentence patiently. The penitentiary was at Huntsville, 400 miles away by rail, and there were eighteen of us to go. The method used in transporting us is the method still in vogue in Texas, and I challenge penal history, with the exception of those of the galleys of Toulon, to furnish a parallel to it in brutality. Iron collars, weighing at least five pounds, were riveted around our necks, we were stood in double file and then yanked, two and two, to a long chain that ran down the center. Imagine a vertebra with eighteen ribs, and one has a fair idea of the arrangement, but no words can convey the sense of degradation, the brutalizing horror and shame that even the most callous feel upon becoming part of this sad and sinister procession. Handcuffs were snapped on each man and, bending and stumbling under our chains, we were driven through the jeering crowd up to a smoking car side tracked for us, and the journey began.

It was a terrible one. The central chain was long enough to stretch from seat to seat as we sat, two abreast and nine rows deep, but if any man moved his head he would jerk the necks of those before and behind him, and a quiver would pass along the whole line. In fact, the last two men were chained up so short that they could barely sit on the extreme edge of their seat by craning their necks as far front as possible, and in this posture they rode the whole 400 miles. To sleep was out of the question, and when one moved the whole clanking, cursing, miserable mass moved with him. We got some bread and meat once on the trip, which lasted exactly twenty-six hours.

When we finally reached Huntsville, I was trembling like a child, tears of sheer agony were running down my face, and I tried as best I could with my manacled hands to hold the cruel collar away from my neck, which it had chafed raw. The rest of the men were in scarcely better shape, and our joints were so stiff from sitting nearly motionless for a day and a night, that we could not get out of the car. As we were getting out of the car I stumbled and pulled over another man, half strangling myself at the same time. Instantly the nearest guard rained down a shower of kicks upon me.

"I've noticed you shaming," he shouted. "Wait till we get you in the walls." "The walls" was the slang name for the prison, and this little episode fixed my status. I was reported as a sly, cunning rascal, fond of subterfuge, and in this light my conduct was viewed, and all my little mistakes and failures were prejudged. It was not long before the constant misery of my life blotted out every sentiment except a dull determination to escape at the first opportunity. I was put to work for a while in the stove factory at Huntsville, but as the summer opened a gang of us were let out to a contractor to work in a wood camp about fifty miles away. "Be careful of this man," said one of the deputies, pointing me out to the contractor; "he's a slick con and apt to make you trouble."

"I'll bore a hole through him if he does," replied the other. So with this recommendation I was introduced to the camp. It lay in the midst of a thick belt of woods, and was guarded by a cordon of sentries, exactly as a military post. The men slept in log barracks, and the work consisted altogether of chopping and cording. The tasks were severe, the punishments excessive, and the food and sanitary arrangements of the place abominable. Although chains and shackles were dispensed with, there were no escapes, for not only were the guards instructed to fire unhesitatingly in such a case, but in one corner of the camp was a kennel containing twenty bloodhounds. None of the convicts were allowed to give these dogs food or become familiar with them on pain of a lashing, but I often saw them, and they looked very much like setters, dead liver colored, small in size and sleek of hide, with rather sharp pointed noses. There was nothing at all formidable about their appearance, but dreadful stories were circulated of their ferocity.

Fall was coming on and it was getting cold, when one evening I escaped. It was unexpected. I had gravitated into a water carrier, and had gone, just about dusk, to a spring near the outskirts of the camp. As I neared it the guard at that point passed me and said as he passed me: "Jim, I'm glad you're here. I've been feeling sick." Then it flashed on me that he mistook me in the gloom for the relief guard; it was a chance that might never come again. I dropped by bucket and quickly walked away.

Now, this was my position; I was in a wood in a strange, thinly settled country that I did not know, I had a convict's stripes on my back, and not a cent or a weapon in my pocket, and I knew that my absence was sure to be discovered in less than an hour, when the roll would be called. They were long chances, but death, it seemed to me, would be preferable to recapture and punishment. The thing was to put as much space as possible between myself and the camp before the alarm, and I plunged ahead, taking a southerly direction from the stars. I chose the thick of the wood rather than the open, for from the time I passed the guard the bloodhounds had never been out of my mind an instant, and I knew that the trees would seriously embarrass the riders who follow the pack. It is generally supposed that bloodhounds track and tree fugitives long before the pursuing party comes up, and in matters of fact, the riders always aim to be right on the flanks of the dogs. There is a good deal of underbrush and it was hard progress, but excitement kept me up, and I never paused until I reached a clearing a good six miles away, where I threw myself down and listened. The wind was still yet, the night was full of the interminable stir of the woods, the flutter of leaves, the snapping of twigs, and the scamper of some belated squirrel, and in every sound I fancied I could hear the faint, far baying of the hounds. Stories I had heard in camp of the savage beasts swarming over poor wretches and tearing them open as they fought, came back to me, and every revolting detail leaped into horrid pictures in my mind until my scalp began to creep and sweat started out all over me like water. It had grown very dark, but I divined into the woods again, thrusting my hands in front of me to keep the branches out of my eyes.

I kept on pretty steadily all night, and when morning dawned it found me on the fringes of the wood belt, with a sparsely grown, undulating country before me. There was a thicket near by; I crept into it and panted there for a while. I was dead tired, and my feet were swollen so that my shoes seemed bursting; but I could not sleep for the haunting thought of those dogs yelping along my trail, and getting nearer and nearer. I made a club from the knob of a tree, and dragged myself on. It could be tedious to rehearse the experiences of that day and the next in detail. I was weakened by punishment and bad food, and fatigue began to tell terribly upon me. I slept in uneasy snatches, waking with a start, and took extraordinary pains to break my trail, swinging from branches of trees and jumping from stumps. My brain was so distraught and preyed upon that often I stopped stock still with the agonizing conviction that the hounds were right behind me, and at times I could make sure I saw them crashing through the underbrush. On the second day, when I was half famished, I managed by great good luck to knock over a rabbit, and ate some of it raw, carrying the rest with me. On the third day I had as yet seen no house, but struck into a disused road, which made me hopeful that there were some habitation near. I had determined to throw myself on the mercy of the first man I met.

It must have been about noon, while I was passing through a well wooded strip, that I heard a mournful note that made me hear stand still. It was no hallucination this time, but the unmistakable wail of bloodhounds that I had heard often enough from their kennel in the camp. As I stood there, terror stricken and thrilling, the baying sounded again, now right at hand, and an instant later, three dogs appeared over a little rise and made straight at me. There was no tree near large enough to bear me, so I gripped my bludgeon and prepared to fight. But when the dogs came within a dozen feet they stopped and began to fawn and wag their tails. They were hounds from the camp—they wore the Long Star collar—but it was plain they wanted to be friends even with such a poor wretch as I. Then I noticed that the brutes were staring and trembling and threw them half my rabbit. By the time they devoured it I was patting their heads and they were licking my hands.

My theory was then, and is now, that early in the chase the rest of the hounds took the wrong trail, and these three alone stuck to the right one. Their famished condition lent itself to this conclusion, at any rate. I never saw or heard of the rest of the pack or any of the guards. But I soon found that bloodhounds are not to be despised as travelling companions, for I wandered aimlessly for eight days longer, and had it not been for them, would most certainly have starved. They ran down rabbits for me, and one day, by great

chance or dexterity, caught a wild turkey, and thus we managed to keep alive. At night time we all slept in a heap, and the dogs kept me warm. Moreover, I knew that it would be impossible for any one to surprise me before they would give the alarm.

On the eleventh day out I and my three bloodhounds walked into a cow camp, and when the good natured cow punchers heard my story and satisfied themselves that I had been one of them once upon a time, they undertook to split me over the state line. I hated to part with the dogs, for we had conceived a great esteem for each other; but the cowboys kept them as loot, and, I afterwards learned, sold one of them for \$75 to an English tourist. After a couple of months of vicissitudes I made my way north, and, although the authorities of Texas have assured me that there will be no effort made to prosecute or rearrest me, I have never had any craving to visit the Lone Star state.

A HORSE-THIEF'S TALK.

He Tells Why and How He Got into the Profession.

According to a report from Brooklyn a wild and picturesque horse-thief, who roamed about this and contiguous States with his flowing and capacious garments full of modern agencies of destruction, was arrested three weeks ago by Detectives Anderson and Miller and locked up in Raymond street jail. He pleaded guilty in the Court of Sessions before Judge Moore to the charge of stealing the horse of Miss Bessie Hartshorn, a School Trustee of the village of Locust Grove, near Rahway, N. J., and was remanded to await sentence. His name he gave as Charles Marron, which the local chronicler of his dashing career intimated was fictitious.

In the long list of baneful things that Mr. Marron was accused of having stored away in the labyrinthine folds of his attire were two 44-caliber revolvers, a big bowie-knife, two jimmies, a box of matches, a tin of kerosene and a bottle of chloroform. When all these dangerous instruments had been taken from him the other day, a young man from the Sun bearded him in his cell and was locked up with Mr. Marron for an hour.

Mr. Marron's cell is No. 27, the last one on the second tier. As the door closed with a metallic click the misty silhouette of a man of the medium height arose from the shadowed end of the cell. The man came toward the grated door into the light and showed himself. In a little while the prisoner and his visitor were talking freely, and the subject of horse-thieving. While Mr. Marron was talking he nervously worked his hands as if he had hold of a pair of reins and was urging a reluctant horse to "get up." He did this intermittently during the interview. There was nothing about him suggesting Western picturesqueness or wildness except a red flannel shirt. But as he is a blacksmith, this is hardly worth mentioning. He has a rather frank face. The expression of his mouth was hid under a bristly iron-gray mustache. Two big upper front teeth disclose themselves when he smiles, and project beyond the lower lip and give him the aspect of a man whose prehensile fingers may have had a strain of squirrel in it. His distinguishing features are his eyes. They are pale gray and rather large. That is the total of their similarity. The right one has a startled look. The lid shows a tendency to quiver and half close itself every now and then. The pupil lurks near the outer corner of the orb, as if it were apprehensive of attack from the rear, and were always ready to look back. The other eye is well-behaved and perfectly respectable. It even has a strong suggestion of frankness. It does its level best to offset the effect of its disreputable neighbor. The reporter respected Mr. Marron at the beginning of the talk to be perfectly frank. Mr. Marron answered that if there was one vice he hated it was lying; the double-barreled epithet of "liar and horse-thief" could not be hurled at him.

"Are you a Western man?" I asked. The voracious horse-stealer took up his imaginary reins, fingered them a moment, and joggled along thus: "No, sir; I was born in Westchester County, near Yonkers, forty-two years ago. I have never been in the West."

"What made you take to horse-stealing?" "Well, I didn't make enough money in my little saloon, Bennett, street to support my wife and two children decently, so I thought I'd go into some sort of thieving to help things along. I never thought I had skill enough for a burglar, but I was a pretty good judge of horses, having shod a great many, and so I determined to be a horse-thief. I stole my first horse in the summer of 1887. There was a big demand for horses by the Italians that got their repairing done at my shop. Most of them were junkmen, and not as honest as they might be. They said they could sell all the horses I got for 'em. I don't remember how many I stole, but I guess about fifteen, and as many light wagons and buggies, too."

"How did you feel stealing your first horse?" "I was very anxious to make a success of it. I must say I was a little nervous and bungled some in getting the horse out of the barn and hitching him up. But after I had stolen two or three I began to feel easy. The thought that I was doing wrong did not worry me any. I don't believe in worrying about anything. I started from Jersey City by rail and rode to some village within about a hundred miles of Brooklyn. I loafed about the village hotel a little while and found out who had the best horses in the neighborhood. Then I went and took a look at the barn where the horses were, noting by a pocket compass I always carried the direction of the barn from the village. I returned to Brooklyn that night and stayed at my shop and worked all the next day, if I had any work to do. In the afternoon I took a train to the village, and found the village folks were in bed. I walked out to the barn I had looked at the day before. I took along a jimmy to pry open doors that were locked, a dark

lantern to examine the horses with and a bull-dog revolver."

"Did you ever use the revolver?" "No, sir; I carried it to frighten off any body who might take it into his head to pursue me."

"Did you ever steal two horses at once?" "No, sir; I never took more'n one horse from a barn, and if a man had only one horse, I went to some other man who had horses to spare. I was never mean enough to steal a man's last horse. But I always took the youngest and best horse in the barn, because I could get more for him, and because the farmer wouldn't be likely to overtake me if he started out on any of the horses I left behind. I always took a carriage or wagon. After I had got into the barn I would go into the stalls and flash the lantern on the horses to find out what they were worth. I also picked out the best harness and a couple of good blankets. I then hitched the horse to the wagon or buggy and drove off, keeping my eyes peeled and my ears open for pursuers. I never was chased that I know of. I always started for Brooklyn, but sometimes it would take me two days to get there. I got one horse as far down as Fort Washington, in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, from a man named J. V. Stout. But I did the most of my work in Orange County, in this State. Once I took something out of my line. It was a dollar alarm clock, and I found it in a school-house in Locust Grove, near Rahway. That was the time I took Miss Hartshorn's horse. The night I went down there to steal the horse was stormy and the roads were bad. So I had to postpone the job until next night. I went to the village school-house, pried open the door and slept there until morning. I noticed the clock on the desk, and I set the alarm so I would be sure to be waked up before the school teacher came. I thought the clock was a handy thing to have and I took it."

"How much did you get for the horses and vehicles?"

"From \$40 to \$50 for the horses, and from \$15 to \$35 for the buggies and wagons. The Italians who live in the neighborhood of my shop bought the horses. They sold 'em again for twice as much as they gave me. I sold the wagons at auction. Altogether I made nearly \$1,200. I sent all of it but what I needed to live on to my wife and children in Ulster County. They were sick most all the time, and they needed all I could give them. I sent them up there to my mother-in-law just after I began thieving, as I didn't want my wife to find out how I was earning a living. Some of the Italians gave me away, or I wouldn't have been arrested. Most of the people from whom I stole the horses got them back. I gave a list of the places where I had been to the detectives, and they found out the names of the owners. Of course I had to give away the Italians that I sold the horses to; but I didn't care about that, as some of them had given me away."

A Great Joke.

"The funniest thing happened last night," said a merry-looking gentleman, as he ran up to Desk Sergeant Hughes at the armory to-day. "It was the greatest joke. Hal ha!"

"Well, what was it?" "My name is H. T. Green. I keep a cigar store on South Clark street, Chicago. Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the matter with you?" "Burglars broke into my store last night, Ha, ha, ha!" and Mr. Green burst into a spasm of laughter. "I don't see much to laugh about," said Hughes. "What did they get?" "Only two boxes of cigars. It was the greatest joke. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, that wasn't much; but I don't see the joke."

"Don't you? Well, the cigars were loaded—about two drachms of powder in each. I'd like to see those fellows try to break into some house while they were smoking some of them."

Officer Murphy entered the station at this moment, dragging a dirty-faced ur-hin by the collar. They boy was kicking and screaming like a trooper. "Book this bve fer shootin' craps," said Murphy. "It's a purty chase ye gave me, ye omadhaun."

The little gamin made a grimace at Murphy, borrowed a match from a bystander, and drawing a cigar from his pocket began to smoke in placid contentment. "What's your name?" asked the sergeant. "Bang!" the cigar burst with a sound like a dynamite bomb. One piece hit Murphy in the eye, and the frightened lad fell to the floor as though he was shot. Mr. Green was the only self-possessioned person in the room, and he forgot his self possession in a spasm of laughter.

"Better—ha, ha!—book him for—ha, ha!—burglary, too, Mr. Hughes," he gasped, as he rolled in a chair and caught his breath. Desk Sergeant Hughes took the hint and half a dozen loaded cigars were taken from the lad's pocket and filed as evidence against him.

The Gem of the Collection.

I know a small boy of tender years who is going to give himself an awful lot of trouble when he grows up. He has developed a strong taste for mementoes, and he keeps them all carefully. We all keep mementoes when we are young. But this small boy keeps a book in which he records in full detail what those mementoes are, as, for example: "A stone taken from the lot where Mr. June's new house is built." "A piece of red wood picked up in the back yard of Mrs. Fraberty's cottage." The book is full of this kind of thing. He was showing his treasures to his uncle, and, having explained everything as it came up, he reached a thin strip of redwood. "What's this?" asked his uncle, handling it very irreverently. The boy seized it. "That! That is dearer to me than all my life." "Bless my soul! What is it?" "That is a piece of a stick with which we killed a coot!"

FASHION NOTES.

—Although most ladies prefer wool dresses for traveling, silk and wool combinations are often used for such toils this season.

—New black silk jerseys, elaborately braided, fasten with one button, and then round off over a vest of white pilot cloth closed with handsome pearl buttons.

—New combinations of soft, subdued coloring appear in stripes of rose-wood and lead color, cream and peach, plum and rose color, pale brick and oldgold.

—Some round straw hats are covered with point d'esprit lace and trimmed with hilles of the valley, corn flowers, jonquils or white and blue violets. These are very pretty for young girls.

—Although the turnedup collar has not completely disappeared from our toilets, a great many of the new summer dresses are made not quite so high in the neck, and with a turned-down frilling of plaited tulle or lace.

—Evening dresses of diaphanous materials and light colors, rosecolor and applegreen having a decided preference, while pure white is very much in advance of green, although the latter is probably most becoming to the majority.

—Basques are lavishly trimmed, and are exhibited in countless varieties. 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 vaned at the elbow.

—Bonnets and hats are bewildering in their variety of styles. The capote is much worn. The favorite shape has a low crown, and comes in all kinds of fancy braids, often two or three kinds and colors combined. They are trimmed with exquisitely delicate flowers, with lace and with net and embroidered tulle and gauze.

—The black lace bonnet has still many admirers. It is made with full frills of lace all around, and between the tulle or lace are dainty racy frills and clusters of multi-colored or banksia roses, or of violets and forget-me-nots, with foliage and grasses.

—Some of the hats have large, square crowns and broad brims twisted and turned up in eccentric and snappy fashion. Flowers in a bright profusion trim one side of such a hat, or long ostrich plumes drooping on the neck. Others with protruding front of golden-brown fancy straw have a tuft of gold-plated feathers on the top of the crown.

—A new style of very elegant walking costumes are made of light-colored woolen tissues, with designs exactly copied from ancient cashmere shawls, brocaded over the plain ground in soft, subdued shades of coloring. For instance, one of light buff cashmere has the front and one side brocaded with cashmere patterns. The bodice, in the shape of an open jacket, has the back plain and the front brocaded; it opens over a draped plastron of soft pale-blue silk.

—White flowers are in great favor, but as green is the color most specially in vogue this season they are generally chosen of greenish hue—that is, before they are full blown. Especially pretty are clusters of half-opened Guelder roses, green tinted at the top; white rose-buds are also prettily grouped with a few green petals and green leaves. Large broad-brimmed black straw hats are trimmed with clusters of white and greenish flows and loops of faille ribbon to match.

—Many caprices are introduced "just for the summer," which are not likely to be permanently adopted, yet demand the faithful chronicler's attention. Such is the fancy for omitting the high collar of the basque and leaving the neck uncovered to the collar-bone, with a turn-down plaiting of the dress goods to finish the neck of the dress. A fold or ruching of crepe lisse or lace can be worn inside. This is a fashion becoming only to those who have short, fair and smooth necks; all others need a high collar to fill up the deficiency.

—A pretty summer costume for a girl her teens is a brown and beige checked fancy woolen material, and plain beige tissue to match. The checked skirt falls in ample folds; the tunic forms a draped tabler and small puff; the bodice is a long-waisted jacket, tight-fitting at the back, slanted off at the sides, and remaining entirely open over a full chemise of embroidered material. Toca hat of buff straw, trimmed with buff ribbon, and a cluster of greenish hoblossoms.

—Beautiful toilets are worn at the matinees and 8 o'clock teas. The style of these is in many instances that of the Empire. The Josephine gown continues to be in favor for parties and drawing-rooms. In the streets a sash often gives the effect of a shorter waist, and loiter on the round waist with belt or sash will be much worn. The tournure is fast collapsing. In some costumes there is only the bouffant drapery, held out by steels, which are by no means so wide of curve as formerly. Very tight coat-leaves are no longer worn. Sleeves are often slashed or open part of the way, or worn only to the elbow. There are shoulderpieces often braided or embroidered. With the street costume is worn a lace, silk or jet mantle, small, fitting closely behind, with shoulderpieces and pointed tabs in front. Some of these pretty visitors are of lace with open Juive sleeves of silk or velvet, and underneath a puffed sleeve of lace like the long ends in front. Ribbons of moire or potted-faille trim many of the mantles and also the lace dresses very profusely. The street parasols are still of plain black, red, black and white, or changeable moire silks, with very handsome handles; but the parasols to be carried in carriages are elaborate affairs—airy with Chantilly lace, or else covered with flowers inside and out. Some of them have garlands of small flowers outlining each whalebone rib. Clusters of flowers are seen at the top.

HORSE NOTES.

—Libbie S., 2.19, has been bred. —Montreal is to have a new race course.

—Wash Woodruff has Brandy Boy, record 2.20. —A. J. Cassatt will return to America in August. —A driving club has been formed at Burlington, N. J. —Red Light trotted a mile in 2.20 at Louisville recently. —Emperor of Norfolk has won nine races and about \$35,000 so far this season.

—It is said that Gossip, Jr., was "played" for a winner at Point Brezes on July 4. —Johnston and Arrow are barred from the free-for-all pacing race at Island Park. —Janet, a brother to French Park, sold for \$1600 after winning a selling race at Chicago.

—The managers of Point Brezes Course should try to get the soil of their track more solid and springy. —The Chicago Stable lost seventeen races and about \$15,000 before winning once at the Chicago meeting. —Crescendo, by Mambrino Dudley, dropped into the 2.30 list at Boston recently, acquiring a record of 2.28. —The br. a. Cumberland, foaled 1892, by Aberdeen, dam Susetta, by Belmont, died on June 26 of pneumonia. —Sally C. won the free-for-all pacing race at Derby the last week in July, defeating Silver Threads and Honesty.

—Blue Wing is now in Louis Martin's stable at Brighton Beach, taking daily sea baths for the benefit of his legs. —Jay-Eye-Sec received a bad gash in the muscles of one of his forelegs at Hickory Grove recently. He was playing in his paddock and came in contact with a barb wire fence that incloses his pasture.

—W. H. Wilson, of Abdallah Park, Cynthiana, Ky., has sold for something over \$1000 to Hubinger Brothers, of New Haven, Conn., the bay colt Permissious, 3 years old, by Simmons, dam Nora B., by Administrator.

—The horse-breeders of Montana want a separate fund for the prosecution of thieves and the stamping out of glanders. The tax they are now required to pay is used largely for the protection of the cattle interest.

—The Asot grand stand was first opened to the public in 1859, and the funds to erect it were raised by 100 shares of £100 each, of which £5 were to be paid off every year; so that at the end of twenty years the stand was free from debt.

—The Belmont Course will have a great double-team race in the course of a few weeks. Charles Bookus, James E. Cooper, David Nicholas and the "farmer's" team have already promised to enter, and they are all anxious to have a race and Indian Joe in.

—The Interstate Fair is debating whether to build a mile or a half-mile track on its grounds at Trenton. The Fair will be held on October 2, 3, 4 and 5, and not less than \$8000 will be given in purses for the trotters. —Jerome Whelpley has taken his stable of trotters—which contains Malocha, 2:15; Bertha, by Blue Bull; Red Star, by A. W. Richmond, and three others—from Fleetwood to Parkville, and will work them over the Parkville Farm track.

—A ten-mile trotting race for \$200 a side between F. P. Barrows' Jim and Thomas Russell's Hampton was prohibited at Plainville, Conn., by State Agent Thrall lately on the ground that it was too hot, and would be cruelty to the horses.

—A division of E. J. Baldwin's Santa Anita stable have arrived at Monmouth Park under the care of Bob Campbell, the trainer. They consist of Estrella, Grisetta, Los Angeles, Lillic, California, and the 2 year olds Alabo, Rosebud and Paolo.

—The famous pacing mare Buffalo Girl, 2:12, has foaled a bay colt by Jerome Eddy, 2:16, at the Jewett Farm. W. B. McDonald, who owns the colt, has named him Eddy Mac.

—Only seventeen horses out of the Detroit sixty entered in the three colt stakes, to be trotted for during the fall meeting, failed to make good the second payment; nine in the J. L. Hudson stake for 2-year-olds; five in the Hotel Cadillac stakes for 3-year-olds; three in the B. Strub Brewing Company stake for 4-year-olds.

—Mr. Alexander has been fortunate with the choice mares which he sent from Woodburn to Palo Alto to be bred to Electioneer. Miss Russell, dam of Maud S., has dropped a bay filly by Electioneer; Bicara, dam of Pancoat, a bay filly by Electioneer; Lady Russell, sister of Maud S., a bay colt by Electioneer, and Nutula, sister of Nutwood, has foaled a bay filly by Electioneer.

—The Spirit of the Times this week publishes an excellent sketch of The Bard in action, and, commencing on it, says: "It is common to see pictures of horses in repose, but among critics the horse is more highly appreciated when in action. It may be almost said that every horse has individual peculiarities of action that render him marked. Of no horse is this more true than of The Bard. His action is the perfection of a "mud horse," inasmuch as he is not a great strider, but his stride is so close together that he is almost unbeatable in muddy or slippery ground, although on a deep track he has never been at home. Mr. Still has made a departure in this picture from the accepted ideal which has for years been to draw horses as they appeared to the naked eye, but unfortunately this has been exaggerated, until it has become the custom to draw a horse stretched so wide apart as to become a monstrosity. If horses galloped in the attitude generally depicted they would break their backs. Consequently they are an absurdity. If a horse once got his fore and hind legs so far apart as illustrated in some of the pictures he would never be able to get them back again."