

Let Me Not Forget Thee.

Lord, let me not forget Thee, When my richly laden ships Sail proudly into harbor,

When skies are blue above me, And flowers smile at my feet, Lord, let me not forget Thee,

When favoring breezes blow, When no shadow abuts the sunlight— When splendid moons sail low.

Lord, let me not forget Thee When love's his halo lends— When in a sky of glory Hope's glittering rainbow bends.

I know, I know in sorrow I make myself Thy guest, When lowering storms alarm me I hide me in Thy breast.

Therefore I pray Thee, Father, To draw my thoughts to Thee, Nor let my soul forget Thee When pleasures rain on me.

HIS FIFTH WIFE.

"It's a goin' ter marry er gin." "How yer know." "Kase he's er washin' an' puttin' on er clean white shirt."

"That's what." "Then Lor' he's er goin' ter git married shore." "The scene was old Alex Hobson's kitchen. The first speaker was Alex Hobson's fifteen-year-old son, a tall, angular lad dressed in cotton overalls held up under his arms by a pair of bed-tick suspenders, a straw hat that had long since lost all semblance of natural shape, a pair of run down shoes that some one had cast away, and a home-spun tow shirt. That was about all that could be said of Jack Hobson's dress, and it was the same at all times and seasons, Sundays included. The second speaker was one of Hobson's numerous daughters—one of his twenty-seven offsprings—a slim, frail-looking creature attired in farm-made linen, except her feet, which were adorned by any art of man. Such was Tilda Hobson.

"Wonder who it'll be this time?" the boy asked, after a moment of thoughtful silence. "Dunno," the girl replied. "Hope ter gracious nobody won't be 'im."

"But there will, though. Somebody'll be fool eruff ter marry 'im." Just at that moment the kitchen door was opened and old Hobson stepped into the room. The young Hobsons were as mute as mice, for they had had enough to do with old Alex to know that a sterner parent did not live, nor one more given to severe chastisement of his children.

"Jack," old Hobson called, "get outen here an' go an' ketch an' saddle me a hoss, an' be quick about it." Jack hastened to obey, while the old man sat down by the stove, crossed one leg over the other, bit off a fresh chew of long green tobacco, and after watching Tilda from under his shaggy eyebrows for several minutes, said: "Tidy, I s'pose yer got an' jeece o' whar I'm er gin?"

"I lowed es how you was er goin' ter git married er gin." "Wall, I reckon es how yer lowed erbout right ter, Tilda. I am er goin' ter git married."

"Who to, pap?" "Lor, I dunno who to, no mor'n you do. I'm er goin' ter try the Widder Scraggs fust, an' ef she won't listen to no sense, I'll try ole Miss Thompkins."

"Then there followed a long silence, broken at last by Tilda, who said: "Pap, in co'se what I say wout cut no figger with you, but I'm boun' ter say that I wish you wouldn't think o' bringin' ole Mrs. Scraggs here."

how I'd es well go on an' propose to Mrs. Scraggs."

With that he clucked, and thumped his heels against his steed's bony sides to urge it on. Old Hobson's steeds were all bony, for with corn selling at a high price he made their allowance of feed short and far between. With much clucking and thumping he finally got the horse into a jiggling trot, which he held for six or eight yards when he broke into his natural gait, a cross between walking and crawling.

"Ef a feller's in er hurry he'd a blamed right better walk than un'er-take ter ride sich er dratted pokin' critter es this," he murmured, giving it another vicious dig with both of his heels. "At last he rode up to a crooked rail fence in front of a log cabin and, after two or three stentorian 'halloes,' he door turn back on its wooden hinges and the head of an old man thrust out. "How'r'ye, Alex!" the old man cried. "Git down, git down."

"Haint time, I reckon, squire. I've got er leetle business fer yer." "Haint goin' ter sue nobody. I reckon?" "No; I'm er goin' ter git married, that's all. Kin ye er long an' jine us?" "Sartin shore, Alex, in co'se. Where's it ter happen, an' who's ther other party?" "Dunno yit. I thought we'd go by an' try ole Mrs. Scraggs, an' ef she wuz willin' we'd stop thar; an' ef she wasn't willin' we'd go on down to Miss Thompkins. I'm sartin o' her, I think."

"An' yer haint spoken to nuther uv 'em erbout it yit?" "No; I haint got time ter make two trips uv it, so I thought I'd jist take yer er long an' hev it all over with ter once." "Yer er sensible man, Alex, an' haint got no sentimental dummy erbout yer," the squire observed, as he led forth his "critter" and prepared to mount. "Marryin' ain't nothin' ter make sich er ter do erbout nobow. It's jist ther same as tradin' horses or buyin' cows."

"Yer right, squire," Alex replied, as they jogged along toward Widder Scraggs' domicile. The widow was out in the yard boiling soap when they rode up, and as soon as she saw and noted the fact that Alex was wearing a white shirt, she remarked to herself: "Ole Hobson's come ter ax me ter marry 'im, an' tain't no mor'n I been expectin' uv 'im ever sense his last wife died, thought it do pear like he orter be satisfied with workin' four women to death. An' them wuz all good women, too, but easy-goin', soft-hearted critters without no grit up er spirit. Old Hobson's er old varmint an' needs er wife what knows how ter hold ter own with 'im, an' I'm boun' ef I wuz ter marry 'im he'd cut his shines an' capers mouty shore. I'd hev my way er pull every bar outten his ole head."

And she punched the fire viciously and kicked over a small dog that was sitting wagging his tail in a manner entirely inoffensive. Old Alex and the Squire approached. "Gevin', Mrs. Scraggs," Alex said, while the Squire merely nodded. "Howdy, Hobson, Gevin', squire. Folks all well I reckon." "Coberly," Hobson said, while "middlin'," said the squire. Then there followed a moment of silence and Mrs. Scraggs stirred the soap rapidly. Then Hobson said: "Mrs. Scraggs, we come on er leetle matter o' business with you. I want er nuther wife, an' I thinkin' the matter all over I come ter the conclusion that you're erbout ther sort o' woman what I want an' need, an' I thought ef you wuz willin' we'd jist splice an' hev it over."

"Air yer shore I'll suit yer?" the widow asked. "Wal, es ter ther in cose I can't say fer shore. It's er risk, yer know, but es fer ther it 'ud be er risk no matter who I tuck, an' considerin' ever'thing I'd es lief risk you es any body else. I think yer'll prove ter be ther sort o' woman what I want an' need." "Shouldn't be er bit s'pised ef I haint ther sort wut yer need, but es ter whether I prove ther sort wut yer want, I don't pertend ter say. I haint no angel, Alex Hobson, es yer'll dis-kiver soon eruff, an' yer ain't no wise deservin' of no angel fer er wife, but ef yer want me ter marry yer I dunno es I keer ef I do, though I haint no wise sot on it."

"I'm here fer that purpose, an' ef ye say ther word ther Squire kin purseed." "I'm ready, but be quick erbout it, fer ther er kittle er soap is jist goin' ter bile over, an' I haint got no time ter fool erway." "Late in the evening the bride and the groom, with the bride's personal effects rowed over to Hobson's house, where the new wife proceeded to make herself at home in more ways than one. The neighbors, when they heard of the marriage, all said that Old Hobson had found his match, and he admitted so much when a few days later he sat on the woodpile nursing his head after he and his new wife had been disputing the question of personal rights. "I've made er mistake an' gone an' married once too often," he mused.

An Extra Session.

Inadvertently in a speech to some Grand Army comrades the other day, General Harrison hinted that the Fifty-first Congress will be called to meet next Spring in extraordinary session. Business men fall to see any pressing reason for convening the National Legislature at that time, because of the absence of any great issue to be acted upon that is urgent in its demands. So far as is known, the Congress will meet rather for the convenience of the incoming administration, so that its policies may be made active forthwith, and if this view is correct, there ought to be no apprehension in trade circles.

A Man of The Wild, Wild West.

After a long rest among the dudes and dudines up North, I once more saddle my bronco, and with larlat in hand start once more for the trail. On my first day out I saw a small jet of steam and smoke arising out of a dilapidated looking building. I reined in, dismounted, and went in to see if I could find one of my greasy brothers. Going through a small hole that answered for a door, kicking a coyote out of the way, and making my way to the boiler, I found an old, dilapidated scrap-iron with what had been a four-inch gauge, but the glass was broken and the pointer around against the pin. Finding no one around I lit my old pipe and concluded I would take a survey of the "layout." The safety valve had a "drawhead" of an old car for a weight, yued on by two 2x4s from the roof. Engine was on the side of another boiler some distance off. The uppermost thought in my mind was, where was the "injeener." Sat down in front some time until the pointer went back to forty. I heard a shuffling in among some cobs, when out came the worst specimen of an "injeener" that I ever had the misfortune to meet.

"Hallo, my friend, are you the engine-er?" "I am the high cockalorum of this layout." "What makes you carry such high pressure?" "Pressure on what?" "Why, on the boiler, of course." "Got to carry enough to make the engine run." "But when I came in you had 100 pounds, and now you have only 40, and the 'engine' runs."

"Yes, you see, I runs the whole business; an injeener, miller, roustabout, in fact, am the only man in the building, and when I gets the hand around to the starting point I goes in the mill and waits on customers. When she begins to drag I throw off the feed and comes out and whoops her up agin." "Why don't you hire a man as engine-er and let him put this plant in decent shape? Are you not afraid she will blow up some day?" "Wall, stranger, I will tell you. I hired one of them bon-ton fellows once and paid him \$2 per day. He put in all his time cleaning up, wiping up grease, brushing out the dirt, and after he got her cleaned he made a seat and would do nothing but sit and whistle; would not help me carry in any grain or pick stones; in fact, he got so darned lazy he would not come out and pinch up an er. Then I told him he could go. But stranger, the pointer is around whar it started, and I must go and turn on feed."

For fear the mill would be fed next I went also. Look out for fun there some noon.

If You Are Superstitious.

Eggs laid on Friday will, it is said, never decay, and will, if eaten, cure the colic. "A Friday tree" is a saying used in England to characterize some misfortune or trial. Journeys were rarely undertaken on Friday during the last century in many European countries. In 1790 no merchant of London would begin a voyage or undertake any new enterprise on Friday.

In North Germany it is said that witches obtain power over the person who goes out unwashed on Friday. In Devonshire it was thought a good day to plant crops, and in other places to commence weaving children. Medieval romances assert that fairies are on Friday turned into hideous animals, remaining so until Monday. Friday is, according to the Welsh, Irish and Scotch, a day consecrated to the fairies, who then can do much mischief. A Dutch wife will, if she can, obtain a ring that is made from old nails during mass on Friday, lay it upon the gospels, and say a paternoster. It was not a proper occasion, either in England or Holland, to engage a new servant, nor would any servant go to service in a new place on Friday. Portuguese sailors have a custom of dressing their ships in mourning on this day, and of scouring and hanging an effigy of Judas at the yardarm. The Talmud tells us that Adam was created, sinned and was chased from paradise on Friday. Mahomet, to prove his prophetic powers, declared the same. Many persons reverse the rule, and declare that this is to them a lucky day. Dickens said that it was fortune for his undertakings, most of which were successful when begun or ended on Friday.

Mr. Raikes, the British Postmaster-General, having been questioned in Parliament as to whether he would arrange for the extension of the parcels-post system to the United States, replied that there was not a civilized country in the world which was without a parcels-post except the United States, and that the laws of this country prevented its introduction. Why should this be. If this country is governed by the people and for the people, why should its laws prevent the introduction of a system which has been found a great convenience by the people of other countries, who need not look far for an answer; it is found in one word, monopoly. The enormous profits derived by our express companies from the monopoly of carrying parcels which they enjoy and divide between them without permitting competition, gives them an influence upon politicians that is practically irresistible until the people shall wake up to the fact that the National Government could do the work more satisfactorily and for less than half the present rates, and still make money on it. How long shall we be content to remain so far behind other civilized nations in this matter?

Bibliomanias occasionally pay enormous prices for ancient documents. At a recent auction sale in Boston a yellow old pamphlet, published in 1747, by Rev. John Norton, entitled "Captivity at Canada," brought \$308. A lady of Brooklyn, N. Y., was the happy purchaser.

WHAT TO DO AT A TEA.

A Society Woman Shows how such an Entertainment can be Pleasant.

The proper length of time to stay at a tea has never been defined. Elderly society women who are past the rush and activity of their prime and only go to tea in an afternoon, sometimes settle themselves comfortably in an easy chair and stay two or three hours chatting with their friends as they come and go. Busy society leaders fly into the house, sip a cup of tea, stay five minutes, and dart out again, only to be driven rapidly to another place, thus going to three or four teas in an afternoon.

The first hour of a tea is a very solemn occasion. All the old tabbies come, you know, and purr around until you are almost distracted. When I have three or four teas to do I always go to the tiresome places first, and, as the other young people do the same, the last hour is very pleasant usually. The success of the entertainment depends on having a great many young people around the rooms to look pretty and to help you. A young man friend or a brother or cousin, who is a man about town, is better help than half a dozen young women. You see, you can't get back into the rooms yourself to help people have a nice time, so you depend on some one to do it for you. The stupidest teas are those given by young hostesses who haven't the sang froid and nonchalance that makes every one comfortable and happy. They are frightened and not at ease themselves, and somehow they make every one else feel constrained and not at their ease. They stand in the particular corner where they have stationed themselves, and on a particular figure in the carpet, and never stir, so every one else stands on her chosen figure in the carpet and wishes she were dead until she dares to go, all of which is nonsense, for a tea is really very little different from an ordinary day at home. You serve tea or bouillon or chocolate to your callers and are expected to entertain them, but at a tea it is all done for you, and the only difference is that more people come together. A reception is more dignified and formal, and you have a heavier lunch, oysters, salads, terrapin, ices and all, you know.

And when all the tabbies have purged their adieux and crept gingerly out, and most of the people have come and gone except your very most intimate friends, we push away that peacock screen, gather around the punch bowl, toss away stupid formalities, and talk it all over; and really, dear, that last half hour is all that makes a tea worth living through, but it is a lovely, easy way of entertaining people.

Will Carleton. Among the younger American poets there is perhaps none better known or more universally admired than Will Carleton. It is a singular fact that the Western poets seem always to strike a new vein of thought or feeling. It is useless for the pedagogues to point out the faults of Carleton's poetry, and tell us that his verses are not properly constructed here or ungrammatical there, for they pointed out the same errors in Poe, they showed us where the great Dickens was at fault, in fact every one whom the people admired was faulty in their eyes. But, notwithstanding this, Dickens touched the heartstrings of his readers, they wept or laughed at his bidding, and so it was with Edgar A. Poe. Say what his maligners will, the author of "Wahune," "The Bells," "The Raven" and "Israel" stands higher in the estimation of the people, than if they had let his memory rest in peace. Even so it is with Carleton. His is also a master-hand in sounding the human heartstrings. He was born near Hudson, Lenawee county, Michigan, in 1845, and was bred as farmer boys usually are. His desire for knowledge, however, led him to walk five miles to the district school, where he studied Latin, algebra, etc., etc. In 1865, he entered college, helping to defray his expenses by teaching school. Graduating in 1869, he joined the editorial staff of a Chicago paper and later became editor of the Detroit Weekly Tribune. In 1868 he wrote his first poem, "Fay," and at his graduation in 1869, "Rifts in the Clouds." In 1870, for Decoration Day he wrote "Cover Them Over." In 1871, his masterpiece, "Betsy and I Are Out," appeared, and soon after "How Betsy and I Made Up" and "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse." In 1873 he produced "Farm Ballads," and in 1875 "Farm Legends." In 1881 "Farm Festivals" appeared, all of which were handsomely illustrated. Some of his work gives evidences of hasty production, but, taken altogether, Carleton is a poet of whom Americans can justly be proud.

Effects of Close Shaving. Do you know what a close shave means? I never did until I looked at a face the other day, through a microscope, which had been treated to this luxurious process. Why, the entire skin resembled a piece of raw beef. To make the face perfectly smooth requires not only the removal of the hair, but also a portion of the cuticle, and a close shave means the removal of a layer of skin all around. The blood vessels thus exposed are not visible to the eye, but under the microscope each little quivering mott holding a minute blood drop protests against such cruel treatment. The nerve tips are also uncovered and the pores are left unprotected, which makes the skin tender and unhealthy. This sudden exposure of the inner layer of the skin renders a person liable to have colds, hoarseness and sore throat.

Bretelles formed of a massive network of ruby or bronze beads are laid over the shoulders of magnificent opera and ball cloaks made in Paris. Fringes of the same beads surround the neck and edges of the sleeves. The bretelles narrow to a sharp point at the back, where a large ornament is placed. Copper and emerald green beads in a diamond network form bretelles for a luxurious cloak of satin brocade shot with faintest green, mauve and gold, the heavy raised figures being of golden olive. The wrap is lined with plain olive plush.

FASHION NOTES.

Redingotes are again in fashion. They are made very simple, and are worn over plain skirts, which may be of another color.

The violin gown is made with a full straight skirt, a loose round waist banded with a sash of soft folds, and the sleeves are loose puffs to the elbow.

This year fashion, which in general favors tall, slight figures, seems more thoughtful of those of her votaries who are gifted with a certain amount of embonpoint.

Stripes and pekings of all styles are in vogue, garments falling in long lines, redingotes of sober outline, all tending to give length to the figure, and to conceal or attenuate any excess of stoutness.

Some of the newest jerseys have watered silk revers and cuffs, or a width of soft silk coming from beneath the arm on the right side, tapering into a point and fastened at the waist on the left side.

Queen of the Orange Girls; Sapphire; blue satin skirt, trimmed with gold, and a broad orange and white striped skirt; scarf of orange; black velvet bodice, with white chemisette; sapphire blue cap, beaded with sequins; basket of oranges.

The demand for cloth dresses has never been greater than at present—the checks and stripes which have been familiar with us as tailor made gowns so long, but beautiful artistic shades of plain cloth, ornamented with rich embroideries, fur, moire, and elaborate braidings, as may be required.

Prosperity Gown of cream woolen crepe, embroidered round the hem; waistband and sleeves in apple green, the skirt fuled into the waistband, then a little way down caught up with a girde of silk; sleeves reaching almost to the feet; a cornucopia in the hand, whence falls a shower of gold and roses.

In character dresses the choice is only too large. We will only suggest one or two good ones. Mistress Alice Nutter, from "Ainsworth's" "Lance and Kirtle of Kirtle" is a fashionable brocade, of crimson satin; gold chatelaine and sugar loaf hat, with diamond beaded serpent, gold headed stick.

For those to whom it is : : : : becoming, the high coiffure still holds its own. Very little of one's own hair is necessary for the puffs, twists and coils which are arranged well forward of the crown, with loose curls showing here and there, or sometimes arranged to look like a fringe of the ends of the hair coming out all around the central arrangement.

In making over old dresses, it is well to put good sized pieces of dress material on the lining under the arms and over the elbow of each sleeve, before the outside is put on, tacking them in place with silk or fine thread. These should, of course, be between the outside and the lining. Then when the cloth grows thin in these places, it can be darned so neatly as to be scarcely visible.

In some dresses the petticoat is of a contrasting color, but it is only revealed when the draperies are lifted by a breeze or action of the wearer when walking; it re-appears, of course, in the narrow waistcoat and the lining of the deep pocket flaps, the revers, the cuffs and collar of the gown. Sometimes the Directoire sash or belt of such a gown is lined and piped with the color of the petticoat.

The Psyche knot is the favorite style for girls with classic features—also so many others wear it—and its beautiful simplicity is charming. The closely braided or tightly twisted knot of hair at the back of the head is seen almost invariably with the toque shaped hats and caps now so fashionable, and the front hair is cut in a short, pointed bang, made fluffy and curly looking, but not actually curled.

A Directoire coat in snuff brown cloth was trimmed with black moire, introduced on the front and back, and forming the full vest to the straight cut jacket, which was bordered with handsome let passementerie. Large buttons ornamented the flap pockets and the sides of the bodice. I wonder how much larger these buttons are destined to be? They have become quite as big as a crown piece, and the newest are made either in cloth with an applique of metal, or with colored wool embroidery. A large trade is being done in Paris with antique buttons and old silver, and old paste ones fetch fabulous prices.

Milliners include among their many charming accessories fancy muffs that match the dress bonnet designed for the opera, theatre, etc. These muffs are very elaborate and variously shaped. Birds, feathers, ribbons, buckles, metal galleons and ornaments of cut steel, jet, gold, silver and bronze are used in the construction of what appear to be less articles intended to secure warmth than ornamental adjuncts to dressy toilettes. However, for special occasions, these tridies even with the thermometer zero, are not to be sneezed at. Imagination certainly keeps out a great deal of cold, and these little finger-cozies are at least a visible means of comfort, if they do but little real service. The larger fur muffs are certainly best for general and useful wear.

National dresses run too much in grooves. There are many to choose from, but only a few are selected and repeated over and over. There is a real Polish peasant costume, which I have never seen worn, and yet it is most quaint and worthy to be produced. The full short skirt is made in striped woollens. Over this is a low cut cloth jacket, buttoned in front, with tassels. At the waist it is cut with almost numberless tabs overhanging each other, bound with braid and beaded with buttons. A white linen embroidered habit shirt beneath has a turned down collar, with a ribbon tie and innumerable rows of beads. The head is bound with a many colored handkerchief, and over all is a long cloth paletot worked and bordered in solid.

—Fred. Gebhard has sold Loney (3), by Longfellow, to Mr. Forbes, of Woodstock, Canada, for \$2500.

—Peter Durree, of New York, has sold N. W. Ellis, of France, the L. G. Kenilworth, and the horse will be shipped across the ocean. The price paid was \$5000.

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—Hanover's name among the nominations for all the great stakes, which closed on the 1st, shows that the Dwyers have by no means given up the chestnut champion of '87. In July Hanover was "nerved" that is to say a portion of the nerve of his ailing leg was removed. The operation renders the limb insensible like a tooth the nerve of which has been destroyed. The operation was a success with Oriflamme and King Arthur, and appears to have been on Hanover.

—Charles T. Mitchell, lumber and coal merchant at Glenolden, Delaware county, Pa., died about 3 o'clock on the morning of January 13 from injuries received of the day before while showing his horse to his father. The horse was fractious when brought from the stable, and started to run. Mr. Mitchell let go of the halter and fell across the railroad track, striking the rail just below his heart. He walked home with assistance. Death was due to the clotting of blood at the heart.

—Daniel Monroe, an American horse-trainer who has spent the last three years training horses in Australia says: "The Australian race horse can beat the world. They run them in harder races in the colonies than they do in America, and notwithstanding the very much bigger fields and the heavier weights they carry, yet there is not very much difference between the records of the two countries. And, again, the Australian horses run on the turf without any plates whatever. You are, no doubt, aware that a turf track is not the fastest in the world. I am inclined to the belief that the Australian horses could not stand the hard tracks of this country, after the turf tracks of Australia. You can't imagine any nicer or better preserved feet than have the horses of that country, but they couldn't possibly run with bare feet in America, and would undoubtedly have to wear plates. The Australian horses are possessed of great stamina and are wonderful weight-carriers. To give you an idea, Manila won the Melbourne Cup from a large field of starters with the enormous weight of 135 pounds up, and the time for the two miles was 3:34. Dunlop also won the Melbourne Cup with 120 pounds up in the remarkably fast time of 3:28. They have an entirely different method of training. They never warm a horse before the race. They work the horse every other morning before daybreak on the sand or tan. They never throw on a blanket to cool after the race. I don't know whether it has any advantages over our own style, but the Australian horses all seem to do well under the treatment."

—Entries for the Futurity stakes of 1891, which closed on January 1, have not thus far come up to expectations, only 840 having been received. Milton Young, who entered 77 mares for the stakes of 1890, has not been heard from, nor have any of the California breeders like Messrs. Baldwin, Stanford, Ashe and Winters. The Suburban handicap of 1889 received 67 nominations and the Brooklyn handicap 54. The Acorn Stakes has named Richmond and Bendigo for both entries, as has Mr. Belmont George Oyster, Raceland and Prince Royal, the Beverick Stable Insoleone and Clay Stockton, A. J. Cassatt The Bard, Eurus, Eole, Marjaret and Now or Never, and Taragon for the Suburban only. The Chicago stable enters Egmont, Jacobin and Terra Cotta for both, and Wheeler T. for the Brooklyn alone. The Dwyers are represented in both by Hanover, Kingston, Bella B. Inspector B. and Sir Dixon. J. B. Haggin is in the Suburban only, with Firenze, Aurelia, Fitz James Frow and Yun Yum. Captain Sam Brown has entered Torchlight and Defaulter in both, and the Don is in the Brooklyn. Walter Gratz's Eikwood and Pocatella are in the double event, as are Galafet Falcon, Quito, Barrister, Monmouth, Connetmaro, Donnybrook, the Preakness Stable's Belvidere and Larchmont, Senator Hearst's Glen Echo, Gorgo and San Simon, Judge Murray, Tennyson, Niagara, Wary, Bonnie Kittle and Drumstick, Elve, The Bourbon, Serena, Glen Orie, Swift, Exile, Peg Woffington, Specialty, Juggler and Longlake are in the Brooklyn event only, and Brian Bore, Carroll Erehu, Volunteer, Wyndon, Montrose, Eolian, Heyday, Wahsatch, Badge, Galore (recently purchased in England), Montague, Charley Drexel, Darlington, Prodigal, White, Sobranje, Champagne Chrilly and Hypocrite in the Suburban, without being in the Brooklyn. Of these, nine are 3 year olds, four are aged, eight are 6 year olds, eighteen are 5 year olds, and the remainder, by far the larger class, 4 year olds.