

Sleep.

Thou best of all God's choicest blessings—
Sleep!
Better than earth can offer—wealth, power,
fame,
They change, decay; thou always art the
same.
Through all the years thy freshness thou does
keep;
Over all lands thou even in plumes sweep.
The sick, the worn, the blind, the lone, the
lame,
Hearing thy tranquil footsteps, bless thy
name.
Anguish is soothed, sorrow forgets to weep;
Thou open'st the captive's cell and bidst him
leap.
Thou giv'st the hunted refugee, freed from the
home,
Thou giv'st the hunted prey, call'st the exile
home.
Blessed and kind are thee all blessings reap.
We for our loved ones wealth, joy, honors,
crave;
But God, He giveth His beloved—Sleep.

THE SACHEL PRIVILEGE.

"Is that my little girl?" Yes and no. I will have to explain. It is now three years ago that I first met her mother. I was a member of the same circus company, and of course knew her by reputation before she joined us. She did a balance with great skill and neatness as well as a modest and retiring lady. "She was a widow, and her garb of mourning made every one deferential and polite to the sad but beautiful little woman. This little tot accompanied her and was quite as shy as the mother. You know how it is about a show in the spring of the year. The young fellows who are any way gallant pay attention to the single ladies, and when the saying is 'so and so has got the sachel privilege', a remark that causes blushes and laughter, and a good deal of fun joking.

"The widow did not seem to encourage any of the boys, and even the adroit scheme of trying to make friends with the little one did not prove effective. The child, if anything, was less approachable than the mother.

"We were traveling by rail, and often of a morning when she came out of the sleeping car she would make inquiry of me as to the direction of the hotel. I was delighted to give her the information, and more so to see the little one off the platform of the car down upon the ground.

"Several of the bolder of the swains had made delicate advances to the widow, and volunteered to relieve her of her little hand-bag, but she always answered nicely: 'No, I thank you, and no one secured the privilege.'

"So the widow came and went, ever accompanied by her child, attending strictly to business and making free with no one. One night we were in a mining town, and the streets were filled with a turbulent crowd. As I started for the cars after the night's performance, the widow approached me, and putting her tiny black-gloved hand on my arm, she said:

"If you are going to our train the child and I will keep your company, the streets are so full of rough men."

"But she wouldn't permit me to carry the hand-bag, and as she declined I saw the faintest semblance of a smile about her lips.

"One early summer night when the performance was about two-thirds over, there came a tremendous thunder shower, drenching the audience and performers alike, and terminating the entertainment abruptly.

"The widow and the child were both very much alarmed, and when I proposed to see them safely to the train my invitation was accepted. It was a fearful night. The water came down in torrents, and the flashes of lightning were frequent and vivid. Neither of us had an umbrella, and it would have been impossible to keep one aloft if it had been attempted. Taking the little one on my arm I carried her with ease, and giving my other to the widow, I made my way as best I could toward the town. We were showing way out on the outskirts, and it was sometime before we reached the nearest shelter, and when we did so we were like 'three drowned rats.'

"The widow laughed at her pitiable plight, and remarked:

"It's all a circus!"

"The little one thought and said that it was 'Fanny' after the storm abated I escorted them to the circus train. The widow thanked me for my kindness and said to the little one:

"Kiss the gentleman good night!"

"The child obeyed heartily and quickly.

"The next day my comrades made some chaffing remarks about my attentions of the previous night. The widow appeared as distant and no more familiar than before, but as days went on the child became quite well acquainted and would greet me about the show. On such occasions I exchanged caresses for a kiss, and as the season passed on we became very well acquainted and chummy.

"Once the woman consulted me about the apparatus of the trapeze. She said that the property man of the show appeared to be 'so stupid.' As was to be expected when the circus folks saw us bent down over the trapeze fittings, they would talk, but that was more than the little woman in weeds would do. She just said:

"Thanks—it is very kind of you."

"And I said, 'Not at all.'

"When that was all. The next minute she was off with the child in her independent and reserved manner.

"It was a day in the fall when the child came to me at the show, and taking a seat on my knee, said in her prattling way:

"Mamma cry to-day—to-day papa died—time ago."

"I comprehended; it was the anniversary of the death of her husband. I had held the innocent chatter on my knee but a few moments, when her mother came and beckoned her. I could see that the widow was pallid and moved by emotional memories.

"As off before when it came for her to do her superb act of equisop on the high trapeze bar, I sauntered to the ring bank and stood an onlooker in my ring costume. All her preliminary tricks were performed with her matchless grace and skill until she came to the describing of a circle while she stood upon the rail bar with neither hand upon the side ropes. At that instant one of the supports parted at the top and the brave acrobat was dashed to the ground."

"My heart was in my mouth, for

second perhaps my feet refused to perform their office. The circus attaches were dazed, the audience horrified. I heard a child's voice cry—'Mamma, mamma.' Then I sprang to the side of the crushed and mangled woman. She was insensible, but through the silk tights and gay satin then flowed and stained her blood. Unassisted I carried her into what answers for a green room with the circus and laid her upon the 'leaping bed,' which was brought by willing hands. Physicians were summoned from the audience, and then as the performance went on, the man of surgery and the circus folks stood around.

"She is seriously injured," was all that the doctors would say.

"The child clung to me and cried, 'Oh, mamma! my mamma!' as the tears streamed down her rosy cheeks.

"After awhile she opened her eyes and asked for the child and for me, and then every one except the doctors and one of the ladies of the company drew away.

"Can I live?" she asked.

"The oldest of the physicians replied: 'If there are no serious internal injuries, yes.'

"Then she turned to me and said: 'If my injuries result fatally you will see her taken care of?'

"The little one was in my arms. I kissed her and promised—'Yes.'

"Then the widow-mother said to the lady who was supporting her head in the hollow of her hands:

"Get my hand-bag."

"The bag was brought and placed in her hands. She reached it to me saying:

"If I do not survive this accident, you will find in this bag a list of securities, and a bank deposit which will become my child's."

"I took the bag, and as I did so she smiled, painfully but sweetly:

"You have got the privilege!"

"Then she closed her eyes, and her moans told of pain and suffering.

"Under the direction of the physician, and with my assistance and those of several of the performers, the injured woman was removed to the hotel.

"The physicians were humane and skilled men, but money is an incentive in this world, and even spurs science, and I gave the three doctors fifty dollars each on the spot and told them to spare neither time nor expense.

"It was so near the end of the season that the manager consented that I should remain behind at the hotel, and see that the widow received all the attention that could be given her.

"I was in a great state of suspense until the physicians made a thorough examination and a final opinion. It was the gray-haired doctor who spoke:

"A case of broken bones and a bad shaking up only, and then he asked, 'Your wife sir?'

"I blushed and answered, 'Not yet.'

"'I see,' laughed the surgeon, 'but is going to be, I hope.'

"I said 'I hope,' doubtfully, but the doctor returned, 'You have abundant cause for hope. I saw enough to satisfy me that night. Her heart is yours.'

"To make sure of it I asked the widow as soon as she was comfortable and able to sit about the hotel piazza. I was referred to the child, whom I asked, 'How would you like me for a papa?'

"And the child said, 'That would be nice if mamma did not go on the naughty trapeze again.'

"I accepted the conditions and the widow is my wife, and I have told you how by an accident she became so and I secured the Sachel Privilege."

Dried Grasses.

Dried grasses, pressed ferns and autumn leaves brighten up the winter sitting-room wonderfully, and in a measure supply the place of the blossoms of the summer time. When the thermometer registers thirty degrees below zero, and the house plants are all banished to the cellar, we wish that we had gathered some of the light, feathery grasses that grew about us in the summer. Perhaps we did gather a few, and hung them up in the garret to dry; but when we looked at them, they were in a little bunch, and were so hard and straight that they looked anything but pretty. At least, that is the way I did until I learned a better way.

Now I procure a box of dried sand, and set it in a dry, dark place; then as fast as I gather the grasses, I stick the stems into the sand, which holds them firmly, and they dry in their natural position, and are far more light and graceful than those that are dried with the heads hanging downward. If they are picked just before they are ripe, they will keep their color better than they would if left until they are fully mature.

When they are all dried, if you wish to color them, use the "Diamond" dyes. Mix the dye as directed on the package, and lay the grasses in it; when they are the right color, lift them out, let them drain, then shake them out until they are dry.

If you wish to crystallize them, make a strong solution of alum and water, and hang them in it, being careful not to disturb it after the grass is in, until the crystals have formed on the heads; then take out, and dry. A quicker way is to dip the heads in mucilage, and roll them in diamond dust, and set them away to dry.

When making up your bouquets, arrange your grasses and leaves first, and then place your flowers among them. If your flower stems are too short, place a little hot glue on the back of the flower, and stick it to the grasses. Many seed pods make quite a show when mixed with the leaves and grasses. Goldenrod, if picked just before the buds open, and dried in the dark, will keep its color and the buds will open as it dries.

A hanging basket, in a sunny window, filled with grasses and autumn leaves, is a thing of beauty and helps to brighten up the long winter.

If we gather a few leaves and grasses each time we take a walk, we will have enough for ourselves, and some to spare for our less fortunate friends.

—The 264 head of trotters sold at the Fairlawn sale brought \$192,385, an average of \$728.03.

—Green B. Morris bid \$10,000 for Come-to-Taw. The Hough Brothers got the colt for an additional \$100.

—John Spain sailed for England with the Bailey-Barnum circus recently.

FASHION NOTES.

The women of to-day have great love for all sorts of sports, and give themselves up to them with much grace and boldness. Horseback riding, driving, gymnastics, lawn-tennis and hunting are all charming and healthful amusements. Now that velocipedes are in favor, girls and young ladies have transformed the walks of the parks into sporting courses. For this new kind of sport it is necessary to combine convenience with grace in the costume. The hunting dress generally adopted, with a little change solves the problem. We have seen at one of our dress makers, two very pretty velocipede costumes, designed for two young girls. One entirely white, is composed of puffed trousers held at the knees in gaiters of white cloth; the skirt of the same cloth being made quite narrow. A little round jacket with two buttons, open on a chemise of blue and white striped batiste. The belt was of leather, the collar stiff with a regatta cravat of white silk; the sleeves resembled those of men's shirts closed by double gold bars. The hat of Tyrolean shape was of grey felt.

The other costume, for a young girl fifteen years old, was in narrow blue "voipone," the skirt pleated and the blouse corsage open, in shawl shape, upon a waistcoat of red and blue striped cotton, with a sailor collar. The straight sleeves were closed at the wrist. Leather leggings and hat of white oiled linen.

These costumes are the newest of the new. We know they will not interest all the world, but we are forced to follow the current. In so far as velocipede exercise is practiced in private grounds, and among intimates, we approve it. Otherwise it is not pleasing. We can excuse this barbarism but it is not according to our sense of refinement.

We like very much the large Ulema veil in embroidered tulle and lace, woven like the large Marie Antoinette spark, of which we have so many imitations, and that is especially true of the veil of tulle. With the large, felt hats nothing is prettier, more elegant or more coquettish than this long scarf envelops the hat and the head, covers the face and is knotted in front according to the fancy or caprice of the wearer. These veils will have great success this season, and we know many refined ladies who have already tried them and found many new ways of draping and knotting them. Under the folds of this simple veil, the hair is sheltered from the wind and one can go out to the theatre with the head wrapped completely in its folds.

Many pretty toilettes have been seen at the races and at the brilliant fetes which have been given during the last week. A very pretty one has been seen of straw colored "Stienne" striped with Egyptian brown. The skirt is quite round, forming in the back two large folds with triple and quadruple plaits. The corsage has a vest front, while the back is cut princess fashion. A crossed waistcoat, in straw-colored China crepe, with a small tab fastened under a form of a ribbon. The same ribbon passes like a band across the bottom of the waist and furnishes at the left two loops with ends. The short sleeves are cut on the bias; the necklaces are of black plumes and the white gloves are loaded with chains of all sorts and rings from all countries. Bracelets have never been worn so much as now. We would not be surprised to see our ankles ornamented with them some day; for our arms will soon not be so deficient to carry the bands of all sorts for which there seems to be so great a passion. Our artistic jewelers have added to these, many designs of a bizarre, as well as of an original taste. Among these ornaments we find enamels, heavy Moorish rings of silver, pieces of Persian money, garnets from Bohemia and all sorts of strange valuable stones, with which the bracelets and chains of to-day, which never seem too heavy, or too numerous, are set.

FELICE LESLIE.

The changes in the mode, from season to season, are as subtle as they are interesting. Dame Fashion frequently surprises us as much as she delights, by the uniqueness of her conceits and the development of her fancies; yet she is rarely arbitrary in her intentions and arrives at them by steps so leisurely, that she conceals her cunning until her rotaries discover that the dress of the recent past has indeed been cast into the back-ground.

In the small, trim and stiff styles of a few seasons ago, there was little to indicate that the picturesque was meditated in the headress, or that the First Empire revival of the Greek, should supersede the almost masculine character of the tailor-made costume, seen on the promenade. The taut, trim, tailor-made costume, it is true, has not disappeared, while turbans, toques, and small English walking hats have taken the place of the snug hats that prevailed; but much greater latitude than olden times obtains in both the hat and the gown, the picturesque entering much more certainly into the former, and the classic into the latter, even in froisses intended for street wear.

WOOLEN FABRICS.

Woollen fabrics are always of the first consideration in the wardrobe for autumn and winter. Those of this season run through a long line in the plain fashionable colors, including what is known now as "the faced cloths," otherwise ladies' broad cloths, serges, camels' hair cloths, cashmere, Henriette and Angora cloths. The fancy fabrics include kersey textures in French and Scotch Tartan plaidings, and stripes and checks in great variety, and bonnet effects in irregular stripes and checks with shades of vivid colors and cloth of bright colored silk and wool, here and there thrown up on the surface in weaving; basket-textures in two colors and with bourette dashes of vivid colors; cloths of plain color with satin and armure striping; cloths relieved with broaded striping, and camel's hair cloths in striped and floriated damassee designs. Nor must this enumeration of the new manufactures in woollen dress stuffs be regarded as including all that we shall find occasion from time to time to notice. Variety is the darling watchword of the present mode, and

things unnoticed, it may be a week ago, commend themselves at every fresh investigation of wardrobe wares.

Robe patterns in the serges and other silks with panel pieces relieved with woven embroidery effects and striping are among the more pronounced of the fancy dress materials; and combinations of materials for fanciful effects are still tolerated.

HINTS ON DRESSMAKING.

Velvet is an important fabric in this season's dressmaking. It retains not only undiminished favor for the finish of costumes understood in vests, collars, cuffs, facings and the like, but is extensively used in skirts, appearing as the underskirt, or given that effect in being applied on the underskirt proper (whether of selisia, alpaca, or other convenient or suitable material) so as to be revealed between the panel-like breadths of the objective fabric in the costume. When economy must be considered, silk takes the place of velvet in the making of skirts, and cashmere may be resorted to; but silk, if employed, should be heavy, and the sense of the mode is to apply either silk or cashmere in plaiting, the side panels of the cloth opening on a front breadth of side plaited silk or cashmere, the plait meeting in the center, and the division in the panels elsewhere revealing plaiting.

It must be said that with the established revival of the Greek classic in dressmaking, there would be some incongruity in the straight and severe draperies given many of the fashionable costumes, were it not for the latitude allowed by the mode. The back in a single piece or the back which distinguishes the princess robe, is that which has been given to many of the most attractive of the imported models. The side bodies elongated, form a wide box plait on each side of the skirt, and this plait dividing in the center reveals, in some cases, a plaited, gathered or slightly draped skirt underneath.

In instances, we discover a lingering fondness for the pleasing bouffante drapery effects of the past, while "to be or not to be," seems the latest question in regard to the bouffante in skirt draperies. The classic of the old Greek statues is seen on evening dresses and tea gowns, but it has far less distinctiveness in its present revival than it had under the more intelligent patronage of the Empress Josephine.

The basque has given way to the pointed waist, and the plain waist to that which is more or less ornate or eccentric. The full, Moliere vest, made of some soft material, which can be gracefully gathered or draped, appears within velvet lapels, or the plain velvet vest is revealed by gathering in the front side bodies. A difference in the sides of the front, or a one-sidedness characterizes a freak of fashion, which sometimes finds expression in the buttoning up of the front.

Sleeves are full at the top, giving height and sweep to the shape of the shoulders; or they are made with an epauleted cap or puffing; with a simple cuff, however, as the finish around the hand.

AUTUMN MILLINERY.

It is generally conceded that the millinery of the season finds expression in large hats and small bonnets. But this is scarcely the whole truth in reference to the autumn millinery. The large hats of picturesque effect, with low crowns, and brims broadening out from the back, and more or less capriciously adjusted, find their complement, without doubt, in the diminutive, medium size capotes; but headresses of medium size, as compromises not only in the size of the headress, but as the link between the more definite hat and the bonnet, and in hats we find the distinct Oxford and English walking shapes, and several shapes that trench on the hat of the Alpine peasant, with its tall, conical crown and close brim.

Hats for general service, whether of one or other shape are of French felt, while plain royl cut velvet is the favorite material for fine millinery; with embroideries in silk and colored metals on velvet, cloth and felt, for more fanciful effects.

Broaded, striped and plaided ribbons are occasionally seen in, or on, fine millinery, but preference is given plain velvet and double-faced satin ribbons for trimming purposes, and velvet is made to do self-trimming in its drapery adjustments. Tinsel ribbons, and ribbons damasseed and broaded with gold and silver threads are at selection, and very charmingly used.

Ostrich feathers have found long neglected place on the fashionable large hats, but birds and montures of fancy feathers, ribbon bows, and the wisp of aigrette, trim the headresses of the closer and smaller shapes; and much use is made of artificial fur and flowers, of shaded velvet, as garniture—the fruit and floral trimming, indeed, being regarded as a special fad of the season.

Jet, appears in finely cut small beads, strung on wire, in all sorts of pretty designs, and in face knitting; and is in undiminished favor. Millinery jewelry is still used, but it is in designs much less pronounced than formerly, and is not given a very conspicuous place.

MIRRORS FOR NERVOUS DISEASES.

Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton has brought from Paris a new device for the treatment of nervous diseases. It is a little cherry box, about five inches square, above which project two shafts, one within the other, sleeve and arm fashion. On each shaft is balanced a black bar nine inches long, an inch wide and a quarter inch thick, edge up. By clock work in the box these ebony arms or levers are made to revolve in opposite directions. Six little round mirrors are placed on each side of each bar. The patient is placed in a chair in a dark room, facing the machine. An electric light, or any bright light, is concentrated on the black arms of the machine by a convex mirror placed behind the patient, and then the arms are set whirling. The patient watches them whirl. The motion and the flashing lights operate on the nerves through the eyes. Dr. Hamilton said he had patients put to sleep by this means and some extraordinary cures accomplished. The explanation of the effect to the whirling arms and flashing lights is that they change the habit of the brain. The effect is analogous to that produced by soft music on a nervous or irritated man.

—New York Sun.

BE ON HAND.

Its Advantages.

If you are going to do anything, do it promptly.

The longer you wait and think about it, and dread it, the worse it will be.

Be on hand. Life is a great deal pleasanter to the person who promptly does what he is required to do.

Don't keep your friends waiting. You have no right to waste the time of other people. If you are one-half hour behind time in fulfilling an engagement, you may cause a dozen other parties to break engagements, and untold perplexities and delays may come out of just that little shortcoming of yours which you look upon as such a trifling thing.

To an active, energetic, wide-awake person there is nothing more trying and more annoying than to be made to wait.

Brace up and make an effort, you shiftness, indolent, always-behind folks, and see if you cannot come to time.

If you have agreed to be at a certain place at a certain time, be there, unless you are sick, or dead. In either case you might be excused, but not otherwise.

If you are a man, don't keep your wife waiting dinner for you, unless there is some good and sufficient cause and generally there is not. Waiting a dinner spoils not only the dinner, but the temper of the woman who is managing it.

If you are a woman, and your husband says he will be round at four o'clock to take you to drive, be ready for him. Have your bonnet and gloves on. Don't keep him dancing on the sidewalk for half an hour clinging to a sfigely horse, while you leisurely get on your wraps, and look at your back hair in a hand-glass and hunt up your gloves and your parasol, and wonder whether you had better take an extra shawl or not. And all these things attended to and decided on before the time he has fixed.

A table system, and a good deal of determination, will help you to be prompt. And after you once get in the habit of it, you will like it.

It is refreshing to do business with a party who is always on time, and who, you know, will be on time. He begets courage and confidence in everybody with whom he comes in contact. He is a power in society. He is a blessing to the world. When he dies, he will be missed.

Teach the children early to be prompt. Teach them to respect a promise. Bring them up to tell the truth and stick to it. A broken engagement is a lie. Sometimes it is worse than a lie, and may cause a great many more unpleasant complications than a lie. Be careful in making agreements, but when you have once agreed, stick to the terms of the agreement.

And if you follow out the prompt, punctual, persevering method of doing everything when it needs to be done, hundred times more chances out of a hundred if you are not, you will have the delightful consciousness of knowing that you have deserved success, and you will not be continually beset by the remorseful thought that if you had only come to time—if you had only been on hand—you would have achieved success instead of failure.—New York Weekly.

A Beautiful Father.

"Tell your mother you've been very good boys to-day," said a school teacher to two little new scholars.

"Oh," replied Timothy, "we hasn't any mother."

"Who takes care of you?" she asked.

"Father does. We've got a beautiful father. You ought to see him!"

"Who takes all the care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning and after he comes back at night. He's a house-painter, but there isn't any work this winter, so he's doing laboring till Spring comes."

"He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off, and we have bread and milk for dinner, and a good supper when he comes home, when he tells us stories and plays on the fife, and cuts out beautiful things for us with his jackknife. You ought to see our father and our home, they are both so beautiful."

Before long the teacher did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was at his motherless boys, was, at first glance, only a rough, begrimed laborer; before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes the room became a palace and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were poor, nor were they so with such a hero as this to fight their battles for them. This man, whose graceful spirit lighted up the otherwise dark life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectually than was many a man in sacerdotal robes in a costly temple.

He was a man of patience and submission to God's will, showing how to make home happy under the most unfavorable circumstances. He was rearing his boys to put their shoulder to the burdens of life, rather than to become burdens to others in the days that are coming.

He was, as his children had said, "a beautiful father" in the highest sense of the word.—Western Christian Advocate.

Chance to Recover.—"Smithers is going to marry that rich Miss Bunker—a million dollars cold."

"Hooray!"

"I am surprised to hear you rejoice. I thought you disliked him."

"I do; but he owes me a hundred dollars."

As They Usually Do.—Miss Stilted (at a private party)—Mrs. Wilted, won't you please play something for us on the piano?

The Others (in chorus)—Yes, do; we want to talk.

Preparing for the Inevitable.—Book-keeper (looking up from his paper)—Mr. Silverman, there are to be four weddings in town next week.

Mr. Silverman—Eh? Four? Once, order two gross of pickle forks at John.

—A. H. Moore, Cloverdale Stock Farm, Colmar, Pa., is getting together a very choice collection of trotters.

HORSE NOTES.

—John Rodegap will not train for the Montana stable next season.

—Sam Bryant still has due him \$5375 for unpaid forfeit to the Futurity stakes of 1888, won by Proctor Knott.

—Michael Goodwin says that he cleared \$10,000 per year at Point Breeze Park during the five years that he was there.

—Major B. G. Thomas, of the Dixiana Stud, at Lexington, Ky., is likely to purchase Hanover of the Dwyer Bros.

—The Directors of the Pacific Coast Blood Horse Association have determined to hold a meeting, beginning on Nov. 2.

—Four West Philadelphia men are anxious to put \$1000 each into the Merchantsville Jockey Club and resume racing at Merchantsville.

—Budd Doble, the 8-year-old gelding that paced a fifth heat at Lexington recently in 2:13, belongs to W. H. Wilson, of Cythiana, Ky.

—The autumn meeting of the County Club, of Boston, Mass., will be held at Clyde Park, Brookline, Mass., on October 26, 30 and November 2.

—The Dwyer Bros., have sent Sir Dixon, Bessie June, Congress and others of their string to Bill Daly's farm in Connecticut to spend the winter.

—Garrison now says he has no intention of retiring from the saddle to take charge of the horses in which he is interested, but will ride again next season.

—On October 12, at San Francisco, Cal., the stallion stake for the 2:20 class was won by Direct in straight heats in the fast time of 2:18, 2:19 and 2:19.

—R. S. Fletcher, of Mount Clemens, Mich., has sold to William Pennman, of New York city, the bay stallion Carver, 7, by Oward, dam by Harold, for \$2000.

—Timothy Auglin, of Lexington, Ky., has sold to Frank S. Brandt, of Sedalia, Mo., the bay colt Grattan, 3, by Wilkes Boy, dam by Bastick's Almont, for a long price.

—Judson H. Clark, of Elmira, N. Y., has sold to the Elmstead Farm for \$25,000 the bay stallion Macy, 2:29, by George Wilkes, dam Belle Clay, by Kentucky Clay.

—Henry Simon, of Louisville, Ky., has sold to H. D. McKinney the very promising green 4-year-old gelding W. H. Batley, by Vidette, dam by Delmonico. Price \$3000.

—W. H. Crawford, of Lexington, Ky., has purchased from T. C. Anglin, for \$20,000, the 2-year-old bay colt Constantine, by Wilkes Boy, dam by Mambriuo Patchen.

—Albert Bonner, son of Robert Bonner, has purchased 40 acres of land near Long Branch, N. J., and will turn it into a private track. The price paid is said to be about \$75,000.

—The colt Billy Pinkerton, whose fall at Latonia nearly cost Jockey Magee his life, and which may yet result in the death of that promising young jockey, has been a source of trouble to those connected with him all his life. He has only won two races in his three years on the turf. Possession of a bad temper is one of the principal reasons he never fulfilled his early promises, which were flattering.

—At the Lancaster (O.) races the sport was conducted right as well as day. During the evenings the attendance was very large, and great enthusiasm was evoked by the various contests. The ground presented a weird and interesting sight, illumined by numerous stand-pipes of natural gas. So successful were the exhibitions that the management contemplates purchasing the plant constructed for the occasion, and making natural gas a regular feature of the annual fall meetings of the society.

—Truly the trotter is king. During the present season, Acolyte has been sold for \$40,000, Stamboul for \$30,000, Bell-Boy for \$31,000, and the new 3-year-old Axtell is bought for \$105,000. Here are four stallions which average \$61,500 each and all yet to prove their ability in the stud. The negotiation for the purchase was conducted by Colonel J. W. Conley, of Chicago, on behalf of himself and a syndicate, which is said to be composed of W. P. Ijams, of Terra Haute; A. E. Brush and F. T. Moran, of Detroit. The full amount of the purchase money, \$105,000, for Axtell has been paid to his late owner, C. W. Williams, by the gentlemen who bought him, Messrs. Conley, Ijams, Moran and Brush, but it is said that since the purchase Budd Doble has bought an American Axtell for the purchase of Lexington Axtell will go to Chicago, where, after a short stay, he will go to W. P. Ijams' farm at Terra Haute, Ind.

—Captain S. S. Brown's stable will go into winter quarters at the Westchester course. This is contrary to the usual custom of the stable, which has heretofore wintered at Mobile. Four years ago Captain Brown secured the race-course at Mobile, and had the place fitted up most luxuriously for his horses. Here they were sent each autumn and they flourished. The climate of Mobile is simply delightful during the winter months, and while most of the horses belonging to the great stables were in close winter quarters in the North, Captain Brown's were enjoying warm sunshine, and could be galloped in the morning and reason for Captain Brown's determination to abandon Mobile and winter in the North is stated by J. W. Rogers, his trainer, as follows: While horses wintered in the South have a great advantage in being prepared for the spring racing, they catch cold if brought North early in the season, before the warm weather sets in, and they lose form. Each season we have wintered at Mobile we have brought a stable North in the spring which was as perfectly fit as I could make them, but no sooner had they arrived North than the cold, damp, weather of our best colts, and, except Cortez, the whole table went amiss."