

FROM THE TALL TOWER.

Up in the tall tower above the great town,
Looking out over roof, dome and steeples;
I would tell of the sights as seen in the dawn,
And something of the good people.

After they have disposed of his flesh
they have his skin and bones.
The skin they make into beds, coverlets and
complete dresses—and very funny
things these dresses are, hood, gloves,
and leggings all in one, so that the
Kamtschatska dressed in his fur suit
looks like nothing so much as a funny
furry animal walking on his hind legs
for amusement.

The intestines they use to form a
partly transparent material like coarse
gold-beater's skin, which they use for
windows, lamps and also for masks
which they are obliged to wear to
protect their faces from the scorching
glare of the sun during spring. Of
course you all know that we are talking
about the "Land of the midnight sun"
where they have but two seasons in a
year, the one like day, the other night.
Their sun never sets day or night for
six long months and then they lose it
and have a long six months of night
with nothing save the pale northern
lights to guide them on their way.

We have not distributed the bear
entirely yet. His bones are left. These
make them all sorts of useful im-
plements and the shoulder blades are used
in particular to form a kind of sickle
for cutting the grass.

The bear is very fond of his own
company and forms a den to live in
himself, sometimes by digging and
sometimes by padding a nice conven-
ient hollow with leaves, shielding it with
branches and lining it with moss. Bears
get fat in summer and then go to bed
and sleep all winter. It looks lazy
doesn't it?

Bear cubs are born in December and
January and are very funny amusing
creatures about the size of young pup-
pies.

The Romans were in the habit of
keeping bears for their wild sport where
they turned a man into a large arena
and set wild beasts on him for the
amusement of seeing him torn to
pieces.

In England, far back people used to
hunt bears and win great honor and
gifts when they captured one and pre-
sented it to the king. We like to see them
in the Zoological Gardens best where
they can be admired and fed with bread
from the hands of children who in turn
are getting a very interesting and in-
structive lesson in Natural History. Do
you know what the people of Norway
say about the bear? That he has the
strength of ten men and the sense of
twelve. And now when you see a brown
bear again you will think of all this and
be very careful to treat Bruin as a gen-
tleman, for he can store up all you do
in his mental regions, and it is best to
be thought well of even by a bear.

L. A. NORRIS.

A Living Blossom.

After a severe rain storm one day, in
Whitsuntide week of the year 1889, I
took a walk with some friends on the
right bank of the Elbe not far distant
from a romantically situated mill.

As we wandered on the height along
the edge of a sloping meadow, my
friend's son, who had remained behind
to collect insects, came merrily run-
ning up and pointed to a golden daisy
upon whose crown clung firmly several
butterflies of the family Aporia Cra-
segi Gordon white butterfly. The child
said that six or eight butterflies had
rested on the blossom. This seemed to
me impossible and I suspected that the
little fellow had lost his reckoning;
but soon I was undeceived. As I stepped
forward a few paces I was called
back with the words: "There is some-
thing for you!" And the little fellow
showed me a golden daisy upon which
rested ten white butterflies.

One of them attempted to fly off, but
immediately returned as if he had for-
gotten something and alighted close by
the others, thus filling out the vacant
place. Probably the rain storm had
surprised the butterflies and harmed
their wings. It is very remarkable, and
worthy of note, that this company had
sought out this shelterless retreat, for
the trees in the vicinity, which were in
abundance, afforded far more shelter.
I plucked and bore my living blossom
to the mill below, in order to shelter it.

Dr. O. W. Holmes on Heart-Love.

"I never saw a garment too fine for
a man or a maid; there never was a
chair too good for a cobbler or a coop-
er or a king to sit in; never a house
too fine to shelter the human head.
These elements about us—the glorious
sun, the imperial moon—are not too
good for the human race. Elegance
is a man; but do we not value these
tools a little more than they are worth,
and sometimes mortgage a house for
the mahogany we bring into it? I
would rather eat my dinner off the
head of a barrel, or dress after the
fashion of John the Baptist in the
wilderness, or sit on a block all my
life, than consume all on myself before
I got a home, and take so much pains
with the outside when the inside was
as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is
a great thing; but beauty of garment,
house and furniture are tawdry orna-
ments compared with domestic love.
All the elegance in the world will not
make a home; and I would give more
for a spoonful of real heart-love than
for whole shiploads of furniture and all
the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in
the world can gather."—New York
Ledger.

The Mourning of Nations.

Black, which expresses "privation of
light," represents American and Eng-
lish mourning, while in direct contrast
is the white mourning color of China,
expressive of hope. Other hues sym-
bolizing grief for the departed are:
Scarlet—Occasionally worn by French
kings.
Yellow—The seal and yellow leaf,
Egypt and Burma. In Brittany wid-
ows' caps among the peasants are
yellow.
Purple and Violet—To express roy-
alty. Mourning for cardinals and kings
of France. Violet color mourning for
Turkey.
Deep Blue—Bokhara mourning. The
significance of this selection is not
known.
Pale Brown—The withered leaves,
Persia.
Grayish Brown—Earth, Ethiopia and
Abyssinia.

Gather up the Fragments.

After the family have left the table,
the remnants of food that remain on
and in the dishes that are to be saved,
remove immediately to clean, smaller
dishes or plates, to be placed at once in
the refrigerator, or carried to the cell-
ar. Meats and vegetables may re-ap-
pear on the table in dishes as dainty
and nutritious as on their first appear-
ance. The secret of good housekeep-
ing lies in minute of detail rather than
superfluity.

There need never be wasted a crumb
of good wheat loaf bread. It may be
sliced when very stale and with broken
pieces that would be otherwise wasted,
put into a dripping-pan and set into a
moderate oven to thoroughly dry, but
not scorch. When pounded or rolled
put in a covered box or securely tie in
a paper bag, ready to use in puddings,
griddle-cakes, dressing and stuffing
poultry, and breading meats, for the
last it must be rolled very fine. A dish
is not only rendered more savory with
a dressing, but is economical, as it goes
fast.

Many appetizing dishes are prepared
from cold meats and cold potatoes.
Take what remains of the turkey whose
generous proportions were broiled to
juicy, tender crispness for dinner; cut
off the meat, leaving the carcass for the
soup kettle. Pick the meat into bits,
do not mince it, season with salt, pep-
per and minced celery, or a little bruised
celery seed or celery essence, as is
most convenient. Butter a dish and
spread it thickly with bread crumbs
moistened in a little sweet milk. Next
put in a layer of the seasoned turkey;
fill the dish with alternate layer; when
full add what gravy or dressing may
have been left from the turkey when first
served. Mix together two eggs, half a
cup of milk, a good tablespoonful of
sweet butter, thickened with bread
crumbs, add a little pepper and salt,
and spread over the top; cover with a
large plate or pan, and a little minced
onion, place in a dish to the mouth
of the oven to brown handsomely.
Serve with it currant jelly.

If the carcass is not reserved for soup
a nice breakfast dish can still be made
from it. Pick off the meat and shred
it, break up the bones, put them into
the stew-kettle with sufficient cold
water to cover them. Let them sim-
mer for half an hour, strain, thicken
with bread-crumbs, mix through it the
shredded cold turkey that has been well
seasoned, adding a lump of butter of
generous size. Place in a hot oven for
fifteen or twenty minutes. It does not
need cooking a second time, but little
more than thorough heating. Serve
with cranberry sauce or jelly.

An egg or two mixed with the minced
turkey will furnish the most seasonable
croquettes for breakfast; but only sim-
ple, easily prepared dishes are sug-
gested.
Butter a dish and line it with cold
mashed potatoes seasoned with salt,
pepper, butter and cream, and a moiety
of minced parsley. Layer it with any
kind of chopped meat or fish alternately
until the dish is filled. Cover it with
bread crumbs or mashed potatoes,
brown nicely and serve with tomato
catsup.

Minced cold steak or cold beef, free it
from every particle of fat snow, season
with pepper, salt and a little minced
onion, place in a dish buttered and
lined with cold maccaroni stewed or
baked, pour over it cold gravy or soup
stock, or a spoonful of Liebig's extract
of beef in a little hot water. Cover
with bread crumbs barely moistened in
a little hot milk, into which two spoon-
fuls of butter have been stirred. Bake
half an hour, serve with it tomato
catsup.

Minced cold steak, heated in a little
water with a teaspoonful of catsup,
or potato flour seasoned with salt,
pepper and butter, poured over lightly
browned toast, makes a nice breakfast
dish. A few mushrooms added, or
mushroom catsup, gives zest to the dish.
Butter a dish and strewn lightly with
bread-crumbs. Alternate with thinly
sliced cold mutton and tomatoes peeled
and sliced, or canned tomatoes may
be substituted; season each layer with
salt, pepper and small lumps of butter.
Bake a top layer, which should be
tomatoes, with slightly moistened bread
crumbs. Bake about forty minutes,
carry from the oven to the table. Serve
hot, and with it Chili sauce.

Unnumberable are the ways of serving
over cold potatoes. Bring to a slow
boil in a teakettle-boiler a quart of
new milk, season with pepper and a
large tablespoonful of fresh butter;
thicken with potato flour or a teaspoon-
ful of corn starch or cereoline. Add
the cold potatoes cut in large sized dice
and simmer fifteen minutes. Stir fre-
quently, pour into a dish, add the salt
and keep the dish covered that the con-
tents may retain their heat. In the
country, or where milk is abundant,
cold potatoes cut up and simmered for
an hour, or longer, until the milk has
simmered more than half away and the
potatoes have assumed a glassy, waxy
appearance, are almost as appetizing
as baked potatoes, especially if served
with a touch of deliciousness to an al-
ready savory dish. When thus cooked
they require constant stirring, unless
cooked in a teakettle-boiler.

Take cold mashed potatoes that have
been well seasoned with salt, pepper,
butter and cream. Flour the hands,
but do not add flour to the potatoes;
make into egg-shaped balls, wash over
with beaten egg, place in a shallow pan
and bake a light brown. Serve hot,
and edge the dish on which they are
served with leaves of fresh parsley or
fringed celery.

Bread-crumbs make a lighter and far
more digestible crust for puddings
than the pastry in which they are ordi-
narily baked.

Slices of stale bread from which the
crust has been rasped and pared are an
excellent substitute for pastry for ap-
ple dumplings, especially for children
or adults whose digestive organs are
not strong. Pare, core and halve
juicy, tart apples, butter thinly a pud-
ding dish or dripping pan, lay the
slices of bread barely moistened with
new milk in it, and upon each slice of
bread lay the half of an apple, the fat
side downward. Powder thickly with
sugar, lightly with nutmeg and cinna-
mon, a tiny pinch of salt and a piece of
butter on each apple. Bake a light
brown, after paring thinly the crust
from light rolls, make a shell of them
by removing the crumbs from the centres
and filling them with chopped ap-

ples, or the fruit quartered and season-
ed as above, in each case adding a few
drops of lemon juice to the apple in
each dumpling. Pour over the whole a
custard made of one pint of sweet
milk, three eggs, sweetened and flavo-
red to taste. Pour on while hot and
bake a golden brown.

Butter a pudding-dish, cover with a
layer of very finely sliced apples, pow-
dered with sugar, a trifle of cinnamon, a
suspicion of salt, a few drops of lemon
extract and bits of butter; cover with
bread-crumbs, alternate this until the
dish is filled, making the last layer of
crumbs. If convenient, pieces of
quince preserve may be added. Bake
and serve hot with sweetened fresh
cream flavored with lemon, or lemon
sauce made by mixing together the
yolks of three eggs, the whites of two,
a coffee-cupful of butter, half a pound
of sugar, the juice and grated rind of a
lemon, stirred over a slow fire until it
thickens like honey.

Butter a pudding-dish or pie-plate,
strewn with bread-crumbs to the thick-
ness of pastry, dot with bits of butter
(very nice and more wholesome with-
out), fill with a custard made of pota-
toes, chocolate or whatever variety may
be preferred.

A plain but very good pudding is
made by mixing together one pint of
bread-crumbs grated and rolled and a
full cup of grated fresh cocoanut, or
desiccated cocoanut, if more conven-
ient. Pour over it boiling 1 1/2 pints of
milk which has been slowly to a boil in
a teakettle-boiler, with two table-spoon-
fuls of sugar; add a teaspoonful of but-
ter, flavor as preferred; pour into a
pudding dish buttered and lined thickly
with bread-crumbs. Bake a delicate
brown.

Simple and delicious fruit puddings
are of fruits, fresh or dried, stewed and
sweetened to taste, poured hot over
thin slices of loaf bread, the crust re-
moved, and scantily spread with butter,
or the bread may be carefully toasted.
Fill a pretty shaped dish with alterna-
te layers of bread or toast buttered
and hot stewed fruit, the latter forming
the last layer; pour over the whole the
juice from the fruit. Cover with a
plate until cold, then set on ice. Serve
with powdered sugar and cream, or
hard sauce, made by creaming half a
teaspoonful of fresh, sweet butter, and
beating gradually into a teaspoonful of
powdered sugar. Beat to a snow the
white of an egg, add this slowly with
whatever flavor may be desired. Fruit
jellies, fresh or preserved, a spoonful
or two of jelly melted and diluted,
make dainty flavors. Half of the
sauce may be flavored and colored with
strawberry or red currant jelly, the
other half with orange, lemon or pine-
apple juice or extract. Heap in a
pretty, fancy glass dish a large spoon-
ful of each alternately, do not smooth
it, leave it with a frosty appearance.
Place on the ice until needed.

In the summer stewed currants and
raspberries mixed are especially nice,
or stewed apricots and peaches. In
the winter canned fruits or preserves
may take their place, quinces, peaches
or small fruits. These puddings are
known in our family as emergency
puddings, from the ease and celerity
with which they are prepared. For
winter they are quite as good served
hot. As soon as the stewed fruit is
poured over the bread, the dish is
brought to the table accompanied by a
rich, hot sauce.

Line a gracefully shaped dish with
slices of stale cake, cover with slices of
oranges, peeled and seeded, powder
thickly with sugar, sparsely with grated
orange peel. Fill the dish in this
manner; choose sweet, juicy oranges.
Pile high on the oranges which must
form the top layer, sweetened cream
whipped very stiffly, and place all on
the ice until removed to the table.
Fruit jellies are equally delicious thus
served. If preferred the cream may be
heaped on a separate dish.

Chop fine half a pound of figs, mix
with them three ounces of butter, and
gradually two eggs frothed lightly,
two and one-half ounces of powdered
sugar, quarter of a pound of grated
bread-crumbs and one teaspoon of rich,
sweet milk. Mix the ingredients
thoroughly together. Butter and line
a pudding dish with bread-crumbs and
bake; or it may be boiled, in which
case sprinkle the mold with bread-
crumbs, cover closely and boil three
hours. In either case serve with hard
sauce flavored with fresh lemon juice.—
Independent

Gladstone on Books.

Gladstone says of books: "They are
full of noble guidance, and are neces-
sary conditions of every wholesome
struggle to resist the invasions of the
merely worldly mind and habit of life,
and to enable us to hold our ground
against the necessary and constantly
growing hurry and excitement of a
world which carry us into a vortex from
which we cannot escape. We cannot
escape from it, but we may to a great
extent fortify ourselves by a resort to
the highest influence against becoming
the slaves of the exterior circumstances
in which we live."

When General Grant was in Paris,
the President of the French Republic
invited him to a great race on Sunday.
He replied: "It is not in accordance
with the custom of my countrymen, or
with the spirit of my religion, to spend
Sunday in that way. I therefore beg
that you will permit me to decline the
honor which you have done me." And
so when the day came, General Grant
was seen quietly sitting among the wor-
shippers in the American chapel.

Prose and vs. Practice.—Literary
Lady (she writes)—The most essential
point in our intercourse with children
is to be truthful ourselves. Every
other interest ought to be sacrificed to
that of truth.

Tommy—Ma, Mrs. Jones is coming
in the gate.
Literary Lady (angrily)—If she asks
for me, tell her I'm out of town.
(She resumes writing.) When we in
anyway deceive a child, we not only
set a pernicious example, but also lose
our influence over him forever.—Texas
Siftings.

The Arabian year is a lunar, and in
the course of 32 years each month runs
through all the seasons.

HOW TO TALK WELL.

An Interesting Chat With Boys and
Girls on the Art of Conversation.

If one might choose between being
very handsome, with tolerable manners,
and being plain, with a fine, well-modu-
lated voice and better manners than
ordinary, he would wisely prefer the
latter. We do not feel the charm of
well-taught speech, because it is so sel-
dom heard. But once felt it has a
spell which lingers in the mind for-
ever. The beauty of the face strikes
the eye, the tone of the voice strikes
the heart.

A fine voice, which does not mean a
loud one by any means, is always a dis-
tinct one, which can be unerringly
heard without effort of the speaker.
An indistinct utterance is always a
sign of mental or physical deficiency,
which ought to be promptly mastered.
And it takes very hard work often to
get the letter of this slovenly pronun-
ciation.

Learn to speak. It is easier when
you come down in the morning to grunt
in answer to good morning than to say
the two words, but you must not allow
yourself this piggish, boorish habit of
grunting in place of speech. Neither,
John Alexander, must you let your
sleepy, dreamy, unsocial temper control
you so that you speak in a dull, thick
tone at the back of the throat, which is
of all others the most trying voice to
understand.

Slow speech is an intolerable affront
to others and waste of time. I went to
church yesterday and sat out a sermon
which wasted thirty-five minutes of the
possible forty years I have yet to live,
listening to such novel and profound
remarks as these, "Animals are endow-
ed with life," "Human beings have
reason," spoken in a ponderous way, as
if the speaker's wits were wool-gather-
ing each sentence.

You may believe I would not have
wasted so much of my precious life
waiting on such sluggish mud-dogging
if the sexton had not seated me too far
up the aisle to get out without making
a procession of myself before the con-
gregation. You must learn to talk to
the point and with celerity—that is, not
chattering, but with smooth, ready
flow of language without jerks or con-
fusion.

To speak sweetly, make the toilet of
your mouth and nose with care three
times a day. There should be three
minutes after each meal given to per-
sonal cares, rinsing the mouth, clear-
ing the throat and using the handker-
chief, which should then make its ap-
pearance as seldom as possible. A
habit of deep breathing also clears the
voice and gives it fullness and softness
at command.

Only good feeling and great kindness
of nature can give sweetness—heart
sweetness—to a voice, but the smooth,
vibrating tone that one listens for and
wonders at comes of physical well-
being, a warm, lively temper of mind
and body, which may be cultivated by
keeping one's self very comfortable and
then getting all the work out of one's
self he is capable of doing.

What to say, and how to say it, is all
there is to the art of conversation.
True, this is like saying that earth, air
and water are all there is to the world,
as if it were simple as beeswax. But it
is something to know when you want
to begin to improve talk, and that is by
finding out just what you want to say.

The other day a very bright woman
asked me how she should write an ad-
vertisement for a merchant. I asked
her for an idea of what she wanted to
say, and the first sentence she uttered
was the announcement complete. It
was simple, concise, perfect. Happily
the forms of polite speech are laid down
for us—the "good morning" for those
we meet with whom we are not intima-
te, the "how do you do" for friends
and neighbors.

People don't always feel themselves
the central interest in creation or wish
to talk about themselves. They are
rather complimented by talking about
their tastes rather than their affairs or
personal interests. You see the same
topics can only be indicated by teach-
ing yourself pretty decidedly what not
to say.

Avoid questions if you can. It sounds
better to say: "I hope you are not
tired by your long walks," or "you
must be tired of it," than to ask, "Are
you tired?" or "Have you come far?"
"Take everything creditable for granted
of your companion. Don't ask for-
ever, "Do you like music?" in a crude way,
but "You are musical," with the very
faintest questioning inflection, or "You
play tennis, I suppose?" And if your
unhappy respondent does not under-
stand either of these things, do not
make him any more unhappy by pause
or comment, but turn to something
pleasanter for him.

Learn all the forms of courteous and
complimentary speech, but use them
with distinction. You should know
when to say that you would be pleased
to accept a courtesy or attention, when
you will be "happy" to do the same,
and when you will be glad, in the open-
heartedness of frank intimacy, to learn
the shades of civility that give value to
intercourse and meaning to cordiality
when it comes. Use the salt and spice
of conversation freely, but be choice of
your sugar, and, above all, don't be
dilly. There are people so unctuously
polite that one near them feels like being
careful for fear he get grease on his
clothes. One has to take all their
smooth words with much salt. Sincere
courtesies need no flavoring added.

A Feminine Explorer.

"One of the most intertidal explorers
of the day," says the Paris correspon-
dent of the London Daily Telegraph, is
a Parisian lady, Mme. le Ray, mother
of the Duc d'Abrantes, who has been
for several months engaged in eastern
travel. About having visited Babylon
and Nineveh, she traversed the Persian
deserts amid terrible privation in order
to reach India. For five days and five
nights her little caravan had to encamp
in the wilds without meeting a living
soul or even discovering the slightest
trace of a human being. During all
this time the cold was so intense that
Mme. le Ray's fingers were frost-bitten,
and her guides became seriously ill. She
managed at last to reach the Persian
Gulf, where she embarked for India."

HORSE NOTES.

—W. H. Doble recently celebrated his
74th birthday.

—There will be no grand circuit
meeting at Island Park.

—Pilot S., by Pilot Medium, resem-
bles Jack, record 2.15, in color and ac-
tion.

—Sir Dixon's defeats are numerous.
He has disappointed his backers a great
many times.

—Ed. Corrigan's fine colt Riley has
been turned out for the present, and he
will hardly be seen at the post again
before fall.

—The spring meeting at West Side
Park, Chicago, was brought to a close
on Friday, June 29, after thirty-two
days of racing.

—The going amies of Riley and Bill
Letcher is a serious blow to Longfel-
low's chances of heading the list of
winning sires this year.

—Little Minnie, by King Alfonso,
ran a mile at the recent Kansas City
meeting in 1.41 4-5, the fastest time
ever made on the track.

—Eighteen of the original subscribers
to the Detroit Merchants and Manu-
facturers' stake of \$10,000 have made
good the third deposit.

—Budd Doble says that Artell will
be ready to take Sunol's measure in a
race by September. Marvin says that
Sunol will not dodge the meeting.

—Salvator won the Realization stakes
from Tenny by eighteen inches; the
Suburban from Cassius by half a head
and the match from Tenny by half a
head.

—Wm. F. Remond has been elected
Treasurer of the National Association
of Trotting Horse Breeders, to fill the
vacancy caused by the death of J. W.
Gray.

—Charles Reed has recently increased
his Fairview farm, at Gallatin, Tenn.,
to about 2900 acres by the purchase of
1734 acres from Captain James Frank-
lin, for \$10,320.

—The Detroit purse and stake list
foots up to \$50,000. A special feature
is that to every class on the card the
sum of \$500 is added provided certain
time is beaten.

—The New Jersey law which classi-
fies race tracks as disorderly houses
does not affect Monmouth Park, which
exists under a special charter, which
permits bookmaking.

—Guy trotted a mile at Fleetwood
Park, Monday June 27th in 2.27. It
is likely to be late in the season before
the black gelding will be in shape to
try to beat his record of 2.10 1/2.

—Albert Cooper has severed his con-
nection as trainer with the Hough
Brothers, and James H. McCreary,
who was a long time with the Ranca-
cas stable, has been engaged to take his
place.

—The English Jockey Club has or-
dered that there shall be in each day's
programme two races of a mile and
upward, "one race being neither a hand-
icap, a race in which there are any
special conditions, for confined to 2-
year-olds.

—The Hudson County Jockey Club,
of Guttenberg, N. J., is out with its
programme for the meeting, which it
will give on every Monday, Wednesday
and Friday during the season, begin-
ning on Thursday, July 3.

—Gertrude Russel, by mare, 7 years
old, by Electioneer, out of Dame Win-
nie, thoroughbred daughter of Planet,
has fallen lame, and will be bred to
Jersey Wilkes. She is the sister of
Palo Alto, 2.12 1/2, and has a record her-
self of 2.34.

The clergymen made a successful
appeal to Governor Abbott, of New
Jersey. The bill legalizing bookmaking
in the State was not signed by him,
and it, therefore, is dead. If the clergy
keep on as they have begun there will
be no all-winter racing in New Jer-
sey.

—One of the earnest cases of equine
paternity comes to us from that land
of exuberant vitality, California. Mr.
Adolph Spreckles reports that last year
two youngsters were turned loose in a
paddock, one a filly of 10 months old.
The result is shown in the fact that the
filly has a foal at her side, and she is
only a little over 21 months old. The
foal is a fine one, perfect in all ways,
and is a natural trotter. Who can
beat this for extreme youthfulness in
both sire and dam?

—Twenty-six horses, consigned to
Mr. Vanderbilt and Dr. Webb, were
shipped from London on the steamship
Denmark, which arrived at New York
June 27th. During the passage the
horses were pretty well knocked about,
and three, a stallion and two mares,
were so bruised that they died. Among
the animals were the famous Brook-
field stud, formerly the property of
Burdett-Coutts, the mare Abce, winner
of two cups, and the stallions Gagfar
and White Socks.

—The bay gelding McLeod was
killed on Thursday, June 30th, on ac-
count of lockjaw, from the effects of
an accident in Fairmount Park, Phila-
delphia, while being driven by his
owner, C. A. Bradenburgh. Both the
owner and horse were injured. Mc-
Leod was rangy and stylish and 16 1/2
hands high. He was sired by Hemp-
hill's Pachen dam by John Dillard.
When 4 years old he won the Blue
Grass stakes at Lexington, Ky., and
was purchased shortly after by Mr.
Wm. M. Singery, who two years later
sold him to Mr. Frank Siddall. Mr.
Bradenburgh subsequently purchased
the horse. McLeod was very speedy,
having a record of 2.21 1/2 to harness.
George A. Singery remarked once that
he thought the horse should go well
under the saddle, and it was suggested
for him to try him. One morning at
Belmont Course a saddle was placed on
McLeod for the first time, and Mr.
Singery got on (not having been on a
horse for seven or eight years before).
Mr. Singery scored the horse up twice,
and then went the mile in 2.21, trot-
ting the second quarter in 53 1/2—a 2.14
gait. The day after there was a trot-
ting match, and Mr. Singery rode Mc-
Leod to beat 2.20, and finished the mile
with a record for McLeod of 2.20 1/2.
Two horses only have beaten that re-
cord, namely, Dexter and Great East-
ern.