## Haunted Lives.

Faces may smile though the hearts may be aching, Brows may be sad, though the locks

may be curled; Joy may be sleeping while grief is awak-

All that we feel is not shown to the world.

Lives may seem bright that are haunted by sorrow, Lips that are coy may be saddest of all;

Brightly for some may dawn promise of morrow,

While others rest 'neath the shadows' dark thrall.

Hannted forever by passions that rend, Ne'er to be free from their clutch to the end;

Bowed to the earth by the weight of Helpless and hopeless these poor haunttheir gyves,

ed lives. Words that are lightest may bring bright-

est thinking, Though their surroundings be somber and sad:

Thoughts that are tender, and lovely, and

Call back perhaps loving days that were glad. Yet through the gladness, the pain, and

the pleasure, Come there a mournful and constant re-

frait-Where is the gladness we hall without

Where is the life that is lived without measure? pain?

Hnunted forever by passions that rend, Ne'er to be free from their clutch to

the end: Bowed to the earth by the weight of

their gyves, Helpless and hopeless these poor haunted lives.

SAM'S BOY.

## Shine, mister?"

Something in that voice, perhaps the plaintive, appealing tone, or the just perceptible tremble, caught the atten-tion of Kezzlah Hicks, the crusty, cross, crabbed old store-keeper and farmer from the Cross Roads up on Possum Ridge, and caused him to stop and look down on the little mite of humanity who had addressed him. He saw before him a face, though pinched and dirty, still retaining the freshness and innocence of childhood, while the large, brown eyes that looked so steadily into his own recalled memories of the almost forgotten past.

"I don't keer if ye do rub 'em a leetle," Kezziah said, and there was a softness and tenderness in his voice that sounded strange to his own ears.

Down went the little kit on the hard pavement, and down went the little bootblack on his knees. As the little fellow rubbed and worked patiently at the great rough boots, Kezziah watched him with interest, and his thoughts drifted back into the shadows of the past and dwelt on scenes and incidents of the years long gone by. To his mind there came a picture, the face and form of a little boy with laughing, dancing brown eyes and rosy cheeks. A little head wreathed with sunny curis, and a pair of lips wearing a smile like a ray of light struggling from Heaven. Then came the sound of a childish voice in happy laughter, heard but dimly at first, but growing stronger and more distinct until he recognized Then came another picture-a young man with eyes clear, frank, honest and affectionate, and in their depths he saw reflected a soul of love and gentleness. Then he saw a cloud steal over the picture, and when it had passed he saw the face of his boy, but oh! so sadly altered. The cheeks were thin and pinched, and the dark eyes are sorrowful. "My poor, my poor lost boy," he murmured. The little bootblack looked up and saw the old man draw his rough coat; sleeve across his eyes. He put his box and brush away and started to rise when the old man laid his hand on his head saying: "Before you go tell me your name." "Joe," the boy replied.

back to the days long passed, and again he was living over the times when his boy was with him, and as he recalled the time when he drove his son out of his home and life, and remembered his harsh words, his heart grew heavy and a sigh escaped him, and again he drew his rough coat-sleeve across his eyes. Just as the twilight was deepening and the night birds began their mournful cry, the old horses stopped in front

of the farm house at the cross roads, and Kezziah awoke to his surround-"Here we are, Joe," he said, very

kindly. "Climb down an' come on in. Mandy," he said to his wife, "this little fellow I picked up down to the city an' brought along with me, seem' he hain't got no friends nor home."

Amanda opened her eyes in wonder, for it was the first time she had ever heard Kezziah talk that way. He was so unlike the cross, gruff old man he had been all these past years, and his voice was so gentle and soft. Kezziah saw her astonishment and understood the cause, and to hide his own confusion, said:

"Give us some supper, Mandy, for 1 guess the boy's hungry.

Amanda, kind-hearted, generous, patient soul, needed no urging to comply with her husband's request, nor did Joe need any urging when Kezziah said

"Come, fall to an' eat a bite."

That night after Joe had been snugly tucked away in the soft bed upstairs, Amanda came and sat with Kezziah on the long porch. For a long time they sat thus and gazed silently out into the night, each busy with thoughts, half sad, half sweet. At last, with a sigh, Kezziah turned and laying his hand on Amanda's arm, said:

"Mandy, don't you think he's like him? The little feller up there, don't you think he's like Sam was when he was a little boy!"

"Yes, he reminds me of Sam," Amanda said, and her voice trembled and grew husky. "I've been thinkin" of poor Sammy ever since that boy came. He's so like him."

"Mandy," Kezziah went on in a low tone, "there's something about that boy that I can't understand. I don't know why it was, but when I heard his voice and saw his face it set me to thinking of our own boy, an' somehow I felt drawn to the little fellow, an' it seemed as if I wanted to do somethin' for him, All day I've been goin' over all what happened way back there, an' feeling how wrong I was in driving Sam away because he hadn't my way of thinkin', and didn't marry as I wanted him to. I've made life a burden to you, and made people hate me by bein' so cross and selfish, an' besides I've been miserable myself. I never see it so till to-day, an' somehow that boy's teched my heart an' thawed the ice out o' my nature. I see it all now, an' I'd give every thing to have Sam back, an' have it all to do over again." Amanda arose, and going softly up

the stairs came to Sammy's little room. Bending over the sleeping boy she scanned his features well.

"It is so like Sammie," she thought, "so like he used to be when I came of nights to look at him when he slept." Then noticing a string about his neck she pulled it gently and a little

## The Way Silk is Made,

I wonder if the ladies who read this JOURNAL know how the silk is made, which is in their dresses. How busy that little worm is who spins the silk for us, and how many stages the raw silk must go through before it is transformed into the silk fabric, of which we make our dresses,

The silk-moth (bombyz mors) which produces most of the silk of commerce, like nearly all other insects, undergoes complete metamorphosis, that is, passes through four distinct stages of exis-

tance-egg, larva, pupa, and imago. The larva is the worm-like stage and may be called a locomotive egg. The pupa stage is that in which it wraps itself in a cocoon, or case, and remains

apparently dead until new organs are developed; when it escapes a perfect winged insect, or imago.

The silk-moth is about an inch long, whitish, with brown stripes, and lays at the close of summer numerous eggs about the size of a pin-head, attached singly to the leaf by a kind of gum. The eggs do not hatch until the next eggs for breeding, the grower usually places the moth, on cloths in a dark, warm room, where they contentedly chiefly upon the leaves of the mulberryosage orange.

has been furnished by the cocoon grow- gamated together. er in arches of twigs or lattice-work. mouth. each spinnerete. The worm closes coarse yarn. himself in tighter and tighter, the inhis body in place with his hooked feet, cocoons should yeald 300 yards. It pound of silk. The spinning period lasts five or six days, and the moth then makes preparations to emerge. To prevent the worms from piercing the cocoons and thus breaking the continuity of the thread, they are usually

This country sends annually over \$10,000,000 to foreign lands for raw

California, Kansas, New Jersey, and some of the Southern States are at present the chief fields of silk culture in this country.

Sewing silk is made of reeled silk, and is "wound," "doubled," "spun" and "twisted." "Machine twist" is of three threads, twisted from right to left, and "sewings" of two threads, twisted from left to right.

After being dyed in skeins, the silk is spooled on a machine which automatically measures its length. For skein silk an equivalent machine weighs automatically.

From what has already been said you will see that "Broad goods," or fabrics are of two kinds according as they are made of "reeled" or "spun"

imported in bales-largely from Lyons and Aslatic ports. There is no attempt to use the continuous thread in these as spun by the silk-worm, but the cocoons are treated as bundles of fibres, summer, and can meanwhile be sent and spun like cotton or wool by the around the world. The sale of these usual textile machinery. But before eggs is of itself a great business. Each this can be done they must be taken moth lays from 400 to 700 eggs. It through several processes. The silk takes 600,000 eggs to make a pound. fibre must be freed from the gum with In tropical countries, the eggs hatch by which the silk-worm glued it together natural heat; in others, artificial in making its cocoon, and the fibre it-warmth is necessary. In obtaining self must be loosened. This is done by self must be loosened. This is done by fermentation, or by boiling in soap water. The cocoons in going through this process change into puffy little lay their eggs and die. The moth feeds balls and become ready for the "lapper," a machine which receives them tree, but it can feed in whole or in in a mass at one end, and by a great part, upon other leaves, as those of the cylinder covered with wire teeth, amalgamates them into a continuous sheet

The tiny worm immediately after it which emerges at the other end. The is hatched feeds upon finely chopped next process is to pass these sheets mulberry leaves which have been pre- through the combing or carding mapared by the careful grower. It grows chines in order that the fibres may be rapidly and never attempts to move from cleaned and combed. The combed its place until it is time to begin spin- silk is next passed through the ning, which is at the age of 32 days; it then becomes distended with the silk- bunches of combed fibre are beaten out juice and can be observed lifting its into an approximate evenness, the head and looking about for a good fibres properly overlapped, so as to sight for its cocoon-building, which make them continuous, and then amal-

The silk as it comes from this ma-The worm carefully adjusts his body in chine is a thick, loose tape of fibre, the best position for the cocoon, and which is removed to the drawing-frame commences to throw the floss that forms by which it is drawn out into a silver, its outer coating. The material of the and again into a finer and thinner silk is a gummy secretion of two large sliver, until after several repetitions of glands along each side of the body, ter- the drawing process by different ma- directed them to her name. minating each in a spianerete in the chines, the sliver has become finer and Upon microscopic examina- finer, and is now ready for the "speedtion each fibre of the thread is found to er" which takes it from the cans of the be double, one strand coming from last drawing-frames and spins it into a

The next process, and it is a very terior thread being the finer; he fixes important one, is dyeing. It is said his knowledge of her perfidy, and then his body in place with his hooked feet, that a dishonest silk-maker can make leave her forever. and throws his head here and there as his yarn take 300 per cent. of extra he spins. The thread is sometimes | weight by the use of metallic substances 1800 feet long without a break. Good in the dye pot. This accounts for the cheapness and bad wear of some fatakes at least 2500 worms to raise a brics which look as well at first sight as goods at a much higher price.

After the yarn has been dyed, it 18 ready for the process of weaving. Woven silk, like all fabrics is com-

posed of a series of continuous threads lengthwise of the piece, called the killed just before this stage, by expos-ing the cocoons to a temperature of 88 and out of the warps according to the

he would have exacted it from her, but because it was her free choice to do so. One morning, a few days after the

above conversation, as Allen was walking along the street, he saw a horse and sleigh approaching, in which Belle was seated beside a fine-looking

centleman, an entire stranger to him. She did not see him, her face being turned from him and toward her companion, to whom she was talking with

great animation. Suddenly checking his horse, the strange gentleman spoke to a lad wellknown to Allen.

The latter quickening his step, overtook him.

"Who is the man that just spoke to you?"

"Mr. Duval."

Allen walted for no more, but hurried home with a feeling of astonishment intermingled with displeasure in silk. The cocoons for the latter are his heart, altogether very far from being agreeable.

Who was this man that was making an individual appropriation of his beauty? And what did she mean by such actions? He would not go near her again until she had volunteered an explanation.

When evening came, too restless and ill at ease to carry out this programme, Allen sallied out on an investigating expedition.

On walking slowly by the house, on the other side, he saw that the parlor was lighted.

Belle evidently had company and it was a gentleman, as he could see by a shadow on the curtain.

As he was meditating whether he had best cross over and go in, the door opened and the gentleman he had seen in the morning came out; he recognized him distinctly by the clear light of the moon

Belle came with him to the door. She placed both hands upon his shoulder, saying something to which he responded with a laugh.

Then stooping, he kissed her on the lips and ran lightly down the steps.

Allen went home in a state of mind that defies description. Rage at being so basely deceived, however, was the predominant feeling.

The next morning he took all Belle's letters, a bright tress of the gold-brown hair, together with various other tender mementoes which lovers delight to cherish and keep of the one beloved, and doing them up in one package,

He then queried in his own mind whether he should send it or deliver it in person.

He finally decided that he would hand her the package himself, letting her know in a few brief, cutting words

When he was shown into the parlor, he found on the sofa beside Belle the same gentleman he had seen the preceding evening, which did not tend to weaken his resolution.

Belle did not look at all confused; there was a bright smile upon her face as she arose to meet him.

"Mr. Jarvis, let me introduce you to Francis Duval-"

Allen did not give her time to conclude her sentence.

"Thank you, Miss Leigton, I think I -William Weeks has the following degrees. The "good cocoons" are fuzzy pattern of the cloth, called the woof. have seen the gentleman before-on horses in the stable at New York: B. eggs, white, yellow-white, or greenish containing a long continuous thread of silk fibre, and the body of the dride chrysalis. The fuzzy or floss is a ruff, impure silk, which is taken off as waste. Watp yarn is first spun, then doubled, then source the doubled, then spun, and is but slightly twisted and is called "tram." Here are a few things which are no ionger of any value to me, and which you may prefer, under the circum-stances, to have in your own possesthe door step last evening. I beg leave Without waiting for a reply, Allen placed the package in the hands of the astonished girl, and left the house. He went out of town the next morning, and was gone some months, going on Thursday April 11th resulted as to various places, and mingling in the gayeties of many a festive scene, in the vain attempt to forget her who had taken a far stronger hold upon his heart than he had supposed. One day, as Allen was sauntering along Broadway, arm and arm with a friend, a way, arm and arm when his gentleman passed them, whom his companion saluted with a pleasant companion saluted with a pleasant good morning. 'Who is that fellow?'' inquired Allen, abruptly. "His name is Duval,"

HORSE NOTES.

-A half mile track has been built at Roslyn, L. I.

-There are twelve new foals at Chesterbrook.

-Kitty Birch, record 2.25, has a foal by Manchester.

-Lady Maud (2,184) has a foal by Eagle Bird (2.21.)

-Bonita (2.18) has foaled a bay filly by Pancoast.

-Mr. Schultz will drive Edith R. and Vernette to pole.

-Hanover looks well, but he has as yet done no real work.

-Sire Bros. have sold to German parties King Thorndale, by Thorndale,  $2.22\frac{1}{2}$  out of Martha.

-Lizzie Moore, sister to Brown Hal, 2.13, dropped a bay filly, by Tennessed Wilkes, at the Ewell Farm recently.

-Pandect was bred to Madeleine, 2.231. by Hambletonian. This is doubling up the blood lines of fast performers with a vengeance.

-Major Dickerson has just returned to New York after a two months stand in the South. He is driving Matilde V. and Jane Eyre double.

-Among the ten nominators for the Clay stakes appear the names of John E. Turner, of Ambler Park, and James Elliott, of this city.

-There will never be a match between Gossip Jr., and Adonis, as Sire Bros., will not go to California and Hickok will not come East.

-Sam Bryant continues to send Proctor Knott along, as though he expected to start him on May 2, at Nashville, in the Two Thousand.

-The proposed Birmingham race meeting, announced to come off during the New Orleans and Memphis meet ings, has been postponed until fall.

-C. W. Kemble has purchased the five year old filly Belle Monte, by Electioneer, dam Monte Belle, by Mohawk Chief, from the Palo Alto farm. She is considered a sure 2.25 performer.

-"Father" Billy Daly is on deck again with Farmer Boy. He has made an entry in the Clay stakes and will send the Thomas Jefferson gelding for the money. Recently he rattled off a mile in 2.301.

-A two year old bay filly, by Red Wilkes, dam by Happy Medium; second dam by Alcalde, is considered among the new turf stars in Kentucky this season. She is owned by Colonel Gibson, who will develop and then place her in the breeding ranks.

-J. H. Goldsmith will train his trotters at Trenton, N. J., this spring. He will have Gean Smith (2.191), William (2.18<sup>2</sup>/<sub>4</sub>), Company (2.18<sup>2</sup>/<sub>4</sub>), Gray-light (2.21), Morelight (2.28), Cleon (2.22), Libby S. (2.19<sup>4</sup>/<sub>4</sub>), Arbutus (2.30), Gillig, Hillcrest, Lufra, Cleanthe, Shep Knapp, Layer and Hunt.

-J. B. Green has added two more horses to his string of trotters at the Gentlemen's Driving Course. Samuel Stewart sent him Betsy M., record 2.40, by Messenger Chief, and Mr. Hamilton has consigned to his care a bay 2 year old colt by Alcazar.

"What else?' and Kezziah leared over in an expectant attitude.

'That's all I know."

A shade of disappointment passed over the aged face.

"Have you no friends, no father or mother?"

The boy shook his head. "Where do you live, then?" the old

man went on.

"Just anywhere. Sometimes I go to the homes' an' sometimes I sleep in boxes and stairways."

For a minute they were both silent. Then the boy said:

"Please pay me and let me go." "Wait a bit," Kezzlah said. "Wouldn't you like to have a home and friends, an' a place to stay all the time? I need a boy like you on the farm, an' if you'll go you won't have much work to do, an' you'll have warm clothes an' plenty to eat an' a good

warm bed to sleep in. "Then you can help about gathering apples out of the orchard, and can ride horses and every thing like that, Don't you want to go along with me?" "It must be nice," the boy sard, re-

flectively.

"Of course it is," the old man rethan this sort of life. If you go and don't like it, I'll fetch you back."

ward the old farm. They rode in of the Physical Institute, Berlin, silence, and as the horses pulled the has, however, just discovered that when screeking old wagon along the narrow a needle pricks a certain small spot on Joe was busy seeing and enjoying the the septum cords, quite instantaneously great open country with its broad the movements of the heart are argrandly beautiful world, and no doubt pupil, he sometimes felt that he must spring cated out and scamper off over the soft grass and down into the deep, shady forest beyond, where the happy birds were singing and the squirrels were basking. The sinking sun was glinting the east-ern hills with gold and purple, while from far away came the rustic song of some happy farmer trudging home at to that of salicylic and benzoic acids; the close of his day's labor in the fields. Never had the boy seen any thing like times greater than that of alum, tan-it, and he feared to speak lest he dis-niu, and arsenious acids; and ten times the cheap labor of other countries.

about him, for his min I had wandered than the su phy te.

locket came from his bosom. "That is it," she gasped, and, springing the lid, she held it down close to

"God 15 my friend. He will protect

and keep me." After awhile Amanda came back, and going up to Kezziah she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"He is Sam's boy, Kezziah," she said. "I know it by this," and she held out

the locket. Kezziah raised his head from his hands, and for a moment gazed at his wife in silence,

"He is Sam's boy," Amanda repeat-

"Sam's boy," Kezziah said; "our Sam's boy, an' left without friends or home. I've been a brute, Mandy, not to keer. But it shall be different now, and I'll make up to the boy what I

ought to have done for Sammy." Fsom this day Kezziah was a chang-

ed man, and people often wondered at it. Though he could not atone to poor Sammy for his cruelty and neglect, and though his cruel treatment of his boy lived in his memory and haunted him through his few remaining years, his more of cocoons are thrown into a sorrow was sweetened with the knowlkettle of water, kept so heated as to edge of the good he was doing to Sem's dissolve the gum with which the silk-

worm has stuck the thread together to life," Kezziah sometimes said, "by re- a whisk-broom is used to stir the cofusing kindness to them as needed it, coons and soon the end of the silk- to the male sex-women. but I am thankful that I come to see worm's thread becomes detached. The myself aright before it was too late to tenuous ends from three or more cochange my course and try to do some- coons, according to the size of thread thing to amend my wrong ways. It's to be made, are attached together, all owing to the little boy, an' I thank threaded through eyelets and fastened God for sending him to us."

Kezziah was never more the cross, winds the fibre from each of the coharsh old man the children feared, but, instead, he was their friend, and often they came to his store to talk with him. or rambled with him in search of flowers.

Hitherto it has puzzled eminent surplied. "At least it's a great deal nicer geons to account for sudden death caused by apparently inadequate wounds in the heart, such as those made Joe assented after that, and a little by the prick, ""hout penetration even, later he and Kezziah drove away to- of a needle. H rr Schmey, a student lanes, up and down the rugged hills, the lower border of the upper third of fields of growing crops, and the big rested and forever set motionless in blue grass pastures, and meadows of death. "It is now the task of anatomred clover all in bloom. To his young ical investigation," says Prof. Kron-mind a new world was opened out—a ecker, who verified the discovery of his testing reeled silk. pupil, Herr Schmey, and communi-cated it to the Physiological Society of Berlin, "to demonstrate with accuracy this vital centre, the existence of which has been proved experimentally."

It is stated that the antiseptic action

greater than chloral hydrate and the velous beauties fade away. Kezziah saw nothing of the things one-third to one-half more efficient to New York at from three to eight

oval balls about the size of pigeon's | Warp yarn is first spun, then doubled,

The next thing to be done is to reel off centre of silk manufactury in America. sion," the fibre as woven by the worm without In 1880 it had 82 factories whose anbreaking it, and by combining it with nual product of fabrics amount to \$10,other fibres into a stronger thread, to make the raw silk of commerce, which an annual product of \$7,500,000; Philamakes the reeled silk goods. The floss, delphia ranked third with 47 factories pierced cocoons, unfinished cocoons in which the worm died while at its work, The largest silk factories in this coundouble cocoons in which two worms try outside of the great cities are at joined partnership and mixed their Manchester, Connecticut. Florence, threads, the inside of the cocoons where Massachusetts, is noted for its sowing the thread is too fine to reel, and all silk factories which were started in the waste made in winding silk are 1834. spun into yarn, like wool and similar fibres, and made into schappe or "spun silk" fabrics, not so lustrous as real silk goods, but stronger and cheaper. The waste in the manufacture of this is left as a ruff, bury yarn called noil, day are as good as or better, and cost which is woven into the fabric sold by her much less, than the imported faupholsters, for furniture coverings as brics of which our grandmothers's "raw silk," a term which properly be- boasted. longs to silk as it is reeled from the cocoon. In reeling silk, two dozen or

The facilities for silk making America to-day are such, that the American woman who likes to feel content with her shopping is safe in believing that the American goods of to-

Belle Leighton.

"They'll all bear watching," said Allen Jarvis to his chum, Charles Watboy. "I missed my chance to lead a happy worm has stuck the thread together to Anen satvis to him he was discussing make the cocoon. As the gum softens, kins, with whom he was discussing the interest that subject of inexhaustible interest

"Then you wouldn't trust 'em much?"

"I'll tell you just how far I'd trust the best of them. Just as far as I could see them, and no farther." Here the speaker bit off the end of to a reel, which, as it is revolved, un-

his cigar, looking at his companion coons. When there is a break, or with the air of a man who "knew all when an "end" has run out, a fresh about it." "end" from another cocoon must be

"I rather guess that there is one exdeftly thrown upon it so as to keep the thread always of like thickness. Five a charming Miss Somebody that you "ends" make the usual thickness of don't include in that sweeping assertion, I know."

The user of this emphatic language was the betrothed of Bella Leighton, a sweet and most lovable girl, and who gentleness a high spirit and pride of character, of which few believed her

Allen loved Belle, though he loved himself a great deal more, and he felt this grand total, China produced over 23,000,000 pounds. Japan 4,500,000, France India 9,000,000, Italy 15,000,000, France heart that it was his.

heart that it was his. He trusted her, too, after his own fashion; but it was less faith in her than in his own sagacity, and because she had, as yet, given no cause for even his suspicious mind to doubt her truth and constancy.

she did this, not because she supposed | Wilfred Page Secretary.

"I know, but what is he?" Fred Foster last week, as fine a fellow you were interested in that quarter?" Prince Wilkes, 2.142.

Allen Jarvis has never married, and never will.

He sometime meets the woman, whose love he won and lost, beside the and still have the ranch, brood mares, husband of her choice; the expression of tranquility, and happiness in the countenances of each bespeaking the perfect trust that can alone make leasant the sacred relation they sustain to one another.

Common salt, chloride of sodium, is There is quite a distinction make in "I make no exceptions," retorted the most widely-distributed substance commerce between country silk, which the other. "And as for trusting, I'll in the body; it exists in every fluid and is house reeled, and filature silk, which is reeled at establishments called *fila*-tures (thread factories), professional the woman dearest to me contrary to work always being better than amateur these. The woman does not live that ash when the tissue is burnt. In work. The Chinese silk is mostly will ever hood-wink me, or make me particular, it is a constant constituent house-reeled, and then re-reeled in the think that white is black, or black of the blood, and it maintains it in a particular, it is a constant constituent proportion that is almost wholly inde-pendent of the quantity that is consumed with the food. The blood will take up no more, however much we may take with our food, and, on the other hand, if none be given, the blood parts with its natural quantity slowly and unwillingly. Nothing can demon-strate its value better than the fact that if albumen without salt is introduced into the intestines of an animal, no portion of it is absorbed, while it all

quickly disappears if salt be added. The conclusion therefore is obvions that salt, being wholesome, and, indeed, necessary, should be taken in small quantities, and that abstention from it

-A California association of trotting Belle had, apparently, no thought or wish for any love or devotion save that to wish she had legitimate claim, and President; N. T. Smith, Treasurer, and

m. Lucy Norton, record 2.39, by Cay ler, owned by Charles Logan, Columbia, S. C; ch. m. Stella, Kentucky Prince; b. m. Queen, by Wathemaker, b. m. Flora Gould, by Jay Gould a bay gelding with no name; blk. m. Queen Wilkes (2.233) and ch. g. Chance (2.231).

-A match trotting race for \$50 a side at the Gentlemen's Driving Course

Al Helmbold's b. m. Geraldine 2011 John Redmond's br. g. Mike 1022 Time-2.48. 0.00, 2.37, 2.44.

The judges Messrs, Shepard, Robinson and Benay declared the second heat no heat.

-Pretty Belle and Fitler, the propwere consigned to Crit Davis at Har-rodsburg, who will develop them. Pretty Belle is by Messenger Chief, dam by Brown Dick. She showed a "A lawyer, I believe. Belle Leigh-ton's brother. She was married to is a two year old by Red Wilkes, dam Messenger Girl, daughter of Messenas ever breathed. By the way, I thought ger Chief and Rose Chief, dam of

"Yes; that is to say, her half brother. Mrs. Leighton is a second wife. Her first husband was Dr. Duval." "Fooll dolt! idiot!" groaned Allen, as soon as he was alone. "I have lost the only woman I have ever loved, or could love!" boul, two brood mares and the New York consignment, containing forty-eight head, for almost that amount, Alcazar and Harvester.

-W. P. Balch has reconsidered the terms of entry to his \$10,000 stallion race, to be trotted on September 18 next. Instead of making the 10 per cent, payment a few hours before the race, the old and popular installment system will be followed. The entrance will be 10 per cent., as previously announced, of which 24 per cent. must be hounced, of which 29 per cent. In all of paid on June 1, with the subscription, 21 per cent. on July 1, 21 per cent. on August 1, when horses shall be named, and 21 per cent. at 9 P. M. the day before the race. Horses eligible on June 1 shall be eligible for the race, and subscriptions will be transferable up to the date of naming.

-The nominations to the Fleetwood stakes are as follows: N. Straus, Hamilton Busbey, Willbrook Farm, W. C. Trimble, Wilkes Lodge, Archibald Johnson, C. H. McDonald, W. H. McCarthy, John Murphy, Frank How-ell, D. D. Burns and Aiken E. Mabbitt. For the Morisania stake the following gentlemen made entries; D. R. Robinson, Hamilton Busbey, Will-brook Farm, Wilkes Lodge, F. Bowne, J. D. Oxner, C. H. McDonald, W. H. McCarthy, D. D. Burns, J. C. De-Lavergne, J. W. Whitney and G. W. Archer. The nominations for the Four Year Oid stake were made by Summit View Farm, J. B. Gourney, J. H. Goldsmith, Parkville Farm, J. S. Fugerson, William Marks, Wilkes Lodge, A. B. Harris, John Murphy, J. E. Madden and William H. McCarthy.

great centres of trade. The Japanese white." silk is mostly reeled in large filatures under government inspection. Within eight or nine years past silkconditioning houses have been estab- had undeaneath all her sweetness and

"raw silk."

lished in Lyons and New York for The great silk-growing country is China. The last estimate of the world's silk product was 67,000,000 pounds of

7,800,000. The silk industry in this country is

times greater than that of alum, tan- cause of our inability to compete with Silk valued at from four to five dol-