Baby is tired with play:
Mother is weary, love, too.
After the day's labor endeth,
God from his throne of love bendeth,
And, in his mercy, night sendeth,
Giving new strength for the day.

Sleep, little darling, so mild!
Fainter the tender voice falls;
Lullables blend with her dreaming,
Sweeter and holier seeming,
While the soft moonlight is streaming
Over the mother and child.
—Good Housekeeping.

## A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

I am getting rather old, and live more in the past than in the future, but I have knocked about so much, and met with so many strange adventures during my life, that this must be my excuse for the love I have of every now and then taking up a pen and jotting down some of my recollections, when I seem

in a manner to live my life over again. Itwas always of a roving disposition, and could never rest very long in one place, so that I have visited most parts of the habitable globe. I hate plans and arrangements made long beforehand, and I generally act on the spur

of the moment. About twenty years ago I suddenly left London in the height of the season on one of these unpremeditated voyages. I was weary of the eternal round of London life, with its dinner parties, dances and drums, and so determined to be off at once, not caring much where to, so long as I had a change. Four days afterward I found myself

in Genoa While lounging about I came across a lot of rough-looking Italian sailors dressed in blue jerseys and jelly bag scarlet caps. They particularly attracthave an eye for color, so I stood watching them for a minute or two, while they were talking eagerly together, and I caught the words Garibaldi and Caprera. I said before that I am given to sudden impulses. One of these seized Why not go and visit this hero in his island home? True, I did not know him personally, but I had always heard that he liked Englishmen and received

them hospitably. I approached the group and wished asked him if he knew of any ship sailing for Caprera and willing to take a pas-

senger. The man I had addressed, after looking at me and then at his companion, said: "Ah, signor, it would be a difficult matter to find a ship going to Caprera, for there is but little trade with the island, and it is rather out of the way for coasting vessel. Im only a common sailor, but here is the 'padrone' Bartolo. He is the owner of a felucca which trades between Genoa and Leghorn. He may perhaps be able to tell the signor what he asks. Eh, Bartolo, what further mischief.

do von say? me with his hands in his trousers pock-He had a most evil expression of countenance, with a squint in his right eye, and when he intended to smile he seemed rather to frown. Altogether he was

I repeated my question to him. "Well," he said, "I don't often go to Caprera, for it isn't worth my while, but to-morrow night I am sailing for Soon, however, I saw that if island, but I must first consult with him,

as he is part owner of the craft." The plan seemed as if it might answer, the ropes. so I sent him off for his cousin to a I thought of calling the man and boy returned together.

'Well, here is Antonio," said Bartolo. with the Signor. True, it is but a short | fall asleep. journey of twelve or fourteen hours, so that a little discomfort will not much | myself in the hands of Providence. matter, especially as, this chance lost, presents itself. Of course the Signor ed the first streak of dawn! understands that we are poor men, and

the morning at 8o'clock.

I was there at the appointed hour and found him waiting for me. His cousin, he said, had gone on board and was getting things in order, as they were to

I stepped on board and was shown to ed the felucca. my cabin, if such it could be called. It was in the forepart of the ship, and close to the mast. I entered it through and it was some seconds before I spoke. a narrow, dark hatchway, and down a ladder of six or seven steps, and when I got to the bottom, I had to bend alon the scene of bloodshed, the wounded most double, as it was simply a square men and then scanned my face for an box about four feet high and six feet explanation. Did they take me for a wide. There were three separate hatchways. In the middle one they were storing away the cargo, and the one aft crowed eagerly round me to listen to my was used by the crew.

At 6 o'clock sharp we left the harbor, with a fair wind; it was a beautiful evening, not a cloud was to be seen, and soon after dark a glorious moon rose out of the sea. I sat on deck smoking my cigar and enjoying the tranquil-ity of the scene, while being fanned by

the soft sea breeze. The crew consisted of Bartolo, his cousin, the tall man called Beppo and

a boy called Gigi. For Italians they were not a sociable lot. I tried several times to get into conversation but they seemed rather to avoid me, and continually whispered to each felucca and its crew. other in a mysterious way. This somewhat disquieted my mind and I could "you're well out of it, anyhow, and I not help reflecting that I had perhaps guess we'll now let them alone, to go to their tender mercies. No one knew or they get there the better. advance, and they were sailing out of I went straight back to England, and their course to please me. What was it was some months before I left home to prevent them from murdering me again .-

and throwing me overboard, and then continuing their regular journey with-out any one being the wiser.

I am not nervous, nor do I believe in presentiment, but the longer I sat there the more would these lugubrious thoughts creep over me, until, feeling rather chilly, I went down to my cabin.
I tossed about but could not sleep; the more I thought it over the more risky did my position seem, for, as I

said before, no one knew where I was. I had been lying down about an hour when I saw the shadows of two men reflected on the sail. I strained my eyes and ears. They were talking in low tones, but I caught the words "Dorme," then "Sara presto finito." What could this mean if it did not refer to me? They were evidently preparing to mur-der me in my sleep, and my worst fears were about to be confirmed. A cold sweat covered my brow, and I seized my revolver, determined to sell my life dearly. The shadows had now moved away. All was still. I stepped out of my bunk, and taking my life-preserver Arizona so great as to prevent any of in my right hand and the revolver in my left I sat in a crouching position to

await events. with cramp; yet it was imperative that I should keep quite still, if I wished to take my assailants at a disadvantage.

It was not very long before the shadthis time I noticed that one of them was armed with a long kitchen knife. The thought of the cold steel made me thought.

One of the men was coming down the steps into my cabin. I could see him the inclosure of the fallen walls. Some distinctly, but I was in the dark, so he stone axes, hammers and broken pieces was unable to see me. I noticed a gleam of pottery were scattered about, but as ed me, for, being a bit of an artist, I of steel in his hand, and the second they were of the usual patterns found man was following close behind him. in all Arizona ruins they did not arouse Now was my time. I brought back my especial interest. In one corner of the right arm for a good cut at him with old fort, and nearly covered with fallen the life preserver, as soon as he should rock, he encountered a rude furnace, come within reach. A second later I evidently used for the smelting of ores. had felled him with a fearful blow on Anxious to discover the use of what the temple. I rushed over his prostrate metal the prehistoric inhabitants had form, and fired my revolver at the second figure, now retreating up the steps. stones. The work was very tedious He uttered a cry of pain and an oath, and laborious, and, being absorbed with showing that I had hit him, but still interest, he paid no attention to the

he ran on. I approached the group and wished them a "Buona serra;" then, addressing myself to a tall, broad-shouldered fellow with a long, shaggy, black beard, I as he was picking up a crowbar. This asked him if he knew of any ship sailing the tall. I followed quickly, rushed up the hatchway and again fired at him, just as he was picking up a crowbar. This specimen of ore which had not been subjected to treatment, and was surprised to find that the mineral was the third man and the boy, thoroughly copper. Having settled this matter to scared, making for the further hatchwhat to do. I followed them, and havon the hatch, proceeded to cover it with everything I could lay hands on, on the deck. Luckily there was some pig iron lying about, and with these and various articles on the top of them I was sure

that they were safe prisoners. I now had to look to the other men to see that they were incapable of doing phere became quite sultry; and, as there

The one I had shot on deck was Bartolo, thus addressed, came up to tolo. My two bullets had taken effect, one in the left arm and the other in the fort, as the rain was liable todrive from ets and a pipe in his mouth. He was a leg. I drew him to the side of the ship the loose rocks rattlesnakes, centipedes short, wiry-looking man, with a black and lashed him there with some rope, mustache, and a dirty unshaven face. and I told him that if he attempted to get loose I should shoot him dead; then, looking into my cabin, I saw Antonio lying where he fell.

I repeated my tactics of covering up about as untaking looking an individual the hatchway to prevent his getting out, as ever I met. exhausted after all I had been through, both physically and mentally, but most

Soon, however, I saw that if I got out Leghorn, and as times are bad, if the of one danger, it was only to fall into Signor likes to make some arrangements | another. I knew nothing of navigation, with me and my cousin, who goes with and was not even aware in which direcme, we might manage to have our reg- tion to steer. I might run the ship to ular course and land the Signor on the ground, or a sudden squall might swamp her. I did not know how to shorten sail and was afraid to interfere with

neighboring wine shop, and they soon out of the hold and threatening to shoot them if they did not navigate the ship properly, but I myself felt so tired that "He thinks that we might 'accomodate' I did not dare trust them in case I should

On the whole, it was better to leave Oh! the dreariness of those houre of be some time before another darkness, and the joy with wich I hail-

I was beginning thoroughly to despair shall require some good inducements after so many hours of constant watchto make us lose time by going out of ing and straining of my eyes, when our way, but if the Signor will pay us about 8 o'clock I saw a speck on the 100 lire (£4) down, and give us a small horizon. My heart leaped with excite-'buona mano' on arrival, we will take | ment as I instantly turned the helm in im."
It was now getting late, so we separath and bigger, until at last 1 made out the ated, on the understanding that I was form of a brig sailing toward me. Soon to meet Fartolo at the same place in I could make out a flag-the American Stars and Stripes. I tied my handker. chief to a stick and made signals of distress.

At last to my joy she hove to and lowered a boat. In a few minutes she was alongside, and an officer and crew board-

She sudden relief to my strained nerves was almost more than I could bear, There was an expression of horror on madman or a common murderer? At last I found my voice. They story, and when I had finished all con-

gratulated me on my narrow escape. The officer, who was the captain of the brig, hospitably invited me on board his ship. He was sailing to Marseilles and would gladly give me a passage. Needless to say, I jumped at his offer. We removed the covering from the

hold and called on the men to come up, but could get no answer. The captain as in a hurry to continue his course and would not wait any long-

As I was stepping into the boat I asked him what we should do about the "Well, stranger," he answered,

done a foolish thing intrusting myself to the devil their own way, and the soonof my expedition. I had paid them in . I never heard anything more of them.

A STRANGE MOUNT.

A Queer Peak in Arizona that the Apaches Fight Shy of.

Some twenty odd miles due east from tory, rises abruptly the Superstition scientific reader is at liberty to evolve Mountain, which forms a very prominent landmark, as it can be seen for a

long distance in any direction. On the summit of Superstition Mountain and at the extreme Western edge, overlooking the rocky bluffs, 200 and 300 feet in height, are the rains of an old stone fort, such as are frequently found in Arizona at points where a good view of the surrounding country is afforded, says the San Francisco Examiner. About an acre of land, or rather rock, is within this inclosure. In this connection, and as the name of the mountain would indicate, is an Indian legend, and the place is held even at the their members hunting on or visiting it.

In the fall of 1883, P. C. Bicknell. who still resides in Phœnix and who is Oh, the agony of these moments! I a thoroughly educated gentleman, with could neither stand or sit, and I dread-ed that before long I should be seized tains and a penchant for archæological research, paid a visit to a friend-a cattle man residing on the Salt river-for the purpose of enjoying a brief period of recreation in hunting, fishing and the ows on the sail again reappeared, and pursuit of his studies in nature. It occurred to him one day to visit the summit of Superstition Mountain, which, although four or five miles disshudder, and my heart stopped beating tant, could easily be accomplished before for a moment. I felt my revolver to night. Taking his rifle and a canteen assure myself that it was all right, and of water, Mr. Bicknell set out, and after then saw that the hatchway was dark- a long walk and a laborious climb ened. I had no time for further reached his objective point in the after-

He saw nothing remarkable within flight of time. Finally he was rewarded way. In a moment, I made up my mind Bicknell arose and cast a look to the west to discover that the sun was then ing with difficulty placed the heavy lid sinking behind the range of distant

> This did not disturb him much, however, so he built a fire, roasted a rabbit which he had killed on his way up and made such preparations as were possible to spend the night comfortably on the mountain. After sundown the atmoswas every indication of a thunderstorm Mr. Bicknell concluded that he would not remain within the walls of the old and poisonous insects of various kinds. Therefore he selected for his sleepingplace a remarkably smooth rock, about twenty yards in front of the east wall. Putting his hobnail shees under his head for a pillow, Mr. Bicknell, somewhat exhausted from his long stroll and excitement, soon fell into a deep sleep.

Some time afterward he was suddenly awakened by a sharp electric shock, which seemed to pass from the back of his neck downward. Managing to scramble to his feet, he ran some disvery naturally awe stricken and asprised, when, recovering from his bewilderment, he noticed that the electric storm had not passed over the mountain, but was as distant, apparently, as when he first lay down. The phenomenon lasted but a few moments, but its dura-

tion was sufficient for the explorer. Upon returning to the camp next morning, Mr. Bicknell related his experience, which was received with evident incredulity. However, he induced one of the men to accompany him to the mountain a few days afterward. They reached the summit about noon, and the weather was very warm. The men were standing upon the smooth spot which Bicknell had selected for a couch and he was explaining about his shock, when, with simultaneous impulse, they both sprang forward and gazed into each other's faces in mute interrogation. Subsequent explanation showed that each had experienced a well-defined electric shock, as though by a light current from a galvanic battery. Mr. Bicknell at once concluded that he would solve the mystery, and set about doing so, although his companion was most auxious to leave the dreaded spot. The investigation then began, and, subsequently completed, led to the following discoveries:

On the north side of the precipice was a large dyke of pyritous iron, running east and west, and on its south wall the mineral appeared in the form of protosulphates, what is commonly known as copperas. In the latter there was a small, irregularly-shaped hole, several feet in depth, into which water was slowly sipping from a small spring on a slight eminence some yards distant, This water was strongly impregnated with salt. From this pot hole, and extending across the mountain top were a number of small veins or stringers of copper ore, almost pure in their native state, which terminated, to all appearances, in a heavy ledge of calcapar, bearing galena and a small percentage of gold running parallel with the copper lead, but on the opposite brink of the

The copper stringers connecting the ledges were evidently what is known in prospectors' parlance as a "blow out" and rested on malpais—a kind of glassy slag produced by vulcanic heat. Here was a positive and negative pole, con-nected with a good electric conductor, and a chemical decomposition taking gentlemen and admirlace that would produce a strong bathorse were present.

tery. With a jar of the copper stringers, produced by atmospheric electrical disturbances or a number of persons stepping upon them, why might not a current be induced sufficiently strong Phonix, the capital of Arizona Terri- But simply the facts are given, and the

12

PERSONAL:

Madame Bashkirtseff, the mother of Marie (whose journal has attracted the admiring attention of Mr. Gladstone and other eminent people), is still living in Paris, surrounded by mementos of her gifted child, in the same house on the Rue L'Ampere, Although Marie died in 1884, her mother's grief is still fresh, and she can think of nothing and talk of nothing but the bright young life that burned itself out, just when it

was nearest realizing its longings. The story that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has lost her reason is positively denied. She is 76 years old now, and while her mind is not as clear as it was, and while she cannot write with the vigor of her prime, she cannot be called demented. She lives largely in the past, but a word from any one will bring her back to the present. Mrs. Stowe is carefully cared for by her twin daughters, who live with her, and her property interests are in the hands of her son, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe.

Wilkie Collins directed in his will Green Cemetery, at a cost not exceeding \$125, that no searfs or hatbands should be used, and that a plain stone cross to be placed over his grave should bear only the inscription which he had

prepared. Mrs. Leland Stanford, of California, has obtained the permission of the Emperor William II. to have a copy made of the Sistine Madonna in the Dresden Gallery. The only condition the emperor imposed was that he should name the artist to do the work. In speaking of her plans for the university at Palo Alto, which will probably be opened next fall, Mrs. Stanford expressed herself strongly in favor of a practical education for men and women. She said that there were now at least six men employed as conductors on the Market Street line in San Francisco who had graduated from Yale and Harvard.

When Patrick Hogan, a shoe manufacturer of Newark, New Jersey, failed in 1881, his daughter Elizabeth, who was forewoman of his shop, settled with his creditors for twenty cents on the dollar, and assumed the business in her own name. She kept her father and brother with her, and the business prospered. Her father died, leaving \$15,000 insurance money and a request that the remaining eighty per cent. of his in-debtedness be paid. Thiss Miss Hogan determined to do, and she has done it, expending \$42,002.32 for that purpose. She had handsomely engraved receipts made, and when they were all signed they were bound in book form, to be

kept in honor of her father's memory. Margaret Oliphant, the tireless producer of novels, biographies, histories and editions of foreign classics, is sixtyone years old and an enthusiastic lover

of her native land.

What One Woman Did.

Several years ago, Miss Beilby, young English woman, who had studied med:cine to fit herself for usefulness as a missionary at Lucknow, in India, was sent for by the wife of the native Prince of Punna, who was ill. Punna was a long distance from Lucknow, and the ourney was a dangerous one; if Miss Beilby went, she would be separated by more than a hundred miles from any white man.

Her friends urged her to refuse. tance to the east, and, looking back to The Englishwoman was young and his sleeping place, was surprised to see timid, but she knew her duty; she a living line of fire or lightning running | went, remaining two months, and cured across the mountain, from north to the patient. When she was about to south. Never having seen "ground return, the Banee sent for her and lightning" before, Mr. Bicknell was begged her to go in person to Queen Victoria, with the message that Indian tounded, but he was more than sur- women, not being allowed the attendance of men physicians, died in great numbers every year for want of care. The Rance brought paper, pen and ink, and, with tears, besought Miss Beilby to write her petition to the Queen to send to them women doctors.

"Write it small, Saheba," she begged, "for I shall put it in a locket and hang it about your neck, and you must wear it until you put it in the hands of the great Rance herself."

Miss Beilby returned to England the next year, obtained an interview with Queen Victoria, and placed the locket in her hands with the message. The Queen was deeply touched, and empowered Lady Dufferin, the wife of the Viceroy of India, to form an association for sending out female medical aid to the women of India.

Many women doctors have been sent out by the association, and Indian wo-men are now being educated as physicians and nurses. An estate of fifty acres, with large buildings, has been given by a native prince as a hospital for Hindoo female patients.

Had the timid missionary refused to undertake the perilous duty to one woman, these great blessings—which are but the beginning of help and hope for all the women of India-probably never would have come to them. Sow the seed, however small it be, of

good deeds. Only God knows what the fruit will be.

-Jockey Bergen rode one second and five winners at Guttenburg. -When that queen among brood mares, Green Mountain Maid, died it

was resolved by Mr. Charles Backman that an appropriate monument should be erected to her memory. W. R. Allen, the owner of the great Allen Stock Farm, Pittsfield, Mass., who owns two of the great mare's foals, Lancelot and Elista, had the stone pre-pared in Missouri, and the formal dedication took place at Stony Ford recently. The monument is twenty-six feet high, of red Missouri granite, and is beautifully polished at the base, Among those present were David Bonner, A. A. Bonner, Colonel Lawrence Kip, A. Newbald Morris, Charles H. Kerner, A. C. Hall, J. F. Dawson and Colonel W. Edwards, of Cleveland. Mr. Backman gave a dinner to the visitors at which many distinguished minded children before?" gentlemen and admirers of the trotting

FASHION NOTES.

Very pretty costumes are now displayed for afternoon receptions. The dresses have straight skirts with small as to become destructive to animal life? | trains; the closing of the corsage is conocaled in an invisible manner, some-times on one side under the fold of the drapery, sometimes on the shoulder or under the arm, by hooks or small buttons.

A very new and original dress, with embroidery, has received the name of Buffalo Bill. It is not difficult to imagine what the costume is, for it recalls exactly the bizarre ornaments which the celebrated Colonel Cody wore upon his fur jacket. They were slashed leather fringes and bands of leather placed along the length of the sleeves, and upon the edge of the garment. Here, we find the same idea reproduced by our manufacturers, but in a more delicate style. It is an application of cut leather encircled by fine soutache and bordered by a fringe of the same material, cut just as one cuts paper fringe. The dress is in biscuit cloth and the leather in green-jade. As for the fringe, it is cut at the same time in the leather, and in the cloth which is placed beneath. The corsage gathered slightly at the waist is of one piece with the skirt; it is closed on the shoulder, and the edges are concealed under ornaments placed in front of the armholes, making a Turkish vest. In reality, the corsage is fastened under the front, by the lining, and the plastron is put on that he should be buried in Kensal afterwards. The back breadths are of cloth, quite straight, forming two large full plaits. The bottom of the skirt is ornamented with the same trimming as the corsage.

This is an extremely pretty dress for visits of ceremony, and with a jacket of matelasse, with otter sleeves, the toilette is really elegant. A large visiting cloak is of aubergine, egg plant colored, cloth with cameo velvet applique. The style is that of a straight redingote with a small plastron of velvet lightly draped. Trimming of applique velvet surrounds the neck and edges the plastron, then descends in a serpentine form almost to the bottom of the skirt. The same designs are placed on the back, on each side and on the top of the plaits. The sleeves are Jewish in form with ample fullness on slow class on Long Island last season, the shoulders. They are supported but did not win. He struck himself, only from the shoulder, and fall quite came near being distanced, and was straight. If desired an ordinary close sleeve can be added to this garment by joining them to the armhole of the waist by a series of hooks.

Under this redingote a dress of black velvet is worn trimmed on the bottom with beautiful jet embroidery. It is quite interesting to place beside these visiting toilettes, and toilettes for five 'clock teas, a reception dress in inhiline Ophelie trimmed with rich black guipure. The drapings of both cor-sage and tablier are held by knots of at Albany will cut away all the techsatin ribbon, similar knots are also nicalities set up by the city room keepplaced on the flat collar of guipure, and ers and drive them out of business. the elbow sleeves which are finished by a flounce of the same lace.

The back is finished with a long, supple train. Jewels are worn more than ever, and with all toilettes. Everything seems to edly in trials. be transformed into jewels; the bottle muff is suspended, is ornamented with the horse's winnings. lapis-lazzuli and pearls; the pocketmirror is encased in gold or fluted silver; the little purse is of gold, the pretty side combs have their edges encircled with brilliants or pearls, also the buckles for garters, the corset hooks, the pins, of all forms, which hold the hair or hat, without mentioning the bracelets, ear-rings, brooches, etc. A new jewel very elegant and pretty is the little brooch with chains, which is attached to the collar of the dress, and from which the watch is suspended. This is the last novelty of the moment.

CHEVALIER SCOVEL. He is a Fine Singer as Well as Brave Man.

Chevaller Scovel is one of the best known of the many teners on the Amer can operatic stage. His success during the past year, while a member of the Boston Ideal Opera Company, has proved his right to be considered of the foremost, vocally and dramatically, in the United States.

Scovel first came into celebrity as the leading tenor of the late Carl Rosa's company in Great Britain, and as such created the difficult role of Lobengria in English.

He is a chevaller of the Legion of Honor, not by favor, but because of gallantry and bravery. One day while riding in the Bois de Boulogne, the fashionable and famous public drive of the Parisians, he rescued the wife of President MacMahon from a perilous situation. The team attached to the landau in which the lady was riding became unmanageable, and having thrown pened to be in the park at the time mounted on horseback, galloped along beside them and at an opportune moment threw himself from his saddle upon the back of the nearest horse. After a hard struggle with the infuriated animal he succeeded in stopping the team and averting a serious disaster. As a result of his bravery he was made a chevalier.

The chevaller is connected by marriage with one of the most aristocratic popular on account of his personal qualities and brilliant ability intellectqualities and brilliant ability intellectqualities and brilliant ability intellectToboggan Slide Handicap, at threeToboggan Slide will have something Edgardo in Donizetti's "Lucia di Laumermoor," and of Marnico in "il Travatore," he is exceptionally

good. Scovel received his musical education from the great Lamperti, in Italy, with whom he studied for six years.

HE-"I don't see why there should be no marriage or giving in marriage in Heaven! be any men there."

She knew her business .- Lady (in in-Nurse-"No, mum, but I've made many a child mind me."

HORSE NOTES.

-Robert Steel purchased Antevolo for \$18,000 and sold him for \$35,000. -The Cleveland track is being improved at a cost of \$2000.

-Mutuals on old Monto Cristo at Clifton recently paid \$116.85 for \$2. -The Driving Club of New York has renewed the lease of Fleetwood

-The famous English jockey, F. Barrett, has gone to Buenos Ayres for for a short stay.

-Will Cody, record 1.19½, one of the best sons of Blue Bell, died recently in Iowa, -Jockey Isaac Murphy was recently

initiated into a colored lodge of Masons at Lexington. -President Dwyer, of the Brooklyn

Jockey Club, left for Florida for a stay of two months. -Ansel is advertised to make the sea-

son of 1890 at Mr. Bonner's farm at Tarrytown and the fee is \$200. -Ed. Bither has accepted the posi-

tion of trainer at the Valensin Stock Farm in California. -Three hundred and fifteen horses

sold at Tattersall's last great sale brought \$477,100, average of \$1520. -H. N. Smith, of Fashion Stud Farm, has been confined to his bed for nine months as the result of a runaway

accident. -There is no heat racing in Australia. They call it "barbarous system" there, but they have plenty of two and

three-mile dashes. -An extraordinary and fatal malady has appeared among horses in Lincolnshire, England, and no cause for it or explanation of its nature has been dis-

covered. -Maryland is fast becoming noted for its well-bred horses, a number of stock farms having been started in different sections of the State. The soil is well adapted for grazing pur-

-Darby, record 2.16, was started as a ringer under the name of June in a

-George D. Wetherill, Clearview Farm, Del., has sold to Robert Steel for \$1750, the bay mare Ruby Wilkes, 3 years old, by Red Wilkes, dam Nook's Clay, by American Clay.

-The New Orleans track is making money, but suspicious riding and jobbing continues to crop out. The purses average \$125 each. -The pool bill introduced recently

-Theodore Winter's two-year-olds are being worked in the West. It is reported that El Rio Rey's brother, Rey Del Rey, has been beaten repeat-

-The Australian book-makers were of smelling salts has a cat's eye sur- hit hard by the success of Bravo for rounded with brilliants for a stopper; the Melbourne Cup. The horse's traithe long, gold chain from which the ner won \$10,000 and received a third of

-The police made several raids on pool rooms in New York recently, and although the keepers were released when taken before a justice, more ar-

rests followed. -The trouble between "Snapper" Garrison, the jockey, and his father-inlaw, William McMahon, has been amicably settled out of Court, and the latter will have full control of the hor-

ses in dispute. -The trotting gelding Oakland Boy, record, 2.411, arrived recently in Baltimore, having been shipped from Paris, France, where he has been used on the road by his owner, Mr. Latrobe. It is said that the gelding has shown much speed, and that his owner concluded to return the horse to America and have him trained by "Dod" Irwin who went to Baltimore for the ani-

mal. -Fifty horses, the get of imp. Rayon d'Or, started 711 times last season, finishing first 119 times, second 110 times, third 107 times, and winning \$187,372. Chaos, with \$63,550, heads the list, and Tenny with \$38,310, Tea Tray with \$11,64), and Bronzamarte with \$10,385, follow in order.

-While in California, David Bonner made an offer for a chestnut filly dropped in 1887 by Woolsey, brother of Sunol, 2.10½, out of Belle, by Kentucky Prince, and recently he received a letter from Senator Stanford accepting the offer, and the filly will come East in the spring with Ansel.

-The Central New York Horse the coachman from his box, started Breeders' Association at a recent meetthrough the maze of vehicles at a ing decided to hold the annual meeting break neck pace. Scovel, who hap at Kirkwood Park, Syracuse, and to hang up \$5000 in purses. The following officers were elected: President, J. W. Day, Waterloo; First Vice President, J. W. Pendergast, Phonix; becond Vice President, H. A. Moyer, Syracuse; Secretary, H. L. Leonard, M. D., Syracuse; Treasurer, Eugene Smith, Syracuse.

-With Kingston, Firenzi, Tenny, Hanover, Salvator, Britannic, Geraldine, Volunteer, Prince Royal, Badge, Blue Rock, Coacksman, Proctor Knott, Los Angeles, Come-to-Taw, Belle d'Or, Tipstaff and exactly 100 others on his vuarters of a mile, will have something to keep him busy for a week. The New York Jockey Club did wisely in giving the sprinters a chance.

-Crit Davis is building at the Harrodsburg (Ky.) Fair Grounds a minia-ture track nearly one-eighth of a mile in length, upon which he expects to try a new course of training with the youngsters. As soon as the weather will permit he will turn the yearlings She - 'Probably because there won't the track without a particle of harness on them, driving them before him on a horse. He will shortly, after seeing their gaits which this treatment will encourage them to develop-be enabled to select those he thinks it will pay to train. He will then break them to