

A Housekeeper's Tragedy.

One day as I wandered I heard a complaining sound,
And saw a poor woman picture of gloom;
She glared at the mud on her doorstep (twice raining),
And this was her wail as she wielded the broom:

"Oh, life is a toil and love is a trouble,
And beauty will fade and riches will flee;
And pleasures will dwindle and prices they double,
And nothing is what I could wish it to be.

"There's too much of worryment goes to a bone,
There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt;
There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it,
There's nothing that lasts but trouble and dirt.

"In March it is mud; it's slush in November;
The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust;
The fall leaves litter; in muggy September
The wall-paper rots and the candlesticks rust.

"There are worms in the cherries and slugs in the roses,
And ants in the sugar and mice in the pie;
The rubbish of spiders no mortal supposes,
And ravaging roaches and damaging flies.

"With grease and with grime from corner to centre,
Forever at war and forever alert,
No rest for a day lest the enemy enter—
I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.

"Last night in my dreams I was stationed forever,
On a bare little isle in the midst of the sea;
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor
To sweep off the waves as they swept over me.

"Alas, I am helpless. Again I behold it;
'Tis I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I,
She rolled down her sleeves, her apron she folded,
Then laid down and died and was buried in dirt.

The May Queen.

BY ISABEL SMITHSON.

Such delightful goings-on had never been thought of before in the little hamlet of Fairview. There was to be real ice-cream (made by the minister's wife), and cake and jelly and sandwiches and lemons, all in the cedar-grove. The boys had spent their spare time in putting up a May-pole, and making the most beautiful throne with soft cushions; they had fixed a canopy of ever-green boughs over an old grid, and decorated the whole with flags and ribbons, and in this royal chariot the queen of May was to be drawn round by farmer Bronson's snow-white heifer. The school-children had been for weeks practicing a May-chorus, and some of them were to "speak pieces"; then there were to be games of every kind, and a dance on the grass. The minister's wife and Miss Payton, the school-teacher, had planned it all, but not even they knew who the queen would be. That was to be decided by the children's votes on May-day, before the games and feasting began. The grown-up people were invited to come and look on, but the only one who could vote was the school-teacher, and her vote was to count as three!

"It will be the loveliest fun we have ever had," said the children. Every one was to be at the grove at ten o'clock, so there was no school that day; the boys were busy brushing their clothes, and the girls crimping their hair and putting on clean dresses. Some of them even had new ones on purpose, prettily printed cambrics or light ginghams with ruffles and frills. Lulu Lane got up at dawn of day, and looked out to see if the clouds that worried every one yesterday were really gone. A lovely clear sky smiled down at her, and she ran to her mother in delight. "It isn't going to rain at all!" she cried, "it will be a beautiful day. Oh, mamma, please give me my pink dress, I want to get ready now," and she began singing the first line of the May-chorus.

"May-day, May-day, brightly breaking!"
"I am sorry dear, that your dress is so faded," said her mother regretfully, "and there is a patch on each elbow. I have made it look as neat as I could, but—"
"Oh, never mind the patches," said Lulu, "I don't care about them. What does it matter, if the dress is neat and clean? That's what you always say, mamma. I'd rather wear my oldest calico than miss the May-party. Mamie Dale thinks she is sure to be the queen, because she's been at the head of the class for a week, but Bob Fisher said yesterday, 'not one of the boys will vote for a girl who always laughs when a fellow gets 'down foot', and lots of the girls are going to vote for me; they told me so. You must be sure to be down at the grove in time to see the crowning.'"

At half past eight Mrs. Lane said to Lulu, "I am going to the village now, and shall not come home until the party is over, so lock the door when you go home. You'll find me down in the grove."
"Very well, mamma," said Lulu, a little later she smoothed her hair, put on her sun-bonnet, and after locking the house-door, turned her steps towards the cedar-grove, singing as she went.

She had only reached the first cross-roads, however, when a young man came rattling along in a gig, and stopped when he saw her to say:
"Are you Widow Lane's little girl?"
"Yes, sir."
"Then I am glad I met you. Here's a letter for old Mrs. Deane who lives somewhere on the hill. It's from her grandson Charley that she thought was lost at sea. I saw him in town yesterday and he's coming up here to-day. He gave me this note and begged me to send it by one of the neighbors to his grandmother, for he is afraid that the news of his death will kill her. He said that perhaps Widow Lane's little girl would carry it, if it could bring it as far as here. Here's the letter, you will go to it!"

Poor Lulu! She knew the way very well to Granny Deane's, it was a good two hours' walk. It would be at least two o'clock before she could get down to the grove, and by that time the May-party had long since been over. She was too much astonished to speak, but her play-mates explained everything, talking all at once. They had waited and waited for her to come, and had played "oats, peas, beans," until they were tired; and no one knew where she could be, but at last farmer Black came along on his way to the village, and said that he had passed Lulu Lane away up on the hill, and told why she was there. Then Miss Payton ordered the voting to begin at once. Every single child there voted for the same person—and Miss Payton had said Lulu Lane deserved it all for being so kind to

brushing her hair back from her forehead. From where she sat she could see over the valley for miles around, and could even make out the May-pole down by the cedar-grove, and see crowds and crowds of people going along the roads. "It must be after ten o'clock," she thought to herself, "what will they say to my not being there? And oh, what party would be over. Should she go? Was there no one else to carry the letter? No, indeed, not one, for grown up people were too busy, and not a child could be found on May-day to go such a distance."

"Won't you take it?" said the young man, for she had not answered his last question, but stood looking straight before her, wishing her mother were there to tell her what to do. She remembered how the poor old woman had fainted away when the bad news came, and how every one had said that she would not live very long, for Charley was the only relative she had on earth.

"Think how glad old Mrs. Deane would be to hear that her grandson is not dead," said the young man earnestly. "There's a good girl," he added as Lulu took the letter and turned away quickly, "but you will take it at once—your promise?"

"Yes, I promise," said the little girl, will Miss Payton think, and Mamma! It will be all right when I get back and tell them, but then the games and dancing will be over, the crown will be on the ice-cream and everything eaten up." Poor Lulu put her head down on the hard rock and cried as she had never cried before. In a few minutes, however, she was walking slowly towards Granny Deane's again, drying her eyes and trying not to look back at the scarlet ribbons floating from the May-pole.

There were no houses on the hill; nothing but fields and woods, and Lulu did not meet a single person, except old farmer Black going to the village in his wagon. He pulled up in surprise, and when she told him the news exclaimed in a pleased tone, "Well, I never! So the young fellow isn't drowned at all—oh, you can't trust those newspapers—if that don't beat all. Well, I'm right glad—poor old granny! Get up, Tom" and he cracked his whip and went on.

When Lulu reached the old woman's cottage, she was surprised to find the garden over-run with weeds, the gate wide open and everything in disorder. In the house it was just as bad; the floor unswept, the fire out, the table standing with Granny's untouched meal upon it—the whole place plainly showing that the old woman had forgotten all else since she was told of her grandson's death. By the fire-place sat the old granny, bent nearly double in her chair. She was rocking to and fro and making a low moaning sound, and when Lulu patted her shoulder and whispered that she had good news, Granny only moaned the more and kept repeating:

"My boy is dead, he's dead. He was all I had, and he is gone; my poor dear boy, my Charley, my darling!"
"But he isn't dead!" cried Lulu, the ship isn't lost—look here is a letter for you in your own writing; shall I read it to you, granny?" and pushing back a window shutter that was keeping out the May sunshine, the little girl opening the letter read it aloud. It was short, only saying that there had been a mistake; that the ship he was in had come safe to port, and he would be with his dear old grandmother the next day.

"Think of it, granny—to-day, don't you understand?"
She understood, but for a minute she was dumb with joy, then with a fervent "Heaven bless you, darling," she dropped her white head on the child's shoulder and began to sob, and Lulu gently stroked the silver hair and forgot all about the May-party. After a while Granny dried her eyes and looked round the little room.

"Aren't you ashamed?" said Lulu, smiling, "such an untidy room and garden for Charley to come home to! Let me help you fix them?"
In another minute the two were bustling about at a grate, sweeping, dusting, washing dishes, wedding the flower beds, dressing up Granny herself in a clean gown and apron, and when it was all done, Lulu started for home, leaving the old woman standing at the gate with her wrinkled face beaming with smiles.

Down the road skipped the little girl, stopping now and then to gather a flower, and only remembering a disappointment when she came in sight of the May-pole again, but this time instead of crying she began to sing,

"May-day, May-day brightly breaking,
Thro' the mist of April-showers."

She stopped short to look at a bird which had just lighted on the fence close by, and then, to her great surprise, she heard some voices singing the next lines of the May-chorus:
"Let us from our slumbers waking,
Welcome in your happy hours!"

How delightful! Some of the children were going home that way, she would run and meet them. The next minute she passed the turn of the road and saw a group of her play-mates before her, and better still, there was the May-queen's car with two boys leading the white heifer who was decked out with wreaths of flowers.

"The queen of May, is here to-day,
And gives us all a holiday!"

sang Lulu going towards them, but they began to laugh when they heard her, and one of them cried gaily, "You must not sing that verse, Lulu, you must just step into the car and sit with hands folded—you're the Queen."
She the Queen, the Queen of May! Was it only a dream or really true and no make believe, when they helped her into the seat of honor, and then turned the car around and set off for the cedar-grove.

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A poor old woman—then they had got the car and heifer ready and come to the foot of the hill to meet the May-queen. The grove was crowded with mothers and fathers when the little procession came up, singing, and every one clapped hands for the Queen—Widow Lane louder than the rest. Lulu was crowned with a wreath of May-flowers, and then the merry-makings began, and there never was seen in all the world just as the golden sun was going down, a young man dashed by on horse back, waving his hat above his head and hurrah!

"Hurrah! Can't stop now children—three cheers for the May-queen, hip, hip, hurrah!"

It was Granny Deane's boy Charley.—
American Agriculturist.

In The Sick Room.

MEDICATING AND NURSING.

Are by no means the same and should never be confounded with each other. Of course, a physician may also be a nurse, but it must be an extreme case that can induce the nurse to assume the responsibility of administering drugs unauthorized when a patient with a serious ailment is in her care. To be sure, there are certain aids to cure and to comfort that may and should be applied by the nurse, but drugs are not among them. Parents may, if they have the courage to assume the responsibility, administer patent medicine to their children at critical moments, but no other person has this right, and it is even held that no one, other than a regular physician, is morally or legally at liberty to tamper with a sick person's chances of life and death by administering poisons—and all drugs are poisons.

It may be argued that like conditions in patients of the same age and similar constitutions call for the same medications, and that a clever, cool-headed mother may thus be almost certain as to the result of administering such drugs; but conditions are sometimes so deceptive that a physician should be summoned when practicable, so that in case of subsequent disaster, the mother will not have cause to reproach herself for carelessness or neglect.

But there are certain conditions of the patient which call for amelioration that is entirely within the province of the nurse; and there are, also, certain symptoms or forewarnings of illness that the mother or nurse should be able to recognize and prescribe for. The responsibility of noting the approach of an ailment while it is not yet near at hand belongs to the nurse, and so does that of keeping serious conditions at bay until the doctor arrives.

There are many unmistakable symptoms that should demand the mother's instant attention, if she be not too much preoccupied with other matters than the physical well-being of those near to her. Lack of appetite, indifference to affairs that are commonly of interest, wandering pains that are mentioned but not seriously complained of, exhibition of lassitude by a temperament that is naturally active and buoyant, paling or flushing of the face, white or blue tintings about the mouth, aching of the limbs or back, shivering or nausea, a dry or slightly sore throat, a quick cough and sleeplessness, all these are indications of disturbed health that in many cases, however, may be reduced to its normal condition by the simplest precautions, if taken in time. The patient should at once be put to bed to rest, and, if possible, to sleep. A sponge-bath of warm but not hot alcohol and water should follow this rest, and next morning the child should eat a slight, appetizing breakfast of nourishing and easily digested food before dressing, and should pass the day without activity or excitement, the room being aired frequently in winter, while in summer the windows will be thrown wide open and patient amply covered. This day of repose affords nature an opportunity to do a work which she is always striving to accomplish, and it also gives the mother leisure to watch for and usually to discover the cause of the disturbance, which may be removable or avoidable in the future. Two grains of quinine a day is a safe preventive for a child in the above circumstances, while six grains will prove efficacious for an adult.

If there is constipation, an enema of tepid Castile soap-suds will regulate the bowels, unless the case is serious. If improvement is not apparent in a day or two; if there is dizziness, chilliness, quiet sleep or serious sleeplessness; if the skin is hot and dry or cold and moist; or if the patient is thirsty and has a quick, thin pulse or loose discharges, send at once for a physician. In the meantime wrap the child in a sheet and place him in a tub full of water at a temperature of ninety-six to ninety-eight degrees, keeping it at that point by adding hot water from time to time. The patient should remain in the water not less than fifteen minutes; twenty minutes would be better. Three tablespoonfuls of household ammonia added to the water will render the bath more effective, and if ammonia is not at hand, two tablespoonfuls of baking-soda has first been dissolved in hot water may be used instead. When the bath is ended have in readiness a warm, dry sheet to take the place of the one left in the tub, and in cold weather fold a warm blanket at once over this sheet, putting the patient to bed immediately. The child's flesh may be rubbed gently with a warm, soft towel under the blanket to prevent chill, for even in a warm room the dry air may cool an exposed wet surface by too rapid evaporation. As the body is being gone over from head to foot, the damp sheet should be drawn away, leaving the blanket next the skin. If the patient feels drowsy after this refreshing and remedial bath, encourage him to sleep, and listen to see if he mutters or is unnaturally disturbed during sleep, as these are symptoms of threatened fever which the doctor should be made at once acquainted.

PNEUMONIA AND PLEURISY.
If indications of pneumonia or pleurisy are present, make a thick poultice by stirring linseed-meal into boiling hot water, and apply to the chest; the meal should be spread quickly an inch thick over a hot cloth laid upon a hot board or tray and then besmeared with vaseline or olive or castor oil and applied to the chest and to the back. It is a serious mistake to suppose that the back of the lungs requires no attention. Loss of appetite, a flushed face and a pain in the lower part of the back, followed presently by shortness of breath and difficulty of speech, with quick, sharp pains in the side mean either pneumonia, pleurisy or both. Of course, a physician is called immediately, but the jacket of hot linseed poultice is what he would have ordered had he been present earlier, so an important step in defence against the disease has been taken before his arrival.

The patient who objects to food should be given strong beef-essence, egg-nog, hot but not boiled milk with the white of an egg beaten into it, or a wine whey, administered in small quantities but at very short intervals to maintain the sufferer's strength, which ebbs with great rapidity as the disease progresses. Keep the temperature of the room not below seventy degrees both night and day, nor above that, if it is possible to regulate. Do not uncover the patient even for a moment, and protect his shoulders, which are lifted by pillows to aid his breathing, with extra wraps of warm texture and light weight. Keep the apartment well aired by means of a portable heater in another room, in which the windows are lowered from the top; if possible, have an open fire to aid the air current. In summer a lighted lamp may be placed in the fireplace to create a current through the chimney. See that the feet are warm; if they are not, place by them a bottle or rubber bag of hot water wrapped in a towel, or a bag of heated salt or sand.

The medicines prescribed must be administered with exactness and promptitude, because in pneumonia vigilance is often the only thing that can save the sufferer's life. Save the saliva, which should be dropped by the patient into a small hand cuspidor rather than upon a cloth, for the doctor's inspection; and also be careful to save any other excretion that the medicinal man may ask to see. Maintain the sick person in perfect tranquillity, preparing as much of the medicines, etc., as possible outside the sick chamber. Preserve a cheerful countenance and an even voice, and do not talk of symptoms or of medicines in the patient's presence. Keep but one gas-jet burning in the room, because the flame consumes the vitality of the air; and shade the light from the eyes of the sufferer. If a lamp is used, be sure there is not the slightest odor of oil, nor the faintest smoke to enter the already overburdened lungs. Wear a noiseless, washable dress and cloth shoes, and see that the hinges of the door are oiled to prevent creaking; one movement of a noisy door may break a slumber during which life was to have returned, and the interruption of recovery. Should the patient remain asleep for any considerable time carefully scrutinize his face if the room is not light enough for the purpose, a candle shaded by the hand will serve to display the countenance. In case the features seem drawn or the face is paler than usual, it may be taken as an indication of waning vitality, which must be immediately restored by means of the food or stimulants ordered by the physician to be kept in readiness for such emergencies. Both should always be within easy reach, but should not be heated in the patient's presence, if avoidable; a spirit lamp or a gas support placed in the next room or just outside the door will answer admirably. These particular directions regarding food are applicable to all cases of serious illness.—*The Delinctor.*

Travelling Children.
There is much written nowadays concerning the home amusement of children. Would it not be well if suggestions were offered for the entertainment of the little people while travelling? Any one who has made a long railway journey must have had the sympathy aroused for the tired little mortals for whom no provision had been made for varying the monotony of the trip, says the *Housekeeper*. The mothers or aunts accompanying them were provided with books or knitting work, but the poor children had not even strings to play cat's cradle.

No wonder that under these circumstances they fidgeted and wearied their companions, until traveling with children was voted a bore. If a new picture book, a pencil and paper, a game or a small doll had been provided, to be brought out at the first appearance of restlessness, the vote might have been different.

Our Fashion Letter.

When we see the discomfort that it causes many persons to wear mourning garments when death invades their households, the absolute despair almost into which it plunges them, we could heartily wish in this department, as well as in others, "Fashion would modify her mandates. We will not repeat what all the world knows; that mourning for a husband is worn for two years, for a parent eighteen months or a year, etc."

We purpose to give only a few special instructions concerning the details of toilette. The Victoria band, in white crepe, which has been worn only by widows is now admissible for all deep mourning. Some coquettish persons having found that the hat of black crepe is very trying even to the finest complexion, have adopted this band of white crepe which softens the plainest face and improves the harshest complexion.

It is indeed a fancy which has caused this white crepe to be made a veritable garniture, and prolonged into strings knotted under the chin. This style, however, we seriously advise our readers not to adopt. The long, full veil that some widows wear covering the face, is now almost universally abandoned. It is worn at the funeral service and during the first weeks of mourning, then replaced by the veil of tulle edged with crepe, the large veil being draped on the back of the hat.

The shawl also, at the end of three or six weeks is replaced by a long garment, cape or redingote, in black wool trimmed with crepe. And the diamonds! There was a time when they remained resting in their luxurious, velvet lined cases for eighteen months or two years, the full period of deep mourning. To-day, a widow is permitted to wear her earrings at the close of the first year of mourning. But, although there is a change in many things, it is better for each one to follow his own inclinations, and if deep mourning is desired not to trouble himself about what others may do. If, on the contrary mourning is worn out of deference to the wishes of others, without any deep feeling of grief, it will be well to observe others and to adopt the styles which present usage permits.

We have nothing new to say about deep mourning, as on this subject the houses dealing specially in mourning garments always give full instructions; therefore it seems more profitable to our readers to give some types of half mourning toilettes which may be used for colors as well as for black.

One of these beautiful toilettes is made of *faulle veloutine*, very long, trimmed on the bottom of the skirt with a deep band of black velvet studded with steel. The corsage of the same faulle is trimmed with a *bolero* front in black passementerie. A girde of black velvet comes from beneath the bolero and is fastened with a silver buckle. The plastron of velvet is studded with steel and draped with *Ophelie* China crepe. Deep wrist bands of velvet embroidered with steel nails finish the puffed sleeves.

The hat worn with this toilette is of black mohair braid, faced with dotted tulle and trimmed with a cluster of white narcissus and velvet pansies. All the hats, or almost all, are transparent, in mohair, with bands of lace work or else of lace like rice straw.

Velvet is no longer used as a facing, but plain or dotted tulle which does not deprive the hat of its brightness or transparency.

Many capotes without crowns are grannanted in the back with a *Theatres* concealed comb. Sometimes it is made of fine flowers closely set together as violets, forget-me-nots or primroses; sometimes it is of cut jet or an embroidery of steel or gold. A charming model is of polished enamel jet with sprays of jet on the sides reaching toward the front, and fine ferns of black or green velvet; in front is a knot of green velvet ribbon, or of black satin if it is for a mourning toilette.

The prettiest capote for half-mourning that we have seen, is in black tulle with a few other garnitures than a serpent of jet-coiling his ring around the front, the tail resting on the back. After having made a double circuit the head, with a pointed sting and two brilliant eyes, is raised menacingly in front.

We will finish by describing two typical novelties; one a jacket whose originality is not concealed in its form. It is made of French blue-cloth, double breasted; the sleeves, the collar of black velvet, and the wooden buttons—all partake of the style—masculine. There is nothing prettier than this jacket for a traveling garment or a morning wrap. The other novelty consists of a large hat of fancy, black straw trimmed with sapphire velvet, mignonette and violets. The large *Bebe* veil which is worn with this hat, is of tulle *point d'esprit* and covers the edge of the hat, falling in front below the shoulders and having the ends knotted at the back of the hat.

After the materials for half-mourning, that is to say the lustrous and plain wools, comes the choice between a number of novelties, each prettier than the other. The transparent veils, sometimes plain, sometimes embroidered, with large lozenges are striped in a hundred styles. This veiling is lighter than grenadine and has that charm of elegance which causes it to be adopted by women of taste. It is *de rigueur*, correct, with a slight mark of distinction which satisfies the most austere, and charms the most coquettish. The large squares so much in favor display their silky rays upon these new veillings.

Of these, the most beautiful is a crepon veiling quite plain, flexible and soft, and of rare elegance.

—Bergan has given the Dwyer Bros. second call on his services for the season.

—August Belmont's Prince Royalty pulled up lame at Sheepshead Bay recently.

—Ontario, the great jumping horse, will be given an opportunity to beat his record.

—Loretta F. (2.18) has a foal sired by W. H. Cassidy; he by George Wilkes.

—James Goodley, of Linwood, rejoices over a colt dropped by his sorrel mare, Maud O'Neill.

HORSE NOTES.

—Riding is becoming the fad at New York city, where about sixty riding clubs have been formed.

—Budd Dobie has purchased the b. m. Lady Bullion, record, 2.28, for \$15,000 from R. Klugman.

—Frank Bower's mare Maggie B. won a very creditable race at Belmont Course. Her mark is now 2.20.

—Come-to-Taw is not fulfilling expectations. He trains well, but does not run as he should in his races.

—Hamilton may ride Tenny in the Toboggan slide handicap to-morrow if McLaughlin cannot get weight.

—Wilton Greenway has sold his brown mare Maud, 2.27, by Othello to the Hubinger Bros., of New Haven, Conn., for \$2800.

—The Covington pool-rooms were closed by municipal ordinance a few days ago, and it is said, they will not reopen in the future.

—H. H. Owsley, Midway, Ky., has sold for \$5000 to O. C. West, Jr., Louisville, the bay filly Kate Malone, 4, by imported Glengarry.

—Isaac Flemming is said to have driven Aubine and Lady Wellington a mile in 2.18 at Dundee Park, Paterson, N. J., recently.

—Elite, the eleventh foal of Green Mountain Maid, owned at Woodburn, will be trained this season, as she proved barren in the spring.

—T. C. Anglin has bought of W. H. Force, Jr., of Flemington, N. J., the b. f. Stella F. 2 by Wilkes Boy, dam Mary Force by Happy Medium.

—Bill Letcher, the Latona Derby winner, is a medium-sized colt, by Longfellow dam Ida Lewis, and is owned by W. R. Letcher, of Richmond, Ky.

—The Association of Western Book-makers has secured the betting privileges at Louisville for the fall meeting. The sum paid for the spring and fall privileges was \$30,000.

—Mary Lynn, by Messenger Chief, out of the dam of Prince Wilkes, has foaled a handsome filly colt by Red Wilkes. The mare and filly are the property of Mock Brothers, of Kentucky.

—At the last meeting of the American Trotting Association the record of the chestnut mare Laurabel was changed from 2.27 to 2.27, and that of the chestnut gelding Baldwin from 2.34 to 2.34.

—James Pettet recently shipped the pacer Jewett, record, 2.14, and the b. g. Honest George, record 2.27, by Albert to Derby, Conn., where they are entered. Pettet says that Jewett is in first-class shape.

—R. Liddle has sold, through Captain James M. Nelson to Augustine T. Smythe, of Charleston, S. C., for saddle purposes, the dark chestnut gelding Clatter, foaled 1882, by Lisbon, dam Clara, by Australian.

—It is said that a new feature will be added to the appointments at Morris Park in the shape of a bulletin board giving the stock quotations, results of baseball matches and racing at different points, for the benefit of people attending the races.

—A motion to have dissolved the injunction restraining the Board of Review for investigating the Alcryon-Nelson race, will be argued at Buffalo in June by Mr. Hoyt, the leading counsel of the National Trotting Association.

The great spring meeting of the New York Jockey Club will begin May 30, at its magnificently race-course, Morris Park, located among the picturesque hills of Westchester, less than a mile beyond the corporate limits of New York city.

Dollkins, in the Seoggan string, does not fulfill the promise of her two-year-old form. She started four times this season and was beaten every time. Lady Washington has already won four stakes. She is by Miser, and so is English Lady.

—Speaking of the statement that Emperor of Norfolk was to be brought here later in the season, Bob Thomas, his former trainer, said: "I will bet \$4000 to \$250 that Emperor of Norfolk will never win another public race, and another hundred that he is never shipped out of California to run in one."

—Longshore, the 2-year-old colt, by Longfellow, dam Seashell, broke a blood vessel recently. Longshore was one of the most promising of the Dwyer Brothers' young horses. They thought so highly of the colt that they gave about the highest price they have paid this season for his yearling brother at the recent Kentucky sales.

—The much talked-about racing novelty, the Jack Pot stakes, has proved a flat failure. In the Lexington event there were only three starters, and Huntress won in a big gallop. At Louisville there were only two starters, and the Hanking mare almost walked under the string. The last of the series won at Latonia recently, and Huntress won easily.

—Wisdom, the sire of Surefoot, is a horse that furnishes an argument in favor of in-breeding. His dam, Alina, was by Stockwell, and his sire, Blin-hoole, was by Stockwell's brother, Ratapan. Surefoot's dam, Miss Foote, is by Orlando, a son of Touchstone, out of Gossamer, by Birdcatcher. Ratapan and Stockwell are grandsons of Birdcatcher.

—Buyers of pools at the local trotting and pacing meetings complain that they often find it difficult to get a chance to invest their money on an apparently good thing owing to the fact that the pool-seller himself has some one outside buying for him. This is altogether wrong, and is an imposition upon the public. The pool-seller gets 3 per cent. of every bet made, and that is enough. When betting privileges are sold by associations it should be distinctly understood that the men who conduct the business should not buy pools themselves, either directly or by agents. A man in the pool box with the betting sheet before him, and the knowledge of how owners and drivers are placing their money, has a big advantage over the ordinary spectator.