And so is there an Autumn known To the heart. It feels alone, Fearing its best days are past; Sees the future overcast! Fond acquaintance broken through, Friends departed; friends untrue. Human flowers cold and dead, Covered by a grassy bed; Hopes, late blossoms putting out, Withered soon, and flung about By cruel winds; dread doubts and fears Finding vent in sudden tears. Yes, there is an autumn known To some hearts thus left alone.

Yet there's this thought after all. rerus may fade and leayes may fall, Hearts may change and prove untrue, All may look as these woods do-Though sad autumn here is given Springtime awaits the just in Heaven.

LOVE THE VICTOR.

Owen Stanley, huddled in the corner of a third-class carriage, was going from Manchester to Chatburn, where

ing his bread since the unlucky misun- | hopes. derstanding with Uncle Raymond. Also, if Uncle Raymond would never see the rights of that miserable affair, the work at Chatburn would be a stepping-stone to a better place.

As he walked aimlessly down the street after he reached Chatburn he read the name "Cruncher," Attorney," beside a dingy office door, with "Clerk Wanted" chalked underneath.

Cruncher, and after a sharp cross-quescant in the office.

Cruncher household in church. When cross my path again. the service was over Mr. Cruncher stalked grimly forth followed by the all evidently in great awe of him.

Cruncher in petulant tones, with a look | the crazy Pole that day in the train. to match, to her niece as they passed

It was consolation to have learned her name. Louise Lee-it was a pretty lor,' my uncle said to me, with a knowname, and suited her. Was her life ing wink, when our visitor had departmade unhappy by that solemn brute of an old man?

of this life, to take her away from her very little about him one way or the tit for a princess. But none of these ble-sings came to him, and he had to content himself as best he might with seeing Louise once a week in church.

One morning Owen lost his way hopelessly in the labyrinths of the hymn book. As he was struggling to recover himself a pretty hand in a shabby glove -Louise's hand-held toward him a book with the place marked by a scrap of paper.

Owen was uncomfortably conscious of blushing as he accepted the offered civility, but it was more than charming to be noticed, even in the most uncommon way, by her.

The bit of paper between the pages was folded in two. He idly pressed it apart with his thumb, and to his astonishment read these words, evidently perhaps bring me to my sense. But written in fugitive haste:

"Look, to-morrow, in my uncle's This appeared, indeed, like the beginning of a most interesting adventure, and the overture made by a girl was shent and undecided for a while, and at last found courage to tell Mr. Mitchell that I could not marry him. whom he feared ignored his very existence! How he sat quietly through the sermon, and passed the rest of the day and night until old Cruncher appeared at his usual post next morning, Owen never knew.

When he saw his patron deeply absorbed in a pile of letters, Owen, like a coat and umbrella thief, stole out into the passage where such articles were deposited, and possessed himself of the old gentleman's sedate looking hat.

There, as he expected, he found stowed away in the lining a tiny little note. With trembling fingers the now hopeful lover laid smooth the complicated folds of the paper and read:

presuming in making the following request: I am in great trouble. Tomorrow evening at 7 I shall not be missed for half an hour. Will you meet me at the end of the lane leading rights. past our house-where the wood begins? L. L."

The following evening Owen was at hour too soon. As he was beginning to despair of Louise's coming she ap-

"What must you think of me," she began, "making an appointment with you, almost a stranger, at dusk, in this theatrical manner? I have a strong motive in this case, certainly," continued Louise. "I wish to ask your advice on a matter of the utmost importance to me, I have studied your face as much as I dared in church"—
Owen's heart gave a bound of delight, one of the control of the contr Owen's heart gave a bound of delight, tion, Then she had looked at and thought ago, some such rubbish as they tell you about him-"and I think I can trust | might be true; but we are not in Scotyou and call you my friend. I have no other."

oue looked so lovely with the tears in her eyes as she said this that Owen longed to take her in his arms and kiss her, instead of declaring himself her devoted servant in plain words,

"Let us sit down on this fallen tree and I will begin my story at the beginning. You men of the law are impawent on, with a bright smile for a moment dispelling the melancholy clouding her face.

months ago, I was traveling alone from | ing lips, here to Clover hill on an errand for my ment were a very pretty old lady, an ordinary looking gentleman of forty-1

five, and a young man not at all ordi-

nary looking. "He had large black eyes, with wild look in them, and his dress and manners were quite different from those of the people I was accustomed soon after the train started began staring at me in a most annoying way."

"He perhaps did nothing to merit was certainly then, and has been since, some time with casting what I supposed were admiring glances at me, pressprofoundly.

"Then suddenly, to my utter amazement, he threw himself on bis knees before me, declared in very that English that he loved me to distraction, and, most startling of all, tore off his very handsome watch and chain and flung them into my lap."

"The man was mad, of course," "Yes, we learned of this for a fact afterward. I looked at our traveling companion-the middle-aged man already mentioned-in helpless fright. He started up, and, with what I then thought admirable presence of mind, exclaimed, angri'y:

"'How dare you insult my wife, "The strong language had the desir-

a place in a lawyer's office awaited ed effect, and the man seemed to shrink into himself and became quiet as a The prospect was not cheerful, but it lamb. I suppose believing me to be was the only means Owen had of earn- the wife of somebody else shattered his Here again the rare sweet smile lent

a new charm to Louise's face. "Try as I might," she continued, "I could not prevail upon him to take back his watch, and at the next station the gentleman who called me his wife

gave my admirer, with his watch, into

the hands of a policeman as mad. "That was the last I ever saw of him, but we heard later that he was a Pole He presented himself before Mr. and incurably insane. The old lady in the coupe with us looked inquiringly at tioning was engaged to fill the post va- my rescuer, who laughed and murmured something I did not understand. I The following Sunday the young man | thanked him as I descended at my deshad an opportunity of seeing the entire | tination, never dreaming that he was to

"Some weeks ago, one afternoon, my uncle called me from mending Tommy's silent members of his family, each and stockings, and told me a friend wished to see me in the drawing room. I, who "Louise Lee, hold Tommy's right had no friends, was much surprised. hand tight. You stupidly let him trip on the step last Sunday!" said Mrs. presented to the man who had silenced

"His name was Mitchell, and he turned out to be an old friend of my uncle. 'Rich as Crœsus and a bache-

"I took a great dislike to Mr. Mitch-Owen longed for money and power ell; in manner and appearance he was and influence, and all the good things most repugnant to me. But I thought present bondage, and give her a home other-why should I interest myself in week later. Uncle Thomas informed me that Mr. Mitchell wished to marry

> "Preposterous!" exclaimed Owen. "I don't often laugh in the presence of Uncle Thomas, but when he told me this I laughed heartily. This made my uncle very angry. Why should I make game of the offer of a man of which I might be proud? I, who would be in the workhouse were it not for the charity of my relations,"

"The brute!" "If I was so silly as not to know on which side my bread was buttered-it was often difficult to tell-he would turn me out of doors, and that would why need I tell you the particulars of this and many another most painful hat lining when he comes to the office." scene? I was silent and undecided

"He listened with a disagreeable smile, and replied: "'My young lady will not find refus-

al so easy as she thinks," " "Owing to rusty conduct on the part of your amiable uncle," interpolated

"I believe this was his meaning, until the next day. Then my aunt in-formed me calmly that I was already married to Mr. Mitchell," "Is that good lady subject to such fits of mental aberration?"

"I stared at her in amazement, when she proceeded to explain to me that according to Scotch law, if a man in the presence of a witness says a woman is "Please do not think me forward or his wife, and she does not deny it, it becomes a legal marriage. There was a witness in the train that day-the old lady I mentioned. Mr. Mitchell is Scotch, and was determined to have his

"I could not believe aunt was in earnest, but it seems she was, and what is worze, they all beset me every hour in the place of rendezvous fully half an | the day with speeches to the effect that | it is of no use to try and escape my destiny. Mr. Mitchell has the law on peared breathless and greatly agitated. his side, and the sooner, for appearance sake, I consent to another marriage

ceremony in church the better. 'I have asked you to meet me here this evening, Mr. Stanlev, to tell me truly if there is any ground for their saying I am Mr. Mitchell's wife."

"It is the most preposterous, cowardland. To have this man's money in the family your reprobate of an uncle is trying to play upon your innocent

villainy." "Oh, I'm so glad and thankful you assured me that this dreadful man has no power over me," said Louise, with

"You poor little friendless thing!" As if of its own accord Owen's arm encircled the girl's waist, and he ten-'Last February, now nearly four derly and sevently kissed her unresist-

"And now I must fly back to the aunt. My companions in the compart- house, Dear me, the half-hour is long "For heaven's sike don't let then

persuade you to commit any rash folly. Frust in me," said Owen.

Arriving at his lodgings he found wo letters awalting bin; one from Travers, a special chum in the cold luxurious days, and the other-he could to seeing. He sat opposite me, and hardly believe his eyes-from Uncle

Raymond. He dashed into a perusal of this last "The impertinent rascall! How I at once, and discovered that, after a wish I had been there to purch his year and a month, his former friend head!" exclaimed Owen with warmth, and benefactor, his father's only brother, was on the track of the fellow who quite such severe punishment, but he had committed a certain forgery-1 crime of which Morris Raymond, in indirectly the case of a great deal of hot, sudden anger, had accused his misery to me. He amused himself for nephew. Strong cheumstantial evidence against Owen was not wanting, and thus, suffering for the misdeed of ing his hands to his heart, and sighing another, he was thrust out for a rough struggle with the world.

Now, through the merest chance the real culprit had been discovered, and the letter in his uncle's trembling hand contained ample apology for past injustice and earnestly expressed desire that the old relations be renewed.

"As you are reinstated with the old boy"-an extract from Travers' letter "I suppose we shall soon have you among us again. I hope it will not break your heart to hear that Nelly Welland has given you the slip. When she heard of your misfortune she transferred her affections to Mortimer."

"I think I have found some one who will console me for the fickle Nelly," said Owen to himself. "Did ever a stroke of fortune come at a luckier moment?"

Old Cruncher's hat played the role of postbox on several occasions after this; there were other tete-a-tetes upon the mossy log, and here Owen told Louise the old, old story-told and listened to with tender, sweet delight,

Uncle Raymond's letter emboldened Owen to prompt measures in depriving Mr. Mitchell of his so-called bride and Mr. Cruncher of his niece. Violent oppositions, rage, bitter re-

proaches of ingratitude, a battle of angry words, waxed fast and furious, but love gained the victory.

A Snake-Charmer's Martyrdom.

India has just lost a snake-charmer, one Kondajee Muboojee, who fell a martyr to his belief in his own powers. A lad 6 years old, named Vittoo Heorree, was bitten by a cobra at Mazagon, Bombay, and as usual, a snake-charmer inquired where the cobra had taken refuge, and, on a woodpile being pointed out, he removed the wood, found and seized the snake, and endeavored to make it bite the dead boy, declaring that if it did so the child would at once be restored to life. For two hours he persevered, but the snake refused to strike the body, and at last, irritated beyond endurance turned and bit Kondajee in the hand. The snake-charmer calmly placed the snake in a copper vessel and then sat down. A vehicle was sent for and the man placed inside, but by the time he reached home he was life that the first hastaken away. The anathy of the Hindor is evident by the fact that the snake-charmer used no effort whatever to save his own life, Whether he thought that he was proof against its ill effects was not stated in the evidence given at that inquest held on the body of the child; but it is clear that he had no belief in the virtues of any antidote or mode of treatment. It is most probable that he was confident in the powers of the drugs, ointments, or charms he had previously used to protect him, for the evidence of the spectators showed that upon finding the snake in the woodpile he had seized it without the slightest hesitation. It is certainly singular that a man accustomed to handle snakes should have been so convinced that their bite had power to restore life as well as to cause

A Kind Heart in Old Clothes.

Rather than risk "ene good deed dy-ing tongueless," a New York Tribune reporter mentions an incident which he saw in Beaver street, near the Cotton Exchange. A hatles, barefooted boy, was tying together some heavy strips of refuse wood. After he had fastened them as securely as his tiny hands would permit he manfully undertook to shoulder them, but was dismayed to find that the law of gravity and his feeble muscles prevented success. He was looking at his fallen bundle in despair, though without a tear, when a coal cartman stopped his horse and asked: "Where do you want to take that?"

"Over in Washington street, near de Battery," replied the boy.
"Well," said the driver, "you sit down by the wood a few minutes until

I unload and I'll carry it for you," The boy obeyed and munched some eaches which a looker-on handed to him, and the reporter fancied he had often seen a less kindly face than the begrimed one in the coal cart in a more ostentatious vehicle,

-The gray wolf is still a very live issue in Butte county, Dakota, where he occasionally plays sad havoc among horses and other farm stock.

-George B. Leavitt has sold the bay gelding De Bary (2.194) to Maine par-

-Any one wanting a horse should attend W. T. Woodward's sale in Kentucky.

-The Lexington (Ky.) entry list is the largest in the history of the organization. -The classes filled well for the

Albany and Poughkeepsie October

meetings. -Tailor made bodices, English redingotes, much cut away at the hips, over Louis XIV waistcoats, elegantly draped, and French polonaises, artisti-cally draped and adjusted, divide favor

-Syrian velvet in two tones, like shot slik, is made up with faille Francaise and Victoria silk.

almost evenly this season.

-The prevailing fancy in passementeries, that of combining several shades of one color, simplifies the matching of goods, as the same trimming may be used upon any one of the shades of which it is composed,

THE POOR OF LONDON.

The Kindness Shown to One Another in Misfortune.

It is not only in their perhaps thriftless almsgiving that the poor show their sympathy with their own order. They show it in their practical help in times of sickness and bereavement: they show it in their readiness to share their scanty food and shelter with the hungry and the homeless; they show it in the way in which they take other people's troubles upon their already overburdened backs; and in the way they frequently sacrifice their time and their money in endeavoring to put their poor brothers and sisters who have been pushed down in the battle of life once more upon their legs.

The poor live so closely together that they know a good deal of each other's circumstances, and naturally the ladies are the first to find out each other's business. So it comes that the poor woman living with her husband and family in one room knows that the people in the next room are without food. She and her husband go short and send in half their loaf to their starving it up with hot water. This, at least, gives the recipient a warm drink, whatever the particular flavor of it may be.

One remarkable way in which the poor show their kindness of heart is in of moire. adopting children. It twequently happens in neighborhoods where the laboring and criminal classes herd together that a family of children may be suddenly left without father or mother. Father gets "put away" and mother, in her grief and despair, goes to drown her sorrow at the public house, and sometimes ends by falling herself into the clutches of the law. Such cases as five cases out of ten the children are taken care of, washed and dressed and fed by some poor mother living in the same house, who herself has a large family. All this is done ungrudgingly and as a "duty." If you ask such a woman what prompted her to burden herself with the maintenance of another woman's family she will teil you there was nothing wonderful in the act, "She supposes as some neighbor 'ud do the same by her young 'uns if ever she was

in trouble," A poor, unfortuitate girl, living in a tenement house when others of her unhappy class, fell seriously ill. The landlord wanted her sent to the workhouse. The other girls said. "No, not if they knew it." These poor creatures pawned all the clothes they could spare in order to pay for a clever doctor-for her case was a complicated one-and they clubbed together and got her all the doctors ordered her. They relieved each other at the sick bed and took it in turns to nurse her day and night, and they made her stop at home when she was better for over six weeks, as deed. The story testifies strongly to the doctor said there would still be a the belief of snake-tharmers of India risk in her going out, during all of in their power over the snakes and to which time they paid her rent and every the existence of a superstition that the expense incurred by her illness, though second bite of a snake will restore the to do it they had to deny themselves not only any comfort but almost any necessary of life. Brave girls those and good girls. How different would their lives have been, perhaps, had they known in their homes such love and devotion as they showered upon their sisters in misfortune.

The poor man who loses his wife finds plenty of sympathy and practical help among his poor neighbors. Some good soul comes in at once and sees to the young children for him if he has none old enough to look after the others. The baby not infrequently finds a new mother to take it to her breast, and even the man's comfort is not overlooked. Mrs. Jones will run in for half an hour while he is away at work, and tidy up his place for him; and a plain velvet underskirt in this rich Mrs. Brown will pop across the road and get his tea ready for him against above the cashmere, and a Russian he comes home. There are some charming little idylls of the courts and alleys which are waiting to be toldtender prose poems, fragrant with the self sacrifice and the heroisms of the poor and the lowly; but they must be To cut them down into a bald narra-tive of incidents would be to rob them silk bishop sleeves, which issue from of all their grace and charm.

childless, but he had one companion-a the sides with three gold wrought butfaithful, loving little dog, who had tons. lived with him for many years. As the little dog stretched itself out beside after he had gone to his grave; so one with you till she dies, will you, mate? I shall die happy if I know as she'll have a friend to take care of her after on the neck below the collar, promise you as she shall be as comfortable as I can make ber."

The kindness to animals is by no neans a rare trait among the poor. I have seen a lean and hungry lad many a time sharing his scanty meal of bread their pet breathe its last.

Hard on Greeley.

Horace Greeley told this story of himself. Soon after he went to learn the the points rolled outward. printing business he went to see a being grievously tormented with a

-The bay mare Directress, by Dictator, dam Dolly by Mambrino Chies (full sister to Director, 2.17), died at Woodburn Farm recently.

FASHION NOTES.

-Ladies who have a fitted garment for street wear will be glad to know that the Newmarket or redingote, braided or plain, will be a favorite garment through the autumn and winter.

-The new hussar coat is very stylish, with its black silk passementeries flecked with gold on the jacket fabric of deep blue or Russian green cloth. Sometimes they are decorated with alguillettes or tags, with gold or silver points. The pecukar style of these military coats consists in the superb fit of the shoulders the majority of them being slightly wadded.

-Short visiting wraps and small visites, with cape sleeves that reach to the elbow only, are made of black Lyons velvet, rich colored velvets, and also magnificent Oriental broche materials with gold threads interwoven. These are decorated with Persian lambskins, and also, for later wear, with many kinds of fur, with muff and French toque to match.

-A walking costume for a young lady is of plain Henrietta cloth. The skirt has a wide band made of very narrow tucks around the bottom, and neighbors, and she sends in the teapot is laid in medium width side plaits. with the leaves left in it, and she fills | Very long, looped-under apron and side draperies; very full back drapery drawn up at the side and in the middle of the back; plain postilion body, with long point in front; collar and cuffs

-A handsome reception costume is of faille Francaise and moire. The body, sleeves, train and pinked-out flounces are made of the faille. A very full apron drapery, shoulder puffs, cuffs, pointed V shaped front and back, and the collar is of moire. Very handsome jet ornaments are set where the apron joins the back drapery and the V shaped sections on the waist. theis occur over and over again, and in | The collar, shoulder puffs and cuffs are

finished with passementerie. -A very stylish house dress is of cashmere. The front of the skirt is in narrow plaits at the waistline, and falls plainly to the bottom of the skirt. The back is in side plaits with very full drapery. Bands of trimming material extend from the waistline to the bottom of the skirt on one side. Plain body with wide turnedback collars and revers over a full vest of silk with a narrow standing collar. Plain sleeves

and plain cuffs. -Many of the little capotes, cloth foaled 1887, by Nutwood, dam Zither, bonnets, felt turbans and English walking hats from abroad have a simple yet artistic trimming, formed entirely of Madras silk handkerchiefs twisted and arranged around the crowns and in front with the unmistakable French charm. Many of these pretty head coverings are made wholly of these bordered kerchiefs in brilliant colorings, and the "bandana bonnet" is in immense demand by enthusiastic young ladies who are interested in politics. They impart a stylish and brightening effect to the tailor costumes of dark rich toned cloth so universally admired.

-A very elegant costume is of faille Francaise and motre. Plain skirt with draped apron in deep folds: long side sections of the faille bordered with wide bands of the moire; these side pieces are draped high about threequarters of the way around the skirt toward the back. The back of the skirt is plain and straight, and has a similar band of moire, and is set in the belt in one very wide double boxbasque skirt and postilion. The side of the shoulders, the plaits extending to the elbows, where they end in a large puff, and are plain from the elbow to the wrist. The collar and cuffs

are of the moire. -A beautiful plum colored India cashmere dress, received recently, has fruit shade. There is a deft drapery jacket of the velvet beneath, which shows an undervest of plum colsred Victoria slik, soft and very lustrous, that is a mass of gold embroidery done in Cairo by a certain crippled workman, who sits all day in his balcony told from the beginning to the end, making these lovely bits of rare orusthe open velvet ones, are embroidered The sympathy of the poor shows in the same manner, and the jacket has itself sometimes in a tender regard for tiny velvet buttons worked in stars in something which has been the pet of a fine gold beads. There is an odd little dead comrade or neighbor. Some little collar which is new. It turns down time back, a hawker in the East End only at the back over the plain, lay dying. He was a widower and straight, upright collar, and fastens at

-A very stylish dress for a young the poor fellow lay on his death bed, lady is of plain and fancy silk. The skirt is of the plain silk; the front of him, and every now and then licked the weak, thin hand that rested loving-ly upon its little head. The old hawker's mind was tortured as to what of the skirt; the back is in very full would be his faithful companion's fate box plaits, slightly draped. The body is plain, with vest and wide revers of day he sent for a mate, and he said to the fancy material, like the apron him: "Jim, when I'm gone, take my front; the collar is plain. The sleeves little Fan, and let her have a home are full from shoulder to elbow, and plain from the elbow to the wrist. Bands of handsome trimming are set I'm dead." Jim, a street hawker of the sleeves at the elbow, and fall from dolls, gripped his friend's hand and either side of the front from the said: "Yes, mate; I'll take her, and basque point over the plain side pieces. Another dress for a young lady

was of the fine silk warp Henrietta cloth; plain skirt; very elaborate drap-ery in semicircular folds: plain body, with bodice point and postilion back; the front of the basque has bands of and butter with a stray cur in the slums and I know one common lodging house cat, who died in the kitchen amid the tears and sobs of the rough men and women who clustered around to be sides of the waist meet puffed folds women, who clustered around to see of the material, which are drawn down to the bodice point and fastened with an ornament. Plain sleeves, with curved cuffs and bands of the trimming like that on the waist. High collar, faced with bright colored silk,

Another is of fine French cloth, preacher's daughter. The next time he has a draped apron, and wide folds at attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text: "My daughter is trakhan around the bottom of the latter was in training, she tucks up rather in the flank but her a good spread of t trakhan around the bottom of the skirt. Closefitting body, with round basque and postilion. A draped vest of soit silk covers the entire front of the waist, and is drawn down to a bodice point. Plain collar and plain sleeves, with cuffs made of bands of the material.

HORSE NOTES.

-A full brother to Belle Hamlin, 2.133, was foaled at the Village Farm on September 21.

-Brown Hal failed to beat 2.13 at the recent Nashville meeting, doing his best mile in 2.15.

-Mr. Withers' fine filly Auricoma is not likely to race again this season, as she is slightly lame. -Kingston has broken down and been

turned out, He is well bred and will be valuable as a stallion. -Arrow, 2.13}, has arrived at Park-yille Farm, and Mr. Shults will drive

him on the road this winter. -Prince Royal added \$3970 to his winnings at Jerome Park, bringing his tatal gross earnings up ' 531.650.

-George Barbee has nad an offer from W. L. Scott's manager to ride for the Algeria stables next season. -It is settled that there will be no more steeplechases or hurdle races on

the programmes at Monmouth Park. -Superior 2.201, L. C. Lee, 2.15, and Annie Carcy, 2.301, J. Page's horses, have been yery unfortunate this season.

-Pancoast is improving. He jogs to the halter without any trouble, and begins to show his old time vim and resolution.

-Lot Slocum, by Electioneer, reduced his record to 2.171 in a trial against time at the Spokane Falls (W. T.4 meeting.

-D. De Noyelles has shipped the 3 year old filly Nina D., by Nutwood, 2 182, out of Adelaide, 2.192, to California to be bred to Sable Wilkes, 2.18. -The Czar, 2 year old full brother to

Emperor of Norfolk, won at a mile in 144, at California recently, beating Wild Oats, Shannon Rose and four others. -Oliver K., 2.161, is now in J. B.

Shockeney's stable at Louisville, Ky., and was fortunately out of his stall when the stable was burned on Monday Sept., 24th. -The ch, g. Hunter, owned by W. H. Grant, ran away at the Trenton

races the first week in October, came in contact with a projecting rail, impaled and killed himself. -W. H. Fleming, Fort Wayne, Ind., has sold to Mr. Hopper, of Philadelphia, the black filly Emma H.,

by Woodford Mambrino. -Emile and Peg Wollington have been turned out for the season. It has been a matter of great surprise to horsemen how Lakeland has managed

to keep Exile on his legs so long. -Dwyer brothers' yearlings, thirtyseven in all, have now got back to the Brooklyn track from Monmouth Park, where they have spent the last few

weeks. They will be tried soon. -C. W. Aby, agent for Frederick Gebhard, has purchased of R. W. Thomas' acting for E. J. Baldwin, the chestnut filly Glen Queen, 3 years, by King Ban-Gleniva, by Glencoe, Jr.

-Madam Marantette has purchased four gray pacers, all of which have records of 2.20 or better. They are Silver Thread, 2.15½: Bennie, 2.18½, Gray Harry, 2,19½; and Patsy Clinker, 2,20.

-On the closing day of the Brooklyn meeting A. J. Cassatt purchased of plait. The body is plain, with short Richard Pryor the brown colt Madstone, 2 years, by Vanderbilt, dam sleeves are in full boxplait in the upper | Nina Turner, for \$6000, and he ran for the Holly stakes that day in Mr. Cassatt's colors.

> and his partner, Scroggins, are a trifle strained; they are not now jointly interested in anything but Proctor Knott, and report has it that the colt will belong to one or the other before very long. -J. C. Sibley, proprietor of the

-The relations between Sam Bryant

Prospect Hill Farm, at Franklin, Pa., has disposed of a half interest in all his horse business to Charles Miller, with whom he has been associated as partner for twenty-two years in many other lines of business.

-Fred Folger, 2.204, will be driven on the road this winter and carefully prepared for the Grand Circuit next year. He will be one of the starters in the next Charter Oak stake if he has as much speed in 1889 as he had at Poughkeepsie last June.

-It is reported that the b. m. Dolly Fuller, by Niagara Chief, died recently in Kentucky. She is the dam of Fuller, 2.13%, and had a foal this season by Kentucky Prince. Dolly Fuller was owned by Dr. McCully, of Toronto, Can., and was sent to Kentucky to be bred to Belmont after pancoast was ininred.

-The chestnut colt Trade Mark, foaled 1886, by imp. Kyrle Daly, dam Trade Dollar, by Norfolk; threw his exercise lad while being worked on the Coney Island Boulevard on October 3d, ran away and collided with a tree, killing himself almost instantly. He was the property of Walter Olney, who purchased him at the recent Haggin sale for \$1875.

-At Jerome Park on Tuesday October 2d, the opening day, the races, with one exception, were run in slow time, the exception being the opening dash of five furlongs, which Sam Harper, Jr., aged, carrying 118 pounds, won in 1.00½, thus beating Jim Renwick's record of 1.00½, made at San Francisco in 1883 with 115 pounds. In November, 1887, Kitty Pease, it is claimed, ran the distance in 1.00. Sam Harper's performance was on a straightaway track.

-The Mimi filly, Mr. Wither's latest sensational 2 year old, is a brown bay with a broad blaze, left hind pastern white, and has a large white spot on the front of her right hind coronet. She has a large, intelligent head, with less dish in her face than most of the King Ernests. She has a long, muscular neck, is deep in the brisket, and, was in training, she tucks up rather in the flank, but has a good spread of