Consider the Ravens.

Lord, according to Thy words, I have considered Thy birds : And I find their life good, And better the better understood : Sowing neither corn or wheat, lowing neither corn of the eat; They have all they can eat; Reaping no more than they sow, They have all they can stow: Having neither barn nor store, Having neither barn nor store, Hungry again, they cat more.

Considering, I see, too, that they Have a busy life, and plenty of play; In the earth they dig their bills deep. And work well though they do not heap: Then to play in the air they are not loath. And their nests between are better than both. But this is when there blow no storms; When berries are plenty in winter, and worms; When bette fasthers are thick, and off is enough To keep the cold out and the rain off: If there should come a long hard frost, Then it looks as if Thy birds were lost.

But I consider further, and find A hungry bird has a free mind; He is hungry to-day, not to-morrow; Steals no confort, nor grief doth borrow; This moment is his. Thy will hath said it, The next is nothing till Thou hast made it.

The bird has pain, but has no fear, Which is the worst of any gear: When cold and hunger and harm betide him, He gathers them not, to stuff inside him; Content with the day's ill he has got. He waits just, nor haggles with his lot; Neither junibles God's will With driblets from his own still.

But next I see in my endeavor, Thy birds here do not live forever: That cold or hunger, sickness or age, Finishes their earthly stage; The rook drops dead without a stroke, And never gives another croak: Birds lie here and birds lie there, With little feathers all astare; And in Thy own sermon. Thou That the sparrow falls dost allow.

It shall not cause me any alarm, For neither so comes the bird to harm, Seeing our Father. Thou hast said, Is by the sparrow's dying bed; Therefore it is a blessed place. And the sparrow in high grace. It cometh. therefore, to this, Lord; I have considered Thy word, And henceforth will be Thy bird. By George MacDonald.

LOSING HER HOLD.

The schoolmaster and his wife, after morning meeting was over, took their way down Prout's Lane and across the hill homeward. The path was narrow; the dominie walked first. He made a remark at long intervals to his wife behind him, but without looking back: "'Squire wasn't out. Reckon his

lumbago's worse?"

"'S likely."

4.4

"The doctor had his little grandchild with him. I suppose his daughter has come for the summer."

"I reckon she has."

There was a long silence after that, broken only by the buzz of the bees in the red clover and the ch'k-k-k of the grasshopers through the hot grass. The old man stopped to see how much the corn in the lower field had grown during the week, and to gaze meditatively at the pigs in their pen. But Mrs. Holmes had no thought to day for pigs or corn. She walked with her head bent on her breast, almost forgetting to hold up the skirts of her Sunday merino out of the grass. There ing to Philadelphia. had been a strange preacher that dayan old man with a quick, sharp tone

hair in a wisp, and wore the scuttle bonnets proper to old age. The work of life, she held, was finished for her and Some Very Peculiar Instances of its Daniel. They had paid for the farm, so that when one died the other was sure of maintenance; the farm and house were in perfect order, the cemetery lot was bought. The money for the monument was a kind of frilling embroidery on this perfected life, the handsome flourish to the signature which closed the deed.

As she sat ponring out the tes, thinking these things over, her husband "reckoned" again that the 'Squire's lumbago was bad, and that the doctor's daughter was at home. Then he yawn-ed drearily, and fell asleep in his chair in the sun.

How much of his time he slept in yawning and sleeping! Yet, thirty years ago, Daniel Holmes was an eager teacher, keeping well abreast with the knowledge and ideas of his time, living in the world of books, newspapers, music and pictures. But they had come out of town into this village, and set themselves to scrape together money to buy this farm. What was the change that had come on them? Had they really been spinning their grave clothes out of selfishness?

Ann went to afternoon service, but she did not hear a word of Father Langley's discourse. She was back in the town; long-forgotton history sounded in her ears. There was Dan's brother, Jack, poor fellow! She saw him plainly in the crowd. A gay, affectionate lad, who might have turned out well if he had been guided! But he had married patience, had turned them both adrift. As they walked home that evening

she said to the schoolmaster: "How long is it since we heard from John, Dannell?"

He did not reply at first, and when he did, it was a strained, annoyed voice: "Twenty-six years."

"I wish I and Abbie could have hit it off together. I am feared that it was not right to shove them off, with neither money nor religion 'for a staff.'" All this occupied probably ten hours from the time I was struck."

Daniel made no reply, but Ann understood his silence as more bitter a re-

ply than words. The next morning she brought him a

"I'd like to take it instead for us to spend a week in Philadelphia." "What tomfoollery's that?"

"There's no poor folks in Amity, 'n

maybe we might see some there as we might give-advice to. And you could look up the libraries and museums." "Nonsense!"

"And maybe we might meet John." 'Here, put the money away!" I'll bank it," he growled.

But four days later Amity was shaken to its centre by the news that the schoolmaster and his wife had gone for an out-

"There's a queer customer," whis-

LIGHTNINC'S FREAKS.

Effects on the Body.

Bergen D. Newell, a grocer of Plainfield, N. J., while pulling up his awning during a severe thunder st rin in June, received a stroke of lightning that very nearly killed him. He was completely paralyzed for several hours, and was not able to speak or make any sort of motion. His shoes were torn from his feet, though his feet gave no evidence of the visit of the mysterious fluid. There were a few slight burns on his body. Though he was paralyzed he retained entire possession of his faculties, and can describe the sensa ion he experienced as life came back to his benumbed limbs. He thinks he might have been unconscious for a second, because he has no recollection of falling. On the other hand, he saw the clerk in his store running to his assistance. Inasmuch as the clerk saw him fall and ran immediately to his assistance, it would seem that the period of unconsciousness must have been

very short indeed. "My eyes were wile open," said he, "and I was not able to close them. could see hear and understand everything, but could not move or talk. At first my body seemed absolutely devoid of any feeling whatever, then, as the treatment to which the doctors subjected me began to have effect, I became couscious first of a feeling of numbness, which gradually began to be paina feather-headed girl, and Ann, out of ful, until finally the numbress had worn away and my entire body seemed to be one of intense ache, very much like that which accompanies inflammatory rheumatism. When the pain was most intense my muscles began to have involuntary motion, a sort of twitching much like that of Sr. Vitus' dance. Very shortly after that I began to get control of my muscles myself, and motion became gradually easier to me.

Mr. Newell says also that he was a victim of insomnia before this experience, which has now entirely disappeared.

Five years ago Mrs. William Baxter "There is some money I have saved for buryin' expenses, Dannell," she said. of Milford, Conn., was struck by light-ning during a sudden afternoon storm, while she was in the act of closing a window to prevent the rain from driving in. The fluid first struck a corner of the frame dwelling and tore off the clapboards in a straight line toward the open window. It then prostrated The Bad Qualities of one Member of Mrs. Baxter and ran along two sides of the bodroom to the chimney following the brickwork to the kitchen below, where iron pots and kettles were scattered over the floor and the stove up-

set.

Mrs. Baxter was a short, stout woman, about 45 years of age, and subject to rheumatism in her lower limbs. The stroke of lightning knocked her pered one of the attendants in the old senseless, and she remained uncon-Franklin Library a week afterwards. scious for more than three hours. Her "He comes every day and goes from skin was not broken, but the electric sheep-very different from Father Langley's prolonged, drowsy hum. One or two of his sentences rung in Ann or two of his sentences rung in Ann or two of his sentences rung in Ann Holme's ears. "While you live, live! You wrap yourself in selfishness and fat content, which there was for a year afterward a the list of his employers. His little gathers or pleats, or some lengthwise desk is near the entrance, and here he jabot folds. When two materials are this musty leather?" grumbled the other the stroke, and has since been wholly lad, who was lean and stooped, with an free from her rheumatic troubles. Mrs. Baxter has no recollection of what transpired from the moment she raised her hand to unfasten the window sash until she regained consciousness. wife, anxiously, what she thought of fashioned inn in the lower part of the Her senses came as suddenly as they body. departed, and she at once stretched out asks fairly panting with the triumphs of his her arm and endeavored to lower the researches. He had visited kindergar-"Mr .--- ' were rubbing her limbs to resuscitate her there was no sign of life excepting about?" an occasional long breath. When a thunderstorm is now approaching Mrs. Baxter feels an attack of nausea, but otherwise she is well as ever. Henry M. Burt, the editor and publisher of Among the Clowis, a souvenir daily newspaper published on the summit of Mt. Washington, N H., during the summer season, will long have rea-son to remember his experience with to you?" lightning, which occurred nine or ten years ago. The paper was then issued from the old Tip Top House, which contained the printing press, types, cases, etc. Thunder storms are frequent at this elevation, 6,293 feet, many times the shower passing below the summit, on which the sun will be shining, while the lightning plays below. On this occasion a bolt came through the window, struck Mr. Burt, dodged about among the other persons present, and then went out at another window. Mr. Burt was picked up insensible, placed on one end of the train of the og railroad which runs down the mountain side, and taken to the base, "Europe.," where he was buried up to his neck in fresh earth. The electricity rapidly left him and he recovered his senses. He was disabled for a couple of months or more, but entirely recovered, except that he has been since, perhaps the calls of sedentary occupations rush in somewhat more delicate health than away for a short holiday, and endeavor before. His sensation when recovering by systematic over- exertion to make his senses was an intense prickling or up for the inactivity of the previous tingling all over his body, as if innum- months. Every year brings its sad erable fine-pointed needles were sticking into the flesh. The same course of treatment, bury- pracationers shows yet more clearly that ing the patient in fresh earth as soon as this overstrain is followed by prolonged possible was tried on a fireman on the illness. The circulatory and respiratory Mount Washington rail: oad, who was system work hand-in-hand, and rebel struck by lightning, with equally good against any sudden disturbance of their results. In that case the fireman, who ordinary routine. The dadger is always was taken from the summit of the greatest when there is any heart weakmountain to the base insensible, is said ness. In moments of intense nervous to have ridden babk in the cab of his excitement the breathing is frequently wn engine a few hours after. Lavinda Adams, a farmer residing at upon an enfeebled heart then becomes She own engine a few hours after. Pound Ridge, N. Y., a small town of very severe. Emotional excitement a few miles below Danbury, Conn., necessarily produces palpitation, and just over the State line, was sitting at the fixation of the thorat (chest) then the supper table with his family and a adds to the diffi ulty at the moment neighbor, Noah Brown, on Saturday when the heart is at its weakest. The evening, April 20, talking, laughing prime requisite for a happy summer and joking, when about 6 o'clock a teal outing, for a beneficial vacation, is the The Smart Indian Boy. At a meeting held at Hampton last Ladien Example of the party until Edward, the 19-year-old boy came to his senses. Everything was in disorder. Every pane of glass in the window frames was shattered. His father, mother, two sisters, infant brothers and Mr. Brown were lying on the floor motion-The crackling and snapping of tim-'cause folks expect that Injun will bers over head attracted his attention, and as he saw the flames rapidly consuming the dry and splintered rafters out a signature are alike in value.

he realized that it was time for action. He lest no time in dragging the forms of the unfortunates out of the doomed house.

His oldest sister was the next to remust be laid aside. A few new gracecover from the shock, and she was at once sent for help. Neighb rs hurried ful and fanciful shaped hats are seen, the most conspicuous is a broad, square to the scene, and set about to extingflat in Italian straw, fancifully turned uish the flames. This done, they all up, draped and crumpled, black velvet turned their attention to the unfortunate and still unconscious victims. Mrs around the crown and a garland of white velvet edelwciss with hearts of Adams had recovered in the meantime, gold, a dainty wreath, spreading its but she showed every sign of insanity, pretty flowers of remembrance and and it was by main force she was kept fidelity, is placed upon the slope of the brim in front. More graceful, more from rushing into the burning building. The youngest sister was killed outelegant and fresher there is however, in this head-dress a resemblance to that right

Mr. Brown was so badly injured that of the belles of the "Frasteverie." A he died the following morning. His dress which accompanies this hat, is a flesh was torn into shreds, and in many nothing, trifle, in banana colored batiste places the bone was exposed. Mr. figured with clematis and thistles. Very Adams was badly burned, but recovered. For weeks Mr. Adams was a raving

maniac, one moment laughing, the next groaning and writhing in the most intense pain. By careful nurs-ing she was brought back to herself. match the color of the skirt. A long rose colored ribbon surrounds the waist and falls upon the side of the skirt. The sleeve is slightly puffed and held in the Lightning recently struck a tree at Danbury, Conn., near which stood a little girl 11 years of age. The shock caused the girl to spin around like a center by fine plaits. In the hand is the reed basket called "cueille fleurs." top. A man who was passing ran and caught her as she was falling to the skirts of silk, other silk skirts of changground. She was carried into the house ing tints take a hundred different and soon recovered. She claims she aspects.

felt as if 1,000 needles were pricking One is in dalhia taffetas of a fine her, then felt no more until she recovshade with which are mingled other ered. Her parents say she has never been as bright or intelligent since the shock. Several years ago, in a small Massawidth and shades, from the lightest to

chusetts town, Thomas Taylor was the darkest. In this elegant garment standing on the porch of the house of may be seen tints from the rose mauve James Acton. The latter was leaning to the redish violet. against the side of the open door. They were watching the approach of a in Scabieuse" surah, accordeon plaited, thunder storm. Acton was struck by lightning and instantly killed, while Taylor was only benumbed and rendered unconscious. He remained in an the bottom separates the surah. unconscious condition for several days, in old brocade with strange flowers, and but recovered after many months of suffering. He said:

"I had no idea what struck me, and ribbon of charming shade. had no feeling whatever for four days. I was not conscious of anything. was told that when found my clothes were torn and considerably burned. My hair before the shock was light brown. Now, as you see, it is as white as that of an old man of 80 years."

THE PROVOKING OFFICE BOY.

the Tribe Exposed.

In one of the biggest law offices in this city there is employed a little, palefaced boy whose bright eyes are forever on the alert to detect something. He doesn't care much what it is so that it violates some of the rules laid down by

his employers or seems to him to be wrong and needful of correction. His contempt for wealth and power 15 un- to support them, not to add to their surpassed, and he will detect some size; the pad bustles are omitted alto-slight fracture of the rules by a famous gether. The fronts and sides of many

with silk muslin interwoven with narrow

ribbon of "moire" or of "faille." Such

a bewildering array of luxurious gar-

ments has certainly never been seen be-

fore. We have eyes, in these days,

only for the most ultra-elegant robes

readers, many, like ourselves, they cer-

them, but we tremble when we think of

the many others who will accuse us of

tempting them to indulge in useless

STRAIGHT SKIRTS.

The skirts of new dresses are hung to

of passementerie or a drooping sash of velvet holds up the left side of the wool

skirt to show a velvet skirt beneath.

Few pleatings are at the foot of skirts;

sometimes only a band of velvet or of

wide ribbon. or a facing of the dress

goods, is at the foot of the foundation

skirt. For trimming the outside of a

The Question Finally Solved.

One often wonders why such a large

number of idlers always surround every

excavation or new building in the cen-

tral part of the city, but an explanation

given by one of yesterday sheds some

light on the mystery. A man who sat

on a block of stone carefully watching

the work on the nine-story building at-

of the time for the last two months,"

"Well, then, what brings you here?"

door wide enough by an inch and a half, and I've been sitting around to see

"That door is all right, s'r, and

"Is it? Then there's no longer any

Merchantville race track, was crushed

ably die. In some manner the horse

was suffering from concussion of the brain, with probable internal injuries,

and his chances of recovery are very

Beware of those who are homeless

tracted the attention of one of the bos-

points of passementerie.

ses, who said:

"No."

slim.

from choice.

luxury and expense. FELICE LESLIE.

HORSE NOTES.

The season is waning. Very soon all costumes of batiste, foulard Indis silk, all hats of light straw and tulle range from 2.24 to 4.00.

-Guy trotted in 2.12 over the new Queen City Driving Club track at Cincinnati on Thursday September 12th.

-Among the latest bets on the National Stallion race, to be decided at Boston, September 18, is \$1000 to \$500 against Alcryon.

-Trenton has added a 2.25 trotting race for a \$500 purse to the programme for decision on September 3)th and following days.

- Sunol trotted in 2.161 for the Occident Stokes at Sacramento on Thursday September 12th. She was allowed a walkover by the default of the other nominations.

light and simple, it is gathered over a -Mr. George H. Engeman visited rose and banana colored changeable Brighton Beach Bace Course on Thurssilk. On the bottom a gathered flounce, day September 12th, and reported that two large reveres on the corsage, \$50) would repair the damage done by covered with fine silk embroidery to the storm.

-It was almost finally decided at a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the North Hudson Driving Park to have trotting races in the month of October. With all these light robes, all these

-Premiums amounting to \$20,000 will be awarded at the forty-third annual fair at Mount Holly, N. J., on October 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12.

-The pacer Charley Friel, purchased tints admirably blinded. On the bot-tom of this skirt is a great ruche made record from 2.161 to 2.153 over a halfof seven or eight ruffles gradulated in mile track at Defiance, O., recently.

-Oriflamme and Hanover are the most successful horses on the turf that have undergone the trying operation of nerving. The former was never faster Then there is the pretty "Nonnain than at present.

-The following Danville (Ky.) horses the plaits fine and close, opening and have beat 2.30 this season for the first closing with the appearance of velvet. Three rows of Chantilly insertion at time: Don Pizarro, 2.15;; Gertie Harkaway, 2.261; Mambrino Maid. 2.231, and S. G. Boyle's Egberta. We see others, also without number

-Miller & Sibley, of Franklin, Pa., have sold the stallion Elector, record flounces of lace draped with knots of 2.214. by Electioneer, to the Springfield (Ill.) Stock Farm, for \$75.0. All are little treasures, especially the 'mignon," skirt of white surah covered

-Henry W. Genet died recently at New York. He was an admirer of the trotting borse and owned the black gelding General Butler, which was famous in its day.

-For the first time in many years Utica "failed to connect" with the and hats, and as there are among our Grand Circuit. The track in the Genesee Valley is virtually a thing of the tainly will not complain but resign past and will live only in tradition. themselves gladly to what we can direct

-The chestnut mare Donna, foaled 1885, by Mambrino Patchen, dam Sunnyside, by Richelteu, broke her leg while running in the pasture recently and will probably have to be destroyed.

-Mambrino Maid, the 4-year-old appear almost straight, yet those of daughter of Mambrino Startle, brother heavy fabrics have one or two short of Majolica, 2.15, made a record of 2.23 steels in their foundation skirt, merely in the Phoenix Hotel Stakes at the Lexington Fair, recently.

-Czarina, daughter of Dolly, entered the 2.30 list at Chicago. This makes the fourth representative, the others being Director, 2.17; Thorndale, 2,212, and Onward 2.251.

-W. H. Wilson, of Abdaliah Park, Cynthiana, Ky., has purchased from upon some bloody tail of hairbreadth and the soft wool is slightly draped at Edwin D. Bither, Racine, Wis., escapes. But his wits are always on the top on each side, and cut out there bay 5-year-old stallion Raymond, sired edge and the fall of the lightest foot- to show the velvet below the belt, and by Simmons, 2.28, dam Lady Raymond,

FASHION NOTES.

as in grave clothes before you are dead. The world is full of your brothers, starving, cold, ignorant. Go to them! You owe them service to the last breath of your life."

the sermon, as they came out of the churchvard.

Mrs. Perry shook her head contemptuously.

"He's one of these half-cracked, sensational preachers. What has Amity township to do with the starving poor? We keep our almshouse well. Let the big towns see to their own paupers?"

Ann was comforted for the moment, but she remained uneasy. That hint about the grave clothes seemed a personal hit at herself. Could the man know?

She hurried past the schoolmaster when they reached their own gate, going up the spotless board walk, with beds of geraniums and roses on either side, to the side door. She could not resist a complacent glance at hose beds. Not a weed; the brown earth sifted fine and smooth. There was no such garden in the village; no kitchen was so exquisitely neat; no parlor was so speckless and prim. Surely, her conscience told her she was a good Christian woman fulfilling her duty, and had no cause for wrench and misery of soul which she felt just now.

She went upstairs to her own chamthen unlocked a drawer in the press. She did not need to lift the white towpinned up in them. The underclothing of snowy linen, the worked flannels, the fine woolen shroud. She put had every stitch in them. Could the man have known?

Every matron in Amity had her "funeral suits" provided. It was a mat-ter of pride to them, just as Mrs. B., in Boston, would delight in her old satsuma or her Corot. The Amity people in the sacred parlor, unrebuked. glorified in their new cemetery. The Holmes had their lot like the rest; a Holmes had their lot like the rest; a nesh triumphantly. "Look at Albert! narrow one; for there were only two to asks, triumphantly. "Look at Albert! he baried in it. Ann had her choicest He's another boy. He is a born farmer. be buried in it. Ann had her choicest roses set out there. She had directed That library was killing him." in her will every detail of the trimming on her coffin.

She thrust her hand under the shroud now and pulled out a little bag of gold coin. They were the savings of years; pennies scrimped out of clothes, meat, milk. They were to pay for the hand-some granite monument "Erected to the wife

while you live, live!"

She dropped the bag as if some one spoke at her back, locked the drawer, held her fine shroud is empty .- Conand went downstairs,

The "piece" was spread as usual on Sunday noon; flaky bread; cloverscenied honey, delicious pies. Ann, as she cut the pie, was comforted by a pense of spiritual well-being. No wowoman was more faithful at meeting, at Sunday schoo', at missionary society. finished.

.urs. Holmes was fifty-five years of age, but she used to speak of herself as learn as much in three years as white near her grave. She twisted up her boy does in nine or ten years."

ugly cough.

He went up to Daniel, however, and helped him in his explorations.

Our country pilgrims put up at an old city. Daniel came back to it at night tens, industrial schools and museums,

where art and science were taught without charge to the poorest. "As for libraries, whole continents of knowledge have been discovered while I was dozing and snoring in Amity," he

exclaimed. Ann made her rounds among the asylums, the hospitals for children, the free classes, the creches. Her cold gray eyes were dim and wet.

"Half the world seems to be cold and hungry, and the other half are working to warm and feed them," she said. "And I could find nothing to do but to make fine my shroud and gravestone! But have you got any trace of John or Abbie, Dannell?"

"No; I doubt its no use Ann."

But as Ann woke day by day and got her hold upon the world again, her search became more energetic. One day she came in at noon red with excitement.

"I've found them, Dannell. That is to say, John and Abbie are dead; but

they've left three children. The eldest ber, laid off her bonnet carefully, and boy supports them, and he is that consumptive lad in the library you took such a fancy to. Come right along. els. She knew perfectly well what was Don't stop for dinner. Come! Three children! And the Lord never before gave us one

Mrs. Ann Holmes' house is no longer the neatest in Amity. The chubby little girl of fourteen who helps her in the

kitchen leaves her work and schoolbooks here and there and the baby who tags after her from morning until night drops her greasy bread and butter even

"What's a clean floor compared to the flesh coming onto their bones?" she

"I'll have no abuse of libraries, Daniel says. "I'm going up for study twice a year. It doesn't do to lose your hold on the world. You've got to keep

step while you live.' "Y-es," Ann replies absently. is looking up a hymn simple enough for Abbie to understand, and after that she memory of Daniel Holmes and Ann, his is going to make some flannel petticoats for baby before the cold weather comes. They are cut and neatly folded in her basket, and the drawer up-stairs which gregationalist.

'Indian Emancipation day," one of the man made such crust in Amity. No Indian boys in his speech said: "Whenever we do anything, white man don't like he calls us 'Injun,' whenever In what had she come short? her starved we do anything Injun don't like he calls us 'white man." He also exduty. great and small, had been well pressed his conviction that "Injun boy less and apparently dead. great deal smarter than white boy,

step without causes him to prick up his it is again slashed open in the front at by Carlisle. ears and listen with every fibre of his the foot to disclose the velvet there When the person enters he also. In other skirts a width of velvet or silk, or whatever the contrasting material may be, appears down the left

"Who did you wish to see?"

"What did you wish to see him

"I will tell him."

"Very well."

Then the boy resumes his reading and the visitor, after a puzzled glance at the row of little offices, says: "Please tell Mr.-that Mr. Smith is

out here and would like to see him," "What about?" "Bless your impudence, what's that

The boy returns wearily to his book and pays no further attention to any-

thing outside of it until Mr. Smith weakens and says: "Tell him I want to see him about

the Blank matter." Then the boy looks up and says with an air of renewed interest in life:

"Oh, but I can't; 'cause Mr .- isn't it. He has just stepped out."

"When will he be in?" "Don't know." "Will he be in again to-day?" "Guess not," "Do you know where he is?" "Yes sir." "Where?"

Many who have become enfeebled by long continement and close attention to

whether I was wrong or you meant to change it." won't be changed." that new store up plumb. fin was taken to the Cooper Hospital, Camden, where it was found that he thing—a very good thing — provided you go about it like a sensible being. Let us drop our "beastly" American way of doing it. It is the pace that is

snapping so many strings. Go slow. 'Tis best not to dispute where there is no probability of convincing.

Friendship gives no privilege to make Prayer without work and a note withourselves disagreeable.

-Bentoneer, bay stallion, by General Benton, dam Guess by Election-eer, owned by William Disston, of Philadelphia, took first premium at the side quite straight or else in the middle Wilmington Fair for the slow class for of the back; sometimes a large ornament stallions between 4 and 5 years old.

-A. R. Mock has a 2-year-old filly by King Almont, dam the dam of Prince Wilkes, 2.142, which he gave \$4500 for last year. Crit Davis has her in charge, and she promises to go as fast as the renowned Prince.

-The Southern Hotel stakes of \$10.straight wool dress, no matter of what 000 for horses with records not better color, black borders are used in rows of than 2.25 on April 15 will be trotted at velvet ribbon, or else three straight St. Louis on Thursday, October 3. The rows of open-patterned black passemen-terie, or the single row of vandyke Harry Noble, Dixie V., Robert Rysdyk, Reference, Acolyte, Hendrix, Norval, Greenlander and Geneva.

-Jos Hocker, a promising 3-year-old of unknown breeding owned by Cincinnati parties, dropped dead in a race at the Lexington (Ky.) fair grounds. He was in the 2.25 class race, which was won by Nancy Hanks. Best time-2.26. Hecker went a mile in his work in 2.25 a few days since.

-Moonstone, the yearling filly that Mr. Wilson, of Cynthiana, Ky., sold to Mr. Ashbrook, of the same place, some time ago for \$2500, was left to be "I have seen you around here most trained at Abdaliah Park, and on August 31, at Lexington, she won her race in a jog, and obtained a record of 2.471. She is by Sultan, out of a mare by George Wilkes,

-Amy Lee and Marie Jaesen, the two mares that Budd Doble has retired for the season, are related. Marie Jansen is by Betterton, son of George Wilkes, out of Dame Tausey. Amy Lee is by Bay Star, the brother of Dame Tansey, out of a mare by Hia-toga. The dam of Marie Jansen and the sire of Amy Lee are brother and "Well, I'll tell you, It struck me the sire that you were not making the front sister.

-A daughter of the man who bred and raised Spokane now comes to the front and claims Montana as the home of the famous horse. She laughs at the "ozone of the Rockies" and the "morning tapees," spokeroot, etc., ideas, and says the horse never crossed the mounneed of my presence, and I'll move up tains but once, and then when a 2-year-

-At the close of the recept meeting -Abraham Griffin, a jockey at the mained at the head of the list of winning owners, being credited thus far under his horse recently, and will prob- this season with \$97,000, followed by the Dwyer Bros., with \$89,000, J. B. became unmanageable at one of the Haggin with \$88,000, J. A. & A. H. Haggin with \$54,000, Theodore Winters other fence. The jockey was thrown with \$51,000, and A. J. Cassatt with off and the horse rolled on him. Grif- \$48,003.

-Exile illustrates what management will do. He has run only three times this year, but has won some \$13,000 in stakes. Probably there are hundreds of horses which would be as good as he if they were managed as he is. He is never raced often, and if he shows any soreness he is stopped. Like his sire, Mortemer, he seems a better horse the older he grows.

"Yes." "Are you drawing wages?" Summer Outings. "Oh, no." "Is it a relative of yours who is building?" "No." "Going to rent it when finished?" "No." "Getting points sn architecture?"

warnings of this folly in a record of fatalities, while the experience of most