"And often I fancy, on days like these, Their breath floats to me o'er Southern seas," "Where sank your ship?" "By tempests tossed On a shore of amber and pearls 'twas lost.

"Ch, often I dream of its beautiful bed. And the rainbowgleams that are round its shed: "Where sank your ship?" O wan, white face, Does she know not, then, her lost love's place "My ship sank not." she said, and cast A tiny shell on the waters vast.

No balmy odors nor gems of price Her dreams to its resting place entice: Her ship lies frozen in arctic ice. Christian Register.

ONE MAY NIGHT.

The rosy light of a spring sunset should be brightly through the network of cobwebs, which covered the attic window at the red farmhouse just outside of Preston village, making rainbow beauty of the born of coloral times. Carefully in the brown pasteboard box.

"How will this heart do for the Judge's?" asked Gracie, holding up a gilded heart, covered with impossible cupids. of the heaps of colored tissue-paper, which covered the rough scanty floor, and lingering upon the animated faces of the girlish trio, so eagerly working in that

unused attic. row of dainty baskets, of every hue and the box again. shape, all prepared with exact care for a frolicsome May night—and that night mints and checkerberry sticks in this mints. Jones was leaning over the was nearly come.

"Yes, they are pretty enough, I suppose—better than any which we have ever made before," said May Watson, ain't just satisfied, after all. I wish we ain't just satisfied, after all. I wish we or cinnamon, just as well."

Just then Katie's flushed face appearance of the control could make something new this yearsomething which we have never thought ed above the ladder.

laughed Katie Well's, snipping away at the feathery streamers as though a certain number must be made in a certain time to make the feathery streamers as though a certain number must be made in a certain time. Of I jumped, determined ask was the feathery streamers as though a certain time. Of I jumped, determined ask was the feathery streamers as though a certain feather than the feathery streamers as though a certain the feathery streamers as the feather than the feather tha

else would ever dream of. Tellus quick, plastering if we happened to step from "false fronts" was deep in the con-May, and, if it is anything worth the boards, mother says."

Then followed a space of impatient tents of a mammoth "Dorcas basket,"

Then followed a space of impatient each time apparently trying to out-talk

help hang Uncle Ben's basket as usual! but that is everybody's affair, and has been since I can remember

that bushel-basket of good things which the only ones out for a May frolic. we leave at his door every year, but he

"I suppose so," mused Katie. "He has been called uncle so long that he really seems to think all of the children in town should be obedient nephews and nieces. But he has no folks-no home folks-in the whole world, at least, | tained. none that he knows anything about,

poor man.'

think he ruled all Preston. You don't May mean to leave him out this year, do you, May? Why, we mustn't.'

No, indeed; but we needn't go with the crowd that carries it this year. We can put our things in just the same. I have knit three pairs of nice stockings, for my part," cried May quickly. "We'll do that the same as usual, but but I want to do something else. 'Well, do tell us what it is!" exclaim-

ed Gracie, impatiently. "Dear me. it must be something awful!"

"I want to make two more basketsjust as pretty as ever we can, and I want to hang them for Miss Snapdragon and Judge Crusty. There!-now you know!" and May looked at her companions with sparkling, defiant eyes.

'Snapdragon!" cried Katie. "Crusty!" cried Gracie.

"Are you crazy?" cried both together.
"I don't think I am," retorted May. "I know that they are both of them rich, but my mother says it ain't what folks buy that brings the most happiness sometimes.

"Miss Snapdragon lives all alone in has been dead more'n five years. Father said that he was always good to her, if he is stern and gloomy to everyone else. Won't you do it girls?"

"Of course, if you say so!" but Katie's consent was rather feeble. "I don't see any fun in that," grumb-

led Gracie. "You will see some," May asserted so thrown aside at once, and they all began

on those wonderful baskets. Ah, they little imagined what magic his thoughts were with the past. their fingers were weaving in meshes of

blue and crimson. They must be very nice, for they are

rich and have everything they want," said May, getting the baskets and the people for whom they were designed for somewhat mixed.

"Then what do you suppose they'll care for these things?" said Katie, scornfully. "They won't be fine enough for them I'm sure.

"We'll try it," persisted May. this silver 'Red Riding Hood'—isn't she sweet?—I'm going to put her on Miss staring at me!" cried the learned Judge, Snapdragon's and that gold 'Little Boy Blue' on the Judge's. Hurry, girls, it is almost dark now.

There was silence in the shadowy attic for the space of ten minutes, excepting the sharp snip-snipping of the keen scissors, and the pleasant rustling of tinted paper, then May and Katie each held a fairy-like thing at arm's length, and all drew a breath of admira-

'it's the prettiest one I ever saw,

by a haze of blue and white.
"I think it is," but Katie's eyes were feasting upon the golden beauty of "Little Boy Blue," framed in its crimson and buff, while Gracie's admiration Then he started up suddenly, placed was divided between them-

We must put some of the very nicest candy into them," mused Katie. "And a valentine in each one," sug-

"Fudge! Valentines in May—who ever heard of that?" and May's voice was scornful enough. "P'rhaps they shadowy safety of the shrubbery.

ary, though-yes maybe we

"I've got a lot 'hat father gave to me when Valentine's Day was past. Some of 'em are comic ones, but there are two beauties. You girls fix the baskets ed him passed near the window in while I run home and get them," and amazement. Katie was half way down the ladder be-

fore she finished talking. "Ask your mother if you can't stay here all night-Gracie is going to, called May. "Y-e-e-s," answered Katie from the

upper hall. "Let's put this pretty conversation heart into Miss Snapdragon's. 'If you love me as I love you,

No love can cut our love in two.' Yes, that will do. She is an old maid, now, awful old, I guess, but mother said she had a lover once. Only he died or something," explained May. "Tm going to put in a lot of lemon drops, peppermints, and checkerberry sticksthere, it's all ready!" and she laid it carefully in the brown pasteboard box.

"The rose is red, the violet's blue, Pinks are pretty and so are you,' "Pho! That don't mean for a man. We'll have to swap hearts," and the

Across one side of the roof hung a blue-and-white basket was taken from

look at the candy.

"Y-e-e-s," said May hesitatingly.

"Only if we have any candy left to eat of ecstatic state, how it would seem if

they're so pretty!—and the others in band! "Yes, do tell us," added Gracie the covered basket. I guess supper's Knowls, stopping long enough to look at her pleadingly. "Tell us what we can do that will be new. Father declares that we three girls think of things -yes, and do them, too-that no one after dark, for we would go through the or three other dragons in spectacles and

en since I can remember
"Of course the poor old man needs laughter, and knew that they were not

It was the party going to hang Uncle seems to take it now as a matter of Ben's bushel basket, but they did not course, and the novelty has worn off, I'm join them. They waited until they had tion grew to a close, and we were both passed, and then hurried away in the | silent. opposite direction.

We did not follow them as they disposed of the contents of the yellow basket, for we were more interested in what the brown pasteboard box con-

Miss Snapdragon sat alone in her cozy sitting-room. All around her spoke of plenty, but the face of the mistress was to finish these elaborate pieces of wors-

Ah, me!-the many, oftimes cruel changes, which Time brings to us all! A sudden peal of the bell aroused her from her reverie, and she listened, impatiently. A servant entered, vainly trying to preserve a respectful, sober countenance, as he handed her a rustling, blue-and-white wonder, adorned with a silvered "Red Riding Hood." "Where did it come from?" she asked

with kindling eyes.
"From the door knob, mum, that's all

that I know," he replied. "Ah-you can go Judson," and she took the pretty thing in her hand, and rocked softly back and forth, while the years that intervened vanished until she,

too, was a happy child again. The little Red Riding Hood!—ah, just such a one had little Johnny, her childhood's chosen playmate, given to her! She took the gaudy heart, and read the old rhyme through blinding tears - head-isn't that reason enough! Johnny had whispered those words to her, in boyish earnestness when he was

her boyish lover. She took the valentine with trembher fine house, and Judge Crusty's wife ling fingers, for the quaint love verse, printed upon the satin paper in gilt

letters, was an old friend, too. She clasped the mass of blue and white and silver to her breast with a yearning cry, while hot tears streamed down her cheeks, and her face was so transformed, that three awed maidens, who had been looking in at the window, stole softly away in hushed silence, positively that all other work was leaving her alone in her joy or sorrow. Judge Crusty, too, sat alone that magical May evening, and, strangely enough,

He started impatiently when Rollins entered with a feathery mass of crimson and buff, upon which gleamed a golden

"Boy Blue. "Where'd you get that trash?" he demanded, his eyes fixed upon the golden figure, and a dim memory growing brighter every second.

"Found it on the door knob," said Rollins, with a grin. "It's for Judge Crusty, sure!' "Well, what of ith I can't help it.

as impatiently as any school-boy could have done, But his manner changed when Rollins left the room.

He took the crimson-and buff basket up almost reverently, and gazed at the golden image with a tenderness which no one had ever seen upon his stern tace before, then he took the heart, and read the old rhyme very, very slowly.

He lingered long over the dainty val-

entine, and absently put a lemon drop said May, her eyes fixed upon the silvered "Red Riding Hood" surrounded gether. He was silent and thoughtful for many minutes-so long, in fact. that the

> Then he started up suddenly, placed the pretty basket in his desk with loving care, as he exclaimed tremulously;-"I'll do it! It was a sad mistake. She can but refuse," then he took his hat

from the table.

Brt Judge Crusty was not looking for diesome maidens, as he went down pretty well grown for his age?" I retue street, straight to Miss Snapdragon's marked, demurely beginning to enjoy

the scene intensely.

the way!"

band?".

"Here!"

round him and kiss him!"

"But where is he?"

changed my tactics.

will not break my heart?"

"Then promise you will be mine!"

Precocious Children.

working force for every organ of the

the Websters have not come of precoci-

ous children, and our present know-

hand that they were, on the whole,

The following, from the Popular

hair, beautiful to look on, according to

ensitive to mental impressions, and

"He generally goes on in his unique

The View from Mt. Hamilton.

room for all the eastern states, with

their rivers, lakes, mountains and sea-

coast. Twenty minutes before reach-

ing the summit, a heavy white cloud

floated up and treated us to a drench-

any inconvenience beyond loss of the

makes it a favorite.

alive to the conversation of persons

much older than he.

youd this comprehension.

popular standards. He is delicately

rather duller than their young mates.

mend to the attention of our readers:

than encouraged.

She opened her blue eyes wide.

door. The stealthy little figures that follow-

The curtains were quickly drawn, but May was very sure that she had seen Judge Crusty's arm around Miss Snapdragon's waist, and Katie said it was queer that some people could laugh and cry at the same time.

"Let's go home; we won't see any more," said May, philosophically. "I guess we are satisfied with our try," and Katie and Gracie thought so too. Explanations were made, old memories

were revived on that happy May night, and-but, dear me! I forgot that I was writing a children's story, and nearly ended with a wedding, for that is what the experiment brought about.

THE LAST EXPEDIENT. How I Succeeded in Getting Myself Adopted for Life.

How lonesome it was in my seven-bynine room, hemmed in, as it were, by the roar and tumult of the noisy hotel, in the gray gloom of the October even-

All alone in the world, and there was Jones in the next apartment cooing to his fat baby; and I knew, just as well as if the partition had been plate glass, one two?" asked Gracie, with an anxious wretch's shoulder, her plump cheek

complacently, as she viewed the dainty ourselves. Prikelde'd like clove, little work-basket on my table, and a boots, and if Isabel Snow's fair curls were glistening in the light of the gas-"Here they are, and I may stay!" she burner! I couldn't stand it another minute. Up I jumped, determined to

The cheerful parlors were in a cozy while it is the same as done already.
"But I'm—I'm not sure that you will like it," and May hesitated. "We must as any lad or lassie could wish it to Dorcas baskets for once in my life! As the excited trio stole out of the back parlor, stitching away at a green worsted parrot in a wilderness of canvas. upon a little sofa that just held

"Miss Isabel!" I began, nervously fingering her tiny ivory bodkin, and future vigor. resolving in my mind to put an end to

Isabel lifted the long fringes of her eyelashes; the soft beam of her blue eyes made a poltroon of me at once. "Don't, don't it take you a long time | push it to the limit of its power.

myself on to a second charge. "Miss Isabel, I have been wishing to tell you this long time, but I could

never screw up my courage, that-" Why didn't I go on-what demon possessed me to stop and fidget there, and finish the auspicious beginning with: "that I've decided to get a Panama hat next summer just like you

thought so pretty?" Miserable poltroon that I was! I had not even resolution to resume the conversation until Isabel herself commenced talking about her lack of occu-

"I do get so ennuyee," sighed she, "just for want of some object to absorb my attention, besides Dorcas baskets and embroidery!" Why didn't I ask if a husband

wouldn't do, and propose myself for the vacant post? Because I was a block-"I am thinking seriously," began

Isabel, after she had put in three sparkling black beads for the parrot's eye, 'of adopting some sweet little child to love and take care of. Do you suppose you could inquire round at the institutions and find one for me-a little boy?"

"Perhaps so. At all events, I'll try," quoth I, a sudden inspiration breaking through the thick fog that surrounded my brain. "Suppose I look round and call again to-morrow evening?" "Oh, I should be so delighted!' said

Isabel. When I took leave she laid her little hand in mine; it was soft and warm, like a lily-petal steeped in sunshine. Any other man with a particle of pluck about him would have squeezed it,

The next evening after two long hours spent at my dressing-glass, I went bravely to old Mr. Snow's hospitable domicile, determined, not exactly to do or die, but to woo or die. I didn't dare to. I was desperate, and a desperate man is equal to most emergencies. The room into which I was shown was empty, but the globe, though it is only about 4,500 Isabel's work basket lay on the table, and close beside it was a small china vase, with a spray of scarlet autumn and a bunch of wild blue asters placed in water. Had some other miscreant of a lover presented them? The bare away, the St. Bernadino range limits possibility set my heart to throbbing, the view, and between the two lies and inspired me with a fierce desire to thrash somebody.

A light footfall on the carpet-Isabel was beside me. "Well, Mr. Anderson, have you

brought the dear little fellow whom I am to adopt?" "Yes, Miss Isabel!" "Of course it is a boy?"

"Well, it was a boy," I equivocated, "O, charming!" interrupted Isabel, clapping her hands together. "What colored eyes?"

"Is he bright and intelligent?" "Tolerably so, but most terribly bash-

ful." 'Oh, I shall soon cure him of that!" "I've no doubt you will." "Dear little fellow--where is he?" TON NOTES.

"Don't say little Miss Isabel; he is . Tomers"-These darlith red cheeks, bright eyes ing bab. beautifu. .air, brown or blond, floating "O, don't keep me in suspense!" she freely uon their shoulders, the toilette exclaimed, "I want to throw my arms of these dorable dolls always has a new "Indeed, Miss Isabel," I modestly answered, "I don't think you could do grace. For them a return has been made to the Scotch plaids. Very coquettish dresses are made for them of a better thing-don't let me stand in Bareges, and the many colored poplins. We have seen a very pretty baby of five or six years of age dressed in a Russian blouse made of Scotch poplin, the blouse was closed at the left side under "I don't understand you, Mr. Ana band of green passementerie. The

"Miss Isabel, I am the person that wants to be adopted. Will you take me, not as an orphan, but as a huslow, is a green cord. A charming outside garment is a tar-There-it was out-and I was not a bit the worse for it! On the contrary, I an of large squares formed of little had boldly put my arm around Isabel's multicolored threads upon a putty colorwaist, and drawn her so close to close ted foundation. The form was that of a to me that her only way of avoiding little wadded great-coat with a large my eager gaze into her eyes was to hide full plait behind. The novelty of this them on my shoulder. Which she garment was the small cardinal trimmed with the "traditional" fringe woven of "Darling Isabel! only say that you'll the same stuff. The lining may be of adopt me for life, and I will take care pretty quilted silk, red or gold.

For little boys during the summer that you shall have plenty of occupation," I persisted, half laughing. Still nothing is better than the "sailor cosin cloth "cheviotte" flannel or there was no answer. I suddenly tume. in drill. All the world knows this costume with its diverse variations. The "Isabel-my first and only love-you hat which accompanies it is always the "No she whispered under her breath.

large straw. No. 3. Sailor hat sewed with two colors. How well it becomes these little Isabel promised. She has since told me that it was because she was so sur- rogues, this hat shows the face fully and

prised to see the facility with which a adds to its riotous grace. hitherto "bashful man" pleaded his Nothing is prettier than Nothing is prettier than the shirts of cause, that she didn't know what else fine batiste, entirely plain, trimmed year-old in England. Up to date Donoonly at the neck and arm-holes with a van's winnings amount to \$193.675,

ing on the fire, this bright evening, the row valencenes. The pantaloons also are plain corresparrot hangs in a gold frame over my ponding to the shirts, a ribbon on the outside seam raises the hem of the panwriting table, and my lovely wite sits just opposite with a black-eyed boy on her lap, scarce three months old, who taloon in a little scallop.

skirts of silk, of "skirting" or of by Electioneer, the money to be due and the foal to become the property of entirely precludes the necessity of silks of so low a price that one may reaisn't half as pretty as mine. As for his wife, she's nowhere" by the side of glazed taffetas or a Pekin. Some persons take their old skirts in order to make these skirts. They are trimmed in accordance with the kind of silk, or may be plain velvet, a flounce of lace,

There are few parents who are not or with pinked flounces. We have spoken for some time of pleased when their children show unusual brightness. Such children at- children, let us now occupy ourselves tract the notice and admiration of with persons who are often embarrassed others, and minister to the vanity of a to follow the fashion without appearing father or a mother, but precocity in a too young. It is not of aged women child is a thing to be regretted rather that we wish to speak, but of women approaching forty or a little Few precocious children rise above passed that age who do not wish to vas. upon a fittle sola that just the average in adult life. Rather the dress like young girls, and who do not discoursed in mysterious whispers about tendency is to fall below it. During wish to be considered old. Generally the weather. At length the conversa- early childhood,—say the first seven a slight embonpoint renders all favorite years,—the brain is imperfect both in forms impossible, and truly it is difficult ford, \$33,000; Springfield, \$27,000; form and substance, and any strain to dress well, according to the taste of Albany, 20,000; New York, \$28,000, then put upon it is at the expense of the day and at the same time according to age. In our opinion and that of One trouble is that the brain of such many tasteful dress-makers in this case a child tends of itself to dangerous ac- it is necessary to give up the plain tivity; and another is that the fond par- corsage which is entirely ungraceful will soon be ready for publication. ent is almost sure, sometimes uncon- and to adopt the open vest of some sciously and sometimes purposely, to variety. In this way the waist is dis-

> just or allow to fall straight. eight years of age, so much the better. The constant and serious aim should

It is best to ent the dress princess in the back to join the side of the redingote be to draw away the tendency of blood to the skirt on the side and to make a to the brain; to build up the material organization, and give the brain a chance to build itself up for the solid draped or folded apron, because plain skirts are not becoming to stout perwork of life-the furnishing of the

As for the front of the corsage, it is of vest form, which is easy to adapt to body, as well as of the mind.

The Washingtons, the Waylands and the body and bends easily. Another recommendation is not to make the sides of the redingote entirely flat. It is better to give it a little fullness at the ledge of physiology and pathology would have enabled us to say beforetop in order to avoid the drawing in at the bottom which gives too great development to the hips. In this way a stout person will be sure of being well dressed, less awkward; the eye deceived Science Monthly, we earnestly comby these diverse lines will not experience the impression that the cuirass corsage, "As a rule, the precocious child is of close and buttoned straight produces. a scrofulous diathesis, with a fair brilliant complexion, blue eyes and golden

Our instructions appear to be very full but if further explanations are necessary we are ready to give them. B. F. H.

The Body and its Health.

STORAGE OF LIFE. Within each ton of coal was stored,

career, outstripping his brothers and sisters, as well as his schoolmates, in the committing of tasks at school, as long before the creation of man, a dewell as in the reading of books far befinite amount of heat, which, by the chemical process of combustion, may be made available for man's use. A "This generally goes on until the age of puberty, when he begins to falter. barrel of wheat contains a fixed amount The hectic flush is seen upon the fair cheek, the eye becomes more brilliant, of food. Electricity can now be stored, and the finer and more spiritual ele- and bought and sold in measured quant-

ments come out with almost superna- ity. Each person has a definite amount of of premature death."-Youth's Com- ancestors have squandered much that should have come to us, and we our-selves waste not a little that we have actually inherited.

This wasting of our store of life is as serious a thing as it is common. It may be done thoughtlessly or ignorant-Professor Whitney says that from the summit of Mt. Hamilton in Calily, but the waste is just as irretrievable. Tens of thousands of children did anfornia, more of the earth's surface can be seen than from any other spot on nually, and as many more survive, with a sadly wasted vitality, simply because feet high. The view extends around in their mothers do not exercise enough every direction, and the snow capped care in the matter of food, clothing, range of the lofty Sierras can be plainly seen 200 miles away against the north-

pure air and sunshine. Our schools waste this store by draw. ing too largely on the brain and nerves of their pupils through the competitive systems, the worry of public examinations; through exacting the same tasks of the bright and of the dull, and through lack of adequate and persistent attention to the sanitary condition of ing shower of rain. We were well prepared, however, and did not suffer the school-rooms.

Women waste it by overwork and worry in their homes, and it is a very rapid waste. Gay young ladies and fast young men waste it at a fearful rate in

Some parents allow their children to waste their supply of nervous force by the incessant reading of sensational Of all the professions, the medical wastes the life-store most rapidly by books, or by frequent attendance at exciting evening parties, and some by not insisting on regular and sufficient sleep. As yer the Wilson blackberry holds sympathies and the nervous system. It attacked every year by parasites, the word enlarging and false blossoms forming. Its attractive market appearance of their own. pense of their own.

HORSE NOTES

-Badge has arrived at the Sheeps-

head Bay track. -Belvidere has been let up because

of a splint. -Galen pulled up lame at St. Louis Tuesday June 4th.

-There will be a series of races at Bridgeton, N. J., on July 4. -The stallion Erin is in Kentucky

in Rhody Patterson's stable. -Labold Bros., refused an offer of \$10,000 for Montrose.

—Camille, record 2.25, by Happy Medium, has a colt by Epaulet, 2.19. -Henry Holmes has been elected Treasurer of the Belmont Driving

-Salvator was named for an old South American colored servant belonging to Mr. Haggin's family. -A report is current in California

that Sunol broke down recently in her work and has been turned out. -The English jockey has warned Lord James Douglass off the Newmar-

ket course for defaulting in bets. -In a conversation with Mr. Robert Bonner he said, in answer to the question: "Will the Queen of the Turf be sent to beat her record this season?" "No; that is unless some trotter comes anywhere near her record. Then, and then only, will I start her to lower her

present record of 2.082." -Donovan's Derby victory at Epsom only confirms the generally accepted opinion that he is far away the best 3-Be that as it may, the kettle is sing- little embroidery, underlined with nar- which not only beats Ormonde's record, ever won by a race-horse.

-Miller & Sibley, of Franklin, Pa., have offered to pay Senator Stanford \$7500 for each foal that Beautiful We remain faithful to the colored Belle may produce in the future, if sired Miller & Sibley as soon as it can stand. The proposition, if accepted, is to begin with the filly foaled this spring.

-A broodmare, recently sold by Nathaniel Rice at his auction to a man living seven miles from Grand Rapids, Mich., took it into her head that she wanted to go back to her old home. In order to do so she cut across lots and jumped thirteen fences on the way. Immediately on her arrival at the old barn-yard she became the mother of a bright, healthy colt.

-The Grand Central Trotting purses for 1889 will aggregate close to \$250,000. Cleveland gives \$24.000; Buffalo, \$36,000; Rochester, \$34,000; Poughkeepsie, \$23.000, or more; Hartclasses agreed upon by the Stewards at Rochester is a purse for 5-year-olds. The official programme of the circuit

-Utica Driving Park is likely to be erased from the list of trotting tracks. what the parent should do is to hold draper deceives the eye and cuts the buy the property and institute a home for needy brethren. Hon. C. W. the child away from schools and books line of the bust.

The redingote, even open, does not Hutchinson values the property at the child away from talk above its.

The redingote, even open, does not Hutchinson values the property at \$50,000, practirepeated Gracie, laughing nearthy, then she added: "He must have the May basket just the same, as if he didn't place of the same, as if he didn't will be sa changes hands it will be converted into a handsome park.

-There is some doubt whether there will be a race meeting this year at Atlantic City, as was projected. F. R. Walton and several Philadelphia capitalists engaged in the scheme and purposed making the track as convenient to people in Philadelphia as Coney Island is to New York. A grand race course was marked out, but there has been a Jelay in securing title to a portion of the property necessary for the use of the club. It is claimed that Mr. Watson's agent acted in bad faith, and transferred the deed of this property to other persons, who want an exorbitant sum for it, and the case is about to be decided by the Courts. It Mr. Watson wins the case the work will be pushed forward, and the track will be completed in four months, or in time for an autumn meeting.

-There are sixteen nominations to the W. P. Balch \$10,000 stallion stakes for the 2.19 class as follows; H. S. Russell, Milton, Mass.; C. H. Nelson, Waterville, Me.; W. H. Hill, Worcester, Mass.; R. Cadugan, Bayonne, N. J.; J. H. May, Boston, Mass.; Concord Stock Farm, Concord, N. H.; John Trout, Allston, Mass.; George H. Hicks, Allston, Mass.; John Splan, Cleveland, O.; Elm City Stock Farm, New Haven, Conn.; J. I. Case, Racine, Wis.; John Casey, Jackson, Mich.; Budd Doble, Chicago, Ill.; S. P. Salter, Duck Station, Ga.; C. W. Williams, Independence, Ia.; Shupe & "By-and-by a slight cough and phthisis tuberculosis has laid the foundation hundred years; but, in most cases, our parent that Edgemark. Nelson. Bay-Wilksbrino, Granby, Joe Young, Junemont, Brown rnd Axtell are among the horsos intended. -Scoggan; of the firm of Bryant &

Scoggan, has gone to St. Louis with his string and a portion of the combination string. But Proctor Knott is not included in the list, as he has been sent to Louisville, where he will be specially prepared by Bryant himself for the American Derby. And this suggests a few words about the Futurity winner. He was started in the Himyar stakes one mile and a furlong, as was his sta-ble companion, Come to Taw, the latter carrying eleven pounds more than Knott, Everybody knew of the latters recent sickness, but as he had recently been taking his work of mornings, it was generally supposed he was good enough to beat Longfish in case Come to Taw was not able to take the trick. In this case public opinion was at fault, for even with his light impost he came in last, although urged out for second their rounds of pleasure. Only next is the waste of high-living, conjoined with excessive devotion to business. scome a formidable factor in the American Derby problem. He will irregular and broken sleep, night exposure and the constant drain on the at Louisville, and it is at least possible he may recover his Louisville Derby