

Why?
Sometimes how near you are,
Sometimes how dear you are,
Then, then, so far, so far,
Like some far star you are.
Sometimes through you, through you,
I see the gray sky blue,
And feel the warmth of May
In the December day.
Sometimes, sometimes I lo
All burdens fall, forget
All cares and every fear
In your sweet atmosphere.
Then, then, alas! alas!
Why does it come to pass,
Before the hour is o'er,
Before my dream doth die,
I drift and drift away
Out of your light of day,
Out of your warmth and cheer,
Your blessed atmosphere?
Why does it come to pass?
Alas! and still alas!
Why doth the world prevail
Why doth the spirit fall,
And hide itself away
Behind its wall of clay?
Sometime began—alas!
Why doth it come to pass?

SLINKS, THE OUTCAST.

The "enforced emigration" of Slinks from Prairie City occurred because the citizens had grown tired of having him around. Slinks was a failure at everything but slinking. His walk, his raiment, his appearance and minimum of history, all conspired to his degradation, and had not only robbed him of respect and credit, but even of an abiding place. He had slunk into Prairie City, no person knew exactly when; but when he slunk out of it, every person in the settlement who had arrived at the years of understanding was appraised of his going. Several of the more enterprising citizens—the self appointed emigration committee—followed him.
In such cases, the undesirable man is usually given twenty-four hours in which to settle up his affairs and place the county line between himself and the unappreciative community. In the case of Slinks, there were no affairs to settle.
The line was ten miles away, and as the committee had but little faith in Slinks as a pedestrian, a little procession of mounted men had left Prairie City with Slinks, round shouldered and discouraged looking, riding ahead. When the line was reached, the distance to Boomopolis was about a mile less than that to Prairie City, and the committee reasoned that Slinks would keep on, and thus save a clear mile's journey.
"Wal, yere we air," said Long Jess Masters, as they reached the lone jack oak just beyond the county boundary. "I reckon you know the penalty, Slinks I do."
Perhaps a previous experience had made him familiar with the unpleasant penalty bestowed upon a "runout" man found within the county confines after the expiration of his time of grace. When he had dismounted, Slinks strode slouchingly away.
"Wal, good-by, Slinks," called Long Jess.
"Good-by, boys!" the outcast returned, without turning his face towards them.
He looked like a blot on the face of the fair prairie picture, bright with a profusion of wild flowers springing from the soft, undulating carpet of green. His hat drooped dejectedly, his boots were run over, and his garments seem undecided whether to fall off or stay on. There was less color in his face than usual, and the ruddy scar on his cheek was more marked by the contrast.
For a little while the committee watched him, dragging his feet as if they were almost too heavy for him. Then, just as they turned to ride away, they saw him stoop as if plucking one of the bright prairie flowers. Only the blossoms heard him mutter:
"Looks like the flowers that grew by the door of the kitchen at"—
He slouched away faster than before. There was more color in his face now, and the scar on his cheek showed less plainly.
"Flowers, and a run out man—pshaw!" he muttered, with more energy than he had displayed for weeks.
The committee watched him a little longer, but they were galloping toward Prairie City when he half turned and gazed after them with a look that was almost wistful.
None of the horsemen spoke for several minutes. Then Cal Senter, the self elected wit of the settlement, remarked, with a prefatory "wal":
"Good riddance to bad rubbish, as I told 'em when the blind dog was stold."
The committee scarcely grinned, and Long Jess Masters did not appear to hear. This inattention upon the part of the elongated citizen was all the more depressing to the humorist because Jess was usually the first and loudest to laugh at his efforts.
"When a man's got to go, w'y, he's got to," Jess said, presently. "An' when he's got to use for that kind of people, an' borrys his tobacco, an' never buys nuth'n, an' pays no taxes, an' won't vote, an' never does nuth'n to help the boom along, an' bows it's nuth'n to him whether the railroad comes yere or goes to Boomopolis—w'y, when a man gets that fur gone, I reckon he's got to go, or"—
"Cr, be buried," interrupted Cal.
"That's it," Jess went on. "Prairie City hain't got no use for that kind of people, but somehow."
"What's that over thar?" interrupted another committee man.
A covered wagon, drawn by a pair of skiny horses, rounded the slope of a slight "rise" half a mile distant.
"Must come middlin' fur by the way the team crawls," said Jess.
"What air they don't out yere, away off from any road?"
Changing their course, the committee galloped towards the slow moving vehicle. As they neared it they made a discovery. There seemed to be no driver, and the reins were dragging. The skiny team rattled as the horse-

tattered curtains and looked into the wagon.
"Oh, have you found my boy?" a faint voice quavered, eagerly.
The other members of the committee peered into the wagon. A woman, with tangled white hair about her wrinkled face, that was wan and ghastly, turned her delirium brightened eyes, full of a pitiful, unreasoning pleading, slowly from one to another of the bearded faces as they looked down upon her where she lay, on a rude bed of quilts, in the bottom of the wagon body.
"Have you found my boy yet?" she piped, feebly, with eager beseeching. "Oh, have you found him?"
"We hain't," began Cal Senter.
"Hush!" whispered Jess. "We expect to find him soon, gron'maw. He kaint be fur off," he added, soothingly.
"Oh, I am so glad!" the sick woman whispered. "I was afraid that something had happened to him. But you'll find him, won't you?" she went on, anxiously.
"We'll try," answered Jess.
"She's clost to dyin', I'm afraid," he said, when the committee had withdrawn a short distance from the wagon for a consultation. "Out of her head an' dyin'!"
"What air we goin' to do?" questioned Cal.
"What we kin!" replied Jess. "She's starvin', too, I believe!"
Two minutes later one of the emigration committee was hurrying towards Prairie City as fast as his horse could carry him.
"Mebby her boy lives somewere yerabouts," suggested Cal Senter.
"Have you found him?" the faint voice quavered, as the bearded faces looked into the wagon again.
"What did you say his name was?" questioned Jess. "It sorto slipped me."
"Paul," and her voice dwelt lovingly upon the name—"Paul Emery."
The shaggy heads were solemnly shaken. No one knew Paul Emery. Puzzled, they withdrew for another consultation.
"I'm afraid she'll never see her boy, if he hain't found mighty soon," said Long Jess.
"Wonder if we couldn't sorter find him, anyhow," said Cal. "Mebby she couldn't tell."
"Twouldn't make her no worse," spoke Jess, "an' it might"—
The others grasped the idea. Again the bearded faces looked into the wagon.
"Know him at first sight?" questioned Jess. "Might have changed a good deal."
The sick woman babbled on a little while of how she would know her boy—her Paul. Then she produced a battered tintype from beneath her pillow.
"That is Paul, my boy!" she said, eagerly—"Paul!"
The picture dimly revealed a slender young fellow, honest faced and beardless.
The shaggy heads were gravely shaken.
"The scar don't show much in the picture," the sick woman pined, weakly. "The doctor said it would always remain there. And Bessie said she never wanted it to fade from his cheek, because it would always be a reminder of how he had risked his life to save hers, Bessie."
The committee heard no more. They had hastily withdrawn.
"I'll stay yere an' wait fur Jerry," Cal Senter said, after a few moments' conference was held. "Take my hoss, Wal, I reckon."
The rest of the committee were galloping away, and he was alone beside the wagon.
"Looks like imposin' on the pore woman," he muttered. "But, if we kaint find the right son we've got to do the next best thing. He'll look something like her Paul when the boys hev got through with him."
Slinks, the outcast, lay stretched face downwards in the shade of a few scraggy persimmon trees, near the head of a little "draw," two miles beyond the spot where the committee had left him. There was more of despair in his face than any citizen of Prairie City had ever seen there. But when, aroused by the hoof beats, he found himself again in the hands of the emigration committee, the old and almost expressionless mask fell over his face again.
He made no comment when ordered to "pile on" to Cal's horse, and the cavalcade took the back track towards Prairie City, at a headlong speed. But once, Long Jess, close at hand, heard him mutter:
"It's all right, anyhow. Nobody'll care!"
Cal Senter, squatting in the shade of the sick woman's wagon, saw the little troop pass, a quarter of a mile away, and grumbled: "Blamed imposition on her, but it's the best we kin do."
Jerry was passed by the cavalcade, ten minutes later, on his headlong way back to the wagon with several packages in his hands and pockets. It was evident that he comprehended the situation, for he said, addressing himself, "Looks like a great shame, but mebby it's the best the boys kin do."
Slinks' look of stolidity changed to one of mystification and astonishment soon after Prairie City was reached. He was hurried into the barber shop and thrust into a chair, and, in response to a stern command from Long Jess, the knight of the razor trimmed the outcast's hair and removed his beard with a celerity that threatened to rob him of his cuticle at the same time. While this was going on several of the committee were rushing about, to the intense mystification of the unofficial citizens, who asked a hundred questions, and were shamefully subdued each time. When the "trimming" resulted in the producing of a misfit suit of clothes, into which Slinks was hustled, he was in a state of open mouthed wonder.
As all hands were mounting, Slinks heard Old Man Berry inform a neighbor, in a mysterious but very loud whisper, that it was his belief that the committee had captured Slinks red handed in some atrocity, and were arraying him decently that the outcast might make a presentable looking corpse. The neighbor nodded a convinced head, and Slinks, for want of a more pleasant solution to the mystery, was forced to accept the direful theory.

So great had been the change in the outcast's appearance, resulting from his experience with the committee and the barber, that when the little troop reached the wagon Cal professed to believe that they had added a new and improved head to Slinks' acquisitions.
The sick woman did not look so ghastly, thanks to the kind offices of Cal and Jerry, who had administered some of the brandy that the latter had brought from Prairie City, and had made a doubtful quality of beef tea over a little fire down in the hollow. With awkward gentleness they had pushed back the gray hair and had placed fragrant flowers all about her head.
"Do you think you will find my boy soon?" her faint voice piped, as Long Jess looked into the wagon.
"He'll be yere right soon, gron'maw," he answered. "I saw him just a little bit ago."
He wrinkled face lit up with such a look of gladness, that for an instant Jess' heart smote him at the thought of the deception they were about to practice upon the sick woman.
"But it's for the best," he muttered, as he turned away. "It's a shame, but it's the best we kin do."
Every face in the circle that gathered about the outcast was hard and stern. In a few pointed words Long Jess told the story.
"If she don't find her boy right soon, she never will. If she thinks for a few weeks she's found him, we reckon she may pull through to health an' be able to go on with her search. Slinks, you look nearest uv any uv us like her son's picture. You look like him, an' if you don't act like him, we'll—wal, you understand!"
Only Long Jess accompanied Slinks, the outcast, to the wagon.
"Well, yer boys' come, gron'maw," he said, and turned away.
It was evident that the deception was a success, for the committee heard the faint, glad cry of the old woman as she came out over her.
"Paul! My boy! my boy!"
Then the committee turned their backs and walked away out of hearing. No one said anything for several moments. Presently Cal spoke, gravely: "I never 'lowed Slinks had no feelin', but—did you see his face?"
"I saw it," answered Long Jess, shortly.
After nearly a quarter of an hour had passed, Jess went to the wagon. He was gone a long time, but when he rejoined the group Slinks remained at the wagon.
"Boys," said Long Jess, "it'll work! You ort to have seen the gladness in her ole w'y face! I reckon she'll live, an' find her boy yet. But I have the id of the time when we've got to tell—wal, maybe we'll find him 'fore that."
"An' Slinks?" questioned Cal.
"He's got feelin'! If I hadn't knowed, I'd 'lowed he found his ole mother. Scar on his cheek must be sorto like the one on her boy's, for she was a noticin' it, an' a-sayin' sumthin' 'bout Bessie's member, how Paul'd saved her life at the risk of his own. When she had said that, I'll swear Slinks' eyes were full uv tears! He's got feelin', Slinks has."
It was nearly a week later, after the sick woman had been provided with comfortable quarters in Prairie City, where she was rapidly improving under the son like ministrations of Slinks, the outcast, that the emigration committee were holding a meeting in the shade of Marshall's "general store."
"I believe Slinks is stork," Long Jess was saying. "Not but that he works—works like a red head to do everything in the world to make the sick woman happy. But, somehow, he acts so blamed queer! Eyes red like he'd be'n cryin'. Don't pay no attention to what a body says to him 'less it's the ole lady. She don't haf to much more than whisper before he hears her."
"Sick, I reckon," agreed Cal. "But if I could git hands on that thar shore enough son that stays away an' leaves his mother to the keer uv Slinks I'd make him sicker'n Slinks is!"
"His tracks wouldn't stop this side uv the state line!" said Long Jess. "Must a-thought a heap uv him. Her longin' to see him so strong that she sold out what little she had, an' half sick, started west to hunt for him. When she reached the end of the railroad it took the best part uv her little money to buy the team an' wagon. No idy whur to find him. No word from him in many a long day; but she started with the determination, woman like, to look all over the west to find her boy. Took sick an' kept agittin' worse, but kept right on in the hunt for her boy. Then the balance is a blank to her. Got out of her head. Don't know whur nor how long the team wandered ar'und. But now she's happy, thinkin' at last she's found her boy. If I could git a-holt of the feller—roamin' around in the west at his ease, while his ole mother's pore an' needy, and breakin' her heart fer him—I'd"—
A figure came around the corner. It was Slinks.
"Maybe he did not know how bad her condition was," he said, abruptly. "Perhaps, when he left, misfortune had not taken the most of her property. Perhaps, discouraged, heart-broken, he had gone west, where misfortune met him at every turn, till he sunk—sunk—well, perhaps the thoughts of home served still more to diehearten him, and"—
"Wouldn't thoughts of his mother an' of Bessie?"
"Bessie died before he left home," said Slinks, gravely. "She was his sweetheart in those ole, happy days—Well, he was an'eky, heart-sick, discouraged and sank."
"Do you reckon he'd try to lift himself up if he had a ole mother an' a gang uv friends, which gang kaint precisely express all their feelin's, but"—
"He would try," said Slinks earnestly.
Long Jess put out his hard paw.
"Paul Emery," was all he said.
The members of the emigration committee shook heads with Slinks, the outcast, for the next time. "I a-lowed, a little bit ago, that Slinks was sick. But he's dead, now an'"—
"He'll never rise again!" said Paul Emery, gravely.

Remember the Birthdays.

Never forget the birthdays, from papa's down to the baby's. As a people, we pay for too little attention to birthdays and other family anniversaries. Too much can not be done to make home attractive, so that our boys and girls will prefer it to all other places.
The other evening a little boy said to his mother, "This has been the nicest day I ever knew, the birds have been singing, and the sun has shown every minute, and everything has been so lovely, just for your birthday, mamma, and I'm so glad!" and he emphasized his gladness with a hearty hug and kiss. The boy had been looking forward to this day for weeks, planning and making a little birthday gift as a surprise and when the time came his whole mind was given to making his mother happy.
Some mothers will say, "But it is so much trouble to celebrate birthdays, and they come so often in large families." Yes, it is some trouble, but in after years, when your children are grown up, you will be repaid for your trouble by seeing them better men and women for their happy childhood. One of the pleasantest recollections of my childhood is the birthday parties. My mother always gave me one; sometimes, as it comes in the beautiful month of June, we would have the party in a beautiful grove near by, instead of at home. The children would be invited just the same as for "at home," but instead of staying there we would go to the grove where there was a delightful spring of cool sparkling water, and eat our supper which had been prepared by several of the mammas, and return at dusk. Try to celebrate the birthdays one year, and see if it does not "pay," in the enjoyment of the whole family and some of the little playmates.
Let no one be forgotten, and try to have each one interested, in all the others, planning, if possible, some little birthday gift. No matter how simple or trifling it may be, the love and thoughtfulness which go with it will make it precious.
There are many ways of celebrating the birthdays, according to the season of the year, the location of the home, and the amount of time which can be spared. If you do not care to invite the little friends of the children, and want only the members of the family to participate in it, a drive in the country will sometimes suffice, or an excursion; or, perhaps, the family may all go to some concert or entertainment in the evening. Almost any pleasure, to make it different from other days. In some families the presents are all placed on the favored one's plate at the breakfast table, and he opens the packages while the others are looking on to see his surprise and appreciation. In other families the gifts are placed by the bed of the favored one, in the morning, and again some reserve them for the evening when the business of the day is over. It is always pleasant to have on the dinner table some favorite article of food, while a prettily decorated birthday cake is almost always appreciated. Even if very little can be done, let each member of the household have some special treat on the anniversary of his birth, which shall make these days anticipated with pleasure and remembered with gratitude. There are many simple things which children can make for parents and each other. Time is well spent in planning and contriving these love gifts, which bring happiness to both giver and receiver.

American Respect for Women.

A distinguished foreign traveler pays the following tribute to the American respect for women:
"Much as I had read of the politeness and deference shown to women by all classes of Americans, I had not by any means, realized the self-sacrificing chivalry with which the American everywhere defers to womanhood. Of course the freedom with which men and women mingle together in this country is a source of almost perpetual wonder to a stranger from Europe. Such a freedom would be impossible, but for the strength and reality of that chivalrous sentiment of deference to woman as woman, which is found among American men, as among the men of no other country of which I have any knowledge."
American women should bear in mind that this is a tribute to American men for the respect which they show to American women. Whether this sentiment among the men in this country would survive or not, if perfect political equality should be established between the sexes is a question which should be carefully considered, especially by the women. If women should be enfranchisement, wholly or in part, for the sphere, which they have been regarded in all ages and countries as best fitted, would she not be subjected to just the same irreverent and vehement criticisms with which public men are assailed? It is certainly worth while for women to consider whether they can afford to lose such a sentiment of respect and reverence for any substantial good which they would be likely to derive from enfranchisement.

Success in any undertaking depends upon efforts. There is no luck about it. Every one who will employ the means can control the result.
Success is always the result of patient, steady perseverance in a judicious course. No one can succeed unless he takes the right course, and then only with continued effort. Every one can work out a course of life proper for himself. Every one can pursue this course. All who will do these two things will succeed.
After a great snow storm a little boy began to shovel a path through a large snow bank before his mother's door. He had only a small shovel to do it with.
"Do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man passing by.
"Certainly," replied the boy.
"How?" asked the man.
"By keeping at it," was the reply.

—Black silk gowns for spring wear are made of a plain silk, with a front breadth and trimmings of brocade.

FASHION NOTES.

Paris milliners are already sending out bonnets made entirely of silk muslin in small puffs round and round.
—The newest grenadine veils are black or dark brown, and have fancy Roman stripes of satin along one edge.
—The newest La Tosca sticks have handles of onyx, wrought in various forms representative of the brute creation.
—Among the newest queen chain charms are balls of dull gold, upon which are traced a map of the United States.
—A dainty fabric for young girls' evening gowns is batiste de L'Opera, which is the sheerest of sheer white musins.
—Silk Indian mull, in all the delicate pale shades, is a popular material for evening dresses for very young ladies.
—The other day we strolled in the wonderful establishment, Wausau-maker's, Thirteenth and Market streets, and among the many beautiful things we saw, we mention a few which especially attracted our attention. Among the latest novelties in tea gowns we noticed one which was made of very fine figured challis, with light ground, trimmed with terra cotta plush and surah. There was a pointed yoke of plush put on somewhat like a vest, on which was gathered the surah, which fell straight to the floor. There was a tight fitting back cut in a point below the waist line, and the draping was shirred on the point and fell straight and full. The sleeves were challis with French puff of surah, and cuff of plush.
A very pretty walking dress which one of the salesladies kindly put on for my inspection, was a light checked camel's hair. The skirt fell plain and full at the back. On one side the material was plaited at the waist, forming a sort of a plaited panel, the other side was merely a little full. The waist was a Garibaldi front of checked goods, with jacket back of plain navy blue. The front was slashed at neck and waist, and laced with blue silk cord.
A very pretty suit, and one of the very latest importations was a navy blue cashmere made with the Accordion skirt, short draping in front, and straight, full draping in back, falling to the floor. Waist had accordion trimming of blue surah down the front.
A beautiful spring costume was a pea green camel's hair trimmed with white striped robe, waist was smocked in front. Drapery in front was bias. Back straight and full.
A handsome Directors suit was of heavy camel's hair with blue ground and coffee colored stripes. A shirred vest of coffee colored surah in front, with broad piece of blue velvet crossing at waist. Skirt had front width of plain blue, and sides of the striped material.
One can always be suited at Wanamaker's in this department, because the variety is so great, that the most fastidious taste can be satisfied. Our readers will do well to call before buying their spring dresses.
Among a number of the summer importations, pink with black seam to predominate; there are the Watteau matinee gowns of pink silk striped with white lines, and trimmed with black watered ribbon set on in a point behind at the top of the Watteau plait, then drawn down to the sides at the waist line and tied in front as a belt, with the ends hanging to the floor. Some of the India silks for summer dresses have the ground pink with black outline figures, leaves, or flowers. Some of the theatre gowns have a waist of pink China crape, full in the shoulders and sleeves, with turned down plaited collar, and a skirt of black Chantilly lace held around the waist by a wide black moire sash.
—Just what fashion will decree in the way of fancy sleeves it is difficult at present to determine. They are slashed, and puffed, and crimped, and plaited, and draped, in almost every imaginable style. Some of them appear as though rolled up over wrinkled sleeves of a different material. Others are almost open to the shoulders on the inside of the arm; others have points that hang almost to the floor, and so caprice goes on, each designer evidently bent on planning the most striking and eccentric fashion, oftentimes regardless of symmetry, appropriateness or grace.

SPRING MILLINERY.

Small bonnets of fancy straw, toques, and large low-crowned round hats are being prepared for the spring. The trimming is to be arranged low, and will consist of very full rosettes made of exceedingly narrow ribbons. Bunches of violets, now so fashionable, will be the flower most generally used for trimming spring hats. Thick aigrette bows will be made of ribbon and tulle, with leaves, grasses, or wheat spikes in their midst. Cloth toques of the light spring woollens of the dresses with which they are to be worn have their soft crown shirred behind to form a ruffle or cape, while their brim is banded with velvet and the front trimming is a velvet bow of two slender points drooping on the sides, and called horse's ears.
—Combination suits will be in great favor this spring. It is a very desirable style too, because one can take two old dresses and make a comparatively new one. Dark wool serge for the street, will be very popular, with light cloth of contrasting color to go with them. Thus a dark blue serge will have a light tan colored cloth with it. The full straight skirt of the serge has its back breadths caught back by strapped pieces high on the sides, while the foot of the front and a space up each side is of black gimp over tan cloth. The bodice, closely fitted behind and whale-boned, rounds out (without plaits) on the slight tournure, and is bordered with the black and tan. The fronts fall loose like a jacket, with wide reverse of the serge opening over a wide vest of tan cloth covered with black gimp, and crossed at the waist with a black moire sash. High standing collar of the cloth with the black gimp on.

HORSE NOTES.

—Jockey McLaughlin declares that Luke Blackburn is the greatest horse that ever he rode.
—A. J. Feek, who is now in California, has purchased Rosy Mac, 2,204, by Alexander Butten.
—Henry Simon, of Louisville, Ky., has sold Belle Vara, record 2.33, by Vation, dam by Erie.
—Dan Honig has purchased Counselor, 5, by Ten Broeck, dam Geld Bog, from J. D. Patton.
—The report that Dwyer Brothers are to have second call on the services of Jockey Barnes is confirmed.
—Madge Medium (2,124) is dead. She was owned by F. C. Barlow, of Newark, and was valued at \$5,000.
—The pacing mare Ellwood, sister to Arrow, 2,134, reduced her record to 2,173 at Los Angeles, Cal., recently.
—The scarlet jacket of J. W. and A. H. Morris is likely to be seen often in the van during the coming season. The stable counts upwards of fifty horses.
—The National Cross-Country Convention will hold a special meeting at the Grand Union Hotel, New York, at 8 o'clock on the evening of Monday next.
—Seven 2 year old thoroughbreds won amounts over \$10,000 during last season. Mr. Withers' Sensation-Mvordale colt, headed the list with \$20,910.
—It has been decided to hold a two-weeks meeting at Lexington this spring—from April 24 to May 8. Lexington will thus clash with both Memphis and Nashville.
—The American Horse Show Association of Chicago will hold its first annual exhibition at the Exposition Building in that city from October 30 to November 9, 1899.
—Pontiac has not been sold. The Dwyer Brothers refused to take the \$5000 offered for him by Milton Young, and Mr. Young will not pay \$10,000, the price asked.
—The Southern Hotel Guarantee stake of \$10,000, 5 per cent. to enter and start, to be trotted at St. Louis in the latter part of September, will probably be made a 2.25 class.
—Robert Bonner lately has twice been asked to put up a price on Nutbourne, by Belmont, out of Miss Russell, dam of Mand S., and he has replied that the horse is not for sale.
—A \$3000 guarantee stake for the 2.25 class has been opened by the Union Park Association of Saginaw, Mich., for its summer meeting which will be held July 16 to 19 inclusive.
—Budd Doble purchased the 4 year old filly Marie Jansen, by Betterton, out of Dame Tonsey, from W. L. Simmons, for Major S. N. Dickerson, who also owns Ed. Annan, now with Doble's horses at Los Angeles, Cal.
—The Detroit (Mich.) Association has decided to give a \$10,000 guarantee purse for the 2.24 class, horses to be named in July. In addition \$20,000 will be given in purses for the meeting which will be held on July 22, 24, 25 and 26.
—Charles Reed has purchased at Lexington, Ky., the Broodmare Mary Anderson, by Outigger out of Marian, for \$4000. She is in foal to Forrester. He has also purchased the brood mare Altair, by King Alfonso, out of Mollie Wood, in foal to Alexander.
—Charles Rowell, the once noted six day pedestrian, has blossomed forth as an owner of steeplechasers in England. At the recent meeting at Four Oaks Park his horse Earl Roman came near winning the Selling Hunters' Steeplechase, but stumbled at the last wall.
—A novel trotting race has been arranged to take place at the Red Lion Track, South River, N. J., some time next month between Jack Whitehead's stallion Honest Alton and Edward Whitehead's Kitty B, for a purse of \$250. The race will be best six out of eleven heats.
—Milton Young has sought to repair the visitations of outrageous fortune, caused by the deaths of Pirro and Ossory within a year, by leasing the services of imported Rapture, who is a son of the Two Thousand winner, Diophantus, and Margery, by Wild Dayrell.
—The horse wrackers declare that Dave Gideon's crack French Park pulls up slightly lamed after exercising. As the horse is "big" as yet it is likely enough that he is only "leg weary." He is likely to run for the Withers stakes at Jerome Park if he keeps well.
—Stamboul has been sold by Hon. L. J. Rose to Mr. W. S. Hobart, of San Francisco, for \$50,000. Large offers were made for the horse by Eastern parties, but Mr. Rose preferred to sell him to an owner in California.
—The English horse, Galora, recently arrived whose illness was reported as doing very well. His case was straggled, but the abscess has been opened, and he is on the high road to complete recovery.
—Jockey McLaughlin says that Ben All was the meanest brute he ever astride of. "When that horse wanted to win," said he, "he was usually the best one in the race, but if he took a notion to sulk I don't believe prodding him with a red-hot iron would have induced him to strike a winning gait. He was the only horse that I ever saw that really had a mind of his own. He couldn't and wouldn't be persuaded to do his duty. War Eagle was another hard horse to ride."

—Colonel Goodlett, of Clarksville, Tenn., has decided to make the Bonaventure Farm a stock company for breeding trotters. He intends issuing \$250,000 in stock, in shares of \$100, costing the subscribers \$30 each. Dr. S. E. Calley, of Toronto, one of the leading breeders of Canada, recognizing the great natural advantages of the section for breeding trotters, has offered to subscribe \$25,000 cash to the stock of Bonaventure Farm company, provided \$50,000 additional from the citizens of surrounding counties is obtained.