The Song of the Birds.

Hear the song that the birdies tell-Chink-chink-chink-a-cheel Clear and sweet as a silvery bell, Hiding there in the mossy dell-Chink-chink-a-chee, a-chee!

"Under my wings are eggs of blue, Chink-chink-chink-a-cheel Eggs of the prettiest possible hue, Safely hidden from rain and dew, C_ink-chink-a-chee, a-cheef

"Five little birds there soon will be, Chink-chink-chink-a-cheel Babies five to be fed by me, Watched and guarded in this old tree, Chink-chink-a-chee, a-chee!

"The happiest bird in the world am hink-chink-a-cheel Chink Soon shall I sing a lullaby, Hushing my bables when they cry, Chink-chink-a-chee, a-chee!'

This is the song the birdies tell,-Chink-chink-chink-a-cheel In voices sweet as a silvery bell, Hiding there in the mossy dell, Chink-chink-a-chee, a-chee!

PAUL'S DOG BRUCE.

"That dog has got to get out of this to-morrow, and that's all there is about 11122 "Father!"

"There! I don't want to hear a word. I tell you the dog is going, and that ends the whole thing. I hate dogs, always did hate them and always will.

The beautiful St. Bernard standing before the kitchen fire looking up into his master's face showed very plainly that he knew what was going on. His tail that had been wagging dropped between his legs, and he went behind a chair as if to hide himself from sight.

"Look at that!" continued Mr. Wilkins, angrily, as he shook out a coat that had been hanging over his arm and exposed a great rent. "Look at it! That miserable dog did that."

He tossed the garment on the back of a chair with an expression of disgust.

"Now, John," began Mrs. Wilkins, soothingly, "you wouldn't break the boy's heart, would you? I have really become quite fond of Bruce myself, and I don't believe he would bite any one-unless it was a tramp or a thief. Why, the dog has grown up with our boys, and Paul would ____ "

"I tell you he is no use!" broke in Mr. Wilkins, impatiently. "I detest get there as fast as I can. Give me the dog. What good is he to us? Why, he eats more than all the rest of us put together. He'll eat us out of house and home before long."

Paul's eyes filled with tears. He threw hunself on the floor and buried his face in the dog's shaggy coat. Bruce lifted his head and licked the

hand that fell over his neck. "Farmer Jones will call to-morrow

and take the dog away," announced the father, as he marched out of the house and slammed the door behind him.

Paul broke into a fit of sobbing until the dog's hair was wet with tears. His mother looked at him for a

thy was touched, for he said, not un-

their heads, and oh! how cold it was! "Father, you are freezing!" cried "What's the use of making so much fuss about a miserable dog? I didn't the boy, who, wrapped up as he was in the big coat, was shivering himself, suppose you cared so much as all that. The dog will have a good home with "Here, take it; I can get along." "No, no, I am all right," protested Farmer Jones, and _____ Just then his eyes fell upon the torn coat, and he Mr. Wilkins, clapping his hands to get

An hour passed, and his legs and

arms were growing numb. But still he

"Father in heaven, have mercy!" he

As if it was an answer to his prayer,

a dark form suddenly threw itself up

against the drift, and a great mass of

faces. Then there was a howl which

mingled with the blast, and the St.

Bernard barked and jumped with de-

if anybody can. Father, we are saved!

It was with difficulty that Mr. Wil-

Then the boy fumbled in his pockets

and brought out a piece of strong twine,

one end of which he tied to the dog's

"Now, Bruce, home, sir-home!" The dog understood. He sniffed the

snow, shook himself, and started off,

Paul following and leading his father.

Bruce's instinct was true, and in a few

minutes he led them up to the door, and

father and son stumbled into the kitch-

"Bruce," said Mr. Wilkins, when he

was able to sit up-"Bruce, come here,

The St. Bernard got up slowly and walked over to him. Mr. Wilkins took

the dog's head between his hands and

At all events the dog understood, for

"I sent him," said Mrs. Wilkins.

"I was afraid you would lose your way,

he wagged his tail furiously. Mother

en in a half-frozen condition.

kins could gain his feet, but, aided by

Come, let me help you up."

Paul, he succeeded.

his intelligent eyes.

snow?

smiled.

"Bruce, dear old Bruce! He is here

prayed. "Send us help! Save us from

dared not face the awful blast.

this terrible death!"

light.

collar.

added, emphatically, "I won't have such a destructive animal around any up a circulation. But his blue lips and trembling form told too plainly of his suffering. The

longer." mild weather had lured him from the "The flour is out, John," said his wife. "If you want hot biscuit for house without extra clothing. His son was right. He was gradually but suresupper you had better send some down." "I'll send a bag home by Paul before inner," was the reply. "I can't get dinner," was the reply. "I can't get in a barrel to-day. The clerk is too prive his son of the coat, for it meant death to him.

busy. This fine weather is bringing all the farmers into town. Did you ever see such splendid weather in winter before?"

kindly:

"It is aimost as balmy as spring." "Yes, and it looks like a regular Jannary thaw. Paul, you had better come along to the store with me. There is lots of business to-day.".

The boy brushed away his tears, slowly got up from the floor and drew on his overcoat. Bruce shook himself and prepared to follow his young master.

"Oh, I don't mean you. You stay here," growled Mr. Wilkins, with a to save us!" exclaimed Paul, throwing his arms about the dog's neck and cryscowl, and the dog sneaked back being for joy. "Bruce can take us home hind the chair and stretched himself out again.

It was indeed a beautiful morning, The warm rays of the sun were melting the snow, and a gentle breeze blew from the south. The store was not over a quarter of a mile from their house, and Mr. Wilkins and his son

walked up the road and turned into the main street, upon which the store was located.

"Look, father, see that funny cloud?" said Paul, as he pointed to a dark patch in the northwest.

"Yes, I saw it a little while ago. It doesn't amount to much, I guess." Paul's thoughts were so bound up in Bruce and he was kept so busy about

the store that he forgot all about the cloud, and it was some time afterwards that he heard his father remark to the clerk:

"I wonder what makes it so dark?" "It is curious," replied the latter, jumping over the counter and looking out of the door. "Why," he exclaimed, "the sky is black!"

Just then a customer came in.

"You might as well shut up shop and go home," he said. "I am going to bent down over it. Was it a tear that five pounds of sugar, quick. There is the biggest blizzard you ever saw coming.

Paul ran outside.

The gentle wind had ceased, and in its place was a perfect and ominous calm. It was very dark.

"I have always hated dogs, but-but I don't now," he said. "Bruce, you "Yes, it does look like a blizzard," remarked his father; "but I reckon have been our salvation. How did you there is no hurry. Luckily, I have got my coal-bin full." ever find us?"

There was still considerable work to be done about the store, and another and I told Bruce to find you and bring two hours passed before all were startled by a furious gust of wind which shook the whole building.

Paul again ran to the door and open-

nothing. The snow still whirled about tion in any form, and make this disclosure in the interest of honesty." The inspector thanked his fair infor-

mant, and promised that he would make a thorough investigation of the

When the two suspected females had received their baggage upon the wharf the inspector proceeded to make a most

careful search of their contents, but found no trace of valuables. The inspector thought this was only a blind to throw him off the scent, and he asked an inspectress to search the persons ly freezing. He realized it fully, and it frightened him. Still, he could not de- not a shadow of anything dutiable was found. It now began to dawn upon the mind of the inspector that he had been

tricked by the gay eavesdropper, and that she was probably the one who was trying to defraud the government, and not the two ordinary looking females who had been under suspicion. It was a neat little game to throw off suspicion, but will never be worked again on the same inspector. It was afterward learned that the two women were

shaggy hair scattered the snow in their | Chicago school teachers who had been abroad spending their summer vacation. They felt very much embarrassed at the attention they received at the hands of the officers, and were at a loss to fathom its meaning. The poor old pedagogues probably never had a dis-

honest thought enter their heads. An amusing incident occurred four or five weeks ago on board a Cunarder, when two finely dressed ladies declared that they had nothing in their posses sion upon which any impost duty should be levied. A few moments after taking the oath they were seen in close consultation, and their actions indicated that they had under consideration a matter of momentous importance. Finally, one of them accosted the customs officer, and said: "I guess I've made a mistake in declaring as I did, as we have several articles in our trunks which should pay duty." It is no un-

usual occurrence to find these conscience stricken people. A little dumpy kind of a man at-

tempted to run in three new ulsters a Mrs. Wilkins hovered over them short time ago as part of his own wearwith tearful eyes, rubbing their hands ing apparel. When his trunk was openand feet with coarse flannel and pouring the hottest of coffee down their ed and the garments taken out, he was throats, while the dog crouched on the asked if he intended to wear the "topfloor and watched every movement with | pers" himself.

"Certainly I do," he replied.

"I don't think the tailor gave you a

very good fit, will you try one of them "They were all made from the pattern of this one I have on," and the little man turned around twice. **1 don't see the necessity of going to the sparkled on it, or was it but melted trouble of finding out whether the others fit me."

"I am sure the tailor must have made a mistake," persisted the inspector,

"and I shall insist upon you giving me and son looked at each other and some evidence that he did not."

The little man tried every way to satisfy the inspector that the coats were for his own use, but failing drew forth one of the heavy garments and little man had disappeared. The top of heats, has been increased to \$5000. you home. And he seemed to under- his hat and the toes of his shoes were all that could be seen of him.

"What's the lightest you'll let me off for?" softly asked the little man

HORSE NOTES.

-French Park has won nearly \$15,000.

-Harry Wilkes has developed splint.

-Sire Brothers want to sell Rosalind Wilkes.

-Jockey Godfrey is no longer with Mr. Belmont's stable -The pacer Grover C. is said to have

shown a mile recently in 2.17.

-White Stockings was bought for a small price out of a carload of Western horses. -There are more horses at Saratoga

than ever before in the history of the association.

-A. Loudon Snowden hastraded his blk. m. Bessie for the br. g. Limerick, record 2.334.

-Nobby is just about to begin work again after a let-up consequent on hitting himself.

-Mary Mambrino, dam of Beatrice (the dam of Patron), died recently near Lexington, Ky.

-There will be ten days of running and trotting races at Augusta, Ga., beginning October 10.

-The Illinois pacer Frank Champ, 2.161, recently changed hands. The consideration was \$3000.

--Utica's terms of entrance to the coming Grand Circuit races have been reduced from 10 to 8 per cent.

-Six Dixon is now the largest winner of the season, and his sire, Billet, is at the head of winning stallions.

-Sam Bryant savs that Proctor Knott will be sent to Monmouth Course to run in the Junior Champion stakes.

-The black pacing gelding Jersey Boy, 2.22¹/₂ by Paul Jones, has been purchased by Alfred Post, of Chicago, from J. S. Coates, Goshen, N. Y.

-Viking, the renowned son of Belmont and Waterwitch, has been sold by Isaiah Thomas, of Goffstown, N. H., to F. H. Foster, of Richmond, P. Q., for \$15,000.

-Samuel McMillan, owner of Governor Hill, 2,191, announces that he will match that horse for \$1000 a side. owners to drive, against any other trotter in the world.

- R. Porter Ashe has presented to Mrs. Langtry the silver cup awarded by the Monmouth Park Association to the winner of the match race between Mr. Ashe's Geraldine and Fred Gebhard's Rosarium.

-Efforts are being made in New England to get up a sweepstakes race between Viking, 2.20; Charley Wilkes, 2.251; Nelson, 2 211, and other fast stallions. It is proposed that each owner subscribe \$5000.

-The double-team race in the Buffalo programme has been stricken out, and a purse of \$2000 for 4 year olds crawled into it. It was like drawing a and under has been substituted. The salt bag over a crochet needle. The purse for open to all trotters, mile

> -A plan to swindle the bookmakers at Monmouth Park by means of forged | edged with real Valenciennes.

FASHION NOTES.

-There is great scope for choice of materials in the pretty light and thin woolens that are supplied at all good drapery establishments, and are very serviceable; also in the multitude of zephyrs and cambrics, plain and embroidered.

-The lingeris is delicate, being especially remarkable for its simplicity and good taste. A matinee of deep terra cotta plush, opening over a full vest of flesh colored silk, held in place by bands of gold embroidery, was very effective.

-Upon straw hats there are perfect masses of flowers, principally young ivy leaves and opening rosebuds. The flexible stems, fresh foliage and scarcely formed buds are so perfectly imitated as to look quite natural; one would think they had just been plucked by an unwary hand. Upon our bonnets they are most gracefully effective, coming out of folds of black tulle or loops of ribbon finely striped over a light ground.

-For traveling, excursions in the country and morning walks on the beach, the sailor costume is still in favor, but not as exclusively so as it has been of late years. It is made chiefly of summer serge or light cloth. either plain or checked; the bodice is trimmed with soutache, braid or galloons, with plastrons between large revers; large buttons are made of leather with patterns imitating wrought iron. The leather belt is fastened with a buckle of wrought iron in the Egyptian Assyrian or Russian style,

-Small capotes of flowers are charming, but rather fragile, and always extremely dressy. They are worn for visiting, weddings, races, and for driving in a private carriage; they are made either with or without strings. Some have the crown composed of foliage, with a border of nowers; others are of white puffed tulle, over which it would seem a careless hand had strewn anybow a profusion of long stemmed Russian violets, with an aigrette of the same, mixed with golden buttercups in front; the strings of green velvet; or else the capote is of openwork yellow straw, trimmed with small, blue cornflowers, a bow of black moire ribbon and black stripes.

-Nearly all the French chemises are sacqueshaped, slightly fitted to the figure, with very short sleeves, which become mere bands upon the shoulders. They are cut V-shaped back and front, or round in front and pointed in the back. Some are in the Recamier style, draped with a fullness from the shoulder, after the manner of the garment in the famous portrait by David. These chemises are trimmed with insertions and edgings of French Valenciennes lace, run through with tiny ribbons of any color preferred. Chemises of linen cambric or linen batiste are sometimes made with square fronts of insertion below the bands. Some of the prettlest shapes are finished with doublehemmed ruffles of linen cambric, tickets was recently nipped in the bud | Through these ruffles narrow ribbons by the arrest of Edward Carrigan and | are run to draw the gat -Belted waists are a novelty on long coats and cloaks of Suede colored or copper colored woven wools in wide diagonals. The belt is of embroidered gallooon and the same galloon edges the lapped fronts of the waist, also the collar and cuffs. On tightly fitted long coats the embroidery extends hadf way up the waist in inverted V-shape, and the collar of embroidery extends almost to meet it. Long silk cloaks for driving wraps are light and protect the wearer from dust, enveloping the whole costume. They are made of brown, dark blue or gray striped silks of light quality, plaited to a high collar or yoke in the fashion of Irish cloaks, but they have a separate front like that of the Russian circular, over which the arms pass, yet are still cov-ered by the full sides. A belt or girddle of passementerie holds the back in place, then disappears under the sides and crosses the separate inner front. -A very pretty street dress for a young lady is made of gray Henrietta cloth; skirt in side plaits; long draped apron, the lower edge finished with picked-out rose ruching. The vest front plaited in the upper portion, left full over the bust, and again plaited at the waist, where a wide belt in three folds crosses over the plaits. Below this is a short section of the goods, shirred into the apron, which falls to the bottom of the dress. The body and back draperies are in princess style, the fronts being cut away from the collar in a graduated line to the second dart at the belt. Loops of ribbons are set inside of the fronts, and a bow is set at one side where the apron is caught up in looped folds. The edges of the princess body from collar to the bottom of the skirt are edged with an embroidered pattern in oakleaf design, the leaves overlapping each other. The bottom of the skirt has braided designs in pyramid shape, and the collar, cuffs and tops of the sleeves have similar Belle Donne, a bay, bred by Mr. Chap-lin in 1885, a daughter of Hermit-Bennie Doon, by Rapid Rhone. The other mare is Viola, a brown bred in 1885 by Mr. Rothschild, and is by Kis-the skirt. -Very dressy mantles combine colored camel's hair and black lace-in-deed, it is a Parisian fancy to use black lace with various kinds of wool. For instance, apple green camel's hair, covered with black net that is dotted with gold beads, forms the sides to short mantles that have V-shaped vens stakes at Monmouth course the last week in July, Prince Royal, with 123 pounds, and Darlington, with 108, being the only contestantt. There was virtually no betting, as the boekmakers virtually no betting, as the boekmakers virtually in the prince's the mantles that have V-shaped fronts and backs almost covered with a fine cording of gold. Copper colored wools are used in the same way. Bre-telle mantles are the new small designs for completing any summer tollet and are made of a little black net with on Monday, July 23, from the effects of lockjaw brought about from a cut he received in a race last week. He was a bay, bred in 1844, by King Ban, from Herzegovina, by Waverly. He raced as Safe Ban until the Brooklyn autumn front and back, and then spreading out below in full, fanbasque shape. The ribbon bretelles edge these V-shaped capes. They are tied in a knot or bow, with many drooping loops on the shoulders, and are then folded to taper to the waist line in front and back, where they meet a ribbon belt.

ment in silence, and then went about | ed it. had really made up his mind that nothing in the course of ordinary events ground was white with it. would change it, and perhaps she thought it best that her son should have his cry out at once.

The home of the Wilkins family was in a little village of Dakota. John Wilkins had settled there with his wife and son Paul, now a boy of fourteen, hoping to grow up and prosper with the country.

He had met with moderate success. for R---- was the centre of a populous farming region, and John Wilkins' general store was the base of supplies for the surrounding country.

He sold everything in the way of groceries and dry goods and boots and The thermometer had fallen in an hour shoes, and when money was scarce accepted grain in exchange for his goods, and sent it to market over the branch railroad which tapped the village.

The one other member of the family was Bruce, the splendid great St. Bernard, which had been given to Paul while a puppy.

Mr. Wilkins' brother had sent the little, shaggy ball of fat by express, from Chicago, with a note which read:

"Here is a present for Paul. Bruce is a pure St. Bernard, and will make a spiendid and valuable dog. He will grow as strong as a lion. Treat him kindly, and he will watch over your interests better than any two-legged animal you can hire."

Mr. Wilkins' brother thought he was doing a kindness in sending the and without a word drew out a handdog, but Mr. Wilkins could not see it that way.

"Bill always was a queer fellow," he growled. "What did he want to send him here for when he knows I always hated dogs?"

"But he didn't send him to you. The dog is mine," cried Paul.

"Well, see that you take care of him then, for I won't. I suppose we'll thinking of t have to keep him that he's here, but it them at home. won't be for long, I tell you," and Mr. Wilkins shook his head with a knowing smile.

But Bruce remained and grew up just as Paul's uncle said he would. The boy and dog became inseparable himself, anxiously, shading his eyes companions. Mr. Wilkins grumbled occasionally and threatened now and then to "poison that brute," but he never undertook to put his threats into a great stone. execution, and Paul had almost ceased ""Why, we are out of the road! We to pay any attention to them. But are wandering in a field!" he cried, in when his father announced in his posi- alarm. And then, with the suddenable.

"Poor Bruce! They are going to take you away from me," moaned the

The dog patted the floor softly with his tail at the sound of his young

"Perhaps—perhaps your father will relent," faltered his mother after a time. She could not give much time. She could not give much comfort, for she did not herself believe what she was saying. "Dry your eyes, Paul, and let's hope for the best."

A tremendous gale was blowing her work. She knew if her husband from the northwest, and a cloud of snow blew in before its icy breath. The "Gracious! It is on us, sure en

oughl" exclaimed Mr. Wilkins. ** 7 had no idea it was storming so. We must be getting out of this."

He went behind the counter for a small bag of flour, and then went into a back room for an old overcoat that hung there.

"You can close up the store as soon as you like," he said to the clerk, "Here, Paul, throw this over your shoulders and come along."

Mr. Wilkins led the way into the open air. The blizzard had come with a rush.

away down below zero. The snow was drove the minute particles of ice with

needles. Had there been a cloud burst the snow could not have come down faster. It was so fine and thick that it was impossible to see a rod away.

It already covered the ground to a considerable depth and was drifting badly. Paul had not gone a dozen rods before he found himself almost unable to breathe. He had drawn the icy particles into his lungs, and was actually suffocating in the open air.

He tried to cry out, but could only tug at his father's arm. His father saw at a glance what was the matter. kerchief and bound it tightly about the boy's mouth and nose. Then, throwing away the flour, which was becom-

ing too burdensome, he took his son by the hand and led him along. It was the hardest kind of work to

keep their feet in the driving storm. The cold wind pierced them to the

bones, but they struggled bravely on,

Home! Where was it? The longer they walked the further they seemed to

be away from it. "Where are we? We must be near the house," murmured Mr. Wilkins to

tive way that the dog must go he ness of despair, he exclaimed, "We are knew that the decision was unalter- all turned around! We are lost in the

blizzard What was to be done? It was use ess to wander on at random-Mr.

Wilkins had had enough experience to know that—and selecting a drift of snow which had been packed in as hard

"Dig, Paull Dig a hole in it!" he

cried The boy realized the situation at

once. He had heard many stories of

"Noble Bruce, noble Bruce!" repeat-1 her husband, "Bruce must have a d her husband. good supper to-night,"

"Poor old dog! And he has got to go off to-morrow," said Paul, tenderly. "Hey. What's that? Go off to-

morrow? Well, I guess not!" "Oh, then he can stay?" cried the

stand everything I said."

boy, eagerly. 'Stay! Well, I should say he could. and he can tear up a coat every day if he wants to, and I won't say a word." And the dog understood that, too,

and his joyful bark mingled with Paul's happy shouts.

SMUGGLED GOODS.

Travellers Who Try to Evade the Cus tom House Duties.

An inspector of customs who has grown round shouldered in the business as fine as sand, and the furious gale of reconnoitering from smuggled goods was asked the other day to relate a few blinding force until they cut like sharp of his experiences during his long term of service in the government's employ. After allowing his memory to drift backward a few years he rallied, and first instanced the case of a lady who resides on Beacon street.

"She is," said he, "as rich as Crossus, and is a shining, mark in her philanthropic work. No one gives more liberally to the cause of charity. No one dispenses with a freer hand means for spreading the Gospel in heathen lands. She bears the reputation of being a large hearted, full souled Christian lady. Yet she swore falsely, as I believe, to the boarding officer. She declared she had nothing in her possession of a dutiable nature. There was something about the woman's actions, however, that awakened suspicion. A careful examination of her trunks apparently verified her statement. There remained, however, a lingering doubt that she was trying to deceive. Acting upon this misglving she was asked to step inthinking of the warm fire awaiting to a small room near by, which is used for the purpose of examining female where there are fewer atmospheric passengers whose truthfulness has been challenged. Under her garments were

found forty four yards of fine black Lyons silk. The fabric had been basted to her petticoat. She seemed overcome with embarrassment when the dis- The horse has had a quarter crack for covery was made. Her only excuse was the very 'thin' one that she was not | in his legs and was rapidly getting in aware the silk was dutiable. She was not asked why she concealed it. Is roy made a duel of it from the start, there any gauge by which the incon-sistency displayed by this woman can the backstretch they had a big gap be measured?

About two years ago, while an in-spector was making his rounds among the passengers, a tall, good looking, finely dressed lady nudged him in the ribs and softly whispered "Can I see you privately a few moments? She the horse was seen to stop, and Donoyou privately a few moments? She motioned the inspector to one side, at the same time keeping her eyes fixed upon two plainly dressed women who were standing together near the com-panion way. 'I want to tell you," be-gan the pretty siren, 'that the two women you see over there have made a false declaration. Their stateroom was next to mine, and L overheard them on probable that Storm is out of pocket next to mine, and I overheard them on probable that Storm is out of pocket "No, no, he means it this time," cried the boy, bursting into another flood of tears. The door opened and Mr. Wilkins came in again. He stood in silence looking at the boy and listening to his convulsive sobs. Perhaps his sympa-

The account was made out and he paid without a whimper.

Two howling dudes were found one day standing over their traps looking about in a sneering, contemptuous manner at the scenes the new world presented at the landing of an ocean steamship. They were the cream of swelldom. When the inspector approached them and asked to have their trunks unlocked they seemed beset with astonishment.

"I beg pahdon, but what did you say, sir?" queried one of them.

"Open your trunks, I want to in-

spect your baggage." At this the spokesman of the two threw a bunch of keys upon the wharf

and said.

"Hopen the trunks yourself, fellow," "Lift the lids of those trunks in half a minute or they go to the appraiser's store," quietly remarked the inspector. "Gentlemen at ome don't do this kind of work. What blawsted customs you ave ere, to be sure that requiah a gentleman to do a valet's

He opened his trunks, however, taking this first lesson in democracy in the land of freedom.

labah."

Pastel Painting in England.

Pastel painting is once more finding patrons in England. The splendid por-traits which Alfred Stevens lately exhibited in Brussels were enough to make fashionable people eager to revive the art. In Paris there is a society of pastel painters. One of the members, M. ther agreed to provide "Knap" with a beauty of the colors, and hence pastel painting, having to depend on the crayons alone, was restricted to countries changes than in England.

-The breaking down of the horse Grover Cleveland at Monmouth on Tuesday July 16th was very sudden. a year past, but he was deemed sound form. In the race Cleveland and Fitzthe backstretch they had a big gap opened on the others. Then Fitzroy seemed to have had enough, and as they made the Oceanport turn Cleveland drew away and cheers from his backers, who saw he had the race won. The cheers had hardly died away when

John D. McDonald, together with the the shoulders. capture of the counterfeit plates.

-Don Regent, chestnut gelding, foaled 1885, by Regent, dam Gypsy, by War Dance, property of S. E. Larable, Deer Lodge, Mont., broke his near hind leg in the first race at Chicago on July 12,

-Compared with our horses L. E. Myers, the runner, thinks the Australians better stayers, but hardly as fleet as ours in sprinting. He goes so far as to consider Duplop able to beat The Bard.

-Astoria, sister of Dexter and Dictator, has been bred to All-So, son of Blackwood, Jr., and So-So, and the produce has been sold by David Bonner to Charles Backman, of Stony Ford, for \$1000. The produce of Astoria for 1889 has also been contracten for, Albert C. Hall agreeing to pay

\$1000 for it. -George Lynch, the well-known jockey, was shot mysteriously at Brigh-He

ton Beach at noon last Saturday. was going from the stables to his dinner when a pistol ball struck him on the forehead and passed out just behind the temple. Though seriously hurt it is not thought that his injuries are fatal. It is not known who fired the

shot, and it is believed that the shooting was accidental. -The Italian owner of Zoe B. recently offered "Knap" McCarthy a yearly salary of \$5000 to take charge of his stable on the other ;side. He fur-

Lacaze, has discovered a process by nobby residence and to have a track which permanency is insured to the made on the American plan. These colors, and it has received the official allurements failed to catch "Knapapproval of the society. Hitherto a sack." He says he is too old to learn fixing process has always diminished the the Italian language and has a dread of the big mill pond. -August Belmont has imported two

very fashionably bred brood-mares, which he purchased of Leopold de Rothschild, of England. The first is ber, from Parma by Parmesman. Both

are in foal, Belle Donna to Uncas and Viola to Brag.

-That available 3 year old material of any quality is very scarce was plainly demonstrated by the race for the Ste-vens stakes at Monmouth course the

-Triboulet died at Monmouth Park meeting of last season.

-The attempt to a return to short waists has not, in fine, been received with favor; ladies who are not exactly slight in proportion, are decidedly ad-verse to it. Some concessions have been made, however, and the waist is to be in its proper place.