

A Little Poet.

Out in the garden wee Elsie
Was gathering flowers for me;
"O, mamma," she cried, "hurry, hurry,
Here's something I want you to see."
I went to the window. Before her
A violet winged butterfly flew.
And the pansies themselves were not brighter
Than the beautiful creature in hue.
"O, isn't it pretty?" cried Elsie,
With eager and wondering eyes,
As she watched it soar lazily upward
Against the soft blue of the skies.
"I know what it is, don't you, mamma?"
O, the wisdom of these little things!
When the soul of a poet is in them.
"It's a pansy—a pansy with wings."
—Lick's Magazine.

TALES FROM THE SEA.

Never Heard From.

I suppose that a hundred ships come and go where one is lost, but when one reflects on the dangers to which they are exposed he must marvel that so many escape. I saw a list of thirty-six missing ships the other day, missing from American, English and French ports, and the fate of each was unknown or guessed at. Say that half of them foundered in mid-ocean, five were wrecked on capes or shoals where all hands perished, and what became of the rest? Say that three of the remainder were destroyed by fire, and what fate shall we attach to the other five? From the moment a vessel leaves port to begin her voyage she is exposed to danger, and though a sailor may never so brave and hardy he cannot shake off the knowledge that he lives on the verge of the grave. There are gales, and fogs, and collisions, and fire, and hidden rocks, and powerful currents; and so I repeat that it is a marvel more sailing craft are not added to the lonesome list of missing which is recorded year by year.

In the year 1855, as the British bark Lord Oldham, of which I was second mate, was approaching the Canary Islands, and when about 180 miles distant, we were caught in the tail end of a cyclone and badly knocked about. We got out with some slight loss and a great deal of discomfort, and were bearing up again to our course when a great calamity happened. Half an hour before midnight, while the bark was doing her best under a fresh breeze, a sudden and great shock was felt. Her masts went by the board, and, as I reached the deck, a minute after the shock, the hull seemed to split open from stem to stern. I had gone below to get a glass of bitters, leaving the deck only thirty seconds before the shock came. I was knocked down and confused, but it could not have been over sixty seconds before I regained the deck. I was just in time to be carried overboard. I went with a lot of raffle from the decks, and amid the frightened cries of the men, and a quarter of an hour later, when I had lashed myself to the cross-trees of the mainmast, I could not get an answer to any of my calls to the rest of the crew. How it was that all were lost I never could make out. There was raffle enough to have floated 500 men, and my watch were all certainly wide awake at the moment of the collision. The only explanation that I can give is that they were somehow caught and crushed. I drifted during the rest of the night, and was picked up in the morning by a vessel bound in. By that time the wreckage had drifted apart until nothing could be found. Nothing whatever was picked up or cast upon any shore, and had I not been saved the fate of the bark could only have been guessed at.

What did she collide with? The look-outs were on the bow, and alert, and the night so clear that a ship could have been seen a mile away. The chart showed clear water for a hundred miles about, and we must have run full tilt upon some vessel which had been dismasted and bilged in the hurricane. If loaded with timber her decks would have been awash, and she would have been as bad as a rock to collide with. There was only one shock, and the whole bows of the bark were crushed in by it.

Three years later, while off the Banks of Brazil in a small English ship called the White Cloud, another strange thing happened. I was first mate of this ship, and about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the weather being very fine and the wind light, I had all the men on deck setting up the rigging. A man aloft suddenly hailed the deck with the information that a large whale was bearing down on the ship head on. We were a merchant vessel, and the sight of a whale had no interest for us. We went on with our work for three or four minutes, when the man again hailed me with:

"If that fellow holds his course he will be dead on us, sir. He's a big fellow, and coming like an iron steamer."

I ran forward to get a look, and the sea was so smooth that I had no difficulty in making out the whale. He was still a mile away, coming down at about steamer speed, and holding a course as straight as if somebody aboard of him was steering by compass. I was not a bit alarmed, expecting to see him show flukes every moment, but the captain came on deck and ordered the man at the wheel to break off two or three points. This brought the whale on our port bow. As I told you, I expected to see him sound every moment. It was astonishing that he had not discovered us long before. I could scarcely believe my eyes as he held on, and by and by we had him alongside. I am telling you the truth when I say he actually rubbed us as we passed each other, and the odor of him was so rank that some of the men cried out in disgust. That whale was ninety feet long if he was an inch, and he had a head on him like a brick wall. So far as we could see he was carrying no harpoons, and he had no fresh wound, but he had knocked about for a couple of hundred years. The fact of his holding his own in such a bull-headed way was alarming, and when we were clear of him we fell to congratulating ourselves over the close shave.

We were perhaps a mile apart when the whale slewed around. The moment we discovered what he was doing we knew that he meant to attack. The

breeze had now died away until we could not hope to dodge him, and he had not yet fully turned when we stepped the yawl from the davits and ran her alongside to get water and provisions. We were ordered to get water and provisions into her, and as the whale headed up for us we went off before the light breeze to give him all the room we could. Three or four minutes settled the question of whether he was after the ship or sailing his own course. He headed up for her, sailing faster and faster, and when he was within cable length away there was a great wall of water rolling before him, and his speed was from eight to twenty miles an hour. He struck us full on the starboard quarter, and the shock was as if two ships had collided. Planks and ribs gave way before him, and as he recoiled from the blow our ship settled down stern first and was under water within two minutes. Everybody was knocked down by the shock, and every body got up to rush for the yawl. I was sucked down almost as soon as I reached my feet, and after a struggle, in which I came out best by a close shave, I was shot to the surface amid a lot of deck raffle. There were two or three men around me at first, and as I was heaved up I caught sight of the yawl with about ten men in her. The whale was still at hand, lying very quiet, but I feared he would soon be aroused and attack us in turn, and I seized the galley door and paddled away to get out of his reach. While doing this a small came down and hung on for twenty minutes, and when it had passed I could see nothing of the boat or the whale.

That afternoon, an hour before sundown, I was picked up by the American whaler Richard Knox. She already had our yawl, which she had found bottom up, but had not seen any of the men nor met with any wreckage. I was again the only one saved, and but for my testimony the fate of the ship would have forever remained a mystery. As to why the whale attacked us was made more clear after my rescue. The Knox had raised and chased him the evening before, and he had been "galled" or annoyed so often during the month past that he had become very angry. He came for us with the intention of sending the ship to the bottom, and he succeeded only too well in carrying out his purpose.

A third mystery was the case of the Jane Wilcox, an American brig bound for Rio Janeiro. I was second mate of her when the occurrence took place. We had bad weather for a good share of the voyage, but the brig was new and staunch, and was at no time in imminent peril. About 300 miles off Rio, while enjoying a bit of good weather, one morning raised a longboat full of men dead ahead of us. Indeed, the boat had taken down her sail and was waiting for us to come up. There were nine men aboard of her, and they had her when the occurrence took place. The plenty of water and provisions. The story they told was that they were a part of the crew of a large British ship which had been burned two days before. They claimed that all had got off in the boats, but that the boats had become separated in the heavy weather. They were a hard-looking lot, composed of all nationalities, and when we had taken them aboard our captain was by no means satisfied with their story. One of them claimed to be second mate, and as the crew had all got off in two boats, it was a puzzle that the first mate was not in command of one. The other strange things came up, and the story of the men did not hang together, and so all hands were ordered to keep an eye on the fellows.

We got a good slant of wind and had run down to within fifty or sixty miles of the coast when the fellows showed their hands. They had been allowed to mingle freely with our crew, but had carefully abstained from any remark to indicate that they had an evil purpose in view. Their boat was large and unwieldy, and we had towed it after us rather than to cast it loose or attempt to hoist it aboard. I was on watch from 8 to 12, and nothing suspicious occurred during the first three hours. About 11 o'clock, as I stood near the mainmast, I was hailed from the foremast with:

"Mr. Merlin, will you please step forward and take a look at something we can't make out?"

I afterward recalled that it was not the voice of one of my watch, but I did not heed the matter at the time. I started forward, and had reached the waist of the vessel when two men seized me, lifted me clear off the deck, and before I could recover from my astonishment I was flung overboard head first. It was more by instinct than first. It was my own that I swam for the boat towing astern. Had the brig been sailing close hauled, and therefore sailing at a moderate pace, I should not have reached it. It was a close shave, and as I hung to the gunwale for a moment I heard a great confusion on the brig. It was mutiny, of course, and I was the first victim. My idea was to get aboard again as soon as possible, and the only way was to get into the yawl, pull her close up, and then step on the painter. After an effort or two I pulled myself in, and just then there were outcries and cries and pistol shots from the brig, followed by a couple of splashes alongside, which meant that two bodies living or dead, had gone overboard. I had hold of the painter, when it was loosened from above, and I drifted astern. The light continued as long as I was within hearing. I was out of it entirely, and could only hope that our crew, who were all good men, would overcome the mutineers in the struggle.

After the brig was out of sight I got sail on the boat, and followed her to the best of my judgment. It was just in the gray of morning when I was picked up by a British ship bound into Rio. It wasn't so very mysterious that we picked up the boat and that her crew attempted our capture, but it certainly was queer that from the hour she left me to this day that brig has never been heard of. But for my escape she would have been rated as lost and the insurance paid. As it was, the insurance company contested payment, and won their case in court. The insurance of any such emergency. The naval and merchant service of every power was notified of the

circumstances, and for two or three years every sea was under observation, but the brig was never overhauled nor any of her old crew heard of. My idea is that she foundered within a few days with all hands, but others differ. She certainly did not turn pirate, and she was never heard of as a wreck. There was no such British ship as the men said, nor was any craft burned as they stated. They must have been lying in wait, but it is queer that they should be so far out to sea in such a boat. Taken all in all, it was a strange case, and no one has ever got the right end of the thread to solve it.

The World's Houses.

Under the shadow of the great Eiffel Tower in Paris there now stands a series of most interesting structures, intended, like the tower, to signalize the centenary of the beginning of the French Revolution, and attract visitors to the exhibition of 1889.

This collection of structures is called by the people of Paris the "Street of Habitations," and illustrates with a great number of houses the history of the habitations of men.

In order to imitate the oldest form of habitation which man is known to have built for himself, a little lake has been excavated, and in it, upon piles, several "lake dwellings," like those occupied by prehistoric races, and such as have been found in Switzerland and elsewhere, have been erected. The prehistoric man who is supposed to have built these earliest dwellings will be imitated, as nearly as possible, by people who will occupy the houses during the exhibition.

Near by, in a rocky ledge, some dwellings like those of the troglodytes or cave-dwellers have been dug out. Everything about these very primitive dwellings suggests the flint and polished stone age. It is a curious fact, however, that not all the races of men have yet progressed out of the cave-dwelling epoch.

Several races of savages still prefer to dwell in caves or clefts of rocks, and in Apulia, a province of Southern Italy, civilized people still live in dwellings carved out of the rocky ledges at the bottoms of valleys, which have been occupied in this way from time immemorial.

More attractive than these dwellings are the earliest stone and wood houses like those built by the ancestors of the Indo-European races in Central Asia before the great migrations of the parent Aryan race. And still more attractive are the Persian and Assyrian houses, plain and solid, but well adapted to the needs of their occupants.

An American, accustomed to reading and hearing in his childhood about the houses of the children of Israel, would linger long at the early Hebrew habitation, with its three-cornered door and its garden upon the roof.

The simple and often imposing residences of the Egyptians will be imitated, as well as the Hindoo architecture, and the Phœnician house with its tower and other Oriental habitations. Then the first houses of the Greeks, Romans, and even the Scandinavians will be copied, and the gabled and timbered mansion of the Middle Ages, as well as the dwelling of the Renaissance, when the classic ideas of architecture began to prevail once more in Europe.

The Russian house, surmounted by a cupola in the form of an inverted pear, will be a conspicuous object upon the street, as will be the Arabian house, with its square, battlemented tower. Another group of structures interesting to the inhabitants of the civilized portions of the world, who are unaccustomed to seeing the dwellings of savages, will be the wigwags of the American Indians, and the huts of the Eskimos, the Laplanders and the savages of Africa.

Following these will be the houses of the Aztecs of Mexico, and the Incas of Peru. It is not probable, however, that the architects of the Exhibition will attempt to duplicate the great houses of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. These immense structures were built to accommodate the entire population of a town, and sometimes contained six hundred apartments, in which three thousand or four thousand people lived.

By no means all of the varieties of dwellings erected on this Street of Habitations have been mentioned here. The list would be too long.

In order to preserve as much as possible the similitude of the various houses to those in representation of which they are built, they will be occupied, as far as possible, by people of the races to whom they belong. Thus, the Egyptian house will be occupied by modern Egyptians, in costumes copied from lately discovered antiquities in Egypt.

Japanese and Chinese will occupy the houses of their countries, and will be busily engaged in making the products which they make at home. In the Indian wigwag will be an Indian family from Canada.

True and False Missions.

About a quarter of a century ago there lived in Western Virginia an old Methodist clergyman, who, being disabled by age from preaching, taught a dozen little children to spell and read. At his leisure time he gave to the writing of a book on geometry. He was so kind and devout a man, that his unconscious influence on his pupils was as wholesome as the sun and pure air upon young plants. Every one of them has been a nobler man or woman for his teaching.

Yet this teaching he looked upon as play; it was the unconscious effort of his nature. He thought, as the world, which he thought, was the discovery of unknown laws and methods in mathematics.

But when he was dead, the huge rolls of manuscript which he left behind him were pronounced by mathematicians to be faulty, and of no value.

There is nothing in which men are so readily mistaken as in their own true work in life. That which costs them least labor and effort, they are apt to value most highly; but that which is most likely to last in the world is the work which expressed their secret nature and feeling; which came from their minds as naturally as the breath from their bodies.

Haydon, the artist, painted with in-

finite care and pain many gigantic historical pieces which are now almost forgotten, while he is known best to posterity by a hasty sketch thrown off for his own amusement.

Von Kroeble was the author of many ponderous tomes on metaphysics, but he is remembered only as the writer of a little song full of love and pathos, which is sung in every nursery in Germany.

The same discouraging truth meets us in every-day life. The conscientious young man who measures every hour of the day, and fills it with a duty, and who regulates every word and action by rigid laws, is apt to find that while the outward life is perfect, some unexpected taint suddenly shows itself in his heart.

He is griggish, irritable, vain, or malicious, and he finds, to his astonishment, that it is these hidden faults that impress his companions, rather than his faithful observance of duty. The last is forced action; the first is the true expression of his nature.

"While he" has been busy in seeing that the ramparts are secure, and the sentinels on guard on the outer walls of his character, the neglected owner of the fortress has proved traitor, pulled down the flag, and yielded to the enemy.

"What am I to do, then?" some boy or girl will probably ask. "Am I not to strive to do good work, or to live a perfect life in the world?"

The wise Asiatic king answered the question ages ago. "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

That work will be most effective and enduring into which you throw your own vitality. That word and action only will have a real power in the world which are the expression of your own feeling and belief.

See it to that the foundation be pure, if you would heal and not poison the world with its waters.

Home Wage-Earners.

There were some very apt remarks under this heading in a recent number of *Harper's Bazar* by O. M. E. Rowe. For want of space we cannot give them all room but among other things the article says: The great lack in women's lives is want of training. They can do a little of a great many things, but can do nothing superlatively well. This is especially true of girls brought up in small towns or villages. When the time comes for them to earn they know nothing well. They can cook a little, sew a little, play a little on the piano, and it is safe to infer that the majority of the lone sisters must support themselves. If they go into the big cities their unfitness is against them, and many of them are hampered by some home tie and the question is, what can a woman do at her own hearthstone?

It may be helpful to observe how women in country houses have solved this problem. A poor clergyman's widow found herself with four boys under thirteen years of age to support. In desperation one day she told the boys to gather trailing arbutus which grew in profusion on her little farm. She tied these May-flowers in light bunches with a few leaves and sent two of the boys to the railway station where the express train stopped for water to see if they could sell them. The first day they returned with a dollar, and day after day with the changes made in the flowers as the season progressed they carried their sweet blossoms and realized quite a sum. One day a gentleman said I don't want your flowers; why don't you bring wild berries. After this no day passed without the presence at the station of the boys with tiny birch bark cups filled with raspberries, blackberries or blueberries.

Another woman who had been her brother's house-keeper found herself at his death without means of support. She had a large conservatory in connection with her home and she determined to sell flowers to the students in a neighboring college. She did a good business and increased it by advertising to send cut flowers by express. The flower woman is very happy with her work and is laying by something for a rainy day.

There are 62,000 women in America interested in the cultivation of fruit, and among them are some of the most successful orchardists in California. It is often asserted that women succeed better at their work than men. A New Jersey mother sent two boys to college with the receipts of her strawberry beds and a New York state woman made a clear profit of 1600 dollars one season by raspberry culture. Some daughters of a clergyman in New Hampshire bought a small photographic outfit and took views of the beautiful White Mountain scenery and sold them to the summer visitors and so made enough money to finish their educations.

A Pennsylvania woman thought she might be able to realize something from the birch bark which was abundant near her home. She made lovely little baskets filled with ferns and wild mosses and they were pronounced lovely for table decoration, and sold rapidly. She took orders for filling vases and Wardean cases for certain rich people who liked unique decorations.

An old lady in reduced circumstances sold raspberry shrub and elderberry wine of her own making, and obtained a sum sufficient to enable her to enlarge her methods and now she is kept very busy.

These instances only illustrate the possibilities within grasp when a woman has an intelligent eye to see, tact to avail herself of the resources late bestows and energy to persevere. But success in every case was due to scrupulous care to do the thing attempted in the very best manner.

Don't tempt one to question your veracity.

FASHION NOTES.

Out-side garments and hats offer us the most charming novelties.

"What shall we wear for wraps?" We reply that the pretty models which we publish in this number will give an exact idea. First is the pelarine, under whatever form it presents itself. Sometimes it is the form so well known with sleeves and fitted to the back. Sometimes it is the pelarine gathered at the shoulders, and adjusted to the back, which we have spoken detached from the back which takes the form of the redingote and falls back again as a dervish sleeve with long tabs in front.

In our opinion all these garments should be made of pretty stuff, very coquettish and very new in order to relieve us a little from the stripes of all dimensions, and all colors which have become the commonest things in the world.

For an elderly person the garment is made of shawl silk trimmed with a cascade of lace down the front.

As for carriage wraps and dusters for traveling glazed taffetas of light color are very pretty.

Our first illustration is a combination of blue cloth and olive green cashmere, this green is a little dusty, a little dim, like the leaves of the olive tree. The skirt is of green silk covered with black chenille tulle. The tunic, a kind of blouse, is buttoned in the back, the fronts are gathered and held in place by an "ancient" buckle.

The blouse is opened the entire length, in order to show a large panel of the skirt, sleeves of cashmere, gathered on the shoulders and open from top to bottom on the upper side, to show an under sleeve of silk covered with tulle. This is quite new and suitable for a young girl, also for a young married woman. These blouses, polonaises, or corsage have been in great favor for some time and one cannot complain of them for they are very becoming.

Young persons will wear the traditional plaid corsage, with three wide plaits in the back and in front, held to the waist with a girde of gros grain. This year with these corsages will be seen under a rolled collar of the same material, the Regatta cravat, such as gentlemen wear. It will be very amusing, very coquettish, but I am afraid that this corsage and this cravat seen in the opening of the vest will have the effect of the flannel shirt that gentlemen wear at sea, which is in the highest degree "chie" although it is not pretty. In our peregrinations through the world of fashion we have seen in a large establishment a very beautiful house costume for a young married lady which we illustrate. The robe is of Bengaline of an exquisite and very delicate tint of withered rose leaves. The front of the dress, the plastron and the sleeves are of saxon lace, a large scarf of Bengaline silk passes around the waist and falls in long ends trimmed with fringe headed by a band of gold.

This robe is in style elegant and in taste exquisite.

We have spoken of out-side garments in the commencement of this letter, but we have not enumerated them. There is the long mantle like the pelarine, the redingote that may be made very rich or very simple according to its use. The cloth redingote is "classic" and well known.

This which is uncommon is the redingote of light brocade, the ground of red or grey, with small black designs simulating lace net; upon the front and back are panels of lace, the sleeves are of brocade, full and reaching only to the elbows, in order to be finished by a lace sleeve, closed at the wrist.

As for mantles they are of many forms, differing from those already seen. Our illustrations present the diversity of shape, and their elegance better than any description. It may be said that black or colored velvet, lace, beautiful embroideries and an abundance of jet will make the entire expense.

Hats are very elegant, they are large, with broad brims, well shading the face. The crowns are very low, loops of ribbon or flowers with leaves are arranged almost flat, humming birds and butterflies mix their brilliant colors with ribbons and flowers.

We see many colored and lace straws, as well as rice straws. The Tonkinoise shape is one of the original creations of the season. Many black straw hats are trimmed in colors, sometimes it is a drapery of embroider.

The trimming is often composed of butterflies, orchid, and Pekines, ribbons of superb tint and texture and light surah, covered with black tulle.

Capotes are of lace straw or "Tosca" tulle with large gold meshes. A pretty novelty is a hat, the top of which is covered with violet leaves, and a few of these pretty flowers mingle in the green foliage.

The meeting at Terra Haute will begin on Tuesday next, June 11th.

Mulatto, 2.22, has been added to John Splan's string.

Spokane is undergoing a careful preparation for the American Derby.

R. S. Strader, of Versailles, Ky., has sent out a nicely arranged catalogue.

It is said that the b. g. Royal Bounce has been sold to go to a foreign country.

Proctor Knott seems to have lost his speed.

William Trimble was in good luck when he got the first horse foal by Star Duroc.

The Dayton (O.) spring meeting has been declared off because of the continuous rains.

The 5-year-old Aberdeen stallion Mulatto, 2.22, has been added to Splan's stable.

HORSE NOTES.

The Mutual Training School's sports will be held at the University Grounds.

Pat. Killen is getting tired of his journalistic work, and now contemplates a trip to California.

W. B. McDonald has two Jewett Farm horses in his stable that promise to enter the 2.30 list this year. They are Dimice, by Rochester, and Harry D., by Coronet.

Count Valensin recently lost the filly Lottie Simmons, by Simmons, out of Lottie Thorne, by Mambrinc Patchen, that he purchased at Abdallah Park in March.

E. C. Montague, Hansen, Neb., has purchased from Dr. Prentice, Fairfield, Neb., the chestnut horse Payne Killer, foaled 1883, by John F. Payne, dam Dixie, by Major Grant.

The bay gelding Weaver Boy, 2.29, by Fortune out of Fanny Greeley, dam of Leon, 2.29, has been sold by A. Merrill, Danvers, Mass., to H. C. Sherburn, Paris, France.

D. Muckle, Cleveland, O., has sold to Dr. S. E. McCully, Toronto, Can., a brown filly, foaled 1886, by Pilot Wilkes, dam Idlewild, by Nugget, 2.26; 2d dam Zoe F., by Blue Bull.

The 5-year-old bay mare Emaline, by Electioneer, out of Emma Robson, daughter of Woodburn and Lady Bell, by Williamson's Belmont, made a record of 2.27, at Sacramento, Cal., a few days ago.

Joe Brown won the 2.29 class race at White Plains on Thursday May 30th. Best time, 2.31. The 2.35 class was won by Kentucky Blanche, and the best heat was 2.33.

Jim Guest, the Kentucky turfman, has been in tough luck this season, and he seriously contemplates quitting the turf and joining the church—at least to the story goes.

"Dod" Irwin, Charles Myers, Wash Woodruff, Johnny Smith and S. A. Tanner each has a stable of trotters and are kept quite busy at Belmont track in working them.

Lady Langtry, a chestnut mare by Post's Hambletonian, dam by Abdallah, Jr., dropped a fine filly foal to Star Duroc, record 2.25, at Elkton Stock Farm, Maryland, on the 29th ult.

The Monmouth Park Association announces that the racing season of 1889, of twenty days, will commence on July 4, and continue July 6, and on each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday thereafter until August 17.

M. Woodlands has imported the bay horse Clifden II, bred by J. B. Hankney, foaled 1883, by Biar Atholl dam Curiosity, by Lord Clifden. Ear, Clifden II is a large, fine bay horse, full 16 1/2 hands, with good bone and sound legs.

Mr. George Dearborn presented the Belmont Driving Club with a handsome piano on Wednesday May 29th. Daniel Strouse went over the keys lightly, and after playing several solos wound up with the popular air Junetheith, with both hands strong.

The trainers at Point Breeze are quite busy. The track is in good shape, and the horses are doing well. The association is composed of young, active and liberal gentlemen. John McCorkell will do the honors of the club-house for the ensuing year.

Contracts have been made for the new race track near the exposition grounds at Kansas City, Mo., and it will be but fifteen minutes ride by cable cars from the centre of the city.

It is the intention of Budd Doble not to start his horses in public until the Detroit meeting. He has two trainers under him, and these will assist him in giving the horses their repeats.

Furor, brother, to Fuge, 2.19, died at W. B. Hayne's stables, Jackson, Mich., on May 15. He was bred by H. C. McDowell, and was owned by Dewey & Stewart, of Owosso, Mich.

The nominations for the Clay stakes to be trotted at Albany on Wednesday June 19 inclusive Violin, King Bird, Gilling, Aline, Electric, Alice, Gretna, Farmer Boy, Kentucky Blanche and Suisun.

The 5-year-old bay horse MacCallumore, by Robert McGregor out of Elsie, daughter of McLeod, and Emma Wells, by Magnolia, was accidentally poisoned at the Peoria Dell Farm, Topeka, Kan.

The popular and generous President of the Detroit Driving Club, D. J. Campau, has decided to open the gates of the Hamtrack Course and let the public in free on the first day of the summer blue-ribbon meeting. This should be highly appreciated by the good people of Detroit, and is a good example for other associations to follow.

The Coney Island Jockey Clubs have adopted the following rule, which the clubs running under the general rules will no doubt also enforce: "If a horse be disqualified on account of incorrect weight, the decision shall not apply to bets, provided the weight published in the programme or corrected on the notice board was carried."

At Sacramento, Cal., on May 18, the 5-year-old mare Emaline, by Electioneer, out of thoroughbred Emma Robson, by Woodburn (by Lexington, dam Heads I Say, by imp. Glencoe), won her maiden race in straight heats, taking a record of 2.27.

Messrs. Henschell and Hobbs, of Baltimore, who purchased Phil Thompson, 2.16, at the Fasig sale, have strengthened their trotting stable by purchasing from the Bowerman Bros. the chestnut mare Mary Anderson, 2.26. Mary Anderson is a 5-year-old, by Lightwood, dam by Tom Hal, and got her record last year.

Mr. Belmont's English stallion, St. Blaise, has scored an American success at the very outset. A fortnight since the get of the Epsom Derby winner of 1883 were untired, to-day the racing world rings with their renown. They have taken the field at Brooklyn and routed all comers. St. James won the Seaside, St. Carlo the Great American, Padishah the Bedford.