Have you seen a levely rose
That in the sunlight nods and glows,
While from its centre fragrance flows,
At the wind's caress?

Felt a pleasure kin to pain Like a sunbeam, seen thro' rain? Strive to speak, alas! in vain? This is happiness.

Just a little bit, I know,
Just as you'd a sample show,
And would say "The piece is so—
Judge of it by this."
I. S. H. in Woman's Work.

## LOST ON THE RIGI.

BY HELEN EVERTSON SMITH.

The lines of a merry little French song rang out in the sweet tones of Mary Harding's girlish soprano, from her bird-like perch, overlooking the beautiful Lake of Lucerne.

"Oh, ho! You're there, are you? I've been looking for you, all over. Papa has come, and we're going up the Rigi to-morrow!

"Oh, Bert, how lovely! But look, now! See old Pilate, with his sword Does that mean it is going to "Of course it does. Didn't Aunt

Julia translate the old rhyme to run-'When Pilate dons his cloudy cap, Go on your way, fear no ill-hap; Or, if his collar he puts on, You may some risk depend upon. But if his sword hangs by his side Go not abroad, ill will betide.'

So, of course, when you see that long line of cloud, slanting down the side of the old mountain, like General Washington's sword in the pictures, you may know that it's going to rain.

"Oh, dear! Then I'm afraid we can't go. But, see, Bert! it's not his sword he's putting on, after all; it's only his collar. See him draw the clouds all up around his thick old neck. Perhaps he'll let us off, after all!"

Very anxiously, the next morning, did Bert and Mary scan the clouds around Mount Pilatus. It was very hard to decide what his intentions were, for one moment the cloud-sword seemed fully formed and pointing downwards, and the next to be gathering itself up into the broad level band called "the collar," or even into the much more promising form known as "Pilate's night-cap."

Mr. Harding's inquiries of the supposed weather-wise in the house proved somewhat comforting, and, at half-past nine, though Pilate had taken off his cap, he had not put on his sword, and might still relent and return to his slumbers—so our little party started for the ascent of the Rigi.

The structure of the open cars, with seats rising like the steps of a flight of very steep stairs, showed how abrupt was the ascent which they were to climb. Taking their seats in the little car and looking out at the uncertain weather, even the children began to be a little fearful, but soon the grandeur of the view, ever opening wider and farther before them, took all their attention.

suggenly-without an instant's warning-they became enveloped in a thick, clammy mass; not so heavy as a wave of the sea, but almost as dense and wet.

At first there were occasional rifts in the cloud, showing the sun-tipped tops of the lower and more distant peaks, looming up from the clouds, like islands from an ocean, whose great gray and white waves rolled and curled like silent surf on a soundless shore.

But, as they went higher, the fog grew thicker, and, arrived at last at their journey's end, they could but dimly see through the mist-as penetrating as rain and as cold as snowthe vague outlines of the little hotel that clings to a narrow shelf of the mountain-side, near its top.

"Great place to come for a view," said Bert, with the sarcasm common to the disappointed. "Great place! might as well try to look into the side of the house, as into this fog."

"Perhaps it will clear up soon," said Mary; and comforting themselves with this hope, our little party passed within doors, where a good dinner and the genial warmth of a great, white porcelain stove, soon restored their spirits. After dinner Bert and Mary received

permission to walk about on the little plateau, but on no account to lose sight of the house. Had the fog not litted, this would have kept them within a few steps of the door, but a clear wind struck the cloud, and, as if by magic, it fled away, and opened a whole new world of beauty and wonder.

Bounding down steep mountain paths, or clinging like flies to the little pines which grow against the wall-like mountain sides, Bert and Mary went from point to point, not losing sight of the house, but going farther than either knew, for they were in a land of enchantment.

Below them lay blooming valleys, dotted with hamlets, and gleaming lakes sprinkled with snow-white sails, to the depths below; and where the tender young evergreen growth clung to the very skirts of the eternal snow. And beyond all these, rank above rank,

The children, wild with delight, could only catch their breath, and clasping each other mands, exclaim-"Oh! why is not papa here, too?"

hills, and even the very mountain-side the dripping fog.

At first they were too surprised to think, but after a moment, Mary said, anxiously,-"Bert, we cannot see the house. Which way is it?"

"Right up here," said Bert, stoutly.
"We shall be back there in a minute." And holding his sister's hand he

turned toward where he thought the

house to be. The way had not been an easy one. even in the sunlight. Now it seemed almost impassable. At first they laughed at each slip or misstep, but after they had toiled on, as they thought, for long hours, they seemed no nearer to their resting-place; the fog was get-ting thicker, and darker, and colder. Their laughter ceased and-brave children though they were-there began to creep over them a keener chill, the chill of fear. For they knew that they had lost their way and night was com-

In the meantime their father had taken a comfortable nap, and rousing at the hour for the last train to leave, began searching for the children. At first he felt no anxiety, for Bert and Mary were sensible and brave, but it soon became plain that they had wan-dered away from the plateau. The train waited for some time, but at last departed, leaving the distracted father to continue his search with the aid of the hotel guides.

The night fell very suddenly, for the og was so dense that only the strongest light of day had been able to penetrate it even a few feet, and as the sun descended there came literally a darkness that could be felt, as the groping hands pushed out into the dripping cloud.

The children had ceased their weary and dangerous efforts to find their way. "They will look for us," said Bert; "and we might as well stay where we are." So, tired, hungry and shivering with cold, they sat down on the wet ground, clinging to each other and to a stunted pine tree.

And now from afar above them sounded the great Alpine horn, so famous in song and story. At intervals of one or two minutes its strong and hoarse but not unmusical note sounded far and wide from high above the children's heads, and they felt that there was the hotel, and there their father was trying to guide his lost ones to his arms.

"Let us go," exclaimed Bert, with new life. "We can follow the sound." The way was steep and rough and could only be felt, for in the deep dark they could not even have found each other again had they once loosed their clasping hands, but they slowly crept along what seemed to be a narrow path, clinging closely to the mountain-Following the booming horn, side. they felt sure they were going in the right direction, and called out at intervals with all their strength, in hope

of attracting aid. At last Mary's foot slipped upon the treacherous footing, and, dragging, her brother downward in her rapid descent, they fell until they were stopped by a projecting tree, to which Bert clung with all his strength, by one hand, bracing his feet firmly against the mountain-side and holding his sister by the other hand.

Mary had given one sharp cry of pain and terror, and then all was still.
"Mary! Mary!" cried Bert, in an

agony of fear. But Mary made no reply. He could not loose his hold, either of the tree or of his sister's arm, lest they should both together go down, down into the blackness without end that lay below them. He could not bend his head low enough to hear if she still breathed, and his own heart almost ceased beating for anguish over this darling sister.

How long he clung there, Bert never knew, but, after a long, long time, there came a sound of distant voices, and then a rattling of stones and twigs, as a quick, light step stirred them. Then a panting, warm breath was on his cheek, and up the echoing cliffs rang out the clear, rich baying of a Saint Bernard dog.

This was answered by cheers from above, and Bert heard his father's call and tried to answer, but his voice broke weakly against the rocks, for his strength was growing less with each hard breath he drew, and there could be no hope for Mary if all force desert-

ed his straining arm.
At last came lanterns, faintly shining through the fog, and Bert, feeling an arm around him, gasped—
"Mary—take her—I"can't hold on

And he knew no more until and he Mary were both lying on cots in the hotel's warm parlor. At first he did not see his sister, for even in the house the air was thick with fog, through which the candles shone but dimly, and a fear struck coldly to his heart, till his father, standing by, exclaimed in trembling tones-

"I thank thee, oh, my Heavenly Father, that both of my darlings are spared to me!" And Mary cried-

"Dear Bert, I only fainted."-Santa

THE old legend of the Devil's Bridge in the Pyrenees is thus destroyed by a correspondent of the London Times:-"The popular legend about this bridge, which spans a mountain torrent called the Tech, near the small town of Ceret, was that it had been built during one night by Satan and his myrmidons, and the fact that the particulars as to its any of the local archives gave additionand hillsides where chalets hung, like al strength to this legend. But the bird-cages on a wall; where slender registrar of a neighboring town called mountain torrents fell in long ribbons Prats de Mollo, close to the Spanish frontier, has just unearthed a manuscript, dated 1321, which relates how the notables of that town 'contributed ten golden crowns of Barcelona toward rose the glorious Alpine heights, white and blue and purple and changing opal —a land of dreams. the building of the bridge at Ceret upon the condition that the inhabitants of Prats de Mollo were exempt from

paying toll.-Ex. Like many others of noble nature, the Queen of Roumania has sought solace in active works of benevolence, And in another moment, as swiftly as eyelids can close, down came the closing cloud and all the scene was blotted out. Valleys and lakes and distant tablished classes and schools to further native arts and crafts. The carpet weaving of the States through which to which they clung, were as if they had never been. Around, about, above, below, was only a shifting mass of cold and silent vapor. Scarcely could Bert and Mary see even each other through Roumania, by holding exhibitions and

encouraging native designers. -Russell is the largest winner of the year thus far, his gross earnings amounting to \$26,200.

—Tea Tray's four-mile ruu-away is likely to result in keeping him out of a race for some weeks.

Physical Attainment.

BY MARY TAYLOR BISSELL, M. D. It is a poor system that cannot be adapted to the wants of the many, therefore our word to-day is for those who, from divers reasons of time or place, cannot join the gymnasium class or the club for physical culture, but who are as interested in the developwhom the athletic club is possible.

Many of these interested ones have have attained the normal proportions of the human figure, or whether we fall below them? Is there any absolute standard of figure, any typical woman, toward which ideal we should be striving? And to this we must frankly reply in the negative. The patient accumulation for data, which has been going on for many years in this and other countries (notably originated in less and less riding to and fro may enter our colleges of intellectual training), is | into the plan. not yet so complete that any of the workers are willing to state that an abso- found most beneficial, both for its genlute fixed standard has been gained which would enable us to point to it with certainty as containing the sum of feminine perfection. But from the many thousands of girls and women obaverages have been obtained from which we may work. We know the average first be attempted; and for this exercise height of the American woman to be about five feet two and a half inches, offer the best opportunities. A girl exceeding thus by three inches the height of the Venus de Medici. In weight this young woman should average two pounds to every inch of height at the age of twenty, although as regards weight there is a 'permissible margin" of seven pounds on either side, above or below this estimate which is consistent with good health. A young girl of fifteen has not so much expected of her in this direction, as a proportion of about one and three-quarter pounds for every inch of her height is the allotted amount. If our twenty-year-old young woman, then, weighs from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty pounds, we should expect her to measure twenty-three or twentyfour inches about the waist, and should hope to record thirty inches as her chest girth, with an expansion of two inches more during full inspiration. Breathing into a spirometer to test the air capacity ("vital capacity") of her lungs, the instrument should record about one hundred and sixty to one hundred and seventy cubic inches.

The girth of her upper arm, taken by a tape measure, should answer to ten inches and a half, and the lower arm about two inches less than this. These measurements are to be taken over the of their ornamentation. It stands upon middle of the biceps, in the arm, that a broad platform from which there is a muscle so dear to the heart of the schoolboy when he proudly begs his within are rooms varying in size, some comrade to "feel it swell," while the approached by ample staircases, and all forearm is measured immediately below the elbow, at the point of greatest size. Instruments are in use in the various institutions where these and more detailed measurements are being taken by which the strength of these muscles is ascertained through carefully devised dynamometers. Those most commonly in use were photographed for Scribner's Magazine of July, 1887, in an article by Dr. Sargent on the They are found practically more useful than the common tests known as the pull up, the bar or rings, for women, and have therefore been quite univer-sally adopted. The instrument used for testing the "grip" of the hand (or the strength of the forearm) is, however, the same instrument as is used by physicians in the office. The common range of record in this test is from ten to thirty-five kilos. Our young women would probably find the strength test of back a low one, as the ordinary dress of women prevents that development of tent of the Pacific Ocean. On even the waist which is necessary for strong lumbar and loin muscles. One hund-ed and ten kilos is the highest record I have obtained from a woman. For the same reason it has been suggested that her thighs show unusual size in these measurements, inconsistent with the other girths and developments of her

body. The writer has almost daily evidence of the lack of development in young women of the muscles of the back and loins, and also of those which, running from the lower ribs to the pelvis, assist largely in efforts of climbing. It apparently takes a young boy only a short period of time in which to learn to climb a rope or even a pole, when he is allowed to use both legs and arms. But the young girl or young woman finds the greatest difficulty in making these ascents, not always, apparently, from lack of strength of the arm muscles, but because the other climbing muscles are but imperfectly developed and have little staying power; and this fact we attribute largely to the restraining influence exerted by conventional dress, as well as to absence of training or op-

portunity. The muscles of the back and loins can be developed by rowing which may be fairly imitated in winter on the portable rowing-machines now in the mar-ket. Walking also develops these construction had never been found in muscles, and would do so to a far greater degree than it is now able to, did the pedestrienne walk in light and sufficiently easy-fitting attire. With a pair of dumb-bells or a chest-weight machine in her bed-room, to provide exercise for the upper half of the body, and a membership in a walking club which would insure out-of-door exercise for the lower half of the body, and an occasional opportunity during the club lieved by eminent archaeologists to be wanderings for a run, the city or country that of the famous Cleopatra. It is girl who has no access to a gymnasium will find her physical development fairly well provided for.

A walking club should grade its activity just as other active exercise is graded, and moderation should be the watchword in the first routes, until the endurance and vigor of the different members are understood. A route not longer than two miles should be se-lected, or, if desired, even shorter, and gradually increased to three, four, and five, according to the reaction experi-enced by the members. Those not accustomed to walking who desire to join such a club may make private preparation by gradually increasing the number of blocks or squares walked in the city streets, until twenty blocks become an easy matter. The pedestrians should wear low-heeled and broad-soled shoes, a divided skirt instead of the other skirts commonly worn, as affordother skirts commonly worn, as afford- day.

ing less resistance in exercise, a light dress, and locse waist and coat. Any one who has tested her lung capacity in a blouse waist without corsets, and afterward in a dress waist with corsets, needs no further argument as to the desirability, the necessity, for affording the heart and lungs perfect freedom when calling upon them for increased

Moderate lameness in the muscles ment of strength and suppleness and health as the hypothetical twenty to of those unaccustomed to the exercise, and may be relieved by the usual ex-pedients of massage and warm baths. asked, How shall we know whether we A sensation of positive muscular exhaustion, however, is an indication of excess, and a warning to attempt less on the next occasion. An excellent plan, as regards routes, especially in inaugurating such a club, is to take the cars to a spot somewhat suburban, and begin the walk there, riding home when the circuit is complete. As the endurance of the club gradually increases,

A little practice in running will be eral effect and for its special effect in expanding the chest. Running should before resuming the regular pace. This served and measured, certain general is necessary in order not to overtax the heart and lungs. Short distances should country or suburban walks naturally who at the beginning of the season could scarcely run the dista of a block will find herself, after judicious and persistent effort, able to keep a respectably rapid pace over ten, provided she be dressed suitably for the occasion. The distances attempted should be very adually increased, as in all unusual exercises, and no attempt made to attain speed, unless under supervision and with competent advice. - Christian Union.

## The Ruins of Yucatan.

The Mexican Province of Yucatan will, for some time to come, be famous for the possession of ruins full of interest to all who study the world's history. Scattered over this district, sometimes quite hidden by the tropical vegetation, and in other cases buried beneath mounds of earth, are the remains of ancient cities which must once have sheltered thousands of inhabitants.

The remains of one town are about two miles in circumference, and include parts of several large buildings view of the country for miles around. Within are rooms varying in size, some once covered with paintings of which

but little now remains entire. Figures of men and animals are found amongst most of the ruins, the statues being sometimes upon their old pedestals, and sometimes lying prone amongst the brushwood. The Indians can give but little help in the search

## The Big Globe.

One of the most interesting objects at the Paris exposition last summer was the great globe, one millionth of the Earth's actual size. The first thing that strikes the visitor as he paces the gallery that winds about this globe at such a distance as to give the observer the best view of it, is the enormous exour largest maps, this ocean seems to be full of islands. On this great globe it is seen that many as they are, the islands fill but a comparatively small space. Yet this globe is itself not large enough to admit of the mountain chains being shown in relief. The highest mountain in the world would here have an elevation of only three fourths of an inch, which at the distance from which it must be viewed would be inappreciable. From this we may gain some idea of the vast extent of our Earth's surface which yet remains to gratify the thirst of the explorer and Geogra-

## To Kill Carpet Bugs.

To any who have had experience with the insect variously known as the carpet bug or Buffalo moth, the following recipe will be invaluable, for it is said to be sure death to them. 1 oz. of alum.

" " chloride zinc.

" " salt.

Mix with two quarts of water and let it stand over night in a covered vessel. In the morning pour it carefully into an other vessel so that : Il sediment may be left behind. Dilute this with two quarts of water and apply by sprinkling the edges of the carpet for the distance of a foot from the wall. This is all that is necessary. They will leave boxes, beds and any other resort which

Two new "finds" of unusual interest

are announced by Egyptian explorers. The first is the discovery of a tomb betwenty-five feet underground, in a chamber ten feet long, with a sarcophagus in the form of a pyramid, and decorated with exquisite carvings. The investigations are not yet complete, but have proceeded far enough to make it certain that the tomb is that of some extraordinary personage. The other discovery is that of a will at Illahun. This will was written on papyrus and dates back to the reign of Amenamhat III., 2550 n. c., the name of the month and day being given. The phraseology is quite modern in form and shows that Who Told?

Of course Dolly had no business to go into the pantry. That was the first part of her wrong doing, for she had often been told never to step over the threshold, and if she had only minded, then this story would never have been

Grandmother had been making pies that morning-huckleberry pies, kind Dolly liked best, with a little crisscross of pastry across the top; and then, when the big pies were all in the oven baking, she had taken the scrapes of pastry that were left, and made two little turnovers. Dolly knew whom they were for just as soon as they came out of the oven, and she d'd wish grandmother would let her sit right down and eat hers then while it was hot.

The next afternoon a school-mate was coming over to take tea with her, and Dolly knew that grandma had made these turnovers so that she and Ruth might have a little tea party in the attic, and eat their supper from the cunning doll-dishes that had been Dolly's mamma's when she had been little enough to play with dolls.

Dolly knew she would want to have the turnovers then, but she could not wait, and when grandma put the baking away in the pantry, a pair of blue eyes watched her very wistfully.

"I think I'll just go and look at them," Dolly said to herself, presently, and the little feet pattered away to the pantry, where they stood obediently upon the threshold, not breaking the injunction never to go any farther.

"If I could just smell them once!" and Do'ly's inquisitive nose sniffed vigorously, as a breeze coming through he open window carried to her the appetizing odor of the hot ples.

"Of course I wouldn't touch a teeny crumb of them, but I must just smell hem," and in a moment more Dolly was standing on tiptoe by the lowest shelf, looking intently at the coveted turnovers. On one side of the largest turnover there was a slight projection of pastry, and Dolly eyed it greedily.

"It wouldn't really be taking any of the turnover just to break off that little piece, because it don't really belong to ", and the mischievous fingers picked off the coveted morsel.

Can't you guess what happened next? The delicious bit of crisp pastry was so good, and melted so quickly in the hungry mouth, that Dolly soon found another little piece to take, and presently she was shocked to find that she had really broken into the turnover itself, and that a narrow stream of rich purple juice was trickling out.

"I guess I'd better eat it all up," Dolly said, as she tried to stop the juice by putting her finger sgainst the opening, "'cause grandma'll know I took some anyhow." It was so good! The little girl ate

up the last crumb, and then looked wistfully at the other turnover. "There won't be enough for the tea

party anyway, and I may as well eat that one too.'

Pretty soon they were both gone, and Dolly went out and sat on the broad for information about the men who porch, trying to be happy again. Some- starts. built these cities; but it seems probable how the turnovers had not left a very in an article by Dr. Sargent on the Proportions of the Typical Man." that they belong to the period just before the Spanish Conquest of Central sunshine wasn't as bright as it had Chief, dam by Bourbon Chief, was must be homesick, her heart felt so heavy and sad.

Grandma feared that the little girl might be ill, seeing her sit so quietly instead of running as was her wont, but when she was in the pantry a little later, and saw that the two turnovers were missing, she guessed at the truth. Presently she called, "Dolly, dear, come in the house; I want you."

Very slowly Dolly came in with her head drooping. Was grandma going to ask her about the turnovers? How could she ever confess that she had been greedy enough to eat up her own

and Ruthie's, too? But grandma only took the little girl ward and forward in the large rocking chair, fanning the little flushed face that rested on her shoulder in silence for a Dolly ?"

"Grandma!" Dolly sat up straight with a red spot burning on each cheek and talked as fast as she could, while her eyes looked away from grandma. "I never to ched those turnovers, I truly never did. I do think Jip took

them, for I saw him jump through the window, and I s'pose he didn't know any better than to eat them up. You wouldn's whip him, would you, grand-

"Not for my little Dolly's fault," said grandma; then she added sorrowfully, "Oh, darling, why do you tell grandmother a story?"

asked, burstung into tears. Grandma did not answer, but she sp640; Hough Bros., \$8065; A. Belled the little girl over to the long mirmont, \$7320; G. B. Morris, \$6995; W. ror in the parlor, and there Dolly saw C. Daly, \$6640; W. Lakeland, \$5595; her reflection, and she knew who had Dwyer Bros., \$5615; W. L. Scott, There were purple huckleberry stains

front of her white dress. face in her hands, so ashamed that she city of horses, and was by no means an thought she would never want to look entire success at Louisville, for the into grandma's loving, sorrowful face | nelds there were meagre in quite a

again. Oh, how wicked she has been! number of races. Here they have been and her heart ached more than ever amply numerous as a rule, and a trifle at the remembrance of that dreadful unwieldy at times. But the contests

Dolly never forgot the next half hour, when grandmother took her up in her lap again and talked to her gently, tellis no comparison between them. always see, though others might not, and that only the blood of Christ could wash away that stain.

-El Rio Rey, Rey Del Rey and the how the race will turn out, and I don't balance of Theodore Winter's stable care a snap what starts against him at have arrived at St. Louis.

HORSE NOTES.

-Spokane is doing tinely at presen but it is a question whether he will be

entirely fit by Suburban day. -Maori, the mare that equaled the best mile record last season, is by no means a world-beater this year.

-The free programmes, which were features of the two meetings at Morris Park last fall, now cost 10 cents. -It is a good year for 2-year-olds on

the running turf, but the 3-year-olds appear to be a rather inferior lot. -The trotters are leaving the Washington Park to make room for the bang

falls that are coming in quite fast. -J. Wilkes Ford, of Waukegan, Ill., is quite sweet on a pair of colts he has, by Prairie King, 2.231, by Chester

-The six furlong record of 1.101 made by Fides in the Toboggan Slide Handicap, was at the rate of a mile in 1.321.

-Philosopher cost Owner McDonald \$1.400 to retain him after his selling race win. The colt is a much improved l animal. -- Sorrento was left at the post in his

last race at Westchester. This horse, a very slow beginner, will win a good race vet. -Jockey Robert Hyslop was thrown against a fence while exercising a 2-

year-old at Morris Park recently, and broke a leg. -Wilkes Bird, by Jay Bird, one of the Elkton Stock Farm stallions, is showing some very fast quarters in his

training. -The two-year-olds of the year 1890 are of a high class, but thus far the three-year-olds do not appear to be of the same calibre.

-Isaac Murphy made his first appearance of the season in the East on one of Marcus Daly's 2-year-olds on Saturday May 31st. -William Honig, a brother of the

St. Louis turfman, Dan. A. Honig, died at St. Louis, on Thursday, June 5th, aged 32 years. -The pacer, Toney H., by Swigert,

worked a mile recently in 2.284 the fastest mile that has been shown in Chicago this season, -Ed. Corrigan is quoted as saying

that he will match Riley to beat Bill Letcher for \$1000 to \$10,000 a side, any distance up to four miles. -Sequel, roan mare, by Strathmore, on June 2 dropped a roan filly to Colo-

nel Gore by Robert McGregor. She is

owned by George A. Singerly. -Messrs. J. A. & A. H. Morris' 2year-olds have now won in the neighborhood of \$45,000, and the majority of

the stable is yet to be seen in public. -Thus far eight foals by Palo Alto, 2.12, have been dropped at Palo Alto Stock Farm. Five of them are chest-

nut, the color of their sire. -The Reed colt Trinity, so badly hurt at Westchester, is a full brother to that fast colt Timothy, who will be well backed for the next time she

-George McAleer's 5-year-old bay been an hour ago. Dolly thought she driven a half mile over the Belmont Course in 1.14 by "Dod Irwin,"

-Late reports from California are to the effect that Electioneer is slowly on the mend. Absolute rest may restore him to usefulness. He will not be bred again this year.

-Palo Alto and Sunol are doing well at Terre Haute, where Charles Marvin has them in charge. Budd Doble has started to work Axtell slowly. Great interest is centred in the two great 4year-olds.

-Fitler, bay colt, 3 years old, by Red Wilkes, dam Messenger Girl by Messenger Chief, went a mile recently in 1.14%, last quarter in 36. He is a up in her lap and rocked slowly back- pacer, and the property of George A. -Tenny's victory in the New York

Jockey Club handicap will penize him time. At last she asked, "Is there three pounds for the Suburban handlanything you would like to tell me, cap, which will raise his weight 126 pounds, or only one less than Salvator will have to carry. -Information is wanted in regard to

the breeding of the bay mare, Lady Win, 2.28, pacing. She is 15 hands, a bright nay, with black points and one eye gone. She made her record at Lawrence, Kan., September 6, 1883. -Scoggan Bros., of Louisville, pur-

chased on the morning of May 31, at

Latonia, from B. J. Tracy, of Lexing-

ton, Ky., the bay filly Longshore (3), by Longfellow, dam Sea Shell, by King Ban, for \$7500. -The principal winners at Gravesend were: J. A. & A. H. Morris, "Who told you I took them?" Dolly \$43,350; G. Waldbaum, \$15,310; Beverwyck Stable, \$9872; D. D. Withers,

-The one-mile rule has been therall over her mouth and chin, and on the sughly tested at Latonia and has given the amplest satisfaction. It was a fail-She sat down on the floor and hid her | ure at Lexington, because of the scarthey afforded have been so much more

ing her how wicked a thing it was to tell an untruth, and that though she chances for the Suburban, the elder might sometimes deceive people, God could see the stain in her heart just as surely as grandma had seen the stain on her apron. Then they knelt down, and I have no fears at all about his making in her childish language Dolly asked that she might be forgiven and the stain washed from her heart, for Jesus' sake. The burden on her mind was gone then, and the sunshine grew bright again; but Dolly did not forget that time in his trial, for he was never such a horse as he is to spring. The big fellow and English Lady will be shipped East about four days before the Suburban is run. As for the Lady, again; but Dolly did not forget that time in his trial, for he was never that time in his trial, for he was never that time in his trial, for he was never such a horse as he is to spring. The lady will be shipped East about his making that time in his trial, for he was never that time in when she did wrong there was a stain der, and time will prove what I now made on her heart which God could tell you. She is the greatest filly of her age, and on this point I think I can hardly be mistaken. I will win with Knot if I can, and if he is perfectly fit on uburban day-well, just wait and see care a snap what starts against him at