The Firefly and The Thunder Storm.

I sat and watched the walls of night
With cracks of sudden lightning glow,
And listened while with clumsy might
The thunder wallowed to and fro.

The rain fell softly now; the squall,
That to a torrent drove the trees,
Has whirled beyond us to let fall
Its tumult on the whitening seas.

But still the lightning crinkled keen,
Or fluttered fitful from behind
The leaden drifts, then only seen,
That rumbled eastward on the wind.

Still as gloom followed after glare,
While bated breath the pine tree drew,
Tiny Salmoneus of the air
His mimic bolts the firefly threw.

He thought, no doubt, "Those flashes grand,
That light for leagues the shuddering sky
Are made, a fool could understand,
By some superior kind of fly.

"He's of our race's elder branch,
His family arms the same as ours,
Both born the two-forked flame to launch
Of kindred, if unequal, powers."

And is man wiser? Man who takes
His consciousness the law to be
Of all beyond his ken, and makes
God but a bigger kind of Me?

CHARMED BY GAMBLING.

The Strong Hold Which This Vice Has on Its Victims.

Of all vices gambling, perhaps, takes the strongest hold upon its victim. There is no other passion that a man will follow with such a blind infatuation. Home, family, friends, all are forgotten by the individual who allows himself to be led into the vortex of gambling.

Gambling has been common among most natisns, civilized and uncivilized. Tacitus informs us that the ancient Germans were so addicted to it that when stripped of everything else, they would stake at last their liberty and even their lives; the loser going into voluntary slavery; and though much younger and stronger than his antagonist, suffering himself to be bound and sold. The Romans were passionately fond of gambling during the Empire, and various enactments were made against it. In England, also, gambling was early made the subject of legislation.

It is astonishing how infatuated people will become in the pursuit of gambling. It is reported of Charles Porter, who, in the reign of Queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in Northumberland, that he lost the whole of it at hazard in the space of six months. This madman, for we can call him nothing else, when he had just completed the loss of his last acre at a gambling-house in London, and was proceeding down the stairs to throw himself into a carriage to be conveyed home to his house in town, resolved to have one more throw to try to retrieve his losses, and immediately returned to the room where the play was going on.

Nerved for the worst that might happen, he insisted that the person he had been playing with should give him one chance of recovery or fight with him. His proposition was this: That his carriage and horses, the loose money he had in his pockets, his town house, plate and furniture—in short all he had left in the world, should be valued in a lump at a certain sum and be thrown in a single cast. No persuasion could prevail on him to depart from this purpose. He threw and lost; then conducting the winner to the door, he told the coachman there was his master, and marched forth into the dark and dismal streets without a house or home or any creditable means of support.

Thus beggared, he retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as marker at a billiard-table, and occasionally acting as a helper in a livery stable. In his miserable condition, with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had once supported, he was recognized by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessaries. He expended five pounds in procuring decent apparel; with the remaining five he repaired to a common gaming house and increased them to fifty; he then adjourned to one of higher order of houses, sat down with former associates, and won 26,000 pounds. Returning next night, he lost it all, was once more penniless, and after subsisting many years in abject poverty, died a ragged beggar in St. Giles.

It is impossible to conjecture the total amount of the annual ruin caused by gambling. Fortune, trust money, provision for children and widows, sums raised on house and land, have disappeared in a short time. Bank clerks and cashiers gamble away hundreds of thousands of dollars and become "defaulters." "Gift enterprises" extend all the way from the Metropolitan stock exchange to people who buy prize packages of candy. And it is, perhaps, in their lower variations that the commercial aids to gambling are most to be dreaded. The boy is entrapped into a fondness for speculative purchases by prize packages of popcorn, and the laboring man is confronted with food for the same passion in prize packages of tobacco. The policy shops, which swarm in every section of the great cities of this country, supply to the masses the same stimulants to the reckless and demoralizing use of money which the capitalist and speculator find in Wall street. "Playing policy" is a seductive vice and is certain to ruin its victims. We hear of occasional ineffective raids made by policemen on these swindling devices for robbing the poor.

There are public men who have made and are still making fortunes out of the miserable dupes of the system, and no amount of persistent disappointment seems capable of deterring the inveterate policy-player from risking his last quarter of a dollar on still another chance. If he has not yet drawn a lucky number, he has heard of others who have done so, and it will be his turn next. One set of harpies creates another, and thus the fortune-teller and the interpreter of dreams make money out of the victims of the policy shops. There are people who will produce lucky numbers to the policy player, for a consideration, from a pack of cards or from the bottom of a teacup. And so the increase of fools and knaves advances side by side, a vast amount of hard-earned money is diverted into the pockets of the heartless swindlers, and a number of people who might have become honest and industrious members of society are dragged down to the lowest level of self-caused poverty which is next door to crime.

All the notorious haunts of gambling which come within the statutory definition of the term ought to be rooted out. Whether it be the keno tables, where the young clerks and artisans learn to gamble, to cheat and to embezzle, or whether it be the golden faro saloons, with their recherche suppers and their choice wines, where judges, legislators, merchants, lawyers and others of their class meet to stake their hundreds of dollars on the turn of a card, all ought to be impartially stopped. The prize-package men, too, ought also to be summarily suppressed. So should the cheats who trade in oroide watches and paste jewels as a blind to the "envelope game."

Gamblers have curious notions of superstitions. In an old work on games the player is gravely advised, if the luck has been against him, to turn three times round with his chair, "for then the luck will infallibly turn in your favor." General A. L. S., of Kentucky, called one of the best card-players of the state, would never play a hand or risk a dollar if there was a black cat in the room. An ex-Governor from one of the western states, an inveterate gamester, would never sit down to a table in a room where there was a looking-glass. Some gamblers refuse to play if on entering a room the left foot crosses the threshold first, and no persuasion can induce them to do so until they leave and return with the "right foot foremost." To put your foot on the chair of a player is a certain premonition of bad luck. Some men will never play on Friday.

A remarkable case of throwing dice occurred in London in 1813. A Mr. Ogden wagered 1,000 guineas to one that "seven" would not be thrown with a pair of dice ten successive times. The wager was accepted (though it was egregiously unfair), and strange to say, his opponent threw "seven" nine times running. At this point Mr. Ogden offered 470 guineas to be off the bet, but his opponent declined. He cast yet once more, and threw "nine," so that Mr. Ogden won his guineas. Here we have an instanse of a most remarkable series of throws, the like of which has never been recorded.

Carried for Good Luck.

Georgia Cayvan, who has been playing "The Wife" at the Lyceum all the season and who went to San Francisco the other night with Frohman's company, carries an odd sor tof fetich about with her which she believes in with all her might, and attributes "The Wife's" success to her having worn it every night of the long run. It is a voudoo charm given her in New Orleans when she was playing "May Blossom" there four years ago by an old mulatto who kept the rooms where she boarded. It is a tiny, red silk bag, filled with the chopped hair of a black dog, a pinch of salt, the dried eyes of a lizard and the nails of a wildcat, which combination is the most powerful charm known to voudooism, and will not only bring you luck if worn around the neck, but if placed under the door-sill of your enemy's house will cause him to waste away and pine to death.

All actors and actresses have some sort of fetich for luck. Bernhardt's belt of medals she wears whenever the costume will permit, and when it doesn't she wears it underneath and even sleeps in it. Napoleon III gave it to her, and he had it of Abdellah Bey.

Terry has a mysterious little bottle, sealed with a leaden seal. No one knows what it contains, but she carries it always in her pocket.

Mary Anderson wears a string of pearls around her neck most of the time, and when the costume necessitates its removal she wraps it about her wrist.

Mrs. Langtry's luck is a turquoise ring given her by the Prince of Wales, and Mrs. Potter's fetich comes from the same source, his crest of three feathers in diamonds, which he presented to her the night of her debut. Jane Hading, who is coming to New York in the autumn with Coquelin, wears a ring on her right thumb for luck, and all actresses avoid wearing lavender, because under such circumstances they would be sure to fail in their part.

Studies for Spare Moments.

It is plainly impossible to learn everything that deserves to be learned, and, on the other hand, to give up in despair and let all study go by the board is, of course, both foolish and wicked. The first thing is to select the three or four branches most congenial to one's disposition and capacity, and set one's self to master them thoroughly. The next thing is, as Emerson says, to "lop off decisively ones miscellaneous activities." Three or four subjects of study are better than one alone, because a devotion to one promotes narrowness of view and a wrong perspective. One of these subjects will be, naturally, the main subject—the man's business or profession. The others should be entirely distinct and different.

I know a man who is at the head of an important and elaborate railway enterprise in Boston, and whose whole time before dinner is engrossed by this business. But in the evenings he studies astronomy, and finds in this pursuit both refreshment and intellectual enlargement. Music is a favorite "second love" with many, and chemistry, geology, botany, history, sociology and a dozen other special branches of study are replete with attractions.

—Three best on records were established at the Cleveland meeting. On the last day Johnston started to reduce Billy Boyce's saddle record of 2.14¼, which he made at Buffalo twenty years ago and finished the mile in 2.13. Arrow reduced the 5 year old pacing record he made at Detroit to 2.13¼, and Brown moved the 4 year old colt record of Palo Alto down to 2.18¼.

POPULAR MELODIES.

Composers of the Tunes that Please.

How many of the thousands upon thousands who daily whistle, hum or sing the catchy melodies known as the popular songs of the day pause to wonder who composed them? How many think of where, and under what circumstances they were written and how much money they put into the pockets of the authors?

It is safe to say very few. Yet there are many interesting facts connected with the birth and subsequent popularity of these songs. A new air is introduced, and for a time no one knows it. But the orchestras take it up, the bands play it in the streets and soon the small boy is whistling it on every thoroughfare.

Even the business man unconsciously hums it as he hurries to his office. Lastly the hand organ man tortures the public with its too often heard and worn-out strains.

Some of these melodies have made the fortunes of the composers, while many others of much greater merit have been sold for a trifle, and have afterwards brought the purchaser a handsome return upon his speculation. The musical ear of the public is exceedingly fickle, and when a new song is launched upon the ocean of public opinion, to sink or swim, its fate is but a matter of conjecture.

Some of the well-known songs which are now at the zenith of their popularity were composed in one of our State prisons and were published when the author regained his liberty.

SINGERS GENERALLY COMPOSERS.

Nearly all of the really successful song-writers are singers upon the stage, and it seems to be an indisputable fact that those who sing before the public acquire the faculty of catching the public ear and of producing melodies that take.

When a song is sold outright the composer receives any where from $5 to $25 for his work and relinquishes all claim to money received from its subsequent possible popularity. The more conservative of the writers, however, give their productions to a publisher and retain a royalty upon them, usually about ten per cent., and if the song scores a hit they reap large returns from its sale.

Of this latter class Frank Howard, who was a tenor singer with the minstrels of Thatcher, Primrose & West, is perhaps one of the most noteworthy examples. Howard composes both the music and the words of his songs, and may from a popular standpoint be placed at the head of the list of the song writers of the present day.

He has been writing for about six years, during which he has produced "Only a Pansy Blossom," "When the Robins Nest Again," "I'll Await My Love," "Sweet Heather Bell," and many others. It is estimated that he has cleared over $30,000 by the sale of his songs.

Another very popular composer is Banks Winter, who sang tenor in the same minstrel company with Howard. Winter made his reputation singing Howard's song of "I'll Await My Love." He then wrote "White Wings" and scored a success which is only too well known. It was this song which established his fame and fortune as a ballad writer. He subsequently wrote "Dear Robin I'll Be True," and "I'm Waiting My Love's Return," both of which had a successful run.

JORDAN'S CONTRIBUTION.

Thatcher, Primrose & West produced from their minstrels another composer in Julius Jordan. He wrote "The Melody Divine," "The Picture on the Wall," and his last and greatest success was "The Song That Reached my Heart," which is now familiar to nearly every one.

An exception to the rule is Paul Dresser, who is not a singer but a comedian. He has nevertheless written some very popular ballads, among which are "The Letter That Never Came," "Mother Told me So" and "The Convict and the Bird."

John F. Mitchell, while his songs are of a lower order, is probably the most prollific of successful composers. He usually writes simple melodies which are decidedly popular. "Her Own Boy Jack," "The Exiles Lament," "The Scotch Brigade," "Have You Seen Yum Yum" and innumerable others are among his productions. Mitchell is a strong contrast to Frank Howard, for the reason that he usually sells his songs outright and is none the richer for his many compositions.

"White Wings" seems to have been remodeled from an old Irish reel, and "The Letter that Never Came" is similar to an old Scotch air. "The Song that Reached My Heart" is of course a re-arrangement of "Home, Sweet Home," but even this has been done before in England by Mitchel Watson when he wrote "That Was the Song For Me."

In some instances the airs are improved, but in others very much the reverse. Something entirely new in the way of ballads has yet to be produced, but after all, the public might refuse a novelty the popularity which it readily accords to these revisions, so to speak, of old melodies. "That "there is nothing new under the sun" seems at present to have become a musical truth.

Furnishing Compressed Air.

A company in Birmingham, England, are completing a large central plant for furnishing compressed air through mains to the owners of small engines. Trials already made are said to have shown that the cost to construct will be considerably less than the cost of steam made on the premises. Besides doing away with the dirt and dust from the coal, and the saving of room, the use of compressed air is said to furnish excellent means of ventilation. An excellent feature of the charter of this company is a clause compelling them to divide all profits aver 10 per cent. with the consumers.

—A half founded report is being circulated in Pittsburg stating that Frank Herdic and Andy Welch are anxious to lease Homewood Park for a term of years.

LIVING ON THEIR SHAPE.

How Two Harmless Dudes Were Taken In by a Southern Hotel Proprietor.

Two perfectly-dressed young men met recently on upper Fifth avenue. They greeted each other with that exaggerated assumption of ennui which dudes affect so much.

"Hello, old chappie," drawled one, making a vain attempt to slightly raise his eye-brows and retain in its place a single eye-glass at the same time. "Thought you were out of town."

"Just got back, dear boy," said the other, stroking with his gloved hand the merest suspicion of a moustasche.

"Been to the Branch?"

"No; I'm tired of the Branch. I took a run down to the Springs in Virginia. Beastly place, but awfully cheap, you know. Stayed a month and only paid $16.66 for hotel bills."

"Gad! that is reasonable. How'd you work it?"

"Didn't have to work it at all; the hotel people did that. First I went to the Rock Island Springs. Thought I'd stay a week at $2.50 a day. At the end of the first week the hotel proprietor told me he only charged young men two-thirds regular price. Said there were too many girls there for the men and he had to hold out attractions. I stayed there three days later, and then paid my bill and gave the hotel man a blowing up. Found he'd been cheating me!"

"How?"

"Why, I discovered that they were boarding young men at the White Sulphur Springs for nothing. Of course, the chappies had to be good dancers and know how to flirt. But I didn't mind the work so much. Dandy lot of girls there. Stayed there for three weeks. I couldn't stand it any longer, so I struck. I wanted the hotel man to pay me a salary. He wouldn't do it."

"He must have been beastly close, Cholly."

"He was, dear fel'."

Then the two young men turned into Delmonico's and drank two glasses of milk.

How Americans Invite Sunstroke.

Before Capt. Crockhart assumed command of the steamship Devonia he served many years as first officer on steamers plying through the Mediterranean and Suez canal to East India ports. On his last trip to New York he chatted with a reporter about the hot weather and the frequent records of prostrations and sunstrokes found in the newspapers here during the torrid summer months.

"It is astonishing," said he, "that a people so practical and scientific as the Americans should permit this evil to go so long unchecked, for the vast majority of sunstrokes are easily preventable by affording proper protection to the head. Almost every man I meet in New York has his hair trimmed closely with one of these diminutive lawn mowers in the hottest months, and wears the flimsiest sort of a hat, whether of straw or felt. That is a weak shield against the penetrating rays of your glaring, scorching sun. Women find a natural safeguard in their abundant hair, especially when they wear it coiled on the top of the head. Of course they are not as much exposed to the sun's rays as the men are, but even if they were the ratio of prostration would be much larger among the males with their thin head gear and closely cropped hair. Sunstroke is almost unknown among the natives of eastern countries. You may think that the coiled turban of an East Indian is a heavy and ungainly thing to wear above one's brain, but instinct and experience have taught him the advisability of giving ample protection to the head, no matter how coolly he may apparel the rest of his body. Then, too, the use of umbrellas is very general in countries near the equator. Europeans in the east realize the value of light but thick helmets. You in New York will learn after a while to wear the right kind of hat in summer. Then there will be few sunstrokes, except such as are produced by sheer negligence or alcoholic excess."

Social Tactics.

There is a thirteen-year-old boy in Cambridge who is a great "society man" and who is referred to by his friends on all points of etiquette. He was overheard one day giving some "pointers" to a boy about his age, but who had apparently none of his friend's aplomb. Boy No. 2, whom we will call Fred, was saying anxiously, "But I never know what to say to a girl at a party. What do you talk about, anyway?"

"Oh, that's easy enough," replied the society man. "First you say its a lovely night for a party; then you ask her if she doesn't think the rooms are a little warm."

"Yes?" interrogatively, from Fred.

"Well, then ask her if she's fond of waltzing; then—then—oh, say that the floor is very slippery."

"Well, what next?"

"Oh!"—evidently a little strained—"tell her you like her step; then"—sudden inspiration—"ask her if she doesn't want a glass of water; be a long time getting it and by the time you get back some other man 'ill be with her."

A Whale of Reddish Brown.

"Persons who think a whale is black," "will be disappointed if they go to see the monster now on exhibition in New York. The prevailing tint of this whale is the rich, tender, reddish brown of the smoked halibut, blotched all over with yellow and darker brown. Nevertheless, whales are really black. The outer coat of the skin, it is explained, peels off after the animal is killed."

—Nearly $28,000 was put into the pool-boxes in the four days at Cleveland.

—Mrs. George L. Lorillard, who has recently returned from Europe, will dispose of her entire racing stable and the yearlings by Sensation at an early day.

FASHION NOTES.

—Hercules and the open woven wool braids are used to trim flannel and serge bathing suits.

—China crepe neckerchiefs, fringed and embroidered, are the prevailing fancy for piazza wraps.

—Old-fashioned large embroidered white muslin collars are features of many of the dresses recently brought from abroad.

—The newest India silks are in cashmere designs, and next summer's costumes will doubtless, a majority of them, show these effects.

—The very finest stockings now imported are of silk, in white or pale colors, with the fronts of lace, or elaborately embroidered in colors.

—The ecru pongees this season show a decided suede shade. These are most effective when made up with skirts of black or brown silk or of lace.

—The English toque is also much worn in Paris. It has a round, ball shaped crown, and is very simply trimmed with velvet and a small bouquet of flowers.

—Ivy leaves are a very favorite trimming, especially the tiny, roundish ivy, which is called "Ruines de Rome," because it is said to grow nowhere but on the ruins of Rome.

—A pretty little sailor suit for a tiny girl was of serge. The skirt was in box plaits; blouse waist with wide sailor collar, and vest front trimmed with fancy braid. Full sleeves, gathered with cuffs, were trimmed with the same braid.

—As hinted above, hats are larger and more fanciful in shape than ever. Besides the Tosca and the Derby, we have now the Aureole, which, is put on very much at the back of the head, with its broad brim frames in the head with very good effect.

One is of black chip, trimmed with black velvet and feathers. Another, of golden bronze straw, is trimmed with hop blossoms, clover and dandelion flowers run to seed.

—Among the latest importations was a lovely dress for a little girl of bengaline in two colors. The body and princess back were of the dark color, the back of the skirt being in box plaits. The front was made of puffs and a deep flounce of light material. The vest was of the same goods, the front being in one continuous piece from the collar to the bottom of the skirt. The collar was made of shirred folds of the light colored goods. Ribbon bows with ends were set below the collar, at intervals down the front of the dress and also at the sides, where the shirred flounce met the back plaits. A V shaped scarf trimming passed over the shoulder and was fastened at the waistline at the front and at the back; the point at the back was finished with a large bow of ribbon or sash of surah. On the shoulders were epaulettes of the light material, with bows of ribbon at the points.

—The redingote dress is very useful and practical for a traveling dress, or for walking in the country, or on the beach. It is made in different ways, but generally falling in straight panels at the sides and front, and slit open behind to show a plaited under skirt. A pretty redingote of this style is of beige granite—a fancy woolen material—and brown and beige striped pekin. The front is finely plaited, and trimmed above the hem with a border of brown ribbed galloon, three bands of the same are placed on each side of this front part; the sides are quite plain; the back is slit open in the middle, and shows a plaited skirt of the pekin. The bodice is trimmed with strips of the ribbed galloon, and opens over a plastron of white plaited surah. Coat sleeve with facing trimmed with galloth. In other toilets the redingote style is combined with some few draperies, one result being very elegant and effective. Of this mixed style is a very pretty dress of fancy woolen crepe and peau-desole, both of a medium shade of heliotrope. Panels of the peau de soie fall straight over an underskirt of thin silk. The side panels are edged with a handsome pattern in embroidery. A tablier of the woolen crape is loosely plaited in front, and at the back there is a short drapery of the same. Close fitting bodice of peau de soie peaked in front. The back pieces and the left front piece are trimmed with embroidery, and a drapery of crape is crossed over the right side front from the shoulder to the waist. Coat sleeve with draped facing of crape.

—Simple costumes and extravagant hats, such is the verdict for this summer's fashions. Plain skirts and Quaker-like cloaks are associated with the most fanciful and *bizarre* of headgears.

We mentioned in our last the cloak Bonne Femme. It is useful, but just a little singular.

There are, happily, besides this, a number of other models—mantelets and jackets.

We have taken note of one which is simply exquisite; it is a tight fitting jacket of peau-desole, with a basque, rather long on each side, in the peplum style. This jacket derives peculiar elegance from its trimming. This consists of large ornaments of passementerie, with jet beads and handsome pendants. There are two in the back and two upon the fronts, which come down to the edge of the peplum points to which we have just referred. The sleeve, full at the shoulder, becomes gradually narrow, and is finished off with a handsome passementerie ornament.

Another very unique model is also well worthy of notice. It is a jacket made of thick net, lined throughout with surah. The net part is cut rather low, showing a shoulder piece of finely plaited surah. A lace border edges the net portion, and is continued into a quilling down the middle of the front to the waist, to terminate in ample waves over the skirt. The back is tight-fitting, and the basque is trimmed round the edge with a lace border, beaded with a strip of jet braid. The sleeve is full and gathered just above the elbow so as to form a puffing, and then gathered in again at the wrist and finished with lace.

This mantle is extremely effective with a colored silk dress.

HORSE NOTES.

—John E. Turner has been sick.

—T. Wood Martin, of Philadelphia, started the horses at Buffalo.

—Mike Welch, the well-known trainer, died at Chicago on July 20.

—Budd Doble shipped Oliver K. back to Chicago from Cleveland.

—Rody Patterson refused $5000 for his young pacer Bessemer, record 2.15.

—Clingstone worked a mile at Cleveland on Friday August 10th in 2 15¼, first half in 1.08¼.

—W. H. Forbes, Boston, Mass., has purchased in England and imported to this country several English thorough bred mares.

—In America and Australia a two-mile race is just what its name implies—in England it means preliminary gallop and a mile race.

—Harry Morris, the amateur jockey, has entirely recovered from the accident received while riding Warrington in the steeplechase at Saratoga.

—T. J. Middagh, of Patterson, Pa., has taken his stable of trotters to Port Royal, where he will put them into training for the fall campaign.

—The breaking up of the Appleby & Johnson stable will release Hayward, and his services will probably be secured by Mr. Belmont for next season.

—A Gentlemen's Driving Club was organized at McKeesport, Pa., last week. It was decided to build a half-mile track before the close of the season.

—There were three gray horses in one of the races at Monmouth on Tuesday August 7th, a very rare sight, and two of them ran first and second.

—The ankle of one of Dry Monopole's front forelegs is very much swollen, and it is feared that his racing days are over. Fletch Taylor, another of Walter Gratz's cripples, may see the post again.

—Why Van Ness should make such a drive against a horse like Prince Wilkes no one can imagine. One might as well try to kill a steam engine by rapid work as do up the Prince, and the result was Rosaline felt her punishing brush.

—The prize of a handsome suit of horse clothing to the handsomest winner at the Cleveland meeting was awarded to George A. Singerly's ch. g. Prince Wilkes. E. A. Buck, David Bonner and J. H. Perkins were on the committee.

—J. L. Case says that Jay-Eye-See always had a foreleg under suspicion, and it has twice been blistered. He was started in his work too soon this season and went lame and had to be fired. The veterinary says that the leg with rest will grow strong and should stand campaign work next year.

—At the Cleveland meeting recently there were forty-nine heats trotted or paced in harness, and the average time was 2.19 1-7. This is the fastest on record for four days meeting. The 2.13 heat of Johnston under saddle, and the 2.05¼ of You Bet, with running mate, reduce the average to 2.18 13-17.

—The Detroit Driving Club has added to its programme for September 4 to 8 a breeders' premium, known as the Detroit Driving Club Roadster Stallion sweepstakes. The premium is $1000, to be awarded to the best stallion, with five of his get of any age, to be shown at will.

—Black Harry died at S. D. Townsend's farm, near Kembleville, Pa., on July 25. He and his mate Monitor were sold by W. C. France to Frank Bower, of Philadelphia, in 1871, and were for many years the fastest pair of horses in this section. He trotted Point Breeze track in 2.28.

—Elkwood has not broken down. The injury to his leg is similar to that which befel Emperor of Norfolk. There is nothing whatever the matter with the tendon proper, the trouble being entirely with the sheath or covering of the tendon. It is thought that the horse must have struck himself at some time or other. Elkwood will probably be given a rest until next spring.

—There is still considerable talk about the Dwyers buying or leasing another race track. The latest is that they recently made Mr. Shults, the trotting breeder, an offer of $1000 a day for the lease of his track at Parkville for an autumn meeting. The track is about two miles from Bay Ridge, and the Dwyers, it is said, offered to go as far as to offer to build a grandstand suitable for the occasion.

—"Lucky Baldwin has quite a string of racers in the spring, but what with accidents of one kind and another, and particularly the enforced retirement of the Emperor Norfolk, Miss Ford and Volante, the stable is by no means a formidable one just now. Of the stake animals, Los Angeles was relied on to capture a number of 3 yerr old Eastern events, but the day before the race for the Iroquois stakes here she picked up a nail, which kept her from starting for that stake. She is now all right again, and may be soon seen at the post. The purse animals, Estrella and Grizette, have run disappointingly here, and the stable is by no means strong in the 2 year old division. Even with all these drawbacks, the stable is to be credited with about $65,000.

—Garrison's riding of Raceland for the Palisade stakes on Saturday, the 4th of August, was reprehensible in the highest degree. He laid so far away that when he made his run he was well into the last furlong. Thus it was too late, as Badge was too fast a colt to be overtaken, and, with all Raceland's wonderful speed, he coule not catch him. There was a great deal of feeling on the grand stand, and we can hardly marvel at it. It is well known that Badge's party had great hopes and backed their colt, but it will take a great deal of convincing to make people believe that Garrison did not positively throw the race away by his waiting game. The race was the slowest run during the day, and is much below Raceland's real form.—*Wilkes' Spirit.*