Many slaves and vassals Served about her throne, But, one fateful evening, She was quite alone.

Joy and deep contentment Sparkled in her eyes. While her dimpled fingers Clasped her dearest prize.

Ho, ye faithless servants, Guards and soldiers all! Here are three bold robbers On the castle wall.

Swift they come! The Princess Shrieks in dire dismay:— Forth steps General Grandpa, Ready for the fray:

Grandly waves his kerchief:

"Shoo, you naughty fly!
Can't you let my baby,
Eat her piece of pie?"

— Youth's Companion.

AN OBSCURE HEROINE

For an hour or more they had been ing the rocky margin of one of the blindly out and up toward the cave. mountain streams, their horses pru- She had had but one idea then-one dently cautious of heir footing. All crazy, unreasoned impulse; to save about the intense virgin stillness was Rube, to help him. And evidently she looked about him unintermittenly with man who had been shot. swift glances which nothing escaped.

Suddenly he pulled rain. Something in his expression caused Lauriat quickly to say "Well!"

The horses quickened their pace. cabin showed through the thicket of

Lauriat's pulse beat a little more rapidly, with a sence of some expectan-He remembered that his companion had mentioned a stream as one of the inevitable signs of the illicit distilleries. Was this one of the moonshiners

who had appeared at the cabin door? It was a woman-a girl-Lauriat perceived, as they drew nearer. She watched their approach with calm eyes under pensive, straight brows. Her yellow hair was twisted behind in heavy braids. She wore a homespun gown and a large blue sun-bonnet hung

by its strings to her arm. 'Rube Patton? Naw, Rube don't

the wide-awake. She spoke in a low drawl that softened the asperities of her speech. "Do you know where he does live?"

Again she answered negatively. Meantime Lauriat was looking at the picture she made, there in the low doorway. with covert intentness. When they had turned their horses' heads and passed out of sight of her:

you for a revenue officer at once.'

An hour later a shadow darkened the down. It was a stalwart mountaineer, young, with jeans trowsers, ending in high boots. He, too, had the fair hair There came up and light skin, darkened by exposure, characteristic of this race.

"You'uns hed oughter be keerful," Drusilia said slowly. "I seen the Dep'ty Marshall or one of his posse." The young man gave a smothered

"He asked for you'uns," she con-

tinued. "And what did you'uns say, Drusil-

She lifted her dark eyes again and he in them. It had never been expressly recognized that they should "keep company," but each divined the others heart and mind more or less closely. And if ever this time of anxiety, this government raiding was safely over, Rube Patton knew that it would not be silla was safe; she would not betray

He stayed an hour longer lounging in the doorway, watching her bake pone in the ashes of the chimney. They said very little. But Drusilla was

When the sun began to forsake the valleys far below he turned away and betook his steps to a trail leading vaguely up through the thick wood back of the cabin. He did not go very far. The cave up there in the mountain side had been very near, had those men in the afternoon but known it.

Drusilla was happy. Nevertheless she did not sleep much that night. Rube had taken the news that the revenue men were on his track quietly enough upon the whole, but Drusilla felt danger close upon her in the very air that swept stilly laden with the balsamic odors of these altitudes about the silent cabin.

And suddenly there was silence no longer. Drusilla, who had fallen at last | calm as before. The old grandmother into a fitful sleep, sat up with a conviction of the worst. The report of rifles smoking a pipe.

rang sharply through the night. It was dark, save for faint starlight. She at thus far. He was going back again nothing.

Up there at the still there was fightof the moonshiners had been seized and showed herself ready to take the penalty way to the county jail. But one or two had gotten off under cover of the darkness and one of the posse lay stark dead a few feet from the mouth of the cave. Who had fired the shot that killed the

day, "is what remains for us to find

The sun glowed hotly down on the sides in the spring. dusty square in front of the courthouse. the township and beyond to witness this total, the most interesting on the docket of the criminal court. That the illicit lovers. In a few months he would be

distillers were frequently violent in set at liberty and they would be martheir efforts to defend themselves, and | ried, women should belong to their number man as one of a band of moonshiners, this was a case without precedent. There was a curiosity to see this girl, the more that rumor had spread that she was pretty. Alas! poor Drusilla. Haggard-eyed and white, such beauty

as she had had was quite obscured now. The crowd of loungers in the body of New York Mercury. the hall stared, listened to the proceedings, and expectorated placidly in turn. The lawyers objected and wrangled among themselves. People came in and others, growing tired, went out. Lauriant looked at the girl's set face under the poor little faded straw hat and wondered what was going on within her.

In truth Drusilla scarcely heard, scarcely saw aught of what was passing in the dingy room. The deposition of witnesses as to her past character, the speeches of the lawyers, all this reached her vaguely, as through the mists of a dream. She seemed to herself to have been in a dream ever since that dark riding very slowly and in silence. To and dreadful night, when she had seized Lauriat's eye the road appeared almost the rifle she and her old grandmother to have ceased. They were now ascend- kept for protection and had rushed unbroken. While Lauriat gave himself had felt an imprisoning grip on her up esthetically, dreamily, as was his shoulder. The rifle she held was the wont, to the impressions of the moment only one there. Not one of the moonhis companion—an older man with a shiners had been caught with firearms keen face under a soft wide-awake- in hand. And close at her feet lay the

She did not utter a word. She made no resistance. She was benumbed. One idea only had taken possession of her every faculty by the time dawn had The other gave a short, significant broken and she was about to be led away out of the mountains with the

others-one determination. Rube Patton had been at the still that night. He was armed and he had es-

"It's a curious case," said the revenue officer, whom Lauriat knew and whom the latter had accompanied in some of his journeys through the mountain "I cannot seem to feel that the wilds. girl is guilty."

"She did not plead to the contrary. "No; but I have been convinced all along that if those two men who got off pay-roll? could have been caught new light might be thrown on the matter. One of them is supposed to have been that same Rube | about patents,'

addressed her by the keen-eyed man in slowly, "that the girl can be shielding employment ceased. Now, I want you

these men-or both-could be laid hold sume: control of the road.

Lauriat's glance, when next he entered the courtroom, caught Drucilla's permanent position at a good salary face with an additional and quickened just because he fest it his duty to stay interest. Was it only his imagination- by the Market street company, and, of his imagination was wont to play him | course, he had spent the seven hundred | "That, with all its roughness, is a his imagination was wont to play him course, he had spent the seven hundred curiously fine type," he said. "That many picturesque tricks, or were there dollars which he had received from the curiously fine type," he said. "That many picturesque tricks, or were there dollars which he had received from the course, he had spent the seven hundred dollars which he had received from the curiously fine type," he said. girl anywhere else might be handsome."

Some."

Some said. That lines of renunciation, of high and exalted sacrifice in the little mountaineer's for seven months' work. It was a big pelerine, falling a little below the waist. "What I am thinking," said the other worn countenance, giving it a new, pa- wad of money to root in those days, vexedly, "is that she knows of Rube thetic nobility? He began to watch too, and he had a heap of troub'e to Patton's whereabouts as well as the the progress of the trial with an almost raise it. But he stood up all friends, fellow himself. But they're mighty feverish intentness. That chance idea, sharp and they're all in league. You once implanted, inspired, blossomed to square himself with Crocker, taking can't ask a five-year-old along the road and grew. Could it be that the girl a receipt from that gentleman showing an indirect question but that he takes | would be convinced of a crime she had on its face that he was not in the cable never committed?

He started from his absorption. cabin door. The girl looked up, then There was a momentary confusion at the door of the hall-a craning of necks, a

There came up the center passage, between the rows of chairs, straight toward the raised platform at the end opposite the door, a strange figure-a stalwart figure in jeans trowsers and high boots, covered with clay, and with long unkempt, yellow hair and wild haggard

As the man stepped upon the platform Drusilla turned her eyes toward

Then all her composure gave way. She staggered to her feet, then fell back read all the loyalty, the devoted faith in her chair, the blood rushing to her cheeks and leaving them again.

"Rube!" she cried. "Rube!" The young man was looking at the

Judge. "I kem hyar ter make yer let go, yer Honor, of this hyar gal. Ther shot that killed that hyar man was fired by long before they should understand Jed Hepler. He run away when I did each other in words as well. No, Dru- that night, and he has been a-hidin' and a-bein' hunted down in the mounting ever sence. I ain't no man to tell on another man; but when I hearn of what this gal done I went plumb crazy. I been a-trampin since yestiddy, yer

> Honor. He stopped, looking eagerly back from the Judge to Drusilla. Fatigue, anxiety, want of food, the life of the past weeks had almost unsettled him. "You'un's had no call not ter let on,

Drusilly," he said. The girl took her hand from her face A great light came into it. "I 'lowed 'twas you 'un's, Rube. Twere done fer you."

Six weeks later Lauriat rode back into the mountains, following the rough, unbeaten paths he had first taken in the company of his friend the revenue

It was late in the afternoon when he eached the cabin. Drusilla was standing again at the door, grave-eyed and sat at the corner of the chimney within,

crept to the cabin door, but could see on the following day, and this ride had carried him many miles out of his way. But the girl's face as she had confessed The raid had been made. Some her love for the young mountaineer, and the next morning would be on their she supposed that he had incurred upon herseif, had haunted Lauriat's

fancy ever since. Now he scarcely knew what to say to her. She looked up at him recogniz-ingly with her soft, deep eyes and brought him some fresh water to drink "That," said the Deputy Marshal next in a gourd. She had dropped back quietly; undramatically into her quiet life, as undramatic as that of the wild flowers that enamelled these mountain

Rube Patton's sentence had been People had come in from every part of light-lighter than any other of the

And meantime Drusilla waited gravewere no new things. But that a girl ly, happily and in a chastened dream of barely 20 should have shot and killed a gratitude, rapture, unconscious of any heroism in what she had done, and the last glimpse of her sweet pensive gaze, of her slight figure in the doorway, with the little blue sunbonnet, remained in Lauriat's memory for many a long day as the symbol of one of the strongest impressions he had ever received .-

KICKED INTO WEALTH.

How a Thrifty Mechanic Got Even With Millionaire Crocker.

"Speaking of cobles," said a man on a ferry boat in San Francisco, "reminds me of a good one I heard recently on the late Charles Crocker. You know be was at the head of the great Market street cable system and was a close figurer in financial matters. Well, when the Market street cables were put down the contractors employed Henry Root to superintend the construction. There was lots to learn about cable roads in those days, and even after the contractors had turned the road over to Crocker and his associates every day's gloves white, without stitching, the hat run suggested something in the way of improvement. Without any particular understanding Root was kept along to look after things generally, and especially to secure patents on the dozen and one devices which the contruction and operation of the road had suggested. He was paid a small salary, only about one hundred dollars a menth, but so loyal was he to the company that when an offer came to him from Denver, urging him to take charge of that city's new cable road at a fat salary, he refused it, and went on till he had about perfected his pat-

"When he had been thus employed some seven months, Mr. Crocker came back from the East, and at once began looking over the expense account and pay-roll of the cable company, with a view to retrenchment and a more rigid economy. After a time he came to

Root's name. "See here,' said he to his manager, 'what's this man Root doing on our

"'Oh, we've kept him along looking after various things and arranging

Patton on whom I had my eye. And he is apparently a pretty hot-headed character altogether." "Well, he has no business here at all,' said Crocker, sharply. 'He was employed by the contractors, and when "Well, he has no business here at "Do you suppose," asked Lauriant they turned the road over to us his some one else? Impossible! That to tell Mr. Root that not only will we would be heroism, surely." no longer pay him anything, but that I shall expect him to return to us all "Don't quote me as supposing any-thing. All I say is that I wish one of the salary he has received since we as-

"Perhaps you don't think Root was astonished. There he had refused a company's employ for the seven months, and that the money bad been wrongfully paid to him.

patents in the name of Henry Root. "By and by Crocker, Hallidie and the rest of the cable men began the organization of their big pool. When they got well along with it Hallidie said: 'See, here, Crocker, where are your patents on all the improvements which you people operate? I don't see your showing.

"Oh, we'e got 'em somewhere,' replied Crocker, confidently; but when e came to look into the matter he found be didn't have 'em by a long shot. He found the patents for some of the most important devices in use on his system were in the name of Root. He sent for Root,

"When that thrifty mechanic appeared before the magnate the latter said: 'Root, there are a lot of devices which we use and which I see are patented in your name. I wish you'd just make them over to the company.'

"Why?' asked Root, simply. "'You worked them out and patented them when in our employ, and of course you know that the laws of the State provide that when an artisan takes the time for which an employer pays him to work out a patent the patent belongs to the employer.'

"Certainly; I know that's the law, replied Root, in his most respectful tone, 'but here's your receipt, Mr. Crocker, which shows that during the time I was at work on the patents I was not in your employ. Now, my dear Mr. Crocker, you can have those patents for just \$25,000.

"Crocker paid. "From Root's connection with the road he learned of the projected extension out Haight street, put his \$25,-000 into lands along the highway, realized on them when the boom came, made enough to keep the wolf work from his door, thus found time to perfect a cable system of his own, forced them to take him into the pool, and is enjoying a rajah's income from it now.

into a fortune," GOT HIMSELF READY. - "John Henry," exclaimed the angr/ wife, 'you needn't pretend you're asleep Now you listen to me. I'm going to give you a piece of my mind!"

"Wait a minute, Serena," said John Henry, as he got out of bed and groped his way to the boot-closet. "What are you doing?" demanded

the exasperated Serena, "I'm preparing myself," replied John Henry, and a moment later the famous ex-catcher of the world-renowned champion Sockeologer base-ball club had lighted a lamp and was standing in his

"Go ahead, Serena," he said, calm-

Bad men fear exposure.

FASHION NOTES.

As we have said nothing in our letters about hunting costumes, it will interest our readers, we think, if we devote our letter this week to describing the costumes worn on such occasions. First of all, the costume for horseback riding claims our attention. The skirt remains close and short, that is to say, it just covers the feet. As for the corsage, there has been a slight attempt to introduce a change. We have become very tired of the stiff corsage, buttoned straight in the center and close at the neck, without the least feminine appearance; but some of the most coquettish riding habits, designed by English tailors, have introduced a few novelties to this old style costume. Sometimes, the corsage is closed by only three or four buttons, leaving to be seen a waistcoat made of figure or fancy cloth of bright color, dotted with blue or red. At other times, the corsage crosses upon the chest presenting a plastron buttoned from the shoulder to the waist diagonally. Again the corsage is opened, with a collar and revers at the top, only showing a straight waist-coat, slightly sloping over a cravate-plastron. sleeves are always close at the wrist, the tall, with a small round veil of "Chantilly." The style of wearing the hair is the English chignon closely held at the nape of the neck, and conceals the elastic which holds the hat. The jockey whip with its plaited leathern thong been abandoned. The corsets are made of buck-skin, very pretty and coquettish. The boots are of patent leather or of buckskin with the curb chain of steel. The trousers or drawers of black

Hunting costumes are made in the same manner; but the most practical is that made of English cloth, beige or brown, striped or checkered with fine colored threads. On the whole, this hunting costume is well adapted to the ascent of mountains.

A short plaited skirt with a jacket loosely belted, that one can wear open or closed over a waist-coat of corresponding cloth, and fine boots, having double soles. All this is easy to carry, protects one from dampness and dresses

one comfortably. This, year, the little flannel shirt with a large pocket on the left side of the chest, and the points of the collar buttoned, has been adopted with the jacket, of which we have just spoken; also the broad leather or silk belt with its three straps and buckles of leather. This belt is one of the great novelties of the

season. Some pretty young girls who lead the fashion in relation to the toilette, as well as the chase, wear charming costumes of plain white cloth. The plaited skirt trimmed with a small braid of white goat skin. The jacket being trimmed with the same, permits to be seen the little chemisette of colored silk, of which we have already spoken, edged with a pleated shell jabot. For hunting cloaks, we can recommend nothing better than the "Caban" mid-Two large pockets, on the inside, are very convenient; a collar with twenty rows of stitching and a hood, complete mortgaged a lot, and flually managed | the garment. If it rains one pulls the hood over the head and trots merrily through the rain and against the wind, scarcely conscious of it. We have already described the masculine manners which the feminine costume assumes. For the hunt quite especially, as well as "Then he went on and took out his tor boating, this tendency is emphasized.

New York Fashions.

The specimen street gowns displayed so far, are on the princess order, the polonaise, or blouse bodices with plain, full skirt. The tight fitting, high collored basque, familiar for so long, and which tenaciously held its own while skirts changed, has at last lost caste. And it is a decided relief. For after long and constant usage it seemed to lose that striking military effect which first made it popular. There will be more opportunity to display individual taste in the shirred and plaited waists which will take its place. They will be which will take its place. made both in silk and fine cashmer gathered straight from collar to belor slanting across the bust from the eft shoulder to the right side. Broad collar, high cuffs and belt of velvet make

an effective finish to these bodices. Buttons promise to disappear altogether, except on jackets. As vests are worn on the redingotes, buttons are displaced by hooks which fasten under-neath. Blouse waists also hook underneath the soft folds. A few large buttons, very beautiful and costly, finish some of the most severely tailor-made

The polonaise, with broad panels falling to the hem of the skirt in the back and over the hips, makes an excellent groundwork for embroidery. Very rich designs and exquisite handiwork are seen on many of these promenade cos-

One in silky green cloth shows a feathery fern effect in fine black silk braid. The ferns shoot upward on the panels and front of the skirt, torm in a pointed vest on the tight-fitting waist, and are used in connection with close rows of black braid laid on in perpendicular lines.

Another in seal brown has a rich Persian border on the skirt. A cutaway coat opens on a vest of the same em "There's a man absolutely kicked broidery. The coat is confined at the top by a large medallion button.

Gowns of this style give more stateliness to a woman whose inches are many. For small women whether stout or slender, they are too heavy and imposing. Lighter materials with soft, simple drapery are more suitable, and perhaps nothing is so pleasing and graceful as the Greek drapery shown in the cut. Here it is used on a dinner dress with scroll trimmings in silver braid and silver cord about the waist. But the drapery makes up well in the dark shades of cashmere for the street.

NEW TAILOR GOWNS. Many of the new tailor gowns are cut with princess breadths throughout, well-known attitude in the middle of the floor with his old mask, breastpad and leather gloves on. The princess gowns resemble the long close-fitting cloaks already mentioned, and many of them have velvet sleeves and fur borders; it is, however, not

usual to put sleeves in a cloth gown, as such a gown is not always warm enough to be worn without a wrap, and the full sleeves are inconvenient to wear under jackets or other close wraps. A gray cloth gown with princess back has a pointed corsage front opening over a Suede cloth vest of slender shape, braided with gray soutache at the top price. to simulate a pointed yoke, and at the waist to simulate a girdle. Small silver buttons are set beside the vest in Breton clusters, each of three buttons. A square corner of braiding is on the ght hip at the top of the front breadth of the skirt, a narrow vine is braided down each side and across the foot, and a larger corner of braiding is on the left side at the foot of this breadth. A similar gown of purple cloth is braided

with black. New flannels for morning wrappers have leaves, flowers, or arabesques of a dark color on a light ground, and some have a border near one selvage in pointed vandyke pattern. Other flannels have tone upon tone of one color, in pretty old-rose shades, Gobelin blue, grayish hues, and pale pearl-color on

dark royal purple. LONG CLOAKS.

Very dressy long cloaks of cloth are fitted to the figure like a costume, and have full sleeves of velvet, with braiding on the front of the waist, and a border of fur as trimming. The full velvet sleeves are commended, not merely for their beauty, but for their comfort, as they are more easily put on or off than and its cane beak, of twisted silver, has the coat sleeves that were formerly made too close fitting. A grayish green cloth cloak fitted in princess breadths has the front lapped in a new way just below the collar from the left shoulder to the right side under the armhole, and trimmed there with grebelet, also around the foot; the large sleeves are of darker green velvet gathered to grebe cuffs, and there is braiding outlining a bodice on the front. Those who ask about velvet cloaks, are advised to have a severely plain but stylish princess coat, long enough to conceal the dress beneath, but falling open below the waist in front, to display a dress if the wearer chooses.

MANTLES AND TALMAS.

Short mantels are made with high shouldered side pieces that are turned under square below, to form sling sleeves over a long mantilla front of a different fabric; the short back and sides, for instance, are of the new brocades on armure ground with deep fringe of balls falling on the front of plain velvet. A black plush mantle is similarly made, and another of seal plush has grebelet trimming with a turban to match. Long talma capes of brocade, lined throughout with white crinkled fur, and with a Medicis collar showing the fur lining, are excellent for evening wraps.

TAILOR JACKETS.

Tailor jackets for autumn and winter are much longer than they have been for several years, fitting smoothly down over the hips, and of even length all around. Plain models, that are also very stylish when made of scouring cloth or serge, are fitted like a cuirass with darts and side forms, and have also the old-fashioned cross-basque seam passing around the front and hips to the middle forms of the back. The fronts are double-breasted and turned over, with small revers at the top, yet are closed there with a high collar. The sleeves are coat-shaped, and square pocket flaps are set in the cross seams on the hips. Two rows of stitching are the only trimming; two rows of buttons of gray or brown cloth for wearing with various dresses, and are also excellent in black serge for ladies dressing in

mourning Very dressy cloth coats of singlebreasted cuirass shape are made of fancy colored cloth, trimmed with fur of contrasting color or set on like a yoke below the collar, and then trimmed with applique figures of the cloth braided with gold, or copper, or silver. Thus a coat of reseda green cloth has golden brown otter fur as a collar, a yoke, or a vest-like piece, and also cuffs, with arabesques of reseda cloth corded with gold set in the deep pile of the fur. band of Suede-colored cloth is down the edge of the fur, and gilt buttons are set promises to be very fashionable.

He Heard About His Grave.

"Do you know my grave was dug in this town during the war for me to be ouried in?" said a gentleman in our office recently. "No, sir, we never met you before."

"Well, it was. My name is Crane, and I was sergeant in Company G, One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Indiana regiment. I was sick unto death in a hospital in Marrietta, and heard the doctor say to a man who entered the room: 'How many graves are you having dug?' 'Three,' was the response. Well, dig one about a foot longer than the usual length, for that tall sergeant will be dead by morning,' and the instructions were carried out, but you see I did not fill that grave."

"No, you don't look like a resurrected corpse." "The reason I didn't die was I got better the next morning and ate raspberry jam, determined not to fill a grave that was dug before I died."

He Got There.

There is a smart little boy of the listener's acquaintance whose memory is a good deal like his trousers pocketreceptable for all sorts of odds and ends, which are retained with no little pertinacity, but in more or less picturesque disorder. Things pop up now and then in an odd way. The other night this little boy undertook to say his prayers before going to bed. He began all right-

"Now I lay me down to sleep I pray the Lord my soul to keep; If I should—

Here he 'got stuck' for a moment, and seemed to be groping around for the re-mainder of the lines. And then, all at

once, he steamed ahead: "If I should chance to fall below Den esthenes or Cicero, I pray the Lord my soul to take!"

HORSE NOTES.

-Nelson has not been sold. -J. B. Haggin has given up his Kentucky farm.

-A, H. Moore has purchased Maud Muller from Eli Kindig, paying a big

-Gregory is owned by Mrs. Hanrahan, widow of W. W. Withers' late

trainer. -Astoria, the sister of Dexter and

Dictator, is in foal by Lord Russel, brother of Maud S. -There will be another fall meeting

at the Morristown track on October 22, 23 and 24. -W. C. Hamilton, of Roxborough,

has purchased the blk. f. Ha-ha, by Nutwood, for \$1890.

-1t is rumored in racing circles that Mr. Belmont will engage an English jockey for next season. -Jockeys McLaughlin and Taylor

tried P. Lorillard's yearlings recently, and they pronounce them a showy lot. -H. J. Woodford and old Barnum have been reinstated, and the "iron horse" may again be seen at the post on reputable tracks.

-1t has now been definitely arranged that Mr. Caldwell will be starter at the Dwyers' Elizabeth track at Linden and at Guttenberg.

-The Dwyer Brothers have in their stable seventy-six horses, and only about 20 per cent, of the lot have paid their way for the season.

-Moses Fox again owns the Herring Run track at Baltimore, Md., having purchased it from Lawrence Mayberry recently.

-Nelson, Alcryon, Jack, Bermuda, Ione, Norval and other fast ones are entered for the 2.20 stake race at Lexington, Ky.

-The English racing season will commence iu 1890 at Lincoln on March 24. Next year's Epsom Derby will be run on June 4. -Thomas Yarrow, of Philadelphia,

has purchased at Louisville the b. f. Avoca, foaled 1886, by Kentucky -Spokane is at Latonia, but has no stake engagement, and is practically

turned out for the season. He will not

be trained again until next spring, and will winter at Memphis. -James A. Chambers has made an offer for the Homewood Driving Park property, and if the sale is made Pittsburg will again become a prominent

member of the big trotting circuit. -Red Wilkes' contributions to the 2.30 list in 1889 are as follows: Red Bell, 2.17; Red Lassie, 2.24; Jean Wilkes, 2.27; Dally Wilkes, 2.28; Red Bud, 2.29; Wabash, 2.39.

-The Washington Park Jockey Club has increased the added money in the American Derby purse from \$5000 to \$10,000, and in the Hyde Park stakes, for 2-year-olds, from \$2500 to \$5000. -The free-for-all pacing race at Sac-

ramento, on September 19 was a big feature of the fair. Yolo Maid. Adonis and Gold Leaf started, and the first named won in 2.12\$, 2.14\$, 2.15\$. Adonis was driven by Scott Quinton and Yolo Maid was piloted by Hickok.

-The black gelding Erebus came to an untimely end at Louisville the last week in September. In the act of pulon the front are flat wooden moulds the ling up, after being worked, he, size of a quarter of a dollar, covered with strangely enough, broke both his fore the serge. Such coats are made of red legs, and died shortly afterward. For or navy blue serge for young ladies, or months Erebus had been little more than a skeleton. -During the recent Gravesend meet-

ing the Dwyer stable captured over \$24,000 in stakes and purses, just about a quarter of the amount given by the club during the meeting. Of this amount Kingston won \$13,000. Aurania \$2650 in three wins out of four starts, and Taviston \$2400.

-The following horses, the get of Nutwood, have entered the 2.30 list in 1889: Frank (pacer), 2.20; Antelope, 2.23; Nina D., 2.26; Lizzie Mac, 2.30; Redwood, 2.27; Nutgall, 2.29; Wilkeswood, 2.29}, and Atwood, 2.29}.

-John H. Phillips will sell most of his horses at public sale next month. upon the cloth. This light otter fur Phillips has the privilege of remaining at Suffolk until next June, but the work of cutting up the property into building lots will be commenced at

once. - Palo Alto, as a 2-year-old trotted a trial in 2.232, and as a 4-year-old he won seventeen heats in better than 2.3), and reduced his record in a stubbornly fought race to 2.201. At Stockton on September 26 he trotted the third heat in a race in 2.132, thus equaling Phallas' record.

-The Passaic County Agricultural Society, otherwise the little Brighton Beach Racing Association, announce that it is prepared to go it alone and will begin its winter meeting on Wednesday, October 16, and continue on each Friday, Monday and Wednesday thereafter until further notice, paying no attention to what may be done at Elizabeth, Linden Park or Guttenberg.

-Lakelaod has turned Exile out of training for the balance of the season. He turned him out last season about the same time and with great results, as he won the Brooklyn Handicap in the spring, and has proved a very valuable horse, winning about \$13,000. Lakeland says: "I could have gone on and won races with him, but if I did it might break him down. Then I'd have no horse. By stopping him now, before he gets more sore, he will be able to run good races in the spring, just as he did last spring. If you keep racing a horse until he's all to pieces in the fall you can't count on his being good for anything in the spring. See these 2-year-olds. How many of them are raced right up to the end of the season. They go into winter quarters exhausted, and people can't understand it when they show no form in the spring."

INDIVIDUAL -"Yes, sir; I hold that when a man makes a little extra money his first duty is to make his wife a present of a handsome dress,"

Stranger—"you are a social philosopher, 1 presume?" "No, sir I am a dry goods merchant."