

### The Crowded Street Car.

The shades of night were falling fast in one box car were fifty mated. While thirty more were packed outside. The tenor-voiced conductor cried, "Move forward, please!"

At every corner more piled on. Fill every inch of space was gone. No nickel-bearer was denied. And still the meek conductor cried, "Move forward, please!"

The silvery shop girls stand in groups. Who faint would ride within those coops. To board the cars they vainly tried. And yet the slim conductor cried, "Move forward, please!"

To realize the ideal jam  
"I would need a big hydraulic ram  
To crowd the passengers inside  
Who heard not when the fellow cried  
"Move forward, please!"

One day a man of fearful might  
Packed all the people in his tight  
They stuck together in a lump,  
As solid as a lumpy lump—  
"Move forward, please!"

### IN A TIGHT PLACE.

Larry Wright was one of the best fellows in the world—a little too merciful perhaps, but generous, forgiving, and frank to a fault.

He was a handsome fellow, too, with a curly, blonde head, a pair of merry blue eyes, and a dimple in one ruddy cheek.

Two-and-twenty, country-bred, well educated, well connected, he had enjoyed life exceedingly up to that period.

Then he went to Boston as book keeper. He confessed to no one why the farm had suddenly palled upon him, but whatever the cause of his discontent, he was not to be deterred.

In six months he was twice advanced in position. He had no vices to break in upon his duties, and he was a favorite with Ferguson & Co., sugar importers, of large wealth and the best standing.

His good nature made him liked, too, with the other young men by whom he was surrounded.

There was only one thing which it seemed to Larry he could not bear. This was the heat of the city when summer came. He missed the fresh, sweet country atmosphere. It seemed as if he could not endure the smothering mists of sultry air which brought to his nostrils only dust and the mingled odors of his crowded surroundings.

The office was large and commodious, but his boarding-house was crowded, and the mosquitoes very annoying.

"Well, this tries a fellow's mettle, Tom," he said to his room-mate, one sweltering night in July, when nobody could sleep for the heat and singing insects. "I had no idea the city was such an inferno in summer. I am learning what it is to feel cross mornings when I get up, after such nights as these."

Tom Niles, who was city-bred, had no idea of night air that was dewy and cool in summer weather.

"Oh, you'd get used to it," he answered, wearily.

"The next house, at the end of the block, gets more breeze," remarked Larry. "It's a corner lot. I wonder who lives there?"

"Don't know."

"Well, my vacation's coming next week," sighed Larry. "I'll turn my back on this volcano for one blessed month."

But just before the day of his expected release, Mr. Ferguson came to him with the request that he would give up his vacation, and accept added duties.

"It will favor me very much, and I will make it worth your while, Mr. Wright," he said.

Larry knew what that meant—advancement, in the autumn, to the position of head book-keeper, and a salary of two thousand dollars a year. He was dismayed, disappointed, but he knew what he must do.

"I will remain, Mr. Ferguson," he said, cheerfully.

It was one of Larry's characteristics that whatever he did, he did it heartily and pleasantly, and it was evident that his employer was much gratified now by his ready and frank consent.

"I wish we had more young men like you, Mr. Wright," he said, with a smile.

But it was a little hard for Larry to see Tom and the other boys go off to lake, and mountain, and seashore.

He continued to battle with the mosquitoes and lost flesh a little during the next week. He was working very hard at the office. He began to have blinding headaches, and for the first time in his life knew what it was to feel ill.

"By George!" he said, "in a week more, I shall break down and be sick."

It was one of the prolonged hot spells of the season. Not a drop of rain had fallen for a month. Everybody who could get out of the city had gone.

Larry noticed one day that the house on the corner lot was empty. Whoever the inmates were, they had fitted probably to the seaside.

It was a pleasant house, half-covered with a vine. One end faced the water, and had the sea breeze the inmates of Larry's boarding-house were always denied. It had the appearance of being occupied by rich people.

Larry wished he lived there. And of this wish was born his story.

Stunning his hot pillow one night, he stepped out upon the light iron balcony which ran the whole length of the block.

He thought he caught a slight breath of cool east-wind, and stepped over the single iron bar which separated the premises of his corner-house neighbors from his own.

He was quite certain the house was empty. He went to the end of the balcony and leaned over.

It was a dark night, yet beyond the roofs of the houses he caught a glimpse of pale-shining water-line, and, to his great relief, he could feel the air.

As he stood enjoying it, the blind of a window which opened upon the balcony swung out. It had been insecurely fastened, and now the wind had blown it open. And, to Larry's surprise, he saw that the window was open.

The fault of a careless servant, he thought. What a gross piece of neglect! The great, rich house all exposed!

He looked curiously within the revealed apartment, and then, obeying an impulse of his idleness, stepped over the low sill into the room.

His foot fell soundlessly upon a velvet carpet, and in the dim light he could see that the articles of furniture were massive and rich.

All was perfectly still—not a sound but the soft swaying of the lace curtains in the draft, and the noises of the city's streets.

What a chance for a burglar! But Larry thought of anything but burglary.

The house, closed from the sun and heated air, was deliciously cool; there was the faint scent of perfume in the room, and through the glass doors of a bookcase he caught the gleam of gilded volumes.

What alluring treat was this spread before him? Hours of leisure, comfort, enjoyment, amid the most congenial surroundings. If he only dared stay awhile, how delightfully he could pass away the time!

Courage grew upon him as he lingered about. He picked up a book, and with difficulty traced the title.

It was a new novel he had longed for opportunity to read.

What harm if he stayed an hour and read? It would injure no one, and the time would otherwise be spent in dull endurance.

He waited a little. Then there was a German student-lamp on a little marble table at his side, and he quickly lighted it.

It was in an alcove and he did not think the illumination would be noticed from the outside.

He had fallen into a most enjoyable perusal of his book, lying back in a luxurious chair, his feet on a velvet foot-rest, when the sound of a silvery voice on the sidewalk reached his ear.

The color slowly crept out of Larry's young cheek as he listened, for it was the voice of the girl he had loved secretly for a long year, keeping his love a secret almost from himself—the girl of his city life, whom he had known as a boarder near his home the previous season, and whose elegance and vivacity had made the dull farm life distasteful to him.

He sat as if under a spell.

"Are you not afraid?" he heard another voice say.

"Oh, no!" answered Helen Denbigh. "I always stay here, when I come in, whether Uncle Arthur's family are in town or not. Good-night!"

His deep emotion was changed to a feeling of bewilderment as he suddenly heard the hall door close, with the quick click of the lock, and a feet step on the staircase.

As quickly as possible he extinguished the light and sprang to the window; but it was the wrong one, and was closed.

He had time only to let the lace curtains fall over him, and then stood perfectly quiet.

Helen Denbigh crossed the room with an unerring step and lighted the student lamp Larry had just extinguished.

Then, standing in the centre of the apartment, she removed her hat and mantle, showing, by its light, what a lovely and graceful girl she was.

She went into the adjoining room, and he could hear her moving about, which seemed to be toilet articles. He could smell cologne and ammonia. He judged it was a sleeping-room.

By-and-by she came back more slowly and sat down in an easy-chair. Her back was toward the open window; she did not notice it; and it soon became apparent that she was preoccupied with her own feelings.

She hid her brow with her hand for awhile, and then threw herself back in her chair with a languishing air, and her countenance was deathly pale.

It was evident that the young lady was becoming very ill. She moved restlessly, sighed and moaned frequently, and at last rose and walked the floor, breathing with difficulty, and pressing her hands upon the pit of her stomach.

The unbidden guest behind the curtains watched her with the deepest concern. He forgot to fear exposure for himself.

At length the sick girl looked at her watch.

"Eleven o'clock!" she moaned, throwing herself into a chair. "Oh, I dare not go out, and I shall die here! I am in such distress!"

Her countenance was ghastly; her moans became sharper.

Larry dared not hesitate longer.

"Do not be frightened!" he said, speaking with a studied gentleness. "I will go for a physician for you."

And then he stepped forward and picked up his hat from beneath a chair where it had fallen.

He hoped Miss Denbigh would not know him—for how would he explain his intrusion?

Let her think what she might, so that she did not recognize him, and he procured for her the assistance she needed.

So, averting his face with care, he passed the astonished girl, went down stairs and out at the hall door.

He was certain he must have added terror to her sufferings, but in a heat and hurry he stumbled across the street, rang up a doctor, and sought his own premises in a tumult of feeling.

Though he did not know the doctor, he chanced to know that he was a friend of the Denbighs, and he was sure Helen was in good hands.

He was consumed with anxiety, yet realized that he had better do nothing more.

But he slept little that night, and all the next day was undecided what he had better do.

On the day following he passed Helen in the street. She was in company with Doctor Dudley's sister.

He saw at a glance that she had quite recovered from her indisposition; but that glance told him something more.

Her penetrating, reproachful look, her burning blush, revealed to him that he had been recognized.

He was sorry, ashamed, humiliated by the discovery. He had hoped that he had escaped detection. But he had not, and what must Miss Denbigh think of him?

His conduct had been such as to arouse the worst suspicions—if not in her breast, certainly in the breasts of

the owners of the house he had intruded upon.

Oh, why had he taken a course which laid him open to the worst suspicions? Who would believe that he was prowling in a neighbor's house—a rich neighbor's—for any good?

At least it was an unwarranted impudence, and even if he went to Helen and explained the truth, she must despise him. He would feel like a booby, making a confession with those proud, dark eyes upon him.

He wrought himself into a state of high nervousness. This, added to the heat of the weather and his growing ill-health, had its effect—the office whirled around one breathless morning, and he fell senseless to the floor.

In a darkened room he tossed and raved for several days before Doctor Dudley got control of the overtaken system.

Again that silvery voice smote the tumult of his brain:

"Are you quite sure, doctor?"

"Oh, yes! With rest and care he will pull through. You are helping him greatly. It is very good of you, Miss Denbigh."

"Oh, no; it is nothing. We know his family, and he is away from home. I have sent for his mother. She will be here to-morrow."

There was sometimes some one else in the room, but it was Helen when he woke from sleep—a deep, beneficial sleep—and found her sitting, patient and sweet, at the foot of his bed.

There was no pride in her dark eyes, only the loveliest solicitude, as she bent over him.

"Are you better? Do you recognize me?"

"I know you. I remember all; and you despise me," he said.

"No, no—oh, no! At the worst you were only an intruder; and what am I? I have come here unbidden, and, worse have stayed here three days."

"You are an angel!" he sighed.

"Helen, why did you come?"

"I tried to release her hands."

"Why, Doctor Dudley told me you had been seized with violent illness. He recognized you as the young man who summoned him to me that night, and what could I do less?"

Here she faltered. His eyes were certainly fervid enough to confuse her.

"Helen," he said, still fast hold of the little, white hands, "do you know that I am loving you every hour and minute of my life, and that I am only a poor book-keeper, while you are a rich heiress, and more elegant and beautiful than any other woman I ever saw?"

"You are perfect, while I am not. I am only a useless butterfly, who never did anything but fan my wings in the sunshine, while you are respected and admired by everybody for your work and courage and all many qualities. To wait upon you has been nothing to the task of interviewing the continual stream of friends who have been to inquire after you in your sickness. Mr. Ferguson himself has insisted twice upon coming into the room, and Doctor Dudley is laid under heavy charges by him to have you righted. Oh, you are too modest by half!"

"Well?"

"To dare making my very fortune out of this scrape."

"How?"

"By asking you to be my wife."

"Oh, you are ill," she laughed.

"You must not talk."

"I shall talk all night if you do not promise."

"I—I must promise, then."

He raised himself upon his elbow, and looked into her eyes. They were very bright and sweet. He lay down with a happy sigh.

"I am going to get well, and I shall hold you to it. I am the happiest man."

The words drifted into an unintelligible murmur, and he was asleep.

But weakness and pain were soon conquered by joy, and those who called it an unequal match had no comprehension of the content of two sincere and congenial young people who married in the autumn with simple rites and perfect happiness.

**True Marriage.**

"Whenever," says Gail Hamilton, "man pays reverence to woman—when ever man feels the influence of any woman, purifying, chastening, abashing, strengthening him against temptation, shielding him from evil, ministering to his self-respect, medicating his weakness, peopling his solitude, winning him from sordid prizes, enlivening his monotonous days with mirth, or fancy, or wit, flashing heaven upon his earth, and mellowing it all for spiritual fertility—there is the element of marriage. Whenever woman pays reverence to man—when ever woman rejoices in the strength of any man, feels it to God's agent, upholding her weakness, confirming her purpose and crowning her power; whenever he reveals himself to her; just, upright, indefeasible, yet tolerant, merciful, benignant, not untrifled, perhaps, but not overcome by the world's turbulence, and responding to all her gentleness her feet on the earth, his head among the stars, helping her to hold her soul steadfast in the right, to stand firm against the encroachments of frivolity, vanity, impatience, fatigue, discouragement, helping her to preserve her good nature, to develop her gifts, to consolidate her thoughts, to utilize her benevolence to exalt and illumine her life—there is the essence of marriage. Its love is founded on respect and increases self respect at the very moment of merging self in another. Its love is mutual; equally giving and receiving at every instant of its action. There is neither dependence nor independence. Years cannot weaken its bonds, distance cannot sunder them. It is a love which vanquishes the grave, and transmutes death itself into life."

—The Chalis for summer woollen dresses have many of the same designs seen in the India silks, especially the palm leaves in outlines, intricate arabesque patterns, and the cashmere stripes of many colors on cream white grounds. The Empire wreaths, garlands, laurel leaves, with the small chintz patterns of rose buds and other tiny blossoms nearly cover the white ground chalis. Also the gray blue Persian figures are seen on them.

### The Turkish Bath.

It is well known that the practice of bathing in general vogue among the ancients as a means of promoting health and prolonging life. The object of bathing being to free the skin from the accumulated deposits of insensate perspiration. It is one of the most efficient restorers of health, vigor and beauty, because it promotes the healthy action of the whole system. But the utility of bathing depends upon the kind of bath and the manner of bathing. The first question therefore arises, "What kind of bath is the most beneficial to the human body?" To the fortunate person who has had the opportunity of experiencing the delightful effects of a Turkish Bath, the answer comes easy and without hesitation. This bath purifies, refreshes, and renovates the whole system by the most thorough mode of external ablution.

In the east no source of enjoyment is deemed more essential to existence than this bath. Such was the case also among the Romans, whose baths were conducted very much on the same principles as the modern Turkish Bath.

The most famous physicians of both ancient and modern times have recommended its use. By the Stoic it was deemed essential to virtue and by the Epicurian to happiness.

How does a Turkish Bath act? By opening the pores, by setting free the accumulated excretions, which have clogged and blocked up the countless drainages of the system, and by exciting a brisk and healthy circulation throughout the whole system. By gently stimulating the whole frame it quickens and increases the secretions drawn from the blood for the nourishment of the body. It will bring pounds of blood to the surface and balance the circulation more readily than any other means known to medical science. It removes all obstructions in the vascular system and puts all the organs into that state of regular, free and full motion which is so essential to health. In the natural process which takes place when the body is subjected to this bath, the seven millions of pores of the human body are freely opened and the vast network of blood vessels and nerves, two thousand square inches in extent on the skin of an ordinary sized man, and of the finest conceivable texture, is excited to activity and brought under the influence of this powerful agent.

It may be asked by some, "Will not an ordinary warm bath have the same effect?" We answer, emphatically, no. There is a daily bodily drainage through the skin of more than twenty-one ounces of fluid. The ducts of the glands of the skin, if placed in a straight line, will extend over twenty-five miles in length. The skin is the safety valve for the inner organs and it takes a powerful agent, such as the Turkish Bath is, to keep this part of the system in proper condition. Besides being a purifier of the blood, it is also a beautifier of the person. The effects on the complexion are marvellous. The skin becomes clearer, the eyes brighter, and the whole person assumes the dignified and beautiful appearance of manhood or womanhood in health, strength, activity and bright intelligence.

**A Woman Who Has Seen Men Eat.**

How many people do we know who eat well? You know people who mince, who snuff, who bolt, cram and gorge. You know people who eat heartily and decently. But you know very few people who carry through all the demands and temptations of the table, the absolute charm of perfect breeding. Men and women who are gentlemen and ladies everywhere else, fail at the table. It is the final and often fatal test of gentle manners. Have you ever in the dining room of a hotel of the first-class, looked at the gentlemen's (?) table, and, for your own moral improvement, beheld them eat? Do it, and afterwards, if you can, believe in the superiority of man judged by the standard of appetite and its gratification, it will be much easier for you to believe in the superiority of your dog Tweezer, who handles his bone much more delicately, who swallows his soup with a softer lap, who does not pick his teeth at the table, or blow his nose over his plate. How they push, reach and chatter! How they swoop and gulp, and they cram and hurry away! You don't wonder that at least three-fourths of them have dyspepsia and patronize patent medicines. But do you wonder, if you are a woman, that at least three-fourths of us idealize these masters of the table into Apollons and Jupiters and fall down and worship them? You wonder at yourself that you could ever have cried till your head ached and your nose was red, over something he did or didn't do; or, worse, because you loved so much this dreadful animal which has just jumped up and rushed from the table, leaving you to contemplate the havoc on his plate, and the debris he has left upon the table cloth. You remember him with supreme emotion of superiority for the next twenty-four hours.

**Luck and Labor.**

Many people complain of their bad luck when they ought to blame their want of wisdom and action. Cobden, a distinguished writer in England, thus wrote about luck and labor:

Luck is everything, waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.

Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ring-hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chances.

Labor on character.

Luck slips down to indigence.

Labor strides upward to independence.

—A black silk dinner gown, the back full and plain, had a front of pink silk welled with black jetted net. The bodice was made a la Vierge, of all styles—the most becoming to a thin figure—the plait lined with pink, the sleeves coming to the elbow, with high epaulettes coming above the arm, arranged in a double form.

### FASHION NOTES.

White violets are now preferred by bridesmaids, to any other flowers.

Silk aprons are very popular. A very pretty one was seen made of pongee, with facings of velvet.

A handsome evening dress is of blue dotted gauze over a blue silk skirt, edged with a heavy pinked silk ruche. The slightly draped overskirt has a broad gold band on the edge, sleeves and collar have similar bands. The waist is arranged surplice style.

There is a new color coming in, which it is prophesied is to be the one particular tone of the season—Flamme de Ponch, the amethyst tone of spirit when subjected to fire. A pretty gown in this was made in brocade of subdued coloring, as a polonaise, with passementerie ornaments. These brocades are sometimes a mixture of wool and silk, with conventional floral patterns, such as we have generally employed as furnishing materials, and these will be the fashion in the near future.

For spring and summer dresses India silks have come in new and large designs of flower branches, leaves, vine stripes, and in many Persian patterns thickly covering the surface, or else with Persian stripes alternating with plain stripes of China blue, rose, or grayish green. The gray India silks are far more delicate and among the most refined of all, with their deeper toned gray figures. For those with gay tastes, the calligraphic patterns of palms in bandana and Oriental colors will no doubt be suitable.

A new and handsome trimming placed on the hems of double cashmere gowns and soft cloth woollen stuffs is leather, either untanned of a beige hue, with embroidery or metal threads, or black morocco in a deep red ground. All the patterns originate in the Empire modes. In fact the Empire is coming generally to the fore, and for young girls nothing is likely to be so much worn as the Empire styles, the sack almost covering the bust, the waist very short, the bows at the back of the waist reaching to the shoulder blades, and the bodice itself crossing back and front, the skirt undraped but trimmed toward the hem.

The Directoire and Empire designs and colors have become so gradually popular that they will be continued the spring and summer; they are already seen in the bright stuffs imported for the first spring dresses. The spring woollens are twilled serges of a solid color in the fashionable shades of grayish green, metal blue, old rose, or sable brown, to be used as a long redingote, which opens over a brocade front—a vest and a skirt breadth—showing a ground of the prevailing color. There ought to be colors in contrast such as beige figures on Empire green, copper on ecru, blue on gray, and blue on old rose. Gay Persian borders of great width are woven at the foot of some of these gowns, and a narrower border is added for trimming the bodice.

The "Hading" jacket is a stylish and graceful garment which importers report as being very popular just now in London and Paris. It is cut in simple coat style and made variously of fur, Krimmer, heavy matelasse, and also of plain dark moss green velvet or corded velvet opening over a white bodice silk waist coat when of the latter color, and of deep pine yellow Ottoman when of the green, silk sateen, extra wide, and matching the jacket in color, nearly covers the entire surface of the alken vest. The sleeves are close and long, and there is a very high collar and deep wrist trimming of sable fur.

The more modest bodices, being only half low at the neck and with full sleeves that cover the arms almost to the elbows, are taking the place of the low necks of the evening dresses, which have mere straps on the shoulders for sleeves, by the women of fashion. Some of these new half low bodices are gathered full over the bust, they may be cut round in the neck or pointed in V shape, or else in square pompadour fashion. The back is also gathered if desired at the neck and waist line, and the broad sash is used to give the short Empire waist effect. These are very becoming to slight figures. To those who do not wish to conceal the graceful taper of the waist we will say that the long pointed corsages are still worn, and we think a good plan is to have the bodice made long enough to wear over the skirt when desired, and when you wish to wear the sash, put the waist under the skirt.

The continued mild weather we have been having up to the end of last week has given us a foretaste of spring, and already dry goods stores are blossoming with new cotton goods. The Scotch gingham, satens, and other goods for midsummer dresses are displayed in the windows. Green and yellow shades are the novelties in gingham and are found in yellow on the stripes, in corded yellow stripes on white, and in plaids, while the green shades are not confined to white combinations, but are striped and barred with brown, with old rose, or maogany in many irregular lines, and in plaids as large as those of the gayest Scotch tartans. Red and white gingham in stripes, blocks, and plaids came into favor last summer and are again repeated both in bright and dull hues, in corded, in brick red, in old rose, in dull copper, and in bright crimson. The gray and white striped gingham and the clear blue stripes alternating with gray will make cool looking summer gowns for conservative tastes, while newer combinations have stone, old rose, and blue stripes together, or brown, buff, and mahogany red, or ombre stripes of green, or of rose with brown separated by white cords. They say that cotton will reign supreme next summer and certainly the Scotch and French weaves are so lovely that no woman could object to wearing them. The Empire styles lend themselves readily to all the thin fabrics and are just the thing to make in the prevailing mode. The Directoire will perhaps be banished as only fitted for the richer materials of the winter season.

### HORSE NOTES.

The approaches to Jerome Park are being improved.

Kingston, Frenzi, Sir Dixon, Larchmont and Donnybrook have been declared out of the Suburban handicap.

Byron McClelland has purchased from George Cadwalader the chestnut colt 2, by Fonso, dam Miss McGowan, by Springbok.

McAuliffe, who has charge of the horses Ocean and California, at New Orleans, is a brother of Jack McAuliffe, the prize fighter.

The party of horsemen from Philadelphia who went to Woodward's big sale of trotters, at Lexington, are expected home on Thursday February 21st.

Captain S. S. Brown has been asked by George Hankins to name a price on his Captain's Brown's entire stable, with the single exception of Troubadour.

J. E. Madden, of Philadelphia, has sold to H. M. Davis, of Chicago, the black gelding Wilkins, 6 years old, by George Wilkes, dam by Mambrino Patchen, for \$2,500.

Barnes has not been seen in the saddle much of late. The fact of it is his employer, Tucker, is averse to risking the crack light weight in scrambles over bad tracks.

The chestnut gelding T. T. S., 2, 19, by Melrose, has been sold by T. Sweet, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., to the agents of a German horseman for the reported sum of \$900.

Champagne Charlie, the crack 2 year old of last year, has developed into a large roomy looking animal, and the injuries he received to his leg last fall are rapidly disappearing.

The Los Angeles Association has offered a purse for all aged pacers, to be decided next spring. Adonis, Gold Leaf, Almont Patchen, Yolo Maid and Johnston are asked to start.

The highest priced animal sold at the Bradford sale was the bay 2 year old filly Lady Prospect, by Lord Russell, dam Prospect Maid, 2, 22, by George Wilkes. Price, \$5,000.

The bay filly Mary Linn, by Messenger Chief, which was sold for \$1425 at the Woodward sale, Lexington, Ky., is a full sister to Messenger Girl, out of the dam of Prince Wilkes (2, 14). Messenger Girl is the property of William M. Singery.

George Forbes, of Woodstock, Canada, has sold Blizard and O. K. to Mr. Kidd of Listerwell. Blizard is a bay horse by Onward, 2, 25, out of Little Fortune, by Scott's Thomas O. K. is a 3 year old by Brown Wilkes out of the dam of Oliver K, 2, 16.

The stallion Anteeo, record 2, 16, by Electioneer, dam Columbine by A. W. Richmond was purchased for \$30,000 by S. A. Browne & Co., of Kalamazoo, and M. R. Bissell, of Grand Rapids, Mich., at Lexington, Ky., on Thursday Feb. 21st.

Mr. D. T. Pulsifer, the well known turfman, has transferred his entire lot of broodmares and the stallion Panster, by King Ban, dam Puzzle, to Hon. J. H. Mulligan, of Lexington, who is going into the breeding business quite extensively.

D. B. Herrington stakes that the Hudson River Driving Park Association has decided to give two guarantee stakes of \$500 each, with 6 per cent. entrance fee, at the summer meeting in August. The classes will be 2, 24 and 2, 30, payable in four payments of \$75.

The chestnut stallion Colonel West, by Almont out of the dam of the pacer Billy S., 2, 14, has been purchased by Dr. Lyford, of Minneapolis, from T. C. Roberts, of St. Joseph, Mo. This horse is the sire of Lorenz, 2, 15; Westmont, 2, 24; Mable H., 2, 29; and others.

When Merrill & Scott, sold their half interest in Patron it was stipulated that they should receive two of the first foals got by him at the Forest City Farm. The ones selected were the fillies Patti Hunter and Sequel. Patti Hunter is out of the famous pacer mare Mattie Hunter, while S-quel's dam was Secret, 2, 20, by Strathmore out of a daughter of the mare that produced Tucker, 2, 10.

The value of trotting bred colts will soon be largely determined by the number and value of its stake engagements. This is already the case with running bred youngsters. Entries for the stakes of the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders will close on March 11 at the Secretary's office, room 131, No. 1 Broadway, New York city. These stakes are open to the world, the only qualification necessary being that nominations must be owned by members, or the get of stallions owned or stood by members of the association. Ten stakes will be decided at Detroit next September, one in 1890, five in 1891, and two in 1892.

The trotters are getting "on top." Twelve of them sold for \$171,000, an average of \$14,250. Mr. Allen, of Massachusetts, paid \$60,000 for seven horses—three 3 year olds, three 2 year olds, all by Guy Wilkes, and one 1 year old mare out of the dam of Sable Wilkes. The young mare Bessie Bonita was sold to a foreigner for \$10,000; the bay mare Mary Jaeson also brought \$10,000, and so did Guy Gray Hambletonian. On Thursday Feb. 21, Anteeo (2, 16) was sold for \$30,000, and on the same day Bell Boy brought \$51,000 at the Woodward sale in Kentucky. This should be encouraging to the breeder of trotting horses.

James Snowden, a celebrated English jockey, died recently at Doncaster, aged 43 years. In 1864 Snowden won the St. Leger with Biar Athol. In the Derby of 1871 he rode Mr. Merry's King of the Forest, and made a dead heat of it with Mr. Cartwright's Albert Victor for Second place to Baron Rothschild's famous Favorita. He distinguished himself in the Oaks on many occasions, and also in other interesting contests. He steered Northampton and Dresden China in the Northamptonshire stakes in two successive years. He also won on Beauclere in the Middle Park plate, Sweet-sauce in the Steward's cup, and on Paganini in the Great Ebor handicap.