

A Leap Year Madrigal.

If, hiding now my face from thee, I should reveal my heart, And thou therein couldst only see How dear to me thou art, Thou wouldst not wondrously disdain As a sanctuary where I find The sovereign idol there. Then howsoever high thy state, Mine howsoever low, I would not murmur at my fate No weary of its weight; For I should know thy heart had seen No heart so loyal as mine, And wert thou worshipped of a queen, I see royalty were thine. I would not quench this passion fraught With tenderness so sweet, Though I may only lay in thought Its treasures at thy feet; For if—concealing from thy sight The altar and its flame—I pass again into the night As lonely as I came, Unseen, thy sorrows still to weep Unknown, thy joy to share, One hope would yet survive to keep My spirit from despair. Mayhap a fairer day will dawn, And I may live to see Thy heart from lighter love withdraws, Then thou wilt come to me!

WHAT CARLOS SAW.

The first situation that I ever got was with Signor Roger Starhemberg. When he came to Rome, I was chosen for his guide. Now that I know him well, I think he chose me because my hat was shabby and I looked as hungry as I felt. Signor Starhemberg had a sharp eye for his own. I'd spruced up as well as I could, but my heart sank when I got to the hotel and found three other guides, shrewd fellows, waiting for the chance. No hope for me, I thought; I might as well go back to my sick wife.

Just then the door opened and the gentleman came out. The three old guides stepped up to him at once and offered their services; but I did not even try. He listened to them without saying much for a minute; then, though I saw him looking at me, he asked, "Are you a guide too?" I tried to hide the tears in my eyes as I turned round to answer him. I could not help them, I was so sad. I felt in an instant that he saw, and was sorry for me.

"You may come in here and talk with me," he said, turning back into his room.

So I followed him, and the end of it was, I got the place.

Well, Signor Starhemberg staid in Rome all winter. He went about the country. He got very nice rooms in Rome, and his valet kept them. Every fine day for nearly two months I went up and went out with him. Sometimes he would get horses for us, and he was the finest rider I ever saw. He'd go up the side of a precipice like a fly creeping on the wall. He always rode the same horse, and he made her love him, too—a little mare he called Patty.

I don't know how I found out that Signor Starhemberg was not a happy man. He was handsome and rich. He was kind to the poor, and everybody loved him. But those who have suffered have a kind of broodship. I have noticed, and all who were sad seemed to have a claim on Signor Starhemberg, and he seemed more at home with some lost child or poor fellow mourning for his wife. He'd take no end of trouble to help you on a love-affair that had gone wrong. And yet one would hardly think that of him, with his sharp eyes, and his prompt manner, and his elegant dress, for Signor Starhemberg was as particular in his toilet as a lady. He had beautiful white hands, with a diamond on one of them; and it seems very inconsistent, but I think he was a little vain of them.

And then he would have days that he would speak to no one—even to me. He'd ride, ride, ride all day, as if Lucifer were after him, never heeding the beautiful country we passed over, nor paying the least attention to anything I pointed out. He'd seem under a spell, and the way I'd call him back to himself would be to call attention to his horse when she got fagged. He was always merciful to his horse. He'd get down, look at Patty, stroke her and talk to her; and then ride slower, and seem more natural. But at other times he would be different—silent, and gloomy and absent-looking. Enriquez, his valet, seemed to understand all his freaks, but I used to wonder about them a great deal.

But one day I suspected the truth. I was out riding with Signor Starhemberg, and we were walking our horses through an old orange grove, three or four miles out of the city, when we saw a carriage under the shade of the trees. A very old gentleman was asleep on the back seat, and a lovely lady sat holding the lines. There was an empty seat beside her, and they seemed waiting for some one.

As we came in sight of these people, I saw Signor Starhemberg start on his horse as if a knife had pricked his heart. At first he drew rein, then he rode straight to the side of the lady.

The blood ebbed out of her face as he came up. I kept back, of course, but I saw her cheek turn white as snow. It was evidently an unexpected meeting.

Well, I don't know what he said to her, of course, but I had never seen Signor Starhemberg appear as he did then, in speaking to any one. His eyes looked as if they'd drunk up her beautiful face. I thought she would faint in her seat, for a minute, then she spoke to him—spoke low, but fast, and earnestly, and he listened, motionless and silent. Suddenly he flung up his hand to Heaven, as if to call down a curse or a blessing. I couldn't tell which, but she caught his arm, and seemed to plead and expostulate with him, and his hand sunk, and his head with it.

Suddenly there was a crash among the bushes, and they started and looked back, to see a man coming up to the carriage with a silver cup of water in his hand. Then my signor waited no longer. He lifted his cap, and, with one sorrowful look at the lady, rode away.

He came up to me in a kind of dream, and stopped.

"Where would signor be pleased to go?" I asked.

"Home! home!" he answered, and

we wheeled the horses and rode back to the hotel. And Signor Starhemberg was seized with brain fever that night, and never left his room for four weeks. Well, many a night I went up to watch with him, for his valet was pretty well worn down with the whole charge of him. The signor was crazy nearly the whole time, crying "Mary! Mary!" as if all his hopes of Heaven hung on that name, and I suspect he thought they did, poor gentleman. But while he was at the very worst, my poor wife, Corece, died, and I was kept away from his side for many days.

But one night Enriquez came to my house, and said that Signor Starhemberg wanted to see me.

"Then he is better?" said I.

"Yes, yes," answered Enriquez.

"And calls no more for Mary?"

"He need never have done that," said Enriquez, "for I hear that she has been married for six months. But master loved her well, I suppose."

"I will come," said I.

I found Signor Starhemberg looking quite white and wan, but he was himself again, and welcomed me kindly.

Then it seemed that Enriquez had only told part of his story, for he wanted to marry a Roman girl and leave Signor Starhemberg, and the signor wanted me to enter his service and return with him to America, where his home was.

I did not hesitate long; poor Corece was dead, and I had no kin to claim me. I consented to go.

And shortly we set sail for America. Sometimes I was stupid—I had not been trained for a valet, and could never be skillful like Enriquez, but Signor Starhemberg was very kind; he never swore, or threw his boots at me, when I made a mistake, as some gentlemen do.

His place, near New York, was called the First. It was a fine, stately house, something like an English mansion, with a housekeeper and a little maid that I fell in love with and married a year after I came to America.

I had charge of all Signor Starhemberg's boxes and drawers, and scarcely a day passed that I did not come across some token of Mary Vane. Sometimes it would be an embroidered handkerchief, then a white ribbon that had tied her hair or strung a ring—a thousand careless things as if my signor had been on very familiar terms with her.

There was a large photograph of him with her laughing face looking over his shoulder, hung over the mantel. And at last little Jenny told me that Miss Mary Vane and her father had once spent the whole summer at the First, and for a brief time Miss Mary and the signor had been engaged to be married. She didn't know what broke it off, but she believed that her father had wished her to marry some one else, and had told false stories of Signor Starhemberg, and Miss Mary had at last married Dr. Veniero, and had gone to Rome.

Well, Rome or America, she could be nothing to my signor, if she were married. I knew, and he knew it, too, and fought a brave fight not to get cross and peevish with his ill luck. But he would never have the handkerchiefs, and ribbons, and pictures put away out of his sight; he still kept them familiarly among his things.

He was long in getting his strength, but at last he seemed like himself again—cheerful in the main, and kind to all.

Well, a year passed. Signor Starhemberg was absent much in the city on business, and I used to think, sometimes, that he thought no more of Mary Vane.

But one day signor had business in Baltimore, and took me with him, for he expected to be South three weeks, and wherever he might be he liked to be comfortable.

Well, one night I was out walking by myself, for the signor was with a party of gentlemen out for the evening, and wouldn't be home until midnight. I was passing a lonesome wooden house with verandas, when I heard a scream, wild and terrible; and as I stopped, staring and with my blood chilling in every limb, I saw a woman spring out of this house and come running wildly across the street. She screamed with every step, and in a minute there issued from the door a man with a loaded pistol in his hand. It was not strange that I knew neither of them. She was changed with suffering, and he was drunk with rage. After the flying figure of the woman he bounded, shrieking the most frightful oaths, and in a second I stepped in his way, shouting:

"Stop! stop!"

I meant to do him no harm, only to keep him away from the woman. But when he found his pathway blocked, he seized his revolver, and fired every one of those six barrels at me, as fast as he could fire. I don't know what saved me from death. Instantly he was surrounded, for people appeared from all quarters at the sound of the shots, and I found that I was bleeding—that's all, a flesh-wound in my forearm. But my cap had two holes through it, and the skirt of my coat another, and there was a line, as straight as a foot rule, cut right through my thick hair, just over the temple. That devilish Dr. Veniero went to prison for that, you believe, my friends! He got a sentence of five years.

Well, Mary Vane married Signor Starhemberg, for I carried her to the carriage that night, and he took care of her. She looked ten years older than in the photograph, but when she had got divorced from her husband, and was engaged to marry signor, it was curious to see how her beauty came back. It was as if all the years of suffering with her dreadful husband had been but a dream, which she had forgotten. He had married her for her money, and spent it, and led a dreadful life wandering over the world, a regular quack adventurer. Her father was dead, and the wonder was that she didn't die, too.

But she lived to be very happy. On his wedding day Signor Starhemberg gave me a fine gold watch. But for me, he says, he might never have found his Mary. My luck has turned, I think.

—Some black gowns have been made of Henrietta cloth, with lace sleeves and founces and bands of galloon, and are to our poor mind a rare spoiling of things most excellent when apart.

ANCIENT CANALS.

What the Old Kings did Forty Centuries Ago.

Babylonia was indeed a land of rivers, owing its existence to the two streams which flowed through it, year by year adding to its growth by the deposit of rich alluvial soil. The early occupants of the land recognized their debt to these fertilizing waters, and their gratitude found expression in the names which they gave to some of them. The slow Euphrates, which year by year rose to spread its broad floods of water over the fields, was called the "Life of the Land," the slither stream derived its name of "The Rusher" from its narrow and more rapid course. To other rivers which can not now be identified such names as "The Mother of Canals," "The River Flowing with Abundance," "The Crystal River," and other such names were given. Ea, the old culture god of Eridhu, the god of the ocean, became "The God of the Rivers," and especially of the Euphrates, and Rimman, the ram-god, bore the title of "The One Who Causes the Floods to Flow in the Canals."

By these canals a network of fertilizing streams was spread through town and village, garden and field. How early this work commenced we do not know, but it must have been in prehistoric days, for among the most ancient of the cuneiform characters we find the ideographic sign for the canal, and in the hymns of the primitive religious schools of Eridhu, which reach back beyond the fourth millennium before the Christian era, canals are mentioned. Indeed, like the rivers, they were sacred, and prayers were offered to them as to the greater Tigris and Euphrates. A portion of one of these hymns is preserved in a fragmentary tablet discovered by Prof. Sayce. "Thou canal, I have made thee! In the day when I dug thee, then the great gods were beside thy bank, and Ea, the king of the deep, had created blessings within thy heart, and he presented his flood before thee. O thou mighty river, supreme art thy members, (streams). That which is evil in my body, in thy channel erases it and bears it with thy stream. May I glorify that which is made. May I exult thy spring."

The small fragment suffices to prove that in Babylonia, as in China and Egypt, the construction of canals was regarded as a pious act, and under the protection and blessing of the gods. Proof of this in historic times is afforded by inscriptions discovered by Mr. Hormuzd Rassam during his excavations in Babylonia. In about the year B. C. 2150 the throne of Babylon was seized by a Kassite or Kossæan prince named Khammurabi, who, during his reign of fifty years, succeeded, as he says in his inscriptions, in "building the land"—that is, uniting together the scattered and independent States into one, with Babylonia as capital. The Prince, like Urubahu (B. C. 4900) before him and the great Nebuchadnezzar, not only rebuilt the empire, but directed his attention to the repair of ruined temples, palaces and public works; and his records are found in many of the ancient cities.

Among the inscriptions of this monarch found by Mr. Rassam is one of which we have five copies—two written in the still surviving Sumerian or Turanian language, and three in the Semitic dialect of North Babylonia, which was fast becoming the national tongue. These inscriptions were found in the ruins of the sun-god and relate to the king's restoration of the temple and other public works. In the text the king says: "I am Khammurabi, the mighty king, king of Babylon, king of the four quarters, builder of the land, the king whose deeds are pleasing to the glory of Shamash and Merodach. The tower (observatory) of Sippara, with heaps of earth like (unto) the high hills, its summit I raised, and with a rampart I encircled it. The canal of Sippara I dug, and with double banks I regulated it."

In closing this inscription he says: "Since far distant days that which called among the kings of the city had not done for Shames, my lord, magnificently I did." The great public work here referred to is evidently the same as that described on the clay tablet in the Louvre, which is somewhat longer. The king there says: "The river of Khammurabi, the benefactor of men, pouring out the waters of fertility for the men of Sumir and Akkad, I dug. Its complete course of fertilization I restored, the two banks I prolonged, and perennial streams for the people of Sumir and Akkad I appointed, and for irrigation and drinking waters I appointed them." Although in the first inscription Khammurabi claims to be the founder of the canal, it seems from the second text that he was only the restorer of a work which had been in existence in former times. Clearly, however it indicates a shifting of the bed of the Euphrates westward, for at one time that river had washed the walls of the city of Sippara of the Sun, and was itself called the river of Sippara. That such shifting of the river's bed did take place we have clear testimony, for Mr. Rassam has found an inscription relating to this canal which mentions such a change. More than fifteen centuries later on, between the years B. C. 625-606, there was placed in the temple a cylinder inscription written by order of Nabopalassar, the Assyro-Babylonian general (who had usurped the throne of Babylon and founded the new Babylonian empire), recording his restoration of the temple and the city.

Regarding the canal he makes the following statement: "From Sippara, the holy city beloved of Samas and Ai, the river Euphrates had removed itself. I, the favorite of their highness, the waters of its course restored. I, Nabopalassar, holy and submissive, worshipping the great gods, the canal Sippara there caused to be excavated. Skillfully-made water-stores for Shamash, my lord, there I constructed. The channel of that canal with bitumen and brick I regulated, and to Shamash, my lord, protecting banks I established." This inscription proves that during the fifteen centuries which had elapsed between the two inscriptions the Euphrates had changed its course. The decay or sitting-up of canals and the shifting open river-courses was not

uncommon in Babylonia, as there are many inscriptions to prove.

Thus in contrast we have the "old canal of Cutha" spoken of in contradistinction to the new canal of Cutha, which was of more recent construction. The Babylonian canals were splendid pieces of work, and displayed great engineering skill; many which were made centuries before the Christian era have been in use to the present day. The canal of Khammurabi is probably the modern Xussef, which passes close to Sippara, and joining other canals, reaches across to the Tigris. The canal of Cutha is probably the Hube Ibrahim, still called the Nar Kute, or "River of Cutha," while the Hube es-Sook, the Sbat-el-Hie, the Hindiye canal, are all inland waterways, still partially in use, which had their origin long before the days of Nebuchadnezzar. The provinces of Baghdad and Basra are still rich under the rule of the Turk; but were that rule relaxed and the taxes on irrigation and cultivation removed the old brick-lined canals might soon be cleared of the debris which fill them, and once more the "waters of Babylon" might transform the whole region into the "garden" of the gods.

Ancient Egyptian Gowns.

Under the old empire in ancient Egypt, both queen and peasant wore, as a rule, the same close-fitting robe, which reached from the shoulders to the ankle; this was either supported by two straps somewhat like the modern braces worn by men, or it covered the shoulders and opened on the chest in V form. These gowns were made of linen, sometimes of an unbleached yellow hue, though white was preferred as the coolest and most cleanly.

When, later, the great conquests of the Egyptians opened out the country to foreign influences and customs, we find a great change in the fashion of dress; then it was that both men and women began to wear the long transparent robes, more decorative, perhaps, than useful; these are found represented most perfectly in the sculptures of Abydos, though some of the casts from the tombs of the Kings of Thebes in the British Museum give us a very good idea of their beauty. The outer robe, which covered the old close-fitting garment, descended in graceful folds to the feet; it was sometimes made without sleeves, part of the dress hanging over the shoulders and tied in front with long bows; at other times the left arm only was put through a sleeve, and the right arm left free; or there might be two sleeves either almost close-fitting to the arms, or hanging down nearly as far as the knees. These dresses were capable of artistic draping according to the taste of the individual, but always in the case of the woman followed the beautiful lines of her figure, and were never forced; like some of the men's clothes in ancient Egypt and some of the modern dresses of our own country, to represent an exaggerated shape which could belong to no human being. The dress simply clothed the figure; the woman, too unconscious of her beauty to try to hide it, allowed the long sweeping lines to be seen, until the Greeks taught them those beautiful, elaborate folds of drapery which won the admiration of the world. The material found in such quantities in the tombs is never "made up" into dresses, partly because such dresses as were worn required little making; partly, perhaps, because the living friends and relations thought that the fashions might alter so much in the course of years, that the lady who was gone to the Hidden Land would rather have her trousseau in such form that she could use it as she liked. This material is always of linen, generally toned by age to a beautiful yellow or tawny brown. Notwithstanding their love for white, we often find the Egyptians represented their goddesses or their deceased friends in robes remarkable for the wealth of coloring lavished upon them. These dresses are sometimes yellow with red sashes tied in front, the long ends reaching to the bottom of the robe; sometimes red, covered with yellow stars; others are embroidered in diamond patterns with pearls and precious stones, designs of lotus or papyrus forming a beautiful border at the top and bottom. This coloring may seem to us crude and harsh, and, indeed, it is quite unsuitable for our dull climate, but in the atmosphere of Egypt the brilliancy of the sunshine takes out all vivid coloring and blends it into the softness and harmony of a rainbow.

A Drink of Water.

A little five-year-old boy left his seat in church one Sabbath morning, and walked up the pulpit steps, and stood by the side of the minister.

"What do you want, my little man?" said the pastor, stopping in the midst of his sermon.

"A drink of water," the child innocently replied.

The good man poured out a glass of water, the child drank it and left the platform, but seeing the amused faces of the audience, he thought some mistake had been made, and remembered he had not expressed his thanks; so turning to the minister he made a bow and said, "Thank you, sir," and went to his seat, perfectly satisfied that all was right.

Banging Horses' Tails.

The docking of horses' tails is a mere method of fashion. Just now, in and about New York city, one sees banded tails on all the saddle horses. There is a fashion too in some sections of banging the tails of carriage horses—cutting the hair irregularly—just beyond the end of the bone of the tail. The tails of some of the racing horses are cut square and left somewhat longer as to the hair than those of carriage horses. The cutting off of a portion of the bone of the tail is now rarely practiced.

Silk and cotton grow more and more mixed—not in fabric, but in costumes. Silk blouses are seen with cotton skirts, and, beside velvet collars and cuffs, a wide velvet sash is much liked for wear with cotton gowns. It must be black or of some dark rich color.

FASHION NOTES.

—A very pretty stylish jacket of gray princess cloth was trimmed with crescents of rich passementerie.

—The woman who dares now wears a skirt of bright red silk with a black lace blouse waist by way of offset.

—In directoire sashes a new effect is obtained by making them of two shades of a color with four ends and a rosette bow.

—Very new bracelets and necklaces are the thinnest possible hoops of gold or silver in numbers from fifteen to fifty.

—A very pretty jacket of marine blue cloth, lined with plaid silk, was trimmed all around with a narrow gold passementerie.

—Among new fabrics corded silk, with a thread of gold running through it, is one of the richest, and indescribably handsome.

—If a silk petticoat is worn it must match the gown in hue quite as strictly as the stockings and much more so than the gloves.

—Morning gowns cut low in the neck at the front fasten over a fichu of folded mail, and have cuffs of folded mail about the wrist.

—The loose sailor or Garibaldi blouses are good wear for growing girls, as they give room for development and hide undesirable angles.

—Low shoes of patent leather with ribbons that tied in a bow on the instep are no end stylish, but must not appear outdoors except at the seaside.

—Another was of black armure silk. This was trimmed with a pretty fancy braid in colors. It was put in close to the edge and formed a very stylish and coquetish trimming.

—Black hats are allowable with any colored costume, and are more and more trimmed with green ribbon in variety, while in Paris they add short green plumes as well.

—Polonaises approach the directoire shape when of thick material, but of thin are gathered fully in the shoulders, lapped to the left, and very much draped in the skirt.

—White Henrietta cloth and white camels' hair are far and away the choicest of the season's light wool textures, while striped Scotch chevrons bear off the palm for use.

—Ribbon four to eight inches wide appear on the newest hats, and if the bows look as though they were designed by a lunatic and had been through a cyclone, the acme of elegance has been attained.

—The braces which are sometimes used to trim bodices are varied by being differently arranged, or made of different materials. They are invariably tapered toward the waist, however, both back and front.

—Bodices of Henrietta cloth in light shades, close fitting, with short cutaway fronts over a vest of pleated silk or crepe, may be worn with any sort of skirt, and are well-nigh as useful as the ever faithful blouse.

—The light-fitting jacket, molding the bust like a cuirass, is most in favor. It does not absolutely exclude the jacket with loose fronts, so much the fashion last year, but as it is more coquetish and youthful-looking it soon will.

—An effective variation in the ever popular waistcoat consists of a chemise which is very much like a gentleman's shirt front. These have fancy buttons, and are strapped near the waist with bands of velvet or of the dress fabric.

—The newest striped materials for summer wear show shadings of color from the deepest to the palest shades, as, for instance, dark blue shaded to pale gray, or garnet to pale pink. Gowns made of such fabrics do not need any other trimming.

—There are two distinct styles of this jacket—one is open and the other close. The close jacket is perfect fitting and has a short basque. The open one, molding the bust very much pinched each other, neither hooked nor buttoned, but made on purpose to remain apart; they are always lined with silk of another color. There is a small straight collar, not like a man's collar, but merely a straight band.

—Brooches grow larger and larger, and from a single flower or cluster of one sort have risen to a bouquet in which the pansy, violet and daisy entwine their stems of gold, or else it is three Parma violets tied with gold thread and shining with diamond dew, or may be a cluster of Persian lilac or a cluster of blue German corn flowers, or now and again a realistic edelweiss in dull enamel.

—Very handsome white muslin gowns have a scallop at the foot of the skirt and small embroidered sprigs powdered all over it are made very full, with single seam at back, shirred deeply to form a yoke at top, looped high at one side to let a scalloped founce be seen, have a round waist at the waist and one or two small bows of very good ribbon here and there about them.

—A very pretty trimming for very thin materials is moire ribbon, set on in plain bands, one above another. A skirt with three founces of fine Brussels net had nine, seven and five rows of moire ribbon around the respective founces. The undulating effect produced by every motion of the slender figure for which the dress was made was the poetry of elegance. Equally handsome and stylish are skirts trimmed with wider bands of ribbon set on perpendicularly. These ribbons are either turned in loops at the bottom or turned to a point and finished with a covered drop. When used for very thin material they are without finish at the ends other than a cut double point or a raveled end with the fringe falling over the edge of the skirt.

—The manager of Fred Gebhard's California farm paid a visit to Jobstown recently, and inspected the stables and paddocks on P. Lorillard's Ranocas Stock Farm. He was much pleased with all that he saw, and thinks Ranocas the best appointed farm in the country.

HORSE NOTES.

—Captain Brown's colt Defaulter is as good as ever he was, which is saying a great deal.

—The Chicago special will probably be a race between Clingstone and Prince Wilkes.

—It is not true that the pacer Georgetown has gone to South America with Endymion.

—Arrow and Johnston are barred from the Kansas City Fair Association, free for all paces races.

—Bride & Armstrong paid \$8,500 for the pooling privileges at Detroit, and the sales aggregated \$120,000.

—The pacer Rowdy Boy, 2:13, reported dead some time ago, is campaigning through New Jersey.

—Clingstone and Belle Hamlin will meet in a special at Buffalo. The best two in three, free for all, did not fill.

—Peter V. Johnston has sent his stable of trotters, which contains ten head, to Washington Park, Chicago.

—Barnes, with 93, heads the list of winning jockies. Covington is second, with 75, and McLaughlin third, with 43.

—French parties, through George Vorhees, are after Mambrino Sparkie, and offer \$6000 for her. Mr. Gordon's price is \$10,000.

—Edward and Dick Swivelair are now 16 and 18 years old respectively, but Frank Work occasionally speeds them on the road.

—Buckra, the well-known cross-country horse, broke down in the steeplechase at Monmouth Park, on Saturday, July 28th.

—Spain drove Fred Folger a mile in 2:18 at Cleveland on the 4th. Wilcox worked a mile in 2:16; Grover C. in 2:19, and Ella P. in 2:19.

—A match race between the colts Messenger Goldstut and Horace Wilkes will be trotted at the Nashville (Tenn.) Fair in September.

—Jockey Freeman was kicked on the leg by Hypocrite just before the start in one of the Saratoga races. Freeman's leg was fractured.

—George Barbee, the jockey, owns a fine farm on the Johnston turnpike near Mount Holly, N. J., where he spends what little time he has.

—Frank McLaughlin was ruled off the track at Yonkers on Tuesday, July 31st, for striking a spectator with a whip who had accused him of riding a "stiff."

—The Kinloch stud, comprising seventy-five head of thoroughbreds, including the stallions Aristides and Ulihan, the property of the late J. Lucas Turner, of St. Louis, will be sold at auction on November 21.

—Budd Doble is preparing Johnston to pace a mile under saddle faster than it was ever paced before. Then he will hook him up with running mate and beat the time of Westmont. If successful, Johnston will hold at the end of this season all the pacing records—in single harness, to wagon, under saddle and in double harness.

—Budd Doble will ship Oliver K. home from Cleveland. The old trouble in the foreleg was cured, and then the sheath of a tendon lower down was slightly ruptured. Had it not been for this he is satisfied that he would have driven the gelding in 2:12 or better. The horse will be turned out, and not worked again until next spring.

—Crit Davis has the following horses in his stable now at Cleveland: Prince Wilkes, 2:16; McLeod, 2:21; Jeremiah, 2:25; Bessie C., 2:30; Hynight, by Red Wilkes, Catherine S., by Messenger Chief, and Zadie Wilkes, a 2 year old, by Gambetta Wilkes.

—Commodore N. W. Kilton's heirs have decided to sell off the peerless collection of broodmares and stallions which have helped to make Erdenheim famous the world over, and after this year no more foals will be reared on the historic ground. The yearlings of 1889 will be sold next June or July.

—Two closely contested races were trotted over the half-mile track at Waverly, N. J., on Saturday July 28th. The match race between O. S. B. and Frank M. proved a five-heat race. Both horses entered the 2:30 list, O. S. B. getting a mark of 2:27, and Frank M., who is by Sweepstakes, a record of 2:24. The 2:37 class had six starters and was won by Valdeine, which reduced his record to 2:33.

—The following new records were made at the Detroit meeting:

Budd Doble (pacer), b. g., by Indianapolis, 2:20 1/2; Darren, gr. m., by Harold, 2:11 1/2; Jay, b. g., by Kentucky Prince, 2:11 1/2; Jack Curry (pacer), gr. g., by Traveler, 2:11 1/2; Jim Curry, b. m., by Mambrino Bruce, 2:11 1/2; Orie B. (pacer), by Warwick Boy, 2:11 1/2; Roy, ch. g., by Royal Peasantry, 2:11 1/2; West Stockings, b. g., breeding unknown, 2:11 1/2.

—At Detroit the last week in July there were twenty-five heats trotted and thirteen paced on the three days there was racing. Twelve of the heats in the trotting events were finished below 2:20, and five in the pacing races were recorded below that mark. The best on record were made during the meeting, Guy reducing the best record ever made in a 3 minute race to 2:16, and Arrow pacing the 5 year old pacing record at 2:14. The average time made by the trotters during the meeting was about 2:21 1/2, and the average time for the pacers within a small fraction of 2:19. The average time for the meeting was a fraction under 2:30.

—The scarcity of good 3 year old material was again demonstrated in the race for the Trenton stakes at Monmouth, which brought out nine starters, with Mr. Withers' Minority colt the favorite and Defaulter the second choice. The latter won by half a length, but the race was a poor one, the mile and furlong being run in 1:57, the only really slow time of the day. There was no bid for the winner, who was entered to be sold at \$2000. The Optional stakes, also a selling race, had a dozen starters, but, as in the Trenton, the quality was nothing to boast of. Dave Gideon's Groomsman, about the best looker in the lot, secured his maiden win. At the Erdenheim yearling sale he was purchased by Emory & Co., for \$600, and brought \$750 at their breaking-up sale.