Goto thy mother's beart for rest; Deep as thy childhood's sleep, Her tired children safe and close Thy mother yet can keep.

For still 'tis true, as in these days Long past, of myth and song, Calm Nature great all mother is, With love and memory long.

Find then, thou canst, on Nature's heart This solace for thy pain— The joy that blossoms with the grass, The gladness of the grain,

The happy breaking into song Of brook, and bird, and bee, And on the wind that lifts the wave

And bends the willing tree. On silent pools beneath the hills, Where quiet shadows lie, On waters swift and changing hue Let fall thy line and fly.

Let thy heart dance with dancing leaves And with the pattering rain— So shalt thou find, though day decline, Thy childhood's rest again.

## THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

"Matty's got a beau!" said Mrs. Hall, in a sort of stage whisper, as she spread out the various sections of her half completed patchwork bed quilt before the admiring eyes of Mrs. Peck-ham, her neighbor. "Keepin' reg'lar company!"

"La me!" said Mrs. Peckham, at once losing all interest in the "Irish- of gooseberry bushes beyond, chain" pattern and staring full in the face of Mrs. Hall. "Who is it?"

"I dunno's I'd orter tell." "Oh, yes, do! I won't mention it to a livin' soul. You hadn't orter hev mysteries from me, as has been a neighbor to you so long."

"You're sure you won't tell?" "Yes, sartin sure."

"Well then, it's Martin Paley." "Well, I never," said Mrs. Peckham. got-real store carpet on the floor, and later, when there came a knock at the a new cookin'-stove with a water-boiler | door, and who should walk in but Marto the back on't, and everything. And | tin Paley. a nice good-tempered fellow, too, as ever lived!" she added, with a sigh. didn't "I suppose," said Mrs. Hall, with home."

modest pride, "it ain't every girl would "Day set yet?" said Mrs. Peckham,

curiosity. "Bless me, it ain't got so far as that yet!" declared Mrs. Hall. "I didn't Martin. "I've come on an errand. I say he'd proposed, did I? I only said want to know if you will marry me, he was comin' here Sunday evenin's." Louisy,"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Peckham. "But of course," added the mother of Matty, "everybody knows what that And the next time I go to Budport I shall be sort o' lo okin' out apologized Martin, "but I've made up for bargains in dove-colored silks."

'I suppose it would be just as well," said Mrs. Peckham, wistfully. "Louisy hain't no notion of gettin' settled, has she?" hazarded Mrs. Hall, in the height of her satisfaction.

"Not that I know of." Well, you mustn't give up," said Mrs. Hall. "I've known girls marryand marry well, too-arter they was older than Louisy is."

Mrs. Peckham bit her lip. "Louisy ain't so very old!" said she. "She's thirty, ain't she?" "Yes; but I don't call that dying of

old age!" retorted Mrs. Peckham, "Matty ain't but three and-twenty," complacently observed Mrs. Hall. "But our family always did marry the gate.

Mrs. Peckham rose. "I guess I'd better be going," said trunk?" she, a little nettled. "That walk across the medder is awful hot arter the sun

Mrs. Hall looked after her with a on the summer brightness of the land-

Matty than a cabbage-stalk with a

While Matilda herself, dusting the furniture in the best room, looked crit- with." ically at the well-worn figures of the carpet.

"Ma," said she, "we must have a new carpet this fall. This ain't hardly decent when a girl has steady com- ty, Louisy. There's 'Annie Laurie,'

pany." "I dunno what your father'll say, Matty," said Mrs. Hall, coming in from the kitchen with a fried cruller impaled on the end of her fork. "Pa hain't no business to be

stingy," said Matilda, She was a black-eyed, red-cheeked girl, with ebony hair growing low on her forehead, and a certain air of domineering commands which comported well with her clear, pink-and-white beauty. Mrs. Hall looked admiringly at her

"I guess likely he'll let you have your own way," said she. "You always was a great hand to coax. Just grinder, who, with his monkey, lay taste o' this 'ere fried cake, Matty. I coiled up, fast asleep, on the hay in the ain't certain whether I've got enough barn-loft at Paley Farm.

edge of the swamp, where her granddaughter, Louisa, was hanging out the in the best room, by the big lamp with clothes of the week's wash-a tall, slight girl, with large gray eyes, rather persistency. a coloriess complexion, and hair of that bright Ruben's gold that Mrs. Peckham had miscalled "red."

"It's true, Louisy," said the old woman, rather spiritlessly. "What's true, granny?"

"About Martin Paley and Matty "Well," with a quick twitch of the

upper lip, "why shouldn't it be true?" 'I sort o' thought, one time, Louisy, that he was partial to you." Louisa laughed, not a bad imitation

of careless indifference, "Partial!" said she. "He called But when she cares in to put to boil the frugal dinner, consisting of a knuckle of ham and some plantain day of her death, Matilda Hall will the orchestra was placed in a room just at all. few times, that was all. I ain't a

kitchen knife, her eyes looked suspici- Paley. ously red; and after the dishes were cleared away she went up to her own room, took a withered rosebud or two out of her little Testament and flung them out of the window, murmuring

to herself: "What a fool I have been to keep them so long!"

The pleasant dusk of the next sunset was purpling the hills when Mrs. Hall called shrilly to her daughter from the spare chamber up stairs:

"Matty! Matty! there's one o' them bothering hand-organ men comin' up the path. Send him away-quick! Mrs. Deacon Dolby lost one of her grandmother's silver teaspoons last week, and-

Matilda, who was ironing out her one embroidered pocket-handkerchief, set the iron back on the stove and ran to obey the maternal bequest,

The broom, unfortunately, was not in its place, as usual, but the kitchenmop was the next handiest weapon that presented itself. She caught it up and brandished it at the door like a modern

"Be off about your business!" she cried; in a voice to the full as shrill and sharp as that of her mother. "We don't want no shiftless loafers about here!"

The wandering musician hesitated, but Matilda brooked no delay. "Clear out, I say!" she cried, dex-

trously flinging the implement of house, hold skill at the marauder. It whirled once or twice through the air, and finally buried itself in the hedge

The man with the organ beat a hasty retreat. Matty returned to her ironing, and

Mrs. Hall laughed aloud from her vantage point above stairs. "I guess you settled his business for him, Matty," said she, gleefully. "I've no patience with no such vaga-

bonds," said Matilda, folding up the handkerchief. Louisa Peckham was working but-'Me and Louisy, we've wondered this ton-holes in a vest-it was the way she time why Martin didn't marry and set- earned her living-by the light of a tle down, with such a nice farm as he's shaded lamp some twenty minutes

"Good evening, Louisa," said he, "I didn't know as I should find you at

"I ain't often away from home," said Louisa, coloring a soft flesh-pink, that made her for the moment almost her spectacle glasses all a-glitter with beautiful. "Sit down, Martin, won't you?"

"I can't stay but a little while," said

"Marry you?"

The needle dropped from Louisa's fingers. "I know it must seem sudden-like,"

my mind sudden-like. A man always does, I suppose, at the last. Will you marry me, Louisy?" "Why-yes-I suppose so," shyly ac-

quiesced Louisa, pretending to search for the missing needle-"if you really mean it, Martin, that is." "I do," said Martin, "with all my

heart and soul." "But I thought you was keeping

company with Matilda Hall?" "I did go there consid'able confessed Martin, "but I sort o' suspicioned she wouldn't suit me like you would, Louisy. So it's a bargain, is it?"

And when he went away, he stopped a minute to take something out of the big cluster of black current bushes by

"Why what's that?" said Lousia, who had followed him out. "N-no," confessed Martin, redden-

ing even in the starlight. "It's a hand-"A-hand-organ!"
"Well," said Martin, laughing rathhalf suppressed smile, as she trudged down the road, a subdued brown speck er shame-facedly, "I may as well own up, Louisy. It won't do for me to have any secrets from you, I s'pose,

"She's dreadful jealous 'cause arter to-night. But there was a poor, Louisy's booked for single blessedness!" worn-out Italian fellow came to my said she, chuckling. "Louisy, indeed —a washed-out, red-haired old maid! said he hadn't had no luck all day. No more to be compared with our And so I gave him some supper and a bed in the barn, and I just borrowed the organ for a little while. I thought it would be a good idea to serenade "To serenade? But, Martin, you didn't serenade me?"

"N-no," said Martin, "I changed my mind. But the tunes are real pretand 'Home, Sweet Home,' and 'Twickenham Ferry,' and lots like that, Don't you want me to play some for

"Do," said Louisa. "I'm real fond of music."

Out there in the starlight, the oldfashioned strains of music sounded so plaintively that even Grandmother Peckham opened her up-stairs casement to listen.

Louisa had never been "serenaded" before. She thought it was like a page out of the "Arabian Nights."

meanwhile, Mrs. Peckham had did not come back to her. She could not imagine why, when she dressed reached the little wooden house on the herself evening after evening, and sat the silk shade, nobody rewarded her

And one afternoon Mrs. Peckham came over with a jar of Morella cherries which she had just preserved. "I know you like preserves," said she. "Here's one of our'n. By-the-way, Louisy was married yesterday."
"Married!" echoed Mrs. Hall.

"Yes—quite quiet-like," said the grandmother. "To Martin Paley." Mrs. Hall turned a dull tallowy white, She could hardly believe her

And all the time Martin Paley was saying to himself:
"Haven't I had a lucky escape from marrying a woman with a temper like

greens that she herself had dug out of probably never know how it was that off the garden out of sight, but near enthe grass of the dooryard with a rusty she failed to become Mrs. Martin

A BABYLONIAN TEA. Novel Method of Spending a Summer

Evening in Town. A suave youth, of small fortune, but large social pretensions, who is kept in town by his duties as a bank clerk-\$15 a week—was a trifle mystified a few days ago by the receipt from a fashionable married woman of a visiting card, on which was written, "Friday evening, 8 to 10, Tea Babylonian." "Tea Babylonian! Tea Babylonian!" he read again and again. "What new

wrinkle may that be, I wonder."
It required about four seconds for him to see that his ergagement book was virgin. He made up his mind to go in a space of time so small that he had no method of calculating. For, remember you, diversions that promise anything worth speaking of to a city bound swell do not come every day in August.

The next morning, warm as it was, the youthful limb of fashion was swinging down Chestnut street to his desk in the banking house as chipper as a boy with a new watch. "Well," said I, "why so blithesome

this morning?" "It was the tea, the Babylonian tea," said he, "I tell you it was a stunner." "And what is a Babylonian tea?" He was so full of it that he must

have regarded the opportunity to talk as a favor. This is the story he told: "When I received the bid," he explained, "I had no more notion than the dead what a Babylonian tea might be. However, as you see, I went. The house-a charming one in a fashionable street-is the scene of many a pleasant dinner and dance in the winter, at which one is sure to meet a lot of agreeable people. I had read in the sassiety' column of a newspaper that the host and hostess were in town for a few days on their way from some Virginia springs to Bar Harbor.

"I was not at all surprised, therefore, to find the front stoop swept and trim as became the habitation of a Christian even in midsummer, nor was I amazed to observe the door standing hospitably open. There was something not quite intelligible, however, in the circumstance that the only light to be observed was furnished by a single gas jet in the hallway. A man servant, however, standing near the doorway mechanically drawled out: 'Gentlemen's dressing room third story back; ladies' front parlor.' As I stumbled up the stairs through semi-darkness, I saw that the door to the drawing room was open, and, glancing in, I observed what appeared to be women's wraps on the chairs and sofas, which, however, were covered with white linen, as when the house was first put in summer order.

"'A queer basket of chips,' thought 'If this is the Babylonian tea I shan't want much of it, and where are the Babylonians?'

"I was in the third story back by this time, when another servant politely took my hat and placed it with other hats and coats. He then opened a door at his left and I passed down a gloomy passageway into another half lighted

"As I looked blindly round he asked my name. I gave it him. He turned, and simultaneously calling out my name brushed aside a curtain of some dark, heavy stuff, and I passed into Babylonia.

"I found myself standing in an illuminated garden. Glowing Chinese lanterns were strung in fantastic designs along the edge and drawn to a common point over the head line in the duce disquieted the clergy, and from latter are obtainable ready made, in center suggested a great canopy of the pulpit in York Cathedral Mrs. most fashionable colors, light. Here and there among the Somerville was condemned as an ofbranched palms and the spreading fern fender against the laws of God, as well ing more costly and elegant than left radius; it was an experiment so varied hued fairy lamps burned with a mild light. Small tables were set out the fourth the garden ended abruptly against the wall of the house, Lookbreath of cool air, and upon my mind flashed at once the truth-I was standvable look of surprise.

"'It is the same with every one,' chirruped my, hostess. 'Amazement, then, if I may be permitted to say it, delight. Pardon me, but really I never had the pleasure of gathering life had been one of "sorrow, trouble my friends at any entertainment that and disappointment," must evoke the afforded so much fun as this Babylonian

tea is giving.' "But the idea,' said I, 'where did you get it?'

I nen she was good enough to exed that a feature of the club's new caught at the remark as containing the suggestion for something altogether unique in the way of entertainments. The development of the idea was manifested in the 'tea' called Babylonian, of course, for a reason that is clear to you with your recollection of the celebrated hanging gardens; The roof on which we stood was that of the back building, which was a story or so lower in height to follow the old hen around with the than the front. The grass was in sods, rest of the brood. bordered in long shallow boxes, neatly the possibility of anybody's stepping off the roof and tumbling into the back at all kindly to their removal,

"As our hostess finished her little

ough to be heard in a degree that was pleasanter for being soft and low. Ices and salads and some other things were ornaments for young ladies. served at the little tables, and altogether everything went on much as it would at a lawn party of the every day kind. The company was not a large one, but still it was numerous enough to send everything with go and spirit. Nearly all the men were people who, as I knew, were kept in town by the demands of business, and usually appear more or less miserable at the clubs. Naturally enough in August in town they outnumbered the ladles two to one. Most of the ladies were, like our hostess, passing through town from one resort to another. Some had come in for the 'tea' from the country places at Bryn Mawr and the other fashionable places regarded as suburbs. They were so pretty and gracious that they merited all the attention they received. It was quite midnight, instead of 11 o'clock, when the 'tea' was over, and as we went out the rooms and passages,

## The Blue-Stocking Scare.

glowing beauty of the roof garden."

which earlier were so dark, were bril-

liantly lighted, making clear what I

had supposed-that is, that the preli-

minary gloom had been arranged to

Although Frances Burney, Joanna Baillie, Marla Edgeworth and Hannah More enjoyed in the eighteenth century an honorable position in the cultured circles of society, the authoress was held in general discredit as adopting a vocation not only at variance with the diamonds and precious stones. due discharge of feminine duties, but incompatible with the modesty that bute of her sex. The blue-stocking corrupt society-a fungus excresence sensitive delicacy of the feminine char- and reverse of plain green velvet. acter, which was its especial charm. A due performance of the wife and mother's duty was irreconcilable with the essentially masculine function of writing books. A woman should find within the sphere of domestic life full scope for the exercise of any talent she might possess. Monk Lewis, the author of a popular romance, reproved his mother, early in this century, for attempting to write a tale, and with tates bow knots of ribbens or fine vine that uncompromising frankness of expression which characterizes near relatives' rebukes, he informed her "that she had no business to be a public character, and that a female author became that contemptible thing, 'a sort of half

The memoirs of Jane Austen show that she bravel the public opinion of the day in publishing her well-known works, but though personally that seems to have given her little concern, yet to please her family she had always a handkerchief at hand to conceal from view the writings on which she might be engaged when visitors were announcperiences of a somewhat similar charac- that the hour may be consulted with- quarter of a mile chute, joining the ter, and it was not until her 27th year, out observation. The reticule has a homestretch, like the Futurity Course, when forced by circumstances to ob. monogram in silver, and the tiny purse at Coney Island, and, as was originally tain the means of self-support, that she shows an interrogation point in the proposed, it will run diagonally through ceased to take precautions to keep her centre in silver, inlaid with diamonds. vocation a secret from the world. But Am I poor-am I rich-that is the no lady writer suffered so severely as question. Mrs. Somerville from the public opinion of those days, as her unwomanly ments for trimming hats may be aclove of mathematics immensely aggre- cepted as typical of their respective gated the guilt of her infraction of the shapes. For instance, large round hats established code of feminine propriety. have broad bands of fine guipure, col-Her afflicted relatives adjured her to ored or gold embroidery; flowers are give up her discreditable studies, and not to bring disgrace upon herself and the hat crown and is knotted in front; family by indulgence in such unwoman- wreaths and tufts are veiled in tulie, ly pursuits. The evils that a feminine and small, high bonnets are filled up study of Euclid were calculated to proas a transgressor of the accepted code dresses. The following are two new that the life of the animal could be of womanly propriety. The highly models: One is of dull pink surah, on the grass and illuminated by tapers gifted Caroline Herschel, declared by trimmed with narrow tucks and black well, and can walk with surprising burning in heavy silver candelabra. the Astronomical Society in 1828 to lace; it is composed of two superposed The edge of the garden, on three sides, have accomplished a work "probably flounces, each of which is trimmed was marked by a light balustrade. On unparalleled either in magnitude or im- with five or six tucks and edged with portance in the annals of astronomical black lace. The other is of striped labor," shared with Mrs. Somerville in | glace silk of two colors, pink and bluing beyond the balustrade I could make the discredit attached to feminine ish green; it is trimmed with a black out the tops of trees gently waving in the wind. I felt upon my cheek also a brother, imbued apparently with the small bows of alternately pink or prejudices of the day, seems throughout green abbon are put on at regular disthe long, indefatigable, and loving ser- tances. Ladies possessing remnants of ing on a housetop. People in evening vices she rendered him, to have regard- silk can easily make up either pattern dress were seated at the little tables or ed and treated her in the light of a use- themselves with any odd scraps of moving about looking at everything ful drudge. And so little did ner nep-curiously. My host and hostess were hew, Sir John Herschel, consider her tremely pretty underskirts, which standing near the curtained entrance, entitled to any mark of public honor which, as I looked again, I saw was not a doorway, but a low window. I mical Society resolved to present her —Go made my regards and they laughed with a gold medal for her discoveries merrily as they observed my very obser- of comets and her catalogue of stars and nebulæ, he most unkindly wrote to his aged aunt to say that he had "strenuously resisted" the resolution. The piteous plaint of her old age, that from the earliest dawn of recollection, her deepest sympathy, mingled with indignation at the social prejudice that had embittered her laborious existence. Since the day she died, now nearly forty years ago, the English code of plain that her husband, who is a member of the tremendously rich 'Manus facturers' club,' had casually mentioncondemned from the pulpit of York house, which is now being built, will Cathedral, the change in some importbe a summer garden on the roof. She ant respects amounts to a revolution.

## A Cat and Her Family of Chickens.

These weak little chicks, therefore, concealed by the green. The palms were carried into the house, and put and ferns and other exotics were of with the cat on her cushion by the fire. were carried into the house, and put

story soft music of strings came float- lady is first-class advice. If anybody

FASHION NOTES,

-Combs in the shape of low diadems, tortoise shell pins, jewels fasten-

-The leg of mutton or gigot sleeve race. is fashionable for all dresses of light weight material.

Another pretty way of making these serge frocks is to have a deep honeycombed yoke, and the same honeycombing used on the top and wrist of the full sleeves. The skirts tucked and full but otherwise plain. -The black lace boas in vogue at the watering places will be followed in

ostrich feathers, which will be worn without wraps as the weather will permit. -Cashmere colored brocaded ribbons are in all widths for bonnet trimmings and for sashes, the latter being wide enough to use as vests, plastrons

the autumn by boas of natural gray

and Insertions in black and dark colored silk gowns. -A very serviceable school gown is made of dark blue serge, with a full make one the more susceptible to the front, arranged as a skirt, with feather stitched plaits, a jacket over it, the basque outlined with the same stiching; a full skirt, and a leather belt around

the waist. fine gold circlet, with stones set in re- stiff. lief. Fancy jewels are much in favor for fastening bonnet strings; pins for fixing the hat or bonnet, tiny combs and hairpins, all are ornamented with

-The mantles are of faille, with Drrectoire revers of plain velvet, and a should ever be the distinguishing attri- spike fringe with openwork heading of pasementerie. Dark green repped silk estimated his entire loss in excess of was deemed an abnormal creation of a mantles made in this way are scarcely more than shoulder capes in the back, nourished by decay. The publicity of with the waistcoat front much longer, authorship must inevitably destroy that of green velvet embroidered with roses,

-Embroidered vests will be a feature of autumn mantles and of wanter coats. The embroidery is done in colored silks on velvet or silk, and may be a border down each side of the buttons, along the lower edge, and on the collar, or it may be small all-over design nearly covering the dark ground with gay rose-buds, carnations, tiny wreaths, slender branches, or it imistripes of leaves or flowers.

-A French model, in bright red serge has a broad box plaited skirt and a full loose blouse, which crosses and wraps over a vest in such a way that there is no visible fastening! This vest is embroidered in black to match the half of the front ot the skirt. Serge is very much worn in all colors, but for good, hard wear there is nothing like the dark blue, and it is also very becoming to all children.

-Card cases, tiny reticules and purses are fashionably made of electric blue morocco. The card case has a tiny watch inserted in the cover, so been changed. Instead of being a

-Several of the present arrangeworn with a gauze veil, which covers graph showing amputation of the left with plisse tulle ruchings in front. The formed on August 24. The picture

-Underskirts are positively becomwould otherwise be expensive to pur

-Gold and silver are promised another season of favor, and are used sixth heats (7 dis.) Judge Davis, Felix, to brighten up dark shades of ladies' cloth, where they form a girdle or peasant waist, or a vest, collar and 2.181, 2.19, 2.22, 2.221, 2.20, 2.201, cuffs, done almost in solid metal by fine | 2.23% threads in close stitches. This embroidery of gold or silver comes ready for gowns of cloth of any color, dull Flor entine green, bronze, gray, Veronese red or biue, and in most cases the gold entine green, bronze, gray, Veronese red or biue, and in most cases the gold and silver, or else gold and steel, are combined. There are also gold, copper and silver embroidered borders in slender wires along one selvage of dark cloths that will make very tasteful trimmings, and will be used by fastidious women who object to large mayers of metal work as too shows. masses of metal work as too showy.

and the modiste finds it quite a problem to reconcile the various contradictory requirements made of such a dress, which must be fashloned in Fashion Stud Farm, Trenton; Vice raised a great many chickens, and out of each brood of fifteen or twenty, when but a few days old, several were quite likely to be weakly, and not able of the follow the fellow journeys while remaining dressy, perfect in fit, yet comfortable, and as object of the Association is to train light and easy to wear as may be.
Plain wool goods and wools in fine checks and stripes are most used for such dresses. However elegant the dress may be in fabric, fit and finish, the proper page to the Association is to train and develop the trotting horse and give trotting meetings at stated periods during the season. The first public meeting will be given on the mile track at Fashion Stud Farm, near Trenton, lamps, and a carpenter, without much ado, had put up the balustrade against the possibility of anybody's stepping them for a day of the add looked after the possibility of anybody's stepping them for a day of the add looked after the possibility of anybody's stepping them for a day of the add looked after the possibility of anybody's stepping them for a day of the add looked after the possibility of anybody's stepping them for a day of the add looked after the possibility of anybody's stepping them for a day of the add looked after the possibility of anybody's stepping them for a day of the add looked after the possibility of anybody's stepping them for a day of the add looked after the possibility of anybody's stepping them for a day of the add looked after the possibility of anybody's stepping them for a day of the add looked after the possibility of anybody's stepping them for a day of the add looked after the possibility of anybody's stepping them for a day of the add looked after the possibility of anybody's stepping them for a day of the add looked after the possibility of anybody's stepping them for a day of the add looked after the add lo pride; and when she had looked after them for a day or two, she did not take at all kindly to their removal.

The old advice to treat a cow as a lady is first-class advice. If anybody cannot do that, and milk rapidly and thoroughly, better not attempt to milk at all traveling costume is concerned.

In accordance it is with present fashionable taste. The long dust cloak of twilled silk, shirred about the neck, is lined with a thin but firm quality of surah of the same color, or at most one delicately striped or checked, for anything that will attract marked attention is considered in bad taste where a traveling costume is concerned. traveling costume is concerned.

HORSE NOTES.

-Galen was shipped back to Chicago

recently. -Mr. Withers says that Aurocoma was not at her best in the Futurity

-At Waverly N. J., on Wednesday Sept. 5th Mr. C. Bassini drove the 2 year old bay filly called Lady Celia, by Cypress, dam Ohia, which has only been broken three weeks, a quarter in 45 seconds, which is a 3.00 gait.

-It is said that Mr. Withers and his associates at Monmouth Park contemplate building a new race-course near New York, probably in the State of New Jersey, and that it will surpass anything in the way of race-courses yet

-George T. Leech, of High Point, N. C., has sold to Charles H. Kerner, of New York, the bay yearling filly by Bayonne Prince, dam Emma K. by Burgher. The filly is full sister to the phenomenal 4 year old colt Cad, which Mr. Leech had the misfortune to have killed last year by lightning when on

the eve of selling him for \$10,000. -The only four horses of note in Robert Bonner's New York stable and Maud S., Rarus, Mambrino Bertie and Pickard. The other distinguished members of the stud are at the Tarrytown farm. Rarus is seldom driven, -Pretty bracelets are composed of a and his joints are growing a little

> -The barn on the Pringville stock farm, nine miles from Indianadolis, was burned recently and eighteen head of fine horses perished. The stallion Brignoli Wilkes was lost; also Ine, valued at \$6000; Mary C. \$5000; Vassar Girl, Madame Hornwood and others. A. C. Remey, owner of the farm, \$50,000, on which the insurance is but \$5500.

-N. D. Baldwin sent in the spring of 1887 a brown mare called fly, which has trotted a half mile track in 2.35 to Sound View Stock Farm to be bred to King Wilkes. This spring she dropped a brown filly with a cloven foot. This filly has a speedy confirmation, and is in perfect health, but the left fore leg from the knee down is a cow leg with a cow foot. It is stated that the mare while on this farm ran with o heard of cows, and was hooked by one of them.

-J. B. Haggin sold twenty head of race horses at Sheepshead Bay Monday September 3d for \$22,375. The highest priced animals sold were: Monson, b. c. (2), by imp. Kyrle Daly, sold to H. Lewis, \$3800; So So, ch. g. (2) by Longfield, O. H. Stebbins, \$3250, Falcon. bik. c. (3), by Falsetto, Garrison, \$3100; Bohemian, b. c. 3), by Ten Broeck, I. Dahlman, \$2500; Ten Doy, b. g. (4), by Regent, McMahon & Co., \$2000; Trade Mark, ch. c. (2). by imp. Kyrle Daly, W. Olney, \$1875.

-The T. Y. C. straightaway of the new race course in Westchester has see the start from the stand. In other words, they will start about in a line with the half-mile pole in a mile track, entering it at that point and coming directly through the field toward the

-Dr. Charles C. McLean, V. S., of Meadville, Pa., has taken a photofore leg about three inches above the knee of a 2 year old filly, a very rare operation, which was successfully perwas taken thirty-six hours after. The filly is by Hartwood, and the injury was an incurable compound fracture of saved for a brood-mare. She has done ease.

-The following is a condensed history of Charter Oak \$10,000 Guaranteed stake from its initiation to the present

1883. Director-Fanny Witherspoon second heat, Wilson first heat, Clemmie G., Phallas, J. B. Thomas, Adele Gould and Overman. Time-2 174, 2.17, 2,20, 2.18, 2.194. 1884. Harry Wilkes-King Almont first heat, Maud Messenger, Captain Emmons, Phil Thompson, Adelaide

and Felix. Time-2,211, 2.17, 2 191, 2.211. 1885. Joe Davis-Adelaide third and fifth heats, Kenilworth fourth and Tucker, Windsor, M., William Arthur and Jerome Turner (5 dr.). Time-

1886. Oliver K .- Belle F. first and second heats, Prince Wilkes Kanilworth and Bonnie McGregor. Time-2.152, 2.151, 2.161, 1.161, 1.18.

-An organization to be known as -Under very special consideration the New Jersey Trotting Association just at present is the traveling costume, was formed on September 1, 1888, at Trenton, N. J. It is a foint stock com-