- A sister, sweet endearing name! Beneath this tombstone sleeps;
 A brother (who such tears could blame?) In pensive anguish weeps.
- I saw her when in health she was A soft and matchless grace, And sportive pleasures wanton'd o'er The dimples of her face.
- I saw ber when the loy wind Or sickness froze her bloom; I saw her (bitterest strokel) consign's
- To that cold cell-the tomb! Oh! when I heard the crumbling mould Upon her coffin fall, And thought within she lay so cold, And knew that worms would crawl
- D'er her sweet cheek's once lovely dye, I shudder'd as I turn'd From the sad spot, and in mine eye The full warm tear-drop burn'd.

Again I come—again I feel Redection's poignant string, As I retrace my sister's form, And back her image bring.

Herself I cannot-from the sod She will not rise again; But this sweet thought, "She rests with Refleves a brother's pain.

TENNYSON.

MY HUSBAND.

It was with a feeling of inward rage I could not repress, that I stood dressed the scarlet flowers fastened on the I ask only that you may be happy. shoulders and in my hair served as an excellent fill to my clear, dark skin, but when, a half an hour later, I stood in the dressing-room of our hostess, surrounded by gay, laughing faces, with shimmer of satins and silk as a background, I dreaded taking off my cloak, and exposing to these merciless feminine eyes the same dress, altered only by a few fresh flowers. I, who loved the brautiful so,—who had long-ed all my life to gratify the taste which seemed to have been given me only to make me wretched, could only peer longingly into the future, as I gazed shudderingly into the past, and see no silver lining to the cloud.

Looking back now upon my sweet, peaceful home, although I could in nowise shut out the causes of my discontent, I can recognize how little I appreciated its freedom from care or sor-

I was thinking only of its bitter side, wondering why my father had never possessed the means his generous nature would have so delighted in, as I sto d watching the dancers in a quilt nook, when I heard a voice say:

"Mrs. Irvington, I want you to present me to that little girl who just entered the room in white and scarlet. Her bright eyes interest me." 'Ah, Kate Reynolds! With pleas-

Then catching sight of and app oach-

ing me, she gracefully went through the usual formal phrase: "Mr. Bayard-Miss Reynolds. my old friend, Mr. Bayard."

My first wonderment at his having sayings awakened. The face bent upon me, seemed old in my sight, thoug. in reality he was but fifteen years my senior, but his eyes burned with the fire of eternal youth, and redeemed what otherwise might have

been called plainness. It was a pleasant surprise when he discovered that he and my father were old friends, and so it grew a matter of our house, and that we should look upon him almost as a brother. But my amazement was unbounded when one day my father called me to him, and

"Kate, Mr. Bayard wishes to marry you. **

I could not realize the words. knew nothing of my own heart; but ly as I could: "He does not, I believe, talk of leavsomehow the way seemed opened for me out of this narrow way of living. I could see the world, enjoy its beauties press any such determination," as God had intended I should; could ation and excitement in eager delight tremely I have unwittingly done so." over the new and pretty things that were mine at last, in keen appreciation I left the room. I returned, shifting that he now always kissed my brow, husband stood beside me. and that sometimes I caught his glance startled me. But a moment later he would speak in his usual calm tone, alone by yourself? Poor little girl!" and I would torget it.

It was with a sense only of exultation that on my bridal morn gazed with and laying my head on his breast, sobpride into the mirror, which once again reflected my form. No shabby muslin, "Paul, no schriet flowers, saw themselves here to-day; but all was white, pure sheeny white. The lustrous silk trailed far behind me; orange blossoms gleamed in my dark hair and fastened my bridal veil; diamonds (his gift) shone from arms and throat, and glistened in my ears. I needed not the words of others | take me wherever you may go. to know that I was beautiful. But when at last it all was over, when I had received the congratulations of my friends and relatives, when my vanity had been fed to its full, and I returned once again to my own room, for the first time there burst upon me the reality of what I had done.

my trunks were packed. We were to sail that day for Europe. My husband ged me from your side-any earthly pohad business connections in England, and we were to make our home there. I was to leave all whom I loved, and go darling, for my again leaving you, I swiftly as of yore, and drags us head-away with this man. My sister stood had determined to go only that I might long, whether we will or not, to the unwatching me with tearful eyes, and at make you free; only that I could no attractive grave.

from you all! Have pity, have mercy!" Then all sensation left me, and I Child, are you sure, sure, you know dropped senseless on the floor. When what you say?"

bird caroled sweetly in his cage. Was it all a dream, then? No! Too vividly the scenes of the morning again came before me. I moved restlessly upon my pillow. In a moment Jean stood by my side,

"Mr. Bayard!" "Where is he?" "He sailed, dear, on your wedding day three weeks ago to-day. His business was imperative, and so he left you in our care. You have been very ili, Kate, and must not excite yourself. When you are stronger there is a note from him we were to give you, Try

I questioned.

and sleep again." I heard her words with scarcely a sensation, unless one of relief, and closing my eyes was soon lost in dream-

Between sleeping and waking, in a sort of stupor, the hours glided into days, and the days into weeks, during which, gradually the strain upon my brain relaxed, and strength crept back

into my frame. Almost a month passed before his letter, in obedience to my request, was in my hands. I broke the seal with able of all beliefs, that sweet propeller languid indifference, and read the lines toward the temple of fame. his hand had penned:

"Imperative business, dear Kate, de-mands my departure, but I leave you in the hands of those who will take every care of you. You will find at my banker's unlimited credit, and I beg you will use freely the funds I have before my morror the night of Mrs. placed at your disposal. Make for Irvington's ball, and saw reflected in its yourself a home where you will, and depths the white muslin which had say to your father it is my desire your done duty so many times before. True, sister Jean should be your companion.

> Your husband, PAUL BAYARD."

As I read, there crept over me only the sense of freedom—that I was unfettered to do as I would. Eagerly I called Jean, and said:

"Your every wish, darling, shall be gratified, so that some day, when you meet your fate, young and handsome, whether he be rich or poor, you shall

have no need to question.

Two years gilded by. My every amtimes, in my own house, surrounded by proverbial curse, it did not come home quests, a sense of the strangeness of to roost; it stayed where I had sent it every morning without fail; and one bitious dream was realized. Scmemy position would steal over me. Without a thought I ran into my draw-

ing room, and stood amazed. A gentleman, with hair streaked with gray sat upon the sofa and rose upon iny entrance I bowed as to a stranger. "Kate," I heard a voice say, and in another moment I had recognized my husband. I welcomed him as warmly as I could, but it all seemed so strange, so new, I could not tutor my lips to say all I wished they might utter. Yet in the months that followed, I found him no curb to my freedom. My wish seemed his law. He never intruded his presence upon me, and I grew to watch for his coming, to see him mingle among our guests with a

gracious word for all, with pride. Miss Raymond was the belle with us that summer. Tall, elegant and graceful, she queened it royally. At first I watched with pleasure the sparkle in her eye, the flush upon her cheek, as my husband approached. Talking togeththus sought me out, gradually faded in the interest his quick words and quaint existence and live in a world apart; but gradually another and a different feeling took possession of me.

I grew to watch them with a feverish eagerness, and now and then to steal beside them, and kneel, perhaps, at my husband's feet, to listen while he told her some tale of adventure or travel. At such times he would always pause to give me a smile of welcome, or pass his hand through my hair, or in some way course that he should come often to give me token that he knew I was near. One day, laughing and talking with Mr. Coburn, one of my husband's friends, he turned suddenly, and said:

> Mr. Bayard leaves us! How can you let him go? A hand of ice seemed clutching at my heart as I answered, as indifferent-

> ing shortly? I have not heard him ex-

"Indeed! Then I fear I have done share the blessings of wealth; could do wrong in telling you. He told me this for my sister-of whom I was two years afternoon he expected to sail next the senior-what no one had ever done month for Europe, to remain indefinitefor me; and so I gave consent. Yet in ly. I presume he dreaded letting you the weeks that followed of busy prepar- know his determination. I regret ex-

As soon as I could escape unnoticed of the priceless gifts Mr. Bayard actual- and opening the hall door, stepped out ly showered upon me, I had no time to upon the lawn. The grass was heavy think of him as a lover. When we met | with dew, the night air damp, but had it was to seek no quiet corner, to ex- rain been pouring from the clouds I change no whispered confidences. His should not have known it, when sudgreeting was the same as ever, save denly a voice called my name. My "Kate, what are you doing, child,

fixed upon me with an intensity which out in this damp air? Are you so startled me. But a moment later he wretched that you must wander off At the sound of his voice courage came to me. I sprang into his arms,

> "Paul, do not leave me again. Take me with you!"

"My wife! Do you mean it?" "Indeed, indeed I do. My life has been so empty all these years, though I knew it not. I know that I am but a themselves readily enough. A scene, child, but you shall mould me as you will; only try to love me again, only

imprinted there. "On your wedding day Kate, I overheard the words which told me you hated the man you had married; heard ity of what I had done.

My traveling dress lay upon the bed, you from your fate. Child, do you think else any power could have dragtency induced me to put an ocean between us? There is no necessity, my longer look upon your fresh, young "Why did I do this thing? Oh, sister save me! I do not love him! I am too young to go away this hour—which atones for all my years of suffering, I had no hope.

my eyes again opened, only the old familiar marks surrounded me. My shister at reging near my bed, with an state wing near my bed, with an according near my bed, with an according near my bed, with an state wing near my bed, with an according near my bed, with an state wing near my bed, with an according near my bed, with an state wing near my bed,

knew not her ow heart; but years my saddest. All things seem open then have taught me the value of the jewel I

threw away." As I bade my guests good night a few hours later, standing by my husband's side, my eyes reflecting the voiceless content in his, Belle Raymond,

stooping to kiss me, whispered:
"You have found your happiness at last, Kate. I have read it in your face. Keep and prize it. It is priceless." Long years have passed since then, but each year only adds to the lustre of the gem I wear nearest my heart.

HOW I WRITE MY NOVELS

"The Dutchess" Tells How Her Stories are Born and Written.

To sit down in cold blood and deliberately set to, to cudgel one's brains with a view to dragging from them a plot wherewith to make a book is (I have been told) the habit of some writers, and those of no small reputa-tion. Happy people! What powers of concentration must be theirs! What a belief in themselves-that most desir-Have faith in yourself, and all men will have faith in you. But as for me, I have to lie awake o'

nights longing and hoping for inspirations that oft-times are slow to come. But when they do come, what a de- episode that it contained. light! All at once, in a flash, as it me—a delicate diorama, vague here every day. But I write quickly, and cloth fastened on each individual strip, were, the whole story lies open before to my writing than two hours out of and there, but with a beginning and an bave my notes before me, and I can do end-clear as crystal. I can never tell a great deal in a short time. Not that the crisp, sweet air; sometimes a word in a crowded drawing-room, a thought the children, who (delighted thought) rising from the book in hand, sends them with a rush to the surface, where they are seized and brought to land and outside has tempted me to aspire. carried home in triumph. After that the "dressing" of them is simple en-

so simple. Alas! for that first story of mine-the raven I sent out of my The only thing I ever heard of it again have it back if I enclosed stamps to the amount of two-pence halfpenny, otherwise he should feel it his unpleasant duty to "consign it to the waste-paper basket." I was only sixteen then, and always hated the words "waste paper" my duty to give up to pen and paper ever since. I don't remember that I are not always accorded. There have it is a very long time ago; but I have was either angry or indignant, but 1 do been moments when, having tried vainremember that I was both sad and ly to round my sentences to my satissorry. At all events, I never sent that faction, I have risen in quick wrath miserable twopence halfpenny, so I and flung my unoffending pen into a conclude my first MS. went to light the far corner, and turned my back resofire of the heartless editor

ed on him, but he left me comfortless; scrawling letters. and yet who can say what good he may not have done me? Paths made too bad business. What comes spontaneover that poor rejected story, beautify-ing it (as I fondly, if erroneously, be-times by a calm and slumbering ocean ing it (as I fondly, if error lieved), adding a word here, a sentiment there! So conscientiously minded was I, that even the headings of the chapters were scraps of poetry (so called) done all by myself. Well, never mind. I was very young then, and as they say upon the stage, I "meant well,"

For a long twelvemonth after that I never dreamed of putting pen to paper. I had given myself up, as it were, was the most modest of children, and fully decided within myself that a man so clever as a real live editor must needs be, could not have been mistaken. "How much we shall all regret when He had seen and judged, and practically told me that writing was not my forte.

Yet the mevitable hour came round once more. Once again an idea caught me, held me, persuaded me that I could put it into words. I struggled with it this time, but it was too strong for me; that early exhilarating certainty that there was "something in me," as people say, was once more mine, and seizing my pen, I sat down and wrote, wrote, wrote, until the idea was an object formed.

With closed doors I wrote at stolen moments. I had not forgotten the quips and cranks uttered at my expense by my brother and sister on the refusal of that first-last manuscript. To them it had been a fund of joy. In fear and trembling I wrote this second effusion, finished it, wept over it (it was the most lachrymose of tales,) and finally under cover of night induced the housemaid to carry it to the post. To that first unsympathetic editor I sent it (which argues a distinct lack of malice in my disposition), and oh, joy! it was actually accepted. I have written many a thing since, but I doubt if I have ever known again the unadulterated delight that was mine when my first insignificant cheque was held with-

in my hands. As for my characters; you ask how I conceive them. Once the plot is rescued from the misty depths of the mind, the characters come and range we will say, suggests itself-a garden, a flower show. a ball-room, what you forever and forever; that Time,

"That treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,"

could be abruptly slain by some great conquerer, and we poor human things let loose, deflant of its thralls! But no such conquerer comes, and time flies swiftly as of yore, and drags us head-

If any of you, dear readers, is as bad a sleeper as I am, you will understand how thoughts swarm at midnight, Busy, bustling, stinging bees, they for-bid the needed rest, and thronging the idle brain, compel attention. Here in the silent hours the ghosts called char-

to that giant Imagination. Here, lying in the dark, with as yet no glimmer of the coming dawn, no faintest light to show where the closed curtains join, too indolent to rise and light the lamp, too sleepy to put one's foot out of the well-warmed bed, praying fruitlessly for that sleep that will not come-it is at such moments as these that my mind lays hold of the novel now in hand, and works away at it with a vigor, against which the nat-ural desire for sleep hopelessly makes

battle. Just born this novel may be, or half completed; however it is, off goes one's brain at a tangent. Scene follows scene, one touching the other, the characters unconsciously fall into shape; the villain trkes a ruddy hue; the hero dons a white robe; as for the three or four chapters are created for chin in the Directoire style of dress. the next morning's work.

As for the work itself, mine is perhaps strangely done, for often I have written the last chapter first, and founded my whole story on the one

Asa rule, too, I never give more time when these inspirations may be coming; I give these two hours systematically; sometimes in the dark watches of the when the idle vein is in full flow I night; sometimes when driving through | fling aside the pen and rush gladly into the open air, seeking high and low for will be sure to help me toward that state of frivolity to which the sunshine

To make literary work a methodical thing is, I think, a mistake. To compel the brain to a task from which it But just in the beginning it was not may at the moment revolt is surely a straining of the mental powers both rash and cruel, Mr. Anthony Trollope ark and never saw again. Unlike the in his delightful memoirs tells us that cannot help admiring the obstinacy of noticeable flagging of the genius any- costume. where.

Many other authors, I fancy, would find it impossible so to flog the literary spirit into shape. As I have said, even the two hours in the day that I feel it lutely for that day upon the virgin page So much comfort I may have bestow. that should have been covered with my

To force the mind is, in my opinion, smooth leave the feet unprepared for ously is of untold value. It is always rougher roads. To step always in the fresh, always the best of which the primrose ways is death to the higher desires. Yet oh, for the hours I spent solicited outbursts of the mind are as over that more rejected story, beautiful -a promise of the power that reigns in the now quiet breast,

Thus dreams are of value; and to dreams (those most spontaneous and unsought of all things) I owe much. THE DUCHESS.

A Sweet Voice.

get and to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a down the centre. soft touch. But there is not one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work and at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere.

I would say to all boys and girls: "Use your guest voice at home." Watch it day by day as a pearl of great | an airy appearance. price, for it will be worth to you in days to come more than the best pearl Household.

An Economical Way of Living.

A physician in London has been trying an experiment to see if it were possible to exist on nothing but meal and water for a month. He has been livwill; only try to love me again, only take me wherever you may go.'

Closer and closer I felt myself drawn man and woman for choice. They are into his embrace, while upon my lips always young with me for that matter, few days, having no variety of food, and feels that what under the heaven we are but that has passed away, and he now that under the heaven we are well. He says he felt hungry the first promised, is so altogether perfect as has no desire for other food, and feels youta! Oh, that we could all be young remarkably well. He eats a pound of meal a day, made into cakes, and drinks about a quart of water. This mode of living costs him a little over a penny a day, and he seems to enjoy it. No live on that small amount.

Strawberries are now only \$11

quart. -Dresses with short trains are worn at informal dinners, five o'clock

teas, and in making carriage calls, A small turn down collar is embroidFASHION NOTES.

-Heavy ribbed black velvet is strikingly effective when made up in long

-Orange lace, satin, brocade, or-ange colored velvet bonnets, opera cloaks, bonnets, tea gowns and theatre jackets made up in conjunction with bronze or receds velvet shot with gold, are a late French fancy in dress and garniture.

-Trimmings of fur are worn wherever a fur band can be placed. The manufacturers have been successfully experimenting in dying furs, consequently a number of new shades have appeared. Sable taxes the lead in price and elegance.

-The muslin cravat edged with fine lace, which was also a feature of masheroine, who shall say what dyes from culine dress after the Restoration, is Olympia are not hers? A conversation now worn. The ends are not now suggests itself, an act thrusts itself into as long as they were at that period, notice. Lightest of skeletons all these hardly longer than the bows. Tinted must necessarily be, yet they make up eventually the big whole, and from the brain-wanderings of one wakeful night cravats which are worn under the

-Fringes which have been neglected so long, are again in vogue. The Marabout feather and Chenille fringe for out door garments, and those of silk or net for dresses.

The slashed fringes for cloth dresses with an acorn of the same color of the

-The more like the Russian style an article approaches, the more fashionable it is at the present-even the Russian blouse is still a great favorite, and is worn at theatre as well as in the bouse and with the dinner toilets. It is worn by young married people as well as girls, but in any case it should not be worn by those who are short and stout of stature.

-A pretty skating costume for a young girl is a plaited skirt and blouse of red and blue striped cloth, with apron overskirt and long, full drapery in the back of plain red Henrietta cloth. A short jacket of heavy tan broad cloth, lined throughout with satin of the same shade, must be open showing of the blouse waist. A red was a polite letter from the editor in the mind that could drive itself to get felt hat with loops of blue satin ribwhose office it lay, telling me I could through so arduous a task without any bon, complete this simple and neat

A FRENCH RIDING HABIT .- January has been so pleasant that it has admitted of much horse back riding which is indeed a most exhibarating exercise. A pretty habit was in navy blue Melton cloth, bound with braid on bodice laps and edges, and fastened with crochet buttons. The bodice formed a waistcoat and was fastened slantwise at the top. A high shirt coilar of white linen.

-The fineness and elegance of underclothing is carried to an excess by Parisian women. Over the chemises of cambric and Valenciennes laces is worn a corset of satin, black or red for daytime; white, cream or pale pink for evening. The underpetticoat is of slightly quilted silk, matched to the corset, and trimmed with black or the Detroit Driving Club. He also atwhite lace. The overskirt is quite as tended carefully to little details, kept elegant if not more so than the dress | the track in good shape, and cleanliness

-A walking costume is of myrtle green Amazon cloth, trimmed with moleskin. The skirt is plain and edged with the moleskin. It is covered by a drapery nearly forming a second skirt, caught up slightly here and there with a box pleat at the back. It is also edged with the moleskin. The bodice, There is no power of love so hard to in the soldat Francais style, is double breasted, with one row of Norwegian buttons down the left side; moleskin | tre, and the wheels turning is caught collar and cuffs and a band of moleskin Johnny as in a vice. The young horse

-One of the most convenient and useful as well as ornamental articles is a bag to be worn on the arm. There are a number, of which we have the mas sold his stallion Sir Waiter, Jr., 5 "merveilleux" bag, of silver brocaded and the "incroyable" bag, the Peirce, of Boston. He will be driven latter-a spacious concern for prayer on the road this winter and go into the books and scent bottles, or a tiny stud next spring. Major Dickerson comb and brush, handkerchief, and in has still some good ones left, among fact all the paraphernalia, It is vel- them Queen Wilkes, record 2 23%, a vet with applique work or painting California filly, by Crown Point (2.24), outside and closed with a clasp: the dam Flirt, record 2.29, and Jane Eyre, others are drawn open by strings and all are lined with satin.

-A very handsome costume for a young debutante, has a full but perfectly plain skirt of blue lace-[colored laces with designs of heavy raised for one year from next April. The threads in pale pink or some other Belmont Driving Club membership is color, over an underskirt of constrast- growing rapidly, and now is the time ing color, is the latest novelty for for those who have not subscribed to do evening dresses for young girl-) over a | so. The spring is approaching and they skirt of maise colored silk. The waist | will want a place to speed their horses. is low cut in the neck and has high it should be a good opportusity for puffed sleeves, a l' Empire. A wide Mr. Tanner to "spread" himself as a sash is tied around the waist, broad- landlord, and thereby fall into the good ened in front; one costume had butterfly bows on the shoulder which gave it ers. He can make the track and its

-The turban and the toque still take precedence of all other shapes in hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's close hats. The new shapes sit gracesong to a hearth and home. It is to fully upon the head, and many of them the heart what light is to the eye .- The are covered with the soft plumage of the dove, the gold or silver lophorous, or the golden brown merle. In scate of all that has been said against the destruction of birds, and netwith-standing the rigid rules and resolutions can win \$75,000 worth of stakes nowadrawn up by humane societies, there is days. When the Dwyers have found but little diminution in the demand themselves without a stake colt they for bird decorations for hats and bon- have always purchased one. Last seanets. Empire veils are worn, and the son they were in just such a fix, and wearer looks as if she had her head they bought Sir Dixon, he being the shirred into a lace bag.

-Among well dressed women dark green and dark blue, trimmed with beaver, figures conspicuously. The fur appears round the edge of the skirt, mostly only on the front breadths and as wide revers on the coats. A band need for anyone to starve, if one can of it often forms the deep, closefitting brim of the toque, while cloth matching the costume is folded and drawn up to form the crown above it. Some of the vicuna skirts have a band of watered silk about five or six inches deep placed at the same distance from the edge, and wide sashes of the back. This style is carried out in black has the sleeves joined on the back piece and put on with fine close rows of gathering; the fronts are also gathered, The hat is usually of soft felt, promiered in blue, in Russian embroidery, nent in front, much pinched up at the

HORSE NOTES.

-Daniel G. Engle, Engletree Stock Farm, Marietta, Pa., will send his stock to the Woodard sale in Kentucky in a patent padded car provided with air brakes.

-Since the present Monmouth Park Association was organized in 1878 it has given in added money \$1,131.190, of which amount the contribution last year was \$210,850.

-It was Mrs. Langtry and not Fred Gebhard, who purchased Friar Tuck and the four English mares. Jersey Lily" has decided to establish a thoroughbred stud on her California ranch. -The Island Park Association has

been reorganized, and in the future

will be under the management of John Mack and R. H. Hunt. The new management propose giving a running meeting in July. -Daniel Strouse purchased a new road horse recently in the gelding Hiram Miller, record 2.231, by Tom Kimball, dam by Royal George. The

boys will have to look out for him, for it is said that he is a "corker." -The stallion Antevolo (2.194), Robert Steel's recent California purchase, was shipped for the East February 1st., in company with his full brother Anteso (2.164) and four or five

other horses. Anteeo will stand in Kentucky. -Sam Bryant owner of the famous 3 year old Proctor Knott, announced that his colt would not start in the Kentucky Darby. He gives as a reason that he fears hurting the horse by so hard a race early in the season and

thereby losing richer stakes later. -Robert Steel, Cefar Park Farm, Philadelphia, has sold to C. M Woodruff, Newton, N. J., the b. f. Flutter, foaled 1887 by Epaulet (2.19) dam Buzz Medium (2.201) by Happy Medium and the b. m. Effic (2.271) by Almont dam by Kentucky Chief. Flutter was a blue ribbon winner at the New York

horse show last year. -Stamboul is the youngest member of the 2.30 list who also has a representative on that honorable roll. He was foaled 1882, and when a 2 year old begot the bay filly Nehushta, whose dam is Nehuska, by Sultan. On Janusry 11, 1889, Nehushta won a match race at Los Angeles, Cal., beating her competitor in straight heats and taking

a record of 2.30. -Choctaw by Saxon, dam Fannie Ludlow, died at Brooklyn. He was bred by Mr. Lorillard, at Rancocas, the same year that Pontiac w.s foaled there (1881), and was sent to England with Pontiac and Emperor as a yearling in October, 1882, but was a failure there. He proved a success when he was brought back to America, in 1884, and in the colors of Wild & McCaull won a lot of races.

-There was no official on the grand circuit who took better care of horsemen and treated them more liberally than President Daniel J. Campau, of prevailed about the stables and buildings. Big crowds were at the summer meeting and got the worth of their We think him a pretty good money.

President. -John Murphy, while driving in New York a few days ago in a road cart, had a very narrow escape. Hooked to the cart was a celt belonging to Gabe Case. Just as he reached 126th street the axle broke in the censtood perfectly still until Murphy disentangled himself, and got off with but

a slight bruise in his left arm. -Major Dickerson. of New York, has sold his stallton Sir Waiter, Jr., 5 that can beat 2.30. Isaac Fleming, an honest and industrious young man and a good remsman, drives for the Major. -S. A. Tanner was the successful

bidder for the lease of Belmont Course graces of the many gentlemen subscribsurroundings look as though some one was in charge. As Mr. Tauner has lately taken unto himself a wife for 'better or worse' he will have a chance to know, with his two enterprises, whether 'marriage is a failure' or a success. So 'pitch in,' Tanner. -The Dwyers have never let the

great 3 year old stakes go by default. only colt owned by parties who would sell, Emperor of Norfolk belonging to Mr. Baldwin, and Raceland and Prince Royal to Mr. Belmont. Again they are confronted by a similar difficulty. All the best 2 year olds of last season are owned by parties who will not sell. Mr. Haggin has Salvator and Fresno, Mr. Withers has the Faverdale colt and Cynosure, Captain Brown has Re-porter, the Chicago Stable has Galen, and the Castle Stable has Diablo. None of these are for sale. It is possible they might buy Proctor Knott if they offered enough; but he is not engaged in many of the great stakes. Hence, unless there is yet a "dark" colt in the West which is first class and belongs to an owner who will sail the chance of the "red and blue sash" playing a prominent part in the 3 year old events seems small, and it will be a strange sight to race-goers of the past ten years.