

He Paid His Way.

I ain't a complainin' any; I'll go if you think it's right. I never ask nary a bit nor a penny. On, just to be treated "white." But, Steve, bimeby when you see me laid out Remember the words I say: Though now some aites to see me about, I've usually paid my way. I was eighty last January— Born eighteen hundred an' eight. I've opened two farms on the virgin prairie, An' worked them early an' late; Come rain or come shine, a-scriptn together Each monthful we eat day by day. I never rode deadhead in no kind of weather— I always paid my way. Your mother an' me worked hard— How hard you'll never know— Bearin' the heat an' standin' guard To keep out the rain an' snow. The mortidge kep' eatin' into the bone, An' the war, it come along, too. Well, I went— went— left mother alone With sis in the cradle, an' you. Serve 'n' time, an' then commenced On the second prairie quarter. I s'pose you've forgot how I plowed and tenced, An' sizzared as no man ever, To raise my babes an' feel my wife. And she scimped till her hair was gray; We didn't lead no joke of a life. But I reckon we paid our way. No tavern ain't good enough. For a man like me to die in. The work that's made me stubbed an' rough Could 'a' earned me a bed to lie in Under the roof of my only son (Though his wife is prairie an' gay), I raised you, schooled you so you got on, I reckon I've paid my way. Your city bred wife is set. Ain't me, as I can see, (Don't blame her, it's a terrible fret Her havin' to eat with me. She never speaks, an' she never dreams Of harkin' to what I say, But your babies love me, an' it hardly seem. 'Tis their gran' dad is in the way. So you want to board me round, Well— not to board, but to broke, If she won't sleepin' under the ground, 'Not hearin' the words you've spoke. She'd allow you'd like to have me here. What time I've left to stay; For, Steve, better than fifty year She knowed me to pay my way. Of course I'm too old to learn, But I s'pose you an' my gran' children, It's that th' knocks me, Steve, I'll keep to myself, an' I'll try to do. Such small jobs as I may, Jest to be near the babes an' you— I guess I can pay my way.

HUFF AND TIFF.

Who were they? They were Mr. and Mrs. Thwaite, and they had been so for a few weeks only. They became Huff and Tiff when they married. Although they were well-to-do citizens of great New Lancaster, they had not been married grandly in church, because they were so young; and if the truth must come out, it had been a runaway match. No one could understand why they had run away, as the opposition to their marriage had been more of a postponing character than anything else; but Mr. Thwaite had suggested that the former Miss Featherly had too little money for his son's intended wife. There had been a stormy scene, in which the two vessels, old and young gentlemen, had come into collision amid claps of thunder. It is necessary to say more? No; surely all persons of twenty will see why young Thwaite married precipitately and flew with his charming wife into lodgings. "Huff, dear, I'm all ready," said his wife, entering the room. She was dressed for walking, it being near dinner time, and she wore her bending spring hat and clinging buff gown. Her feet glided down at her husband, who had been reading a novel of Victor Hugo. Thwaite glanced up, stretched, sprang to his feet and bustled about, getting his hat, gloves and cane. Then he clasped his hands scientifically. "You have your purse?" "Yes," says he. "You have your parasol?" "Yes," says she. They went and had their dinner. Thwaite had been silent all the way home from the hotel restaurant. When they got back to their pretty parlor he sank into a chair and stared before him dazedly. "What's the matter?" asked Tiff, catching sight of something unaccustomed about him. "Oh, nothing, Tiff. Don't trouble yourself about it. Only— His lips remained open, but no words followed. "Dearest, have you fallen ill?" "No—partly, though. I've fallen into ill luck. I thought I had some money in an inner compartment of my purse—and it is not there!" "You've spent it?" "Certainly not! That is, I suppose I must have." "And what have you in the outside compartments of your purse?" asked Tiff, lazily fanning herself and putting her two dainty feet on the hassock. The only answer Thwaite seemed believed to make was to begin feeling of all his pockets. "Hey!" said Tiff. "Why, none there now," answered Thwaite, shortly, as, of course, he hadn't. "Good gracious!" said Tiff, snapping her bracelet, "how unusual, isn't it?" "Why, yes, that's what troubles me; I never was out of cash in all my life before this." "Aren't there such things as checks?" asked Mrs. Thwaite, turning her eyes upon him lovingly. "I should think so. But then I haven't any about me." "There are so many banks. Where do you cash your checks?" "When I have them," said Thwaite, going to the mantelpiece to light a cigar. "I cash 'em at the first bank I come to." "Perhaps if you go to the bank they'll give you a check to cash," she said. "No, hardly." "Aren't there such things as accounts at banks?" "Heavens, Tiff, why not?"

"Well, then, go to the bank where you have one." Her husband took his cigar from his lips, growing pale. "What the deuce am I to do? I have no balance." Mrs. Thwaite shook out a fold in her dress with a gentle wave of the hand. Her husband was again staring fixedly into the desert of his dilemma. She rose, and going to him laid that gentle hand of hers upon his shoulder. "What difference can it make?" said she—"about money, I mean? Something will happen. Perhaps you have money in your trunk. It is quite funny to think of two people who care about each other as we do, talking so much about such vulgar things." "That's all very fine," Thwaite murmured; "but what are we to do for breakfast?" "Breakfast?—breakfast?" "Yes; and we shall break on it, according to present indications." "I shall! I'm sure I can do without it just for once," Tiff assured him, almost laughing. He meditated, convinced that he could not get along without it, even for once, and although he had just heavily dined he began to feel symptoms of hunger. The imagination is every thing. Thwaite was stunned, but before morning he had realized that he must find work. What did work mean to him? A fine walk, at worst; gloves, cane, refreshments, diplomacy; a governor with the money, a dread of being sent to Europe. Tiff was as fresh as a rose the next day. She popped her head out of the window and sniffed the air. "How perfectly sweet it is this morning!" said she. "I mean to wear my gray linen as you going?" asked Huff. She turned slowly and gazed at him. "Oh, yes, I do remember now. No breakfast." "It is too, too cruel, my love," says he leaning against anything he could find in despair. "But I shall go to a place or two of business I know of, and get something profitable to do at once. Upon my word I will soon be back, fully equipped for a hearty lunch. As you say, nothing serious can befall two happy young beings like you and me." On he went into the sunshine, and Tiff sat down demurely curious to find out what would happen next. "Tiff, Oh, Tiff!" She did not answer, but in a moment slowly raised herself from the sofa, her hand to her forehead. "My child, are you famished?" exclaimed her husband, with glistering eyes. "Only—very dizzy," whispered Tiff, faintly winking rapidly, and pausing in the greatest trouble. "Where am I? What have we been doing?" "Oh, my dear, I have been up and down the city all day, finally securing a capital connection with father's rival insurance company, but, by the rival of Moses! I have had nothing but a glass of wine and a biscuit since last evening. As soon as I was fairly launched in business this afternoon, I realized that of course I could not expect to receive any cash the first day, and I became almost wild with anxiety. Yet it was imperative to smile. Do you not know that it is imperative in business to smile?" "I don't care if it is!" retorted Tiff, with some show of life. "And you should care more that I am very, very ill. I have read Hugo until I am hungry as a gnat." "She had to wait till evening for that 'next thing,' unless a series of strange phrases of feeling could be counted as interesting. It was then that Huff Thwaite burst into the room, his face gleaming white in the dim light. "But, Tiff, I have one profound hope in this terrible dilemma, in which it now seems as if we should literally starve unless my hope should prove well grounded. Have you not any money?" Mrs. Thwaite threw her head back daintily, shrugged her shoulders in mockery, her pale lips smiling, her lustrous eyes glancing scornfully over her husband's head. "Do not keep me waiting for your answer," he cried, kneeling before her. "Why, certainly, I have money." "How could I have pin money else? Huff, you are beyond your depths, I think." "Bravo! we are saved!" exclaimed Thwaite, springing up and waltzing a few steps with his cane. Then stopping, he asked: "How came you not to mention it at once, last evening? Give me your purse without delay, dearest Tiff, and let us start at once for our pretty little table at the restaurant." Tiff walked over to the encouraging figure in the middle of the room, her hands behind her sloping waist. "Huff Thwaite," she demanded, "do you mean to say you would use my pin money to support us?" "I say we're in a deuced fix, and any money would be rather acceptable. Haven't you pins enough? Or are you in a condition to starve another twenty-four hours?" "Huff Thwaite, I never could have believed it." "What?" "That you could not take care of me." She began to cry, and spent all the tears she had longed to shed during the day, but would not shed them because Huff was taking care of her. He was wretchedly hungry. His pulse was awful high, or low, he did not know which, and as for his wife, she might die before morning for want of an oyster party. Upon the top of these dire facts lay the purse in her pocket or upper drawer. He was deeply angered. Something whirled around in his heart and sent the blood to his forehead, and he bit his lips before he knew that he was inclined to. He sat down in a bowed position, his thumbs in his pockets. He heard the light pattering of a spring shower in the gathering darkness, and he also heard his wife feeling about in the next room, turning a key and coming back to where he sat. He said: "Here!" dramatically. He looked up and saw a pretty purse before his nose. The next instant Tiff Thwaite was looking at her husband in blank dismay. Huff had risen with a bitter and graceful

elegance and the purse had skimmed through a pane of the window with a twinkling crash. Tiff turned to the sofa and threw herself down at full length, gloriously wretched. Huff vanished. He went out into the drizzling rain to hunt for the purse. He struck matches that sizzled, and several times on the point of being run over by vehicles, and there is scarcely any doubt that his misfortunes were further augmented by the use of works after which the faithful historian draws an exclamation and supplies by a blank. All in a moment, however, he thought he had stepped on a mouse, and then he knew he had come upon the plush wallet. In the hall he opened it hastily, expecting to find, perhaps, a few gold pieces; but his luck was far better than he had expected. What could Tiff have been thinking of to forget about it or withhold it, dear little goose! How could her charming ghost have profited by her pin money, supposing they had been starved? In a couple of hours more Tiff's headache had gone off like mist, and they both looked even gay than before the terrible ordeal of that day had set in. At 9 o'clock there came a knock at the door. The servant stepped over to Mrs. Thwaite and said something in a low voice. Mrs. Thwaite replied in the same manner. Who could have supposed that there would be a serious sequel to such a slight occurrence? When the servant had withdrawn, says Tiff, "Please, Huff, hand me \$5." "Certainly, Tiff. Bit on second thoughts, remember how careful we must be for a month." "I wish you would peddle that the laundress must be paid." "Oh, we can't spend money in so lavish a way as that at present. She must wait." "Well," says the blooming wife, unconcerned one way or the other, "I'll go and send her off." She left the room and did not return for five minutes. Then after sitting down again and reading a few pages of Mrs. Browning, she looked up with a smile as if at some joke, which was inexplicable under the circumstances. "I had to give her the clothes," said she. "Did you? I thought you always did." "I mean, of course, he laundried ones she had brought." "Weren't they just right?" "Huff, you are getting obtuse. She took them in payment." "Mercy!" "I can make my things last just about a month that way." "But how am I to manage with only twenty-four shirts, and at least seven thrown to the dogs a week?" "That does seem a problem," mused Tiff, laying down Mrs. Browning's poems temporarily on her knee. "Couldn't you buy a flannel shirt, and wear it ever so long?" "Couldn't you get a bathing dress?" demanded Huff, with sardonic sarcasm. "Oh!" gasped Tiff, "how fearful you always are!" Suppose the quarrel over, and for a day or two intense peace. Then came an episode. "Well, dear, how do you do?" The speaker was a fine girl, joyous with early morning air and unusual excitement. Huff and Tiff were transfixed. They were just starting out for breakfast. "I was determined to find you in, and so I came at this hour," went on the visitor. "It has taken us a good while to find you, since papa would have of it. The detective says you drank Steinberger Cabinet yesterday." "How dare you enter the same air we breathe?" thundered Huff, striding up to his sister and taking her round the waist for a kiss. "We ignore your existence." "What a lovely room!" exclaimed Esther, sitting down with Tiff upon the sofa, with a sweep of the eyes, and then bending sideways towards the bride's cheek until cheeks and lips met. "You dear!" "You love!" said Tiff, and they embraced. "Papa says you must be married over again; go through the form and all the show and importance," remarked Esther, with the most fascinating, lazy nonchalance. "He said he never saw anything go off so like cotton into flames as you did, brother; just as though any one was more in love with your Bessie Featherly than he was. He don't remember forbidding the marriage at all." "Please to tell my father," said Huff, severely, looking down at his wife, who held her chin in her hand, "that I remember his forbidding it or as bad as forbidding it) very distinctly. And please add that from the time forth, my father, yes, and all the rest of you, is—dead to me!" "Dreadful words those of Will," sighed his sister, glancing at him with crossed lips. "Don't you think so, Bessie?" Mrs. Tiff shook her head and smiled. "Mr. Thwaite is never in the wrong," says she, and feels a little awkward at her own assertion. Esther thought a moment, and then said she believed she would not stay any longer just now. Huff said that he would see her home, and then reflected that he could not very well carry out his intention. Esther upon this explained that she had come in the carriage. When she had bowed herself through the open door she stopped to throw over her shoulder a rocade of genial laughter. "By the way, Will," she called, "if we were in the fashionable set, what a terrible notoriety you two wild things would have! As it is, it's like a nice play Adieu!" "I wish my mother would come now," said Tiff, after the door had closed upon her husband's bonyard sister—who was also a school friend—and after a pause, or something equivalent to one. Huff had not descended to the carriage with Miss Thwaite, for fear of catching sight of the world dreading grin on the footman's visage. "Your mother is a woman, dear," answered Thwaite, as if that meant something unusual, "and it will take a long time for her to come round as my father has done."

"But you are unrelenting as you can be," suggested Tiff. Huff would like to have said that as a young husband he could not be otherwise than he was, but as he felt that this might be too brilliant a revelation for Tiff, he remained silent. In the evening they were sitting, as was customary, in the cheerful blue tinted room, Huff feeling very cozy and aloof from the world and annoying relatives, and remembering his day's occupation in the rival insurance office as if it were a dream. The door was opened hastily, and a figure presented itself which dashed their united calm to atoms. It was Esther, pale and trembling, her ashen face emphasized by a black dress a heavy, black shawl. Thwaite hurried to her and took her unglowed hand in his. "My sister, what has happened to you?" "Let me sit down or I shall faint," whispered Esther, dropping her head against his arm. Thwaite led her to an easy chair and helped her down upon its soft cushions. Tiff was alert in opening the window, and then running to Esther's side, finding her, however, a little less faint, her eyes looking rapidly from one to the other, as the two sympathetic young people bent toward her. "Dear sister," sobbed Tiff, "has something terrible happened?" "My father," said the white faced girl in low tones, shutting her eyes. "Father! father!" cried Thwaite, deeply agitated and clutching his sister's hands in a firmer grasp. "What news of him?" "Dead!" The young couple sank on either side of Esther, crushed and horrified. Without opening her eyes Esther spoke on: "When I told him how you received the loving message, brother Will, in one moment—" Thwaite's distress was agonizing. Esther stopped speaking, opened her eyes and looked forward eagerly. "Was it right to be so harsh and unyielding to your own father, Will?" Her brother had withdrawn to the other side of the room, his face buried in his arms against the wall. "Oh, Esther, have we no hope?" Tiff sobbed. "Why, yes, there is hope in this case," Miss Thwaite said, in a different tone. Will turned, his face covered with tears. "You said it, brother, and you can undo it. Dead to you!" Esther had played a dangerous game, but she was a determined girl, and felt equal to the emergency. Her strong presence and sound good cheer buoyed up the two victims of her scheme, and enabled Thwaite to recover from the shock he had undergone. She drew a letter from her pocket which had been written by Will's elder brother in Chicago to his father upon hearing of the runaway match. He praised Will up to the skies, and declared that any girl he choose must be a priceless jewel, whether she possessed any or not, and he begged his father to do the handsome thing by them both. "And so," concluded Esther, "papa wants to give you a magnificent reception." She had thrown aside her black drapery and dusted the powder from her cheeks with a flourish of her scented handkerchief, and now ran to the parlor and called "John!" in a business like way. In another instant a walking hill of flowers emerged from the shadows of the entry, and John, in dark green cloth and silver buttons, set two huge baskets of flowers upon the carpet. "Papa sent them to you, Bessie, with his love," said Esther. "And I shall soon be here again, shall I not?" "Oh, do!" answered Tiff, hiding her face on Huff's shoulder, with a twining of arms. "Give our love to the governor," roared Huff, flushed, grinning, jubilant. Esther laughed merrily, caught up her black drapery and ran down stairs, followed by John with a contortion about his lips. In a recent lecture before the Royal Institution, of London, Sir William Thomson presented four lines of argument by which physicists have been enabled to estimate the size of molecules—the invisible particles which are supposed to constitute all matter. Stated roughly, it is shown by this reasoning—that, in ordinary liquids, transparent solids or seemingly opaque solids, the average distance between the centres of contiguous molecules is less than one two-millionth of an inch and greater than one fourth-hundred millionth part of an inch. If a globe of water or glass six and one-third inches in diameter were magnified to the size of the earth, the size of each constituent molecule being increased in the same proportion, then the magnified mass would be more coarse-grained than a heap of small shot, but probably less coarse-grained than a heap of six and a third inch globes.

FASHION NOTES.

The Directoire and wide brimmed hats in Gainsborough style, of dark velvet, are very much worn. Beautiful pattern robes of silk are imported, with two widths of bordering in Persian and tinsel effects upon all the evening shades; the pattern includes, besides enough plain goods for the dress; three pantes, or valances, of the brocaded bordered goods, not bordered on the selvage, but at one end of each metre-long breaths for the valance, so that when the breadths are joined for the skirt or drapery the patterns will match. Close fitting sleeves, reaching almost to the elbow, are still very fashionable, and are in lace and beaded tulle, but the smarter ones are composed of a bow of velvet, lace or ribbons with the two ends drawn over the arm to form the sleeve. The bow stands up on the shoulder, and the ends are sometimes edged with a light fringe of beads but more often plain. Hand crocheted trimming retains its popularity, and will be in high favor for use on plain silks and fine wool fabrics. In black the assortments are unusually complete, and whether in all silk crochet or with very fine beads, they are equally desirable. Special costumes of peau de sole in black, with garniture of plain black band crochet, have been ordered for semi ceremonial occasions. Both ample and elegant cloaks, in seal brown plush, velvet, and in some instances a mixture of one or the other with rich broche trimmed with passementerie ornaments and furs, are now to be seen, as are also mantles somewhat in the form of those which have been in fashion during the so-called summer season. These fit close to the figure in a sort of jacket form. We will describe one. It is short at the side, with rather long tapering ends in front, ornamented with richly beaded passementerie, which finishes the plaited basque, the sleeves and front; beyond this is a trimming of fur edging the sleeves and widening a little at the back of the neck and tapering toward the ends. The mantle is of dark seal brown plush; the fur is light beaver. Tweed gowns are the medium for displaying handsome braiddings, and are useful, effective and durable. The guards' colors, navy blue and red, are well worn this season, as in most other years. A dark red gown had the all-round basqued bodice covered with horizontal rows of inch wide braid, tapering at the waist, and ending in loops at the point of the basque. This is a style which diminishes the apparent size of the waist. It is carried out on the skirt with similar loops, and close set horizontal perpendicular rows of braid are carried all round the skirt to the depth of a quarter of a yard. For country wear, a Scotch homespun is much to be commended, especially the new herringbone weaving, flecked with white on biscuit brown. The dress was made as a plaited bodice with basque, and had a leather belt about the waist. A brown fine cloth was richly braided on white with gold for the vest and skirt trimmings, while another of the same tone had graduated bands of astrakhan introduced on skirt and bodice, bordered either side with a circular twist of fine braid. A traveling costume, which has made its appearance in the North (where the weather requires a warm looking wrap), and which is to be one of the new fashions, somewhat resembles the tea gown in rough tweed. It has a yoke, which is covered with rich looking passementerie from which the front hangs rather full almost to the ground, but is kept in at the waist by a button and handsome pointed band of passementerie. The sleeves are full and loose to just below the elbow, where they are joined to almost close fitting ones covered with passementerie, but which pass easily over the hand, and are of proper length for the buttoned gloves, which are the right length that fashion decrees for present day wear. The back of the wrap is close fitting and graceful, with a shape hood. Very rough materials are being worn for traveling, but they are light in weight. In the country, where tennis and cricket are being reluctantly demanded owing to the weather, the energetic game of rounders is being much played, and very neat costumes are worn. Tan and crimson seem popular, with the cinnamon colored hairs, trimmed with crimson. Comfortable looking Scotch tweeds, with broad, indefinite stripes, or several colored narrow ones, plain chevots and vigognes, and some fancy amazon cloths and foulies are coming into wear as seasonal materials. Nothing can exceed the beauty and elegance of this season's tea gowns. They are simply magnificent. The eccentric incroyable costume formed the foundation of one of the loveliest and richest that has been shown. It was of dark green plush and shrim pink silk. The full front was framed in by revers of the silk, broad in the shoulders but narrowed sharply at the waist, and edged with a little plaited frill. The plush overdress, made as usual, all in one, was cut just at the waist line in front to simulate the coat like bodice of the time. Another distinctive feature was the two large buttons made of the pink silk and covered with green beads, and placed on either side of the waist. An exquisite tea gown was in light gray satin, lined with quilted primrose satin, edged with cord comprising the two shades. A girde exquisitely blended finished the waist. The gown opened with revers over a plaited waistcoat, and the long hanging sleeves reached to the hem. One tea gown was in mouse colored plush. It was cut with a long skirt, the train attached to the back of the bodice, with butterfly plaits. There were revers which opened over a soft silk front of the same shade, fastening on the left side. A similar dress had trimmings of ecru lace, while another had striped pekin in front instead of the lace. This was repeated in claret and blue shades, and for half mourning the gown was of black plush, with silver gray front.

HORSE NOTES.

Little Brown Jug sold at auction for \$900 at New York. Garrett Wilson, of the stable firm of Treacy & Wilson, is an admirer of fox terriers, having no less than eight. The stallion Lancewood, No. 445, by Hambletonian 10, dam by Seely's American Star, died at Salem, N. J., on November 13 from rupture of the intestines. Viley Brassfield has a large stable and an inclosed track on which he works his horses during bad weather. His establishment adjoins the Lexington Race Course. James Gray has traded the 4 year old gelding Dyer, by Faustus—Bank Stock, to Lamasney Bros., receiving in return the three mares Peltocot, Belle Broeck and Bo-Peep. The pacer Black Hat, by Clipper Brooks out of a mare by Gibson's Old Hal, was killed recently in a railroad accident while en route to the Huntsville (Ala.) Fair. Messrs. John A. & A. H. Morris, of Westchester, N. Y. have imported the thoroughbred English horse, Vagabond, foaled in 1881 by Adventurer, dam Irma, by Rataplan. Mike and George Bowerman are kept busy in breaking and handling the colts they own, together with others in their charge. Breaking the colts in the fall lessens the work in the spring. Dry Monopole will be retired to the stud. He has proved himself next to Monitor the best son of Glenelg. Mr. Gratz's Roslyn Stud is located at Chestnut Hill, near Edenheim. During the present year forty-seven head of trotting stock have been sold from the Kalamazoo Farm for \$79,881, while twenty-five head have been purchased at a cost of \$48,100. William Easton has purchased for W. L. Scott, of the Algeria Stud, from Mr. M. Jordan, of Baltimore, the bay filly Figeolotta, 4 years, by Imp, Rayon d'Or—Imp. Clover, by Macaroni, for \$1500. Cora Mac, a 2 year old roan filly by Messenger Chief, dam the well known white mare Jennie L. (record 2:27), died recently of lung fever. Cora Mac could trot close to 2:40, and was highly prized by her owner, William M. Singery. Budd Double contemplates visiting California this winter and will likely take Johnson with him. There are several whirlwind pacers on "the Slope" anxious to measure strides with the champion, and something will probably come out of the trip. The yearling colt Presto, by General Washington, dam Guilda, by Jay Gould, was sold recently by Levi B. Risdon, of Trenton, to John S. Clark, of New Brunswick. Just previous to the sale the colt lowered his record to 2:41 over the Fashion Stud Track. Green Mountain Maid has produced Prospero, 2:20; Dame Trot, 2:22; Storm, 2:26; Miranda, 2:31; Mansfield, 2:26, and Antonio, 2:28. Beautiful Belle, another great broodmare, is the dam of the following: Hinda Rose, 2:19; St. Bel, 2:24; Chimes, 2:30; Bell Boy, 2:26, and Palo Alto Belle, 2:28. All kinds of horses can be purchased at least 25 per cent cheaper in the vicinity of Cynthia, Paris, Versailles, Danville and Harrodsburg, than they can at Lexington, Ky. Nearly every person visiting Kentucky with a view of purchasing stock aims at once for Lexington, and of course, the more customers the higher the prices. The brood-mare La Rose, 20 years old, Maggie B. 21, and Waltz, 21, a stall at Edenheim, where they will end their days. Maggie B. B. was knocked down to Mr. Forbes at the sale for \$1100, but the Kittson brothers paid her purchaser \$500 advance and retained the old mare. Waltz and La Rose were not offered for sale. Noontime, the 2 year old daughter of Alcyone and Noontime, recently died at Glenview Farm. She was intended for a brood-mare and her loss is keenly regretted. Noontime was by Harold, out of Midnight, dam of Jay-Eye-See, 2:10, and she has a record of 2:20. Had Noontime lived she would have been bred to a son of Electioneer, and the produce would have contained the blood of the great brood-mares Alma Mater, Miss Russell, Midnight and Green Mountain Maid. George McAleer, the up-town horse-shoer, lost his election bet with Ad Simons. McAleer was compelled to wheel the latter in a push cart from Thirteenth street and Columbia avenue, to Fifth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. He never stopped once to spit on his hands, owing to the bracing strains of the fit and drum corps which accompanied the party. "The Rocky Road to Dublin," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and "The Red, White and Blue," were some of the tunes played. J. B. Boyer, of Pittsburg, says: "Adam Fuchs; A. J. Welch, the boot-maker; F. L. Herdle, the pool-player, myself and sixteen others will take both Pittsburg tracks and give four meetings a year. At the first Homewood Meeting we will offer \$25,000 in purses, and \$10,000 at Exposition Park on the following week. We will put up a capital stock of \$30,000, so as to give ample security. If we cannot get both tracks we will take one, and if we get one we will have our first meeting immediately ahead of Detroit, as was done this year." Henry Simons, the well known horseman of Louisville, Ky., has a pet bear in his stable which he calls "Pompey." Pompey got into the bar room attached to the stable one night recently, and, after sampling the beer and whisky, proceeded to break the bottles and glasses. Henry said the bar room and Pompey the next morning matched the "bull in the china shop." Henry has several fast horses, but Lucky Boy seems to be his favorite, not excepting his fast yearling, Belle Vara, which he purchased for \$2500 after she had won her race at Lexington.