

Neither May Nor June.

Though now 'tis neither May nor June,
Yet in these leaves, fair One there lies,
(Sworn servant to your sweetest eyes),
A nightingale, who, may she spread
In your white bosom her chaste bed,
Spill of all the maiden snow
Those poor, untrodden paths can show,
You straight shall see her wake and rise,
Taking fresh life from your fair eyes,
And with clasped wings proclaim a spring
Where Love and she shall sit and sing;
For lodged so near your sweetest throat
What nightingale can lose her note?
Nor let her kindred birds complain
Because she breaks the year's old reign
For let them know she's none of those
Hedge-quintessences whose music oves
Such strains as serve to keep
Sad shades, and sing dull night asleep,
No, she's a priestess of that grove,
The holy chapel of chaste love,
Your virgin bosom. Then what's
Poor laws divide the public year,
Whose revolutions wait upon
The wild turns of the wanton sun,
Re you the Lady of the year,
Where your eyes shine his sun appear,
There all the year is Love's long Spring,
There all the year
Love's nightingale shall sit and sing.

AN UNEVEN PARTNERSHIP.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do!"
Mrs. Eyebright sat leaning over the cradle, where the littlest baby of all the baby flock turned and tossed in the restless slumber peculiar to the period of teething.

There was a basket of unopened clothes—that terror to all young mothers—on the table. An open cookery book, out of whose pages poor Joanna Eyebright had vainly been striving to find some new recipe that contained not too extravagant ingredients, lay open beyond; a fall bonnet, which she had pulled to pieces to trim it in a later style, met her eyes on the adjoining window sill. In the study, close by Mr. Eyebright was writing.

"I'm not a beggar," said Mrs. Eyebright, her vision momentarily obscured by tears. "I'm sure I earn my living, and that by the hardest work. But there isn't a cent that I spend for the meanest household detail that I don't have to go to him for, standing like a suppliant. It isn't fair! It isn't right! When I—"

"Joanna!" it was Mr. Eyebright's voice, sharper and curter than she had meant it to be—"I wish you'd put a stop to those boys quarreling under my window! How can I be expected to write, when they are making such a noise?"

Mrs. Eyebright sighed.
Her husband's summons had roused the baby into a screaming protest. She took it wearily on her arm, and tapped with her thimble finger on the glass of the window. Sooth to say, she had forgotten all about John and Guy, who, just recovering from the measles, could not be sent to school, but were a deal too full of mutual electricity to be allowed to stay in doors.

"Boys, come in!" said she. "You disturb your father."
It took some time to settle the two conflicting elements and calm them down to a game of dominoes, and to hush the baby once more to sleep.

Mrs. Eyebright sat down to the amateur millinery once more, and she was creating the folds of faded velvet and the ragged ostrich tips with a sort of scornful disgust when Miss Ballantyne who lived in the nearest house, tripped in.

"Of course you are going to the surprise masquerade at Mrs. Lavelle's?" said she. "You used to be the best dancer of us all, and"

"It's a subscription affair, isn't it?"
"Yes; but the cost is very trifling, and—"
Mrs. Eyebright shook her head.
"My husband don't go out evenings," said she.

"But is that any reason why you should live the life of an oyster in its shell?" cried indignantly Miss Ballantyne.

"And besides," added Joanna, coloring a little. "Mr. Eyebright finds it necessary to keep down all expenses."
"But he belongs to the Amateur Club."

"Oh, that's a part of his profession!"
"He smokes the best cigars, don't he?"
"Yes; but he says they are so quieting to his nerves!"
"And he gave a dinner to the Editor's Coteries last week, didn't he, at Monticello?"

"It is very necessary, he says, for an author to be on good terms with the newspaper men," murmured Joanna. "His profession, you see—"

"Oh, I understand!" said Miss Ballantyne. "But what about your profession?"
"I haven't any."
"No? Are you quite sure of that?"
Housekeeper, nurse, companion, seamstress, cook sometimes, and always chambermaid," recounted Jessie, using her fingers as a sort of calculating machine—"if these don't constitute a profession, what does?"

Mrs. Eyebright smiled faintly, but shook her head with a slow negative motion.
"Joanna," cried Miss Ballantyne, "why do you look so tired? Are you sick?"
"No—only I have no girl at present and baby keeps me awake nights."
"And I can remember you the brightest and prettiest girl of all our set," said Jessie, who, at thirty never dreamed of calling herself by the lugubrious title of "old maid." "If this is matrimony, why, deliver me from it—that's all I have to say. Well, Jo I'm sorry for you! That surprise is going to be lots of fun, and you may tell the grand mogul so!"

And Miss Ballantyne took her leave. Mrs. Eyebright looked sadly at her little "expense book."

"Clarence says my allowance is amply sufficient for any woman of moderate economy," she mused. "But if I have a hot joint for dinner—and Clarence always sneers at cold meat—there's nothing left for the new velvet for my hat. And I won't ask him for more money. Oh, dear, how tenderly he looked down on me, that day at the altar, when he promised to love and cherish me! He may love me, though sometimes I have my doubts of that, but as to cherishing—oh, he has forgotten all about that! I am his drudge, his tool, the medium through which his wishes are conveyed

to his children, and his trades-people. He is a rising author, they tell me, but I never get to read any of his books. He wears Japanese dressing-ropes, and writes in the study furnished up like a poem. I go in calico, and get alternately heated at the cooking-stove and chilled in the back yard, until I am not fit to be seen. This may be a partner-ship, but it is certainly an uneven one."

And with a deep sigh, she rose to put the piece of roasting beef into the oven, because Bridget, the washerwoman, firmly refused to touch "anything beyond the tools!"

"She is more independent than I am," mused poor Joanna, as she looked dolefully at the finger she had burned in the culinary process. "She has a definite sphere. I am a drudge in general."

At that moment she heard her husband's voice in the hall, raised, as if in some annoyance.

"Joanna," he said, petulantly, "it's very strange you cannot protect me from interruptions, when I have so often told you how important it is to a brain-worker to keep his thoughts-currently intact!"

"What interruptions, Clarence?"
"The door-bell rang twice—the second time as if some one were determined to jerk it out by the roots."
"I didn't hear it. Who was it, Clarence?"

"A stout young woman, who had heard that you wanted a girl."

"Oh, Clarence?" (with a face of relief), "where is she? Did you tell her—"

"I sent her about her business. The fact is, Joanna, you don't need a servant—I'm always willing to pay for a washerwoman—and that last novel of mine hasn't seemed to bring in much money as yet. We must really economize! Of late I have been puzzled to account for how the money goes."

Joanna reddened and closed her lips firmly.

"If I say one word, I shall say too much," she thought, with an odd sensation, as if her veins were filled with boiling hot water.

She pushed past her husband to answer the inarticulate summons of the wailing baby.

"There is a limit to all endurance," she thought; "and mine is reached at last."

Mr. Eyebright spent the evening with a friend, two or three days afterward. When he came back he found the house empty, with the sole exception of Bridget, the washerwoman, who sat, half-asleep, over the kitchen fire.

"Hallo!" said the author. "Where is Mrs. Eyebright?"
"Gone home to her mother," said Bridget, rubbing her eyes. "An' tuk the childer with her. If ye please, here's the keys."

"What has she gone home to her mother for?"
"An' it's me that don't know," said the woman imperturbably. "An' if ye please, here's the keys!"

Mr. Eyebright went into the Ballantyne house.

"Jessie is her friend," said he to himself, with a stunned feeling of dismay—"Jessie will know."

"Well," said Miss Ballantyne, who was sewing on a spangled "surprise" costume for the approaching masquerade, "I'm not at all surprised. I only wonder that she hasn't done it before. Poor dear! And such an overworked drudge as she has been!"

"A—drudge! My wife?"
"Why, where have your eyes been, Clarence, that you haven't discovered it before?" said Jessie, composedly.

"In a family like yours, there ought to be at least two servants kept, and poor Joanna has done the work of both. She has never had any recreation, for she hadn't decent clothes to go anywhere. Her nights have been broken by sick children, her days devoted to the insoluble problem of how to make something out of nothing. Oh, yes—I can't blame her for leaving you!"

And Miss Ballantyne went on to give her friend's husband a very comprehensive "piece of her mind" on more subjects than one.

"I shall never forgive Joanna for this!" said Mr. Eyebright, with resentment.

"Better say you will never forgive yourself!" retorted Miss Ballantyne, with spirit. "For it is all your own doing!"

Mr. Eyebright went home to the solitary hearthstone. There was no wife to ask him for money. There were no children to disturb the flow of his ideas, yet the sixth chapter in his novel was not written according to his plans. He did not go to bed that night, but sat up, staring at the dying coils of the fire. Mentally he arrayed himself before the bar of evenhanded justice, with Joanna and Miss Ballantyne for witnesses. Mentally he tried, condemned and sentenced himself.

"I have been a brute!" he thought. He took the earliest train to Cedar Vale, where Joanna's youthful years had been spent, and went straight to the old homestead, fully expecting to be received with the frozen coldness he deserved.

Joanna was out in the orchard, helping Guy and Johnny to gather red-striped apples.

At the first sight of her husband's face, she ran joyfully to meet him.

"Clarence! Have you come for me yourself?" Oh, how good of you—and with all that you have to do!" she cried.

"Joanna! Dear wife! How was it that you could find it in your heart to leave me?" he exclaimed, his voice almost merging into a sob.

"To leave you, Clarence? Why, I never thought of such a thing!" exclaimed Joanna. "Didn't you get my note, telling you that mother was taken suddenly ill, and had sent for me? I told Bridget—"

looking-glass before my eyes, wherein I saw myself—a selfish, thoughtless wretch! No, Joanna, don't look so appealingly at me. I'll say no more, but I'll prove to you by my future actions that I mean to turn over a new leaf. Do you remember the old lines:

"Evil is wrong by want of thought,
As of want of heart!"
And since you are willing to trust me yet a little longer—"

But his words were checked by her hand on his lips.

Clarence Eyebright kept his word. After the lesson of that day, he not only loved and honored his wife, but he went to the full extent of the marriage vow, and cherished her with a true and loyal tenderness.

"And it seems," said Joanna, her eyes moist with happy tears, "as if it were our honeymoon over again!"

CARL DUNDEE.

Some More Things He Would Like to Know.

How vvas it dot if somepody owe me two dollars I can't meet him for six weeks, while if I owe somepody two shillings I vvas sure to see him twice a day?

How vvas it dot if I wear my old clothes when I go out? I vvas certain to meet eaferypody else mit his store clothes on, while if I vvas dressed op eaferypody else has on his week day clothes and says I vvas a dudge?

How vvas it dot I obey all der laws, and go to church on Sunday, and yet I hat two big bolts on my leg, while dot feller next to me, who vvas in shal half der time, goes by a raffle and wins four turkeys?

How vvas it dot if I haf two inches of snow on my sidewalk somepocemans comes along and says he vill make it hot for me, while dot feller across der street haf two feet and nopody says him one word?

How vvas it dot if I go by a grocery and pays cash for goods der grocer simply nods to me and says it vvas a cold day, while if a man comes in who vvas credit for sixty days, until he can arrange to moof to Canada, dot grocer shakes him arm off and tells der clerks to shump around like lightning?

If I gif some euehre party at my house der water comes in my gaspiles and puts out all der lights. If dot feller on der corner gifs a dance to all der plug-uglies his gas vvas so bright dot you can't look at him, and his bill vvas so small dot he laugh about her.

My neighbor goes by der water office and pounds on der shelf and says his water tax vvas high and he won't pay. Dot clerks takes him off two dollar and says she vvas a mistake. I go py dot water office and take off my coat and spit on my hands mighty and raise a row, and two policemen jerk me out of my boots.

I tells my wife to be neighborly mit some neighbors, and dey borrow my flour and tea and coffee and butter like some hurricanes. If I like to bogrow some wheebarrow dose neighbors vvas werry, werry sorry, but vvas shust out of wheebarrows two hours ago.

I goes py Michigan avenue to see a poor family and buy some coal and flour, and a butcher cart runs after me and breaks me two ribs. Some taffer goes up Grand River avenue for tap him a till and not one butcher cart vvas on dot whole street for half a day.

My neighbor keeps a big dog dot bites eaferypody and barks all night, and nopody speaks mit him about it. Somepody gifs me a leedle pug dog who can't bark so loud as a canary, and a policeman comes and say I shall find myself in shail if I don't send dot terror avbay.

If some horse runs avbay he vvas mine. If some water pipes burst oop she vvas mine. If somepody falls on his back by der City Hall he vvas me. If some shimmy ploas off der house it vvas my house. If some baby fall down stairs it vvas mine popy Peter.

If some bars burns oop mikout insurance I vvas der owner. If some bank break in two I vvas der big loser.

Our Veiled Ladies.

The fashion of wearing veils has become very prevalent. It is a fashion which should not be encouraged. Its redeeming features are that the veil protects the hair and keeps it well arranged; it protects the forehead from the wind and wards off neuralgia. These two services of the veil can be retained, but the veil should not be worn over the eyes. To them it is very injurious. It is injurious to the mechanical seeing apparatus, since a constant adjusting of muscles and lenses is required, and a striving to obtain a clear image for the retina. It is extremely wearing to the brain, which has a great deal to do with touching up and finishing off the picture which falls upon the vision, and in making the mental image a perfect one, no matter what the external one may be. Veils of dotted lace and dazzling white illusions may give rise in a few weeks to an irritable condition of the eyes that years will not remove.

A Dog's Suicide.

In New York a dog committed suicide by jumping off a ferryboat. The owner, an old woman, asked a policeman to detain him at the dock until she got aboard, but as soon as the boat started the dog jumped for the deck and, by a great effort, succeeded in pulling himself on board. Then he ran through the woman's cabin with his nose to the floor, and found his mistress on the forward deck. His stumpy tail bobbed so fast that it was almost invisible, and if a dog ever laughed he did. The old woman was angry. She scolded him as though he had been stealing meat, and his tail gradually stopped wagging, while his head sank lower and lower. He walked slowly forward until he was on the edge of the deck, and looked mournfully across the water. He was the picture of dog despair. Suddenly he gave a bound far out into the river and in a moment the ferryboat had passed over him.

A Frenchman has invented a telephone which cost but 624 cents.

NYE AT MONTICELLO.

He Jots Down a Few Thoughts in His Own Winning Way.

Not long ago I visited Monticello, and paused to weep over the grave of Thomas Jefferson, the great yet simple man who wrote the poetic but impractical statement that all men are created equal. As a matter of fact, if all men are treated equal, they very early develop signs of inequality which must be recognized by the most obtuse. That they are, under the law, endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which may be enumerated life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, no one will deny, but in the pursuit of happiness how varied are the tastes and ambitions of man! What a wide gulf yawns between the joys of a life spent in reading Browning and that experienced by Jack the Ripper. And yet it only illustrates the divergence of opinion as to what constitutes life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Mr. Jefferson was the author also of what is called Jeffersonian simplicity. It consisted somewhat in living well and dying in debt. Jeffersonian simplicity, as introduced at Washington during the latter part of the present century, is a delightful relaxation. It is as pleasant a way of whiling away an evening as one could well think of. The only objection to it, of course, is the expense. The great outlay necessary in order to perfect it is what has kept Jeffersonian simplicity back.

I saw the neat little brick smoke house where Thomas brought his Virginia bride. It consists of one room on the ground floor, containing, among other things, a window.

Mr. Jefferson married, and with his wife at once set out on a bridal tour on horseback from Richmond to Monticello, arriving between 12 and 1 o'clock on the night after his wedding. I can, in imagination, see the two young people riding through the brush, up the hill, Mr. Jefferson shifting uneasily in his saddle from time to time, in order to give the saddle much needed rest and change of scene. In his hair I see the burr of the chestnut, and I hear him roughly say that he calls it his chestnut hair, partly on that account and partly because it has been used before. Then I hear him swear a little as he climbs a persimmon tree for his hat.

Mrs. Jefferson rides along behind, with a look of chastened regret, thinking how she will reply to a letter of inquiry sent her by a New York paper, asking if she regards marriage as a failure. She is dressed plainly, in a brown dress and Garibaldi waist, laced down the back with porpoise strings. Over all she wears a riding habit, more or less suited by the briars, and held in place by means of large white malice buttons. It is the only bad habit she has.

Mr. Jefferson gets off his horse at the door of the little red smoke house, and walking in a stately, but fatigued and rocky manner to the door, shouts: "What, ho, within there!" and then taking an eight pound key from his pocket, opens the door and welcomes his bride to her new home.

This picture is not overdrawn, for under similar circumstances the girl, whose dowry was enormous, and whose all her life, arrived in the middle of the night within the bare walls of the little brick refrigerator on the top of the mountain, and at the hands of her husband received, by way of refreshment, the settlings of a bottle of Rhine wine.

Mr. Jefferson was always regarded as a good provider. He also rode to Washington from Charlottesville in a gig, in order to avoid one of the lunch counters on the way. I am surprised that while president he did not board at home and bring his dinner.

When the time comes for a good but simple president, I hope to get a crack at it myself. Then you will see a gentle, plain and unassuming man drive up the front of the White House every morning, with a pair of grass fed mares and a pale, slender colt following behind. An armful of hay will stick out at the tail of one of the wagons, and the team will work at this while the executive goes in to hobnob with the representatives of other powers.

What could be more touching than for the president of the United States to drive in from the farm, and entering an office in the morning, with a sun burned nose and the odor of new mown hay and new milk cows still hovering about him, to grasp the hand of a crowned head, and in the presence of a large red apple as a mark of esteem?

At the noon hour I see Mr. Jefferson as he untied a large red handkerchief and took out his dinner, consisting of bread and molasses, a hard boiled egg and a wedge of prune pie. Hastily eating the bread and molasses and peeling the egg, he produces from his pocket a large horn handled clasp knife, and cutting up the pie on a copy of the Congressional Record, he stores it away in the recesses of his being. This was what first set the example at Washington for what is now called the congressional recesses.

But there was something, after all, in the welcome of Thomas Jefferson to his bride as she landed in the new home, bare and desolate as it was, which was not humorous. In fancy I can see the young wife, with loosened and disheveled hair, as she looked about her, and then bowed her head upon the bosom of the great man, while tears of tenderness and joy welled the shirt frills of the mighty American. No picture is more beautiful than honest affection in the foreground with a background of genuine greatness.

Touches all hearts and disarms every foe. To be great in the eyes of a majority of voters is a triumph, but to be great in the eyes of one good woman is a good deal greater.

And so by the roadside, as we come away, we find the graves where the groom and the bride have again together found rest.

Spots may be taken from gliding by immersing the article in a solution of alum in pure soft water. Dry with sawdust.

A station is to be established in St. Petersburg for the examination of food materials offered for sale in the city. It will be under the charge of scientists appointed by the Government.

FASHION NOTES.

For general utility and out of door dresses many pleasing fabrics appear. Among these are the cloth finished flannels which are very popular. In addition to the usual colors, are the new shades of coachman's drab, Gobel blue, Lincoln green, Havana brown and mahogany. These are inexpensive and make very handsome suits. There are also an infinite variety of checked suitings in browns, blues and greens with bits of lustrous coloring woven in among the tiny blocks. These suitings are the favorites for tailor made gowns. Cheviots, Scotch tweeds and corduroys are much used for outdoor wear. The materials in plain colors are most effective when mingled with contrasting colors or two shades of the same coloring. They are frequently, however, made with trimmings of black braid, regular patterns of which come expressly for shoulder, vest, collar and cuffs, and by the yard for the skirt.

A charming and inexpensive street gown recently made, is of navy blue wool, in which is woven a narrow streak of vivid red at intervals of an inch or more. The skirt has a band of red cloth on the bottom a quarter of a yard wide. The full drapery reaches to the bottom of this, is drawn up on each side at the hips, so as to reveal the band at the sides and in front. At the back it hangs in full straight folds.

A waistcoat of the red cloth with straight high collar fits closely to the figure, and is buttoned from the throat to the waist. Over this is a jacket of the blue wool fitting tight behind, with postilion coat tails. The fronts are long and pointed, like those of a mantle. It has a rolling collar and fastens at the throat sloping away towards the points. A Directorate poke of dark blue felt, lined with red velvet and trimmed with blue ostrich tips, complete this lovely costume.

The striped Jersey flannels which come for dressing gowns are remarkably pretty this season, and are in all shades and combinations. Inch wide stripes of pale pink on a gray ground, or pale blue on suede, and black on white are among the newest, while in more serviceable darker ones are the red and blue stripes, shaded stripes of red on a dark blue ground, wood color and old gold in brown, and many others. They are generally made up in "princess" shape, and the fronts trimmed with India silk to match the coloring, filled on at the throat, shirred at the waist line and widening gradually to the hem. One breadth of the silk is sufficient for the two sides. Ribbons matching the silk in color placed at the side seams form the belt, and are tied in front in a bow with long ends. The wide turn down collar and cuffs are made of the silk, and ribbons are attached at each side under the collar which tie in a bow at the throat. The sleeves are either leg-of-mutton shape, full at the shoulder, and narrowing to the wrist, or they are small at the shoulder and wide and open at the wrist and lined with silk. For mourning the black and white striped flannel is much used, made in the above manner and trimmed either with black or white surah.

For evening wear there is a great variety of new materials shown. First and foremost, because they are so pretty and inexpensive, are the colored nettings striped and dotted, in all the new shades, and admirable for ball gowns made up over satin or silk skirts of the same shade. There are also tulle more expensive but beautiful, plain and embroidered white, scarlet, green, gray, lavender and black are the most fashionable shades. Among the embroidered tulle, those without tinsel or beads are preferred, but in gauzes, which come next on the list, those which are shot with gold or silver threads, or in stripes and lines, are the most sought for. Printed crepes are lovely for evening wear and not expensive. Plain crepes, grenadines, embroidered silk mulls and beaglines are among the thin fabrics which are most worn. In heavier materials there are failies showing leaf patterns in gold thread on grounds of Empire green, gray and red, and armures in lavender, lilac and pale blue, powdered with delicate sprays of silver. The very expensive materials such as peau de sole, brocades and royal armures which are woven with real gold, silver or copper threads, are generally combined with plain goods to match, of which most of the gown is made; the metal embroidered textile forming the tablier, vest, cuffs and collar.

It is very difficult to say what is the most fashionable hat or bonnet of the season. Directorate pokes and Empire hats and bonnets are great favorites, but they are rather "trying," and to look thoroughly well, must be worn only by those who have a certain style, whereas the capote and toque are remarkably becoming to most faces. One of the most picturesque hats worn at the present time is a low-crowned black felt with broad brim turned down on one side and slightly raised on the other. Two long flat ostrich feathers encircle the brim, the ends falling a little below the upturned side. A bunch of looped black ribbon is laid upon the low crown, and the brim which narrows to almost nothing at the back is lined with black velvet.

The little bonnets of last year are also much worn, they flare a little more, and the trimming no longer rises in a pyramid in front. They have broad ribbon strings which are tied in a bow under the chin. The "Tosca" hat, another form of the Empire is enormous, and trimmed with huge bunches of feathers and ribbons, but while this style is affected by some, it can never become popular and all indications point to low crowns and graceful drooping trimmings.

Professor Miall says that there are to be found associated with seams of coal, and especially with the underlying shale, the flattened impressions of creatures which once had life, though at first strenuously doubted.

Dricks are now made of cork, refuse, and cement. They are used in building owing to their lightness and insulating properties, and as a covering for boilers to prevent the radiation of heat.

HORSE NOTES.

The St. Louis trotting meeting will take place October 1 to 5.
Garrison has at last signed to ride for Mr. Belmont next season.

The Woodburn Stud (Ky.) sold \$114,000 worth of trotters in 1888.
Robert Bonner has sold Miss Majolica to W. B. Allen for \$15,000.

Arrow, pacing record 2:13, was blistered on the front legs recently.
Pierre Lorillard has stable room for three horses on his pleasure yacht.

The Memphis Spring Running Meeting will commence on April 22.
J. B. Haggin will send 100 thoroughbred yearlings East for sale at auction next June.

Jockey Taylor, who is to ride for the Dwyer Brothers next season is wintering in Philadelphia.
Budd Doble's stable arrived at Los Angeles, Cal., in charge of George Starr on the last day of 1888. It contains Johnston, Jack, Knight, Rutledge, Ed. Annan and the runner Father John.

Colorado claims the distinction of furnishing the first trotter to beat 2:30 in 1889. January 1, at the Overland Park, Denver, the bay stallion Magnet reduced his record of 2:23, made in 1888, to 2:27.

Waterly, bay mare, 14 years old, by Hero of Thorndale, out of Siren (sister of Peri), by Edwin Forrest, has been sold by A. J. Alexander, Woodburn Farm, to Jackson I. Case, of Hickory Grove Farm, Racine, Wis.

The mare Catchfly, 2:18, now 12 years old, is owned by Colonel Pepper, of South Elkhorn, Ky. She will be bred to Onward shortly. Catchfly when campaigned was so hard to hold that her driver usually strapped the lines around his body.

American trotters are in demand in other countries. Among those recently sold and shipped out of the United States are Skylight Pilot, to parties in Rio Janeiro; Spofford and Governor Hill, to Buenos Ayres gentleman; Belle Oakley, Elwood Medium, Milton Mollie Wilkes, Colonel Wood, Phyllis, James G. and Jose S. to Europeans.

W. E. Splen, of Glen Falls, N. Y., has bought at Lexington, Ky., the b. g. Last Chance, 2:28, 3 years old, by Victor Von Bismack, dam by Dictator, D. S. Leaven, also of Glen Falls, has purchased at the same place the mare Ariadne, by Victor Von Bismarck, and a chestnut yearling colt by Robert McGregor out of Ariadne.

L. J. Rose, the great breeder of Los Angeles, says: "For a training track I prefer a three quarter of a mile track with quarter mile turns—that is, the turns are the same as on a mile track, and the stretches are shorter. Any horse can trot on a straight stretch, but he must learn the turns. The three quarter mile track is less trouble to care for, and if a colt shows me a good mile at home I am sure he will do as well or better on the longer stretches on the public track."

According to the record for 1888 the popular racing distance in America is three quarters of a mile, nearly one quarter of all the races run having been at that distance. There were 4291 races in 1888, and 1071 were three quarter mile dashes. There were 584 races at one mile, 514 at five furlongs, 281 at a mile and a furlong and 214 at a mile and a sixteenth. There were 22 quarter mile dashes and 13 races of two miles. One 2 1/2 mile race was the longest of the year. There was a marked falling off in heat racing in 1888.

So far the largest individual nominator for the Futurity of 1891 is J. H. Haggin of California, with 106. Hon. William L. Scott, of Pennsylvania, enters 64 mares, served by Ruydon Or, Wanderer, Kantaka and Algerine. D. Swigert, of Kentucky, nominates 58 mares, served by Glenelg, Tremont, Bersan and Rotherhill. Belle Meade Stock Farm makes 33 nominations, the stallions represented being Iroquois, Enquirer, Luke Blackburn, Great Tom and Bramble. B. G. to Alarm, Hymyar and Fellowcraft. Hindoo and Billet are represented by 27 nominations from Clay and Woodford, and Stratford and Bend Orr in the 26 nominations of Mr. A. J. Cassatt. August Belmont's 23 represent the prospective sons and daughters of the ill-used and St. Blaise principally.

George Smith, of Pittsburg, better known as "Pittsburg Phil," was much surprised last week when a stranger inquired if his name was George Smith, and if his father's name was Christopher Smith. Phil applied affirmatively to both questions, and the stranger then said: "You are my cousin, and our grandfather has died, leaving \$100,000 among eight of us. You and your brother are the two whom we are looking for." The grandfather's farm had become suddenly valuable, because of oil wells on it. Phil was compelled to leave for New Orleans on Saturday January 5th, according to arrangements, to open a book there. He expects to return shortly to establish his claim to his share of the property.

According to reliable statistics 740 thoroughbred yearlings passed under the auctioneer's hammer in 1888, bringing a total of \$475,835, an average of \$643.02. These youngsters were sired by 126 stallions. King Ban's average is the best, his 18 head averaging \$2763.61 each. He also has the distinction of siring the highest priced colt sold, his son, King Thomas, selling for \$38,000. The other stallions whose average reaches \$1000 and over are: Sir Modred, \$2187.50; Mortimer, \$2038.20; Hindoo, \$1463.50; Spendthrift, \$1390.33; Billet, \$1285.36; Iroquois, \$1258.46; Glenelg, \$1223.33; Kyrie Daly, \$1031.25; Hook Hoeking, \$1100, and Joe Hooker, \$1050. Bulwark stands the lowest in the list, his average being \$55. The bay colt, by Rossifer, dam Certeorari, by Aristides, and the bay gelding by Bulwark, dam Modeste, by Asteroid, divide the honors of being the cheapest yearlings sold, they selling for \$30 each.