

My Lost Self
You wonder why my eyes are dim with tears,
Then, shall I tell you? Long and long ago—
So long ago years piled on weary years—
There was a little child I used to know—
And every day and night and every hour
We took life's gift together, sun and shade,
And saw the rainbow shining through the shower,
And heard the talk that building robins made.
We thought the world was ours to come and go,
About its highways, finding treasures rare;
We thought all heaven was ours, and fashioned
Grand castles after castle high in air!
Ah! now I find the world a desert wild;
No room in all the sky for tower of mine
But most of all I miss my comrade child,
Her brave, true courage and her faith divine.
Dead? Changed? I know not, sweet, I only know
That sometimes from the mirror's shining space
In my own features, worn and faded so,
I catch a glimmer of the bright lost face.
You will no longer wonder that I weep,
My little girl, with eyes so grave and clear;
Whatever treasure we may hold or keep,
To lose one's happy self is saddest, dear.

MADE A PRISONER.

"Welcome home, Alf, my dear boy!" My brother grasped my hand as he said these words, and did not release it until he had led me up the time-honored steps of our ancestral home, and begun to assist me to unfasten my great-coat. "And how are you, my lad?" he continued, without giving me time to reply to his hearty reception. "Why, you look as brown as a berry, and certainly none the worse for your fifteen years' nabobism."

I had just returned to England after having endured the trying climate of India for fifteen years, and had hastened at once to the old mansion where I had been born, and which was, at the time of my story, in possession of my eldest brother, Stephen. Our family bears the honored name of Stanley, and are a younger branch of the noble house of that name. They had been settled for many centuries in a wild part of the Northwest Riding of Yorkshire, upon an estate that was very beautiful from an artistic point of view, but very poor from a pecuniary aspect; and consequently many generations of younger sons had been forced to push their way in the world, as I had.

My half-brother Stephen was twelve years older than I was, and had always regarded me with an affection more fatherly than brotherly, delighting in giving me pet names; and even when years of foreign travel had tanned my originally fair complexion and silvered my hair, I was amused by the way in which, upon this our first meeting after many years, he ignored the present, and kept up the old manners and sayings which had characterized him when I was a boy at Stanley House.

A substantial repast was provided for me in the old dining-room, and after I had done justice to it, and the gray-headed butler (who had officiated in my father's time) had brought in the wine, Stephen and I were soon in deep conversation on topics peculiarly interesting to me.

"So you think the old place is changed, do you?" he said, musingly, in reply to a remark of mine, "I've not noticed it; but it may be, it may be."
"Indeed it is, Stephen," I said. "I think you are allowing the best part of the house to fall into decay. Now in my father's day the west wing—"
"Hush!" he cried, interrupting me with a startled look in his eyes. "Don't mention that, for Heaven's sake! She loved those rooms."

In a moment I had grasped his hand. "Forgive me, Stephen!" I exclaimed, as the terrible past flashed across my mind, and I saw I had opened an old wound.

"There is nothing to forgive, Alf, my boy," he said, looking into the bright fire with an anxious, troubled face. "You could not know of all the horror of that terrible time."

Indeed I could not, for I was but a boy when I went to India. Nevertheless, I had heard sufficient while there of my brother's unfortunate marriage to convince me of the pain which any allusion to it would give him. I had heard how he had married a beautiful girl, and how fondly he had loved her, and how, after a few months of married life, she had deserted him. With whom or whether she had gone no one knew; and her name had become almost a forgotten sound at Stanley House.

I changed the subject of the conversation, and tried to make him forget the unpleasant recollections which my words had raised, by relating some of the most amusing adventures that had befallen me whilst abroad; but, though he listened with interest, and seemed to try to shake off the gloom that had settled upon his mind, he never quite regained his wonted cheerfulness during the remainder of the evening, and retired early to rest, excusing himself by saying it was his custom.

Among the evils of civilization which my somewhat stormy passage through life had taught me, that of late hours was by no means the smallest, and knowing that it would be useless for me to turn into bed before midnight, I put on my hat lit a cigar, and strolled into the grounds to get a breath of fresh air.

It was a fine summer night. The moon was shining brightly from a clear, starlit sky. I knew every foot of the ground, and visited many of my favorite haunts, and it must have been after eleven o'clock before I began to think of returning. My cigar had gone out when I reached the bottom of the long avenue of tall trees, and beginning to feel chilly I walked somewhat quickly towards the house, crunching the gravel beneath my feet as I went. As I drew near the front door, my attention was attracted by the sudden appearance of a man bearing a lantern; who had evidently heard my footsteps, for he stopped and waited my approach. At first I thought he was one of the servants but upon drawing nearer I was surprised to find it was my brother. I hasten-

ed to speak to him, when, to my great astonishment, after glancing at me eagerly, he turned away without any sign of recognition, and hurried rapidly in the direction of the deserted west wing. My first intention was to call out after him, but upon second thought I decided not to do so, for I was persuaded that he had seen and recognized me, and that perhaps my company might not be desired, so I entered the house, and was soon in bed and asleep.

The next morning when I came down stairs, I found Stephen already in the breakfast-room, awaiting me. He was standing with his back to the fire. "Good-morning, Alf," he said, smiling in his cheerful manner. "You are an exception to most lovers of late hours, I see."

"Yes," I replied, "I sleep soundly, and therefore rise early."
"You'll find the nights long and dull here, I'm afraid, after the excitement to which you've been accustomed."

"Oh, no, not at all," I said. "There are so many old associations about Stanley House that I think I shall never be dull here. Now, last night I strolled through the grounds, and did not return until close upon midnight."

"These late hours seem to me to be a very stupid custom, and one which I could never cultivate, I think, my boy, though you would have been much wiser if you had turned in when I did and slept until morning."

"Why, I dare say I was in bed before you,"
"In bed before me?" he repeated, with a puzzled look. "What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say—that I was in bed and asleep before you were, unless you finish your rest and rise before twelve P. M."

"You must be joking, Alf," he said, incredulously. "I was in bed by nine o'clock, and was up this morning at six."

"Surely you must be mistaken, Stephen, for I met you or your double at the top of the avenue last night as I was returning to the house,"
"Impossible!"

"Indeed, I did. I would have spoken to you, but you hurried away, and I thought you had seen me and wished to be alone."

"It could not have been me. I was never out of the house after seven o'clock."

All that day I was haunted by the recollection of what I had seen on the previous night, and of my brother's denial. I had heard singular stories of Stephen being a somnambulist before I had left England, and could not help wondering if he was still addicted to freaks of that kind; but as I had never seen him walk in his sleep, and as I had only half believed the tale, I had been told, I was not inclined to accept this explanation as a solution of the problem. However, I was determined to solve the mystery.

As soon as all were in bed, therefore, on the night following that on which I had arrived at Stanley House, I again went out into the grounds, determined, if I met the mysterious person whom I had seen on the previous night, to follow him and see who he was. The moon was shining fitfully from behind the stormy clouds that now and then obscured her disc, and a breeze of wind stirred and whistled in the branches of the trees. I paced upon the grass beneath the tall elms that pointed their forest branches to the frowning sky. I had taken up my point of observation just in front of the west wing of the house, which had been so long shut up and left to fall into decay. So great, indeed, had been my brother's horror lest any portion of it should be touched by human foot, that not only had he boarded up every window and door that had communicated without, but he had also caused to be built up every door that had given access from it to the main body of the building.

My head was full of thoughts of my boyhood as I walked to and fro. I remembered many happy days spent in those rooms, for they had been my father's favorites; and it was not without a pang of regret that I looked at them, deserted and ruinous, simply because a false woman had also loved them.

I had waited until past midnight, and had almost given up my quest as hopeless, and was about to return to the house, when I heard a footstep on the damp gravel walk approaching. I drew back into the shadow of the trees, and peered forth into the darkness, for at that moment a thick cloud shut out the light of the moon. Nearer and nearer the footsteps came, and at length the glimmering of a lantern shone out on the darkness. The man bearing the light went up to the principal entrance of the west wing, where he paused, and a moment later I heard a key shoot back the heavy lock; the next instant the light and the man disappeared as the door closed behind them.

Animated and excited, I stepped quickly but softly across the gravel walk to the door, where for a moment I paused and listened. A footstep was ascending the creaking staircase. I waited until I heard it on the second flight before I tried the door. I found it open, and entered softly, closing the door behind me. Before proceeding further, I cautiously took off my boots, and then I ascended the cold clammy stairs that smelled of the tomb.

From the second landing there opened a suite of apartments, which I remembered had been called the strong rooms, because they were in the very heart of the building, had few windows, and only the door for ingress or egress.

The heavy oak door that opened into these rooms I found as ajar, and a bright light streamed out between the opening. To my great astonishment, when I entered the room, I heard voices in the apartment beyond. At first I was so amazed that I could not distinguish a single word that was spoken; but as I became calm, and, after drawing close to the door of the room from which the sound proceeded, I distinctly heard a woman's voice in tearful accents saying:

"Oh, if you love me, deliver me from this place! What have I done that I should be forced to bear this punishment? Have I not loved with a true woman's love? Speak to me. Do not look at me with eyes so glassy that they seem to see not. Give me one word, that I may hear you as the same Stephen that you were before this fearful malady overtook you. Let me again see the light of heaven and the faces of my friends!"

I crept softly nearer the door, and got into a position from which I could partly distinguish the occupants of the room and their surroundings.

It was a handsomely furnished apartment, half boudoir, half drawing-room. Every luxury which the heart or brain could desire was scattered about in needless variety. In the centre of the floor stood my brother, but with such a strange, wicked, frenzied expression on his face, that had I not known his features well, I should have thought that it could not be he. Before him knelt a woman whose face was buried in her hands.

"You shall not leave me thus!" she cried, as he turned to go. "I must, I will have my liberty, I tell you!"
She had started to her feet and ran to the door. But Stephen, still without any change in his fixed countenance, seized her roughly by the arm, and pushed her from him and walked quickly toward the door.

I hardly had time to draw back into the shadow of a curtain when he entered the room where I was and walked quickly across to the landing, closing this last door after him and locking it. Thus I found myself also a prisoner. I heard his footsteps descend the stairs; and then the sound died slowly away.

For a few moments I stood puzzled as to what course I should pursue. I knew it would be useless to attempt to force the massive lock, or when morning came to attract the outer world; for, as I have said, the rooms were strongly built and situated in the very heart of the west wing, and the few windows which had of yore let in the light of heaven to them had been filled up with strong masonry.

I was aroused from my thoughts by a sob from the occupant of the next chamber. Going up to the door which Stephen had closed after him, I knocked and then entered. My tap had evidently not been heard, for I found the graceful form seated in a chair, in an attitude which betokened despair, her arms upon the table, her head leaning forward, and her beautiful disheveled hair falling in waving folds about her.

"Madam!"
I had walked up to her and placed my hand upon her shoulder.

"Oh!" and she turned toward me her pale, fearful, horror-stricken face, that shrank away in fear. "Who are you? Pray do not hurt me. I know I am helpless."

It was some time before I could convince her that I was really a friend; for so long had she been buried in these rooms that her mind had become almost unshaped, and her sense of perception blunted. By degrees, however, I made her understand who I was and how I had come there; and then, in answer to my questions, I gleaned the history of her captivity.

When my brother married her she was a handsome girl of eighteen, and he was verging on middle age. For three months after their marriage he had been kind and attentive. Just at the end of that time, however, he discovered, accidentally, several letters which had been written by her before her marriage, to a former lover, and for some days afterward he was moody, jealous and strange in his conduct. One night he entered her room with that fixed, frenzied, wicked look on his face which she had never seen there before, but which had marred his features, in all her interviews with him since, and directed her by signs to follow him, a mandate which in her terror she readily obeyed. He conducted her to a gloomy chamber lighted by a small oil lamp, and then left her, locking the door behind him. At intervals, for some weeks afterward, he visited her, bringing food and clothing with him; but always coming in the night, and bearing himself in a silent, changed manner. At length he led her back again to her own apartments, those in which I have discovered her, where during her absence all the windows had been built up, thus cutting off communication with the outer world. Here he had visited her almost every night since, bringing her the necessities of life, coming like an apparition, and going as he came.

"I think those foolish letters of mine," she said in conclusion, "written before I had learned to love my husband, have turned his brain. I was warned before I married him that he was affected by the peculiar malady of sleep walking, and that when under its influences he not only lost complete control of his reason, but also seemed to live a double life. When awake he was generous, frank and good; but when in a somnambulant state, I was told he was morose, jealous, wicked—in one word, insane; and that in his waking hours he had no recollection of what took place or what he did in this latter state."

Fortunately I found I had my powder flask in my pocket, and thus was able to set myself and my unfortunate brother's wife at liberty by exploding the locks.

I took my protégée to the rectory, where the rector, who was an old college friend of mine, was not a little surprised to receive such visitors at so early an hour.

Before returning to Stanley House I rode on the rector's cob to my brother's doctor, who lived two miles away, and consulted him upon Stephen's sad condition. He told me he was quite aware of the facts of the case, but that he had not for a moment thought the malady had been capable of doing so much mischief.

He suggested that a crisis in the disease was at hand, and would probably be brought about by the mental shock which the discovery of the captive's escape would give when next he visited the west wing. The result of the crisis would either leave him a hopeless maniac or cure him.

At the doctor's request, I arranged to meet him the same night at twelve o'clock in order to watch my brother's movements. I then rode back to Stanley House. After resting in my room I came down stairs and found Stephen more cheerful and genial than usual. He retired to rest at his usual time,

and two hours afterwards I went out to meet the doctor. When I met him we proceeded to the west wing together, but as soon as I reached the door I saw it was ajar—Stephen had been there before us! I hurried into the house, and was about to run up stairs, when I stumbled over some article at the bottom. The doctor, who was following, carried a lantern, and its light soon revealed the bleeding form of my brother.

"He is dead," said the doctor, after making a hasty examination of the body. "In his frenzy he must have dashed himself down the stairs. Poor fellow! we have been too late to save him!"

Five years have fled since that time. Stanley House has been renovated, and again holds a happy bride and bridegroom. A fair face looks over my shoulder as I write, and drops a tear upon the page, forgetting the darkness of the past in the brightness of the future.

Old and New Fashioned Winters.

Old men's memories of the weather, which are full of the "hard winters" of their youth or early manhood—winters which far exceeded in severity these later ones with which the present generation are familiar—are not supported by a table which has been recently published giving the dates of the closing of the navigation of the Hudson river since 1816. In 1845 it was closed by the ice on the 4th of December and so remained until February 24th, 1846. But in 1870 it was closed on December 21 and remained shut up till March 26th. In 1817 it was closed on December 7th, but in 1823 not till January 5th. In 1831 it was again closed on December 5th; in 1836 on December 7th; in 1840 on December 5th; in 1843, on December 9th, but in 1867 it was closed on December 8th, in 1868 on December 9th, and in 1869 on December 6th, in 1885 on December 8th, in 1886 on December 6th. In 1825 it was not closed until January 5th, in 1829 not till January 11th and in 1857 only on January 15th. In 1820 it was closed on November 13th, in 1821 on November 21st, in 1827 on November 24th, in 1835 on November 30th, in 1838 on November 28th, in 1842 on November 29th, 1871 on November 30th in 1875 and November 23d, 1880.

Between 1816 and 1851 (both inclusive), it was closed 28 times in December; and 30 times in that month, between 1852 and 1887 (both inclusive). These two periods consist of equal numbers of years and the December dates of closing of the latter correspond very nearly with those of the earlier one. The average date in the latter is insignificantly above that of the former. In regard to the date of opening, which always occurred as soon as the ice could be broken through by vessels engaged in commerce, it occurred five times in February between 1819 and 1859, and only once in corresponding number of years between 1854 and 1888. In the former period it was delayed five times till April and four times in the latter one. Generally the opening took place in March of both periods, and here again the average in favor of the earlier period is insignificant.

We know of no better gauge, excepting the record of the thermometer itself if the average temperature of our winters for nearly three-quarters of a century than the closing and opening of navigation upon a river like the Hudson. By the figures we have given it will be seen that the "old-fashioned winters," of the severity of which everybody has heard so much, were not different, in degree from the new-fashioned ones. There were early and late winters then, and early and late springs, but so have there been during the 72 years being virtually the same. The present winter comes slowly, and if that does not imply a late spring, it can delay its coming without fear of protest or reproach.

Beaten for Ones.

Josh Billings arrived in San Francisco. One of the reporters of a daily paper immediately found him. The following are the odd answers to the ordinary questions:

"What do you think of our glorious climate?"
"A hen with one chicken is always fussy."

"What do you think of the Chinese evil?"
"Dirt is something put where it does not belong."

"What is your opinion of the leading men of our State?"
"The rooster which crows loudest don't always taste the best when he's cooked."

"What do you think of California, anyway?"
"Far-off countries are always said to be full of marvels."

"What is your opinion of the supervisory report on Chinatown?"
"The boy cried 'Wolf!' so often, that when the wolf did come nobody went to his assistance."

"What do you think of the One-twelfth Act?"
"It is better to die of over-eating than to starve to death in the midst of plenty."

"What do you know, anyway?" ended the reporter, in despair.
"Young man, it is better to conceal one's knowledge than reveal one's ignorance."

In furs, seal skin is as fashionable as ever, and Russian furs are at a premium. Skunks, when real and of good quality, are in great demand for coats and edgings.

Canadian beaver is also a favorite fur. Blue fox and Siberian fox, chinchilla and grebe are all considered stylish, but astrakhan silvery has much gone out of fashion again.

Mantles are trimmed with thick but narrow fur borders. These are placed not only down the fronts and round the foot of the mantle but also over the seams at the back, especially in those of the redingote shape.

The blind imported 10-year-old stallion Royalty, by Kingcraft (Derby winner), out of Rose, by Oulston, sold for \$10 at Lexington, Ky., recently.

The crack 2-year-old Liberty, by Leonatus, who won the great St. Louis Futurity last June, beating Bootmaker, Reporter and all the best colts of the year, has been bred.

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Green in millinery, appears to be as popular as ever, and the shades for the winter are rich and becoming, especially to those women who have a reddish tinge in their hair. The flat crowned, projecting brimmed felt hats are most fashionable, especially for young girls. All the trimming is placed on the top. A novel style of trimming these hats is to fasten one end of a soft, feathery boa at the back of the hat, carry it round between the crown and brim till it meets behind, fasten it round the shoulder. A few high loops of velvet are placed on one side, or well up in Henry Bull; Connecticut, S. H. Randall and G. L. Clark; Secretary, S. W. Parlin; Treasurer, J. R. Graham.

The Dwyer Brothers are looking about for a track on which to have winter racing. Their idea is to race late in the autumn before the regular season has closed, and early in the spring before it has begun. They argue that if Clifton and Guttenberg can do so well with the slight attractions they offer, what might not a more pretentious race-course do with larger purses, better horses, better accommodations, etc.? The track will undoubtedly be located in New Jersey. M. T. Dwyer, Hot Springs, Ark., will remain until March.

James H. Goldsmith drove thirteen horses to their best records last season, as follows: Atlantic, 2:21 (on a half-mile track); Beauty Bright, 2:21; William, 2:18; Cleon, 2:22; Geau Smith, 2:18; Company, 2:19; Lever, 2:32; Silverthred (pacer), 2:15; Gillig, 2:32; May Gould, 2:24; Longford, 2:21; Horton, 2:25; Billy Stewart (pacer), 2:19; and Oute D. (pacer), 2:22. At the Poughkeepsie meeting he started six horses, and won five first moneys and one second—a larger number of successful "wins" than was made by any driver at any one meeting in the Circuit of 1888. The horses were Company, Geau Smith, Cleon, Longford, Silverthred and Beauty Bright.

While driving in Central Park N. Y., last month, Mr. Meuller, of Dickel's Riding Academy, had an astonishing experience and discovered a new jumper. His horse, a young brown mare, became frightened, and after two unsuccessful attempts to check her succeeded in getting beyond control and dashed wildly toward the Eighth avenue exit. Realizing his danger Mr. Meuller headed the mare toward the stone wall that separates the park from Fifty-ninth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenue. On approaching the wall with increased velocity the mare, instead of coming to a stop "took off" and cleared the ditch and wall, landing on the sidewalk on Fifty-ninth street, the hind feet on the balustrade and the dog cart in a perpendicular position against the wall, the measurement of which is 7 feet 11 inches. She "took off" from a bank 16 inches high, making the length of the leap from point of "taking off" to highest point 11 feet. A remarkable jump, indeed, for a novice especially in a dog cart. The animal bids fair to become a competitor for the championship. Mr. Meuller's only injury was a slight cut on the chin, a remarkable accident. The spectators described it as a very thrilling experience to witness.

FASHION NOTES.

—Cloaks entirely lined with fur are worn as carriage wraps only. They are too heavy for walking. The redingote of fine cloth or velvet, edged with fur, is the most fashionable of mantles for walking or visiting.

—In plan fabrics the most in vogue are thick soft Thibet cloth with hairy surface, double twisted chevot, thick warm Indian vigogne, double French merino, twilled cashmere and soft smooth ladies' cloth. The latter is also much worn in narrow stripes.

—Long boas are much worn, and also small fur capes or collars, as we call them here. Muffs are still made quite small. The fur muff needs no trimming: the fancy muff alone, of velvet or plush; is trimmed with a large bow of ribbon, a bird or a spray of flowers.

—A novelty of the season is the very perfect imitation of braiding and satin stitch embroidery in monochrome over cloth and cashmere. Separate pins patterns and sprays and borders of various widths are woven into the material, but give the effect of being worked by hand. Panels, skirt fronts, plastrons and facings are made of this imitation braiding, and the plan material is always to be had to match for the rest of the costume.

—Foundation skirts are unaltered in shape. Most of them are 2½ yards wide, and furnished with one steel, which is placed rather low, and not tied at all tightly. Notwithstanding the raid against pads, they are still worn. It will take some time to convince a woman that she looks well without a dress improver, and at present the appearance of the few who have discarded the appendage does not impress one to the contrary. There are some new tea aprons introduced; which are large, and consist of flat plating of black lace over black or red thin silk, with a folded watered silk in depth, and long loops and ends hanging at the left side. They are often made at home, and the lace may be purchased at most of the large shops already plaited.

—Some hats are quite caricatures, being so large, contorted and outer; but the generality are smart and also graceful on the head. A large felt one, recently worn at a race meeting, had two slits in the turned-up brim, on one side, with two long quill feathers passed in and out. The hat was gray, but the quills black, and the tips dyed red. There was one large bow of black watered ribbon at the front, and the other side of the hat was pierced by a red coral pin. The wearer's costume was gray with black silk trimming, and red coral buttons. The long gray cloak, worn as a wrap, was lined with red and gray shot silk, finished off near the throat with streamers of black ribbon of good width, which reached the ground, and fell from a handsome double throat clasp of coral and gold. The umbrella handle was of coral.

—Green in millinery, appears to be as popular as ever, and the shades for the winter are rich and becoming, especially to those women who have a reddish tinge in their hair. The flat crowned, projecting brimmed felt hats are most fashionable, especially for young girls. All the trimming is placed on the top. A novel style of trimming these hats is to fasten one end of a soft, feathery boa at the back of the hat, carry it round between the crown and brim till it meets behind, fasten it round the shoulder. A few high loops of velvet are placed on one side, or well up in Henry Bull; Connecticut, S. H. Randall and G. L. Clark; Secretary, S. W. Parlin; Treasurer, J. R. Graham.

The Dwyer Brothers are looking about for a track on which to have winter racing. Their idea is to race late in the autumn before the regular season has closed, and early in the spring before it has begun. They argue that if Clifton and Guttenberg can do so well with the slight attractions they offer, what might not a more pretentious race-course do with larger purses, better horses, better accommodations, etc.? The track will undoubtedly be located in New Jersey. M. T. Dwyer, Hot Springs, Ark., will remain until March.

James H. Goldsmith drove thirteen horses to their best records last season, as follows: Atlantic, 2:21 (on a half-mile track); Beauty Bright, 2:21; William, 2:18; Cleon, 2:22; Geau Smith, 2:18; Company, 2:19; Lever, 2:32; Silverthred (pacer), 2:15; Gillig, 2:32; May Gould, 2:24; Longford, 2:21; Horton, 2:25; Billy Stewart (pacer), 2:19; and Oute D. (pacer), 2:22. At the Poughkeepsie meeting he started six horses, and won five first moneys and one second—a larger number of successful "wins" than was made by any driver at any one meeting in the Circuit of 1888. The horses were Company, Geau Smith, Cleon, Longford, Silverthred and Beauty Bright.

While driving in Central Park N. Y., last month, Mr. Meuller, of Dickel's Riding Academy, had an astonishing experience and discovered a new jumper. His horse, a young brown mare, became frightened, and after two unsuccessful attempts to check her succeeded in getting beyond control and dashed wildly toward the Eighth avenue exit. Realizing his danger Mr. Meuller headed the mare toward the stone wall that separates the park from Fifty-ninth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenue. On approaching the wall with increased velocity the mare, instead of coming to a stop "took off" and cleared the ditch and wall, landing on the sidewalk on Fifty-ninth street, the hind feet on the balustrade and the dog cart in a perpendicular position against the wall, the measurement of which is 7 feet 11 inches. She "took off" from a bank 16 inches high, making the length of the leap from point of "taking off" to highest point 11 feet. A remarkable jump, indeed, for a novice especially in a dog cart. The animal bids fair to become a competitor for the championship. Mr. Meuller's only injury was a slight cut on the chin, a remarkable accident. The spectators described it as a very thrilling experience to witness.

—At Clifton, on December 17, after Cricket had run in the second race she dropped dead while being unsaddled. Cricket was a gray mare, foaled in 1882, by Duke of Magenta, out of Felicity, by imp. Eclipse, she out of Fidelity, by imp. Glencoe, and was a famous sprinter in her 3 and 4 year old form, when raced by trainer James Rowe.

—The Philadelphia Driving Park Association will give two trotting and pacing meetings next year, one in May and one in September. The association is now free from debt, and the Board of Directors recommend that larger premiums shall be given in order to attract the very best horses. A new Board of officers will be elected this month.

—At the Turf Congress held at Cincinnati in December, rule was passed making all persons ruled off the tracks for fraud by the National and American Trotting Associations ineligible to appear upon the race-courses belonging to the Congress. The Kansas City and Denver Overland Clubs applied for membership.

—During the past twelve months at the various combination sales of saddle, road, harness and trotting bred stock, held in Kentucky, 1304 horses passed under the hammer for \$473,557, an average of \$363.14. During the same period of time 732 thoroughbreds sold for \$423,125, an average of \$578.03. The total number of head thus sold, including all breeds of horses, is 2036 head, and they brought the enormous sum of \$912,927, a grand average of \$446.51.

—Walter Gratz's runners are wintering at Saratoga. The string the coming season will comprise the following, whose ages, corrected from January 1, 1889, will be as noted: Elkwood, 6 years; Fletcher Taylor, aged; Anstrine, 5 years; Pocatello, 4 years; Wynwood, 4 years; Rustic, 3 years; Gonesaw, 3 years; Blue Rock (brother to Sir Dixon), 3 years; The Forum, 3 years; Century, 3 years; Farceur, 2 years; Trapeze, 2 years; Cervantes, 2 years; Poison, 2 years; Warsaw, 2 years; Arcade, 2 years; Middlestone, 2 years; and Rhoda dilly, 2 years.

—The New England Association of Trotting Horse Breeders at its annual business meeting held at Boston, elected the following officers: President, B. D. Whitcomb; Vice Presidents—Mame C. H. Nelson and W. C. Marshall; New Hampshire, John B. Clark and Warren F. Daniel; Vermont, J. C. Parker and W. S. Bailey; Massachusetts, J. G. Davis and F. B. Farnum; Rhode Island, James Haney and Henry Bull; Connecticut, S. H. Randall and G. L. Clark; Secretary, S. W. Parlin; Treasurer, J. R. Graham.