

THE GLOWWORM.

Beneath the hedge or near the stream,
A worm is known to stray,
That shows by night a lucid beam,
Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
On whence its rays proceed:
Some give that honor to his tail,
And others to his head.

But this is sure, the hand of night,
That kindles up the skies,
Gives him a modicum of light,
Proportioned to his size.

Perhaps indulgent nature meant,
By such a lamp bestowed,
To bid the traveller, as he went,
Be careful where he trod.

Nor crush a worm whose useful light
Might serve, however small,
To show a stumbling stone by night,
And save him from a fall.

What'er she meant, this truth divine,
Is legible and plain,
'Tis power almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain.

Couper.

Pictures in Our Homes.

HELEN EVERTSON SMITH.

In a country house in summer we can dispense with pictures on our walls, for Nature has provided them so liberally out of doors. In our short springs we are so hurried by the pressure of the work that the season entails, that then we care little for in-door pictures, and in the melancholy gorgeousness of autumn we still care comparatively little for pictures of human painting. But in winter, though there is a species of stern white beauty in a snow-covered country where twisting branches stand against a clear, cold sky, and once in a while there is a day when Nature decks herself in her own unapproachable frost diamonds and astounds us with her regal magnificence, we find many days when the out-look is not inviting and this is the time when our in-look should be made as beautiful as possible, not only with upholstery and other furnishings but with pictures on our walls.

It is not so very many years ago when the walls of even a well-to-do farmer's house were as innocent of pictures as his wife's face of paint, save in a few cases, when, in the doubtful grandeur of a cheap mahogany frame, was hung near the ceiling of the "best room," some cheerful scene like the "Death-Bed of Harrison," in which the dying president was shown lying on his bed, looking ghostly white, and on the point of anothering beneath the rapidly descending weight of a heavy red and yellow canopy, which was partly sustained by the wooden-looking figures of Mrs. Harrison and niece, clad in vivid purple and green, while Daniel Webster, Henry Clay and John Tyler, standing about the room habited in brown and blue were carefully gathering their flint-sized tear drops into their large yellow pocket handkerchiefs.

On turning to get relief from this our eyes would be met by a landscape painted in oils, perhaps by the good house wife during her six months of "potholing" at a boarding-school. In the foreground of this picture rises a hay-cock-shaped mound of a pale green color, and of a texture resembling a coarse cashmere, tufted at intervals of an inch or so with dark green worsted.

On the top of this arrangement which is supposed to indicate a grassy slope, is a small scarlet colored house of which three sides are simultaneously presented to the beholder. At the right hand in the picture stands a misshapen girl, a full head taller than the house, clad in yellow and lavender, vigorously grasping at either extremity what appears to be a huge bow-constructor with the apparent intention of using it as a jumping-rop. In the left foreground of this imaginative creation rises the semblance of a large green-leather duster, which the artist supposed to be a tree, and which seems to be striving to brush away from an intensely blue sky, a ragged bit of dark blue flannel.

Let no one imagine this picture of a picture to be an exaggeration, for the writer could to-day accompany any doubting soul to houses where similar triumphs of art are exhibited by their owners with a comical pride as evidences of the superior culture of their early life.

When we remember the before mentioned, and other productions of an undeveloped taste, we are genuinely grateful for the day of good cheap pictures, for the day of photographs and engravings, and even for that of the despised chromo; for now even the comparatively poor can possess good copies of natural scenes and of genuine works of art which shall cultivate the taste of their children.

These pictures, attempting nothing that they cannot attain, will in time inevitably drive out the atrocious dabs, the gaudily engraved marriage certificate and the black bordered mortuary record, which have too often and too long made hideous the walls of some of our country houses. And when we see that some exclusives are dissatisfied because they can no longer look up the treasures of art so that no eyes save those of a privileged few shall be able to get even an idea of them, we thank God that their selfishness is impotent and that he has given to men the power of—at least in a degree—making these things common property.

There are in our happy land few industrious and sober heads of families who can not afford to bring into their homes either a fine photograph, or engraving, or chromo at least once a year, and there are few things which have greater educational force.

Children will earlier learn lessons from pictures than from any other source save parental example. An engraving of our Lord calling around Him the groups of wondering little children has given to many an infant mind its first ideas of a Saviour's love—ideas which the well known copy of marvelous Linnæus de Vinci's picture of the Last Supper has served to strengthen. But religious pictures are not the only ones we would choose. Let us humbly follow the example of our Maker. He spreads around us, with a lavish hand, beauty of every variety. Let us bring into our homes all the beauty that we can and when choosing pictures choose them for their beauty rather than for any specific lesson they may be supposed to teach.

Yet we would admit no picture that conveyed a bad lesson, or one of even doubtful moral import. No pictures at all are far better than bad ones. By which adjective we mean not merely those which are artistically faulty, but those which silently and effectually

teach lessons which you would not wish your child to learn. A good many long years ago there was published in New York a weekly literary paper called the New York Mirror (predecessor of the Home Journal of to-day) which gave every month a fine engraving by way of a bonus to its subscribers. A pile of these had accumulated in my father's garret and I was allowed to look them over and select one or two at a time to pin upon the wall of my little room. Among those I thus chose, was one called "Satisfaction," a dismal scene in which one poor fellow was being carried bleeding from the field of the duel while a surgeon was endeavoring to turn his opponent who had fallen face downwards. Pistols and surgical implements were in the foreground and a carriage waited in the distance. I was too young to form any idea of the significance of the picture, but had been attracted by the desolate expanse of moor-land and sky. As soon as my father saw my choice he took it down, saying, to my mother, while he replaced it with a pleasanter subject—

"Child, as she is I do not wish her to become accustomed to the idea of death by violence." And then he told of how a school companion of his own had for years slept in a room upon the walls of which hung a finely executed engraving of a man in the act of suicide by cutting his throat. The picture was a strong one and full of a painful fascination to all who beheld it. As this lad grew up he seemed to become morbidly attached to the picture and at last entered William's College he took the engraving with him. It hung in his room during his stay there and was next hung on the walls of his law office. A few months later the poor young fellow was found lifeless lying in the position of the victim in the engraving, his throat cut by his own hand and his glazed eye still fixed upon the fatal picture.

It is true that this is a peculiarly strong instance of pictorial influence, but we can have no doubt that the minds of all persons, especially the young, are more or less influenced by the nature of the picture upon which they habitually look, and such instances as the above should teach us to exclude from our homes those illustrated papers which represent scenes of crime, and to hang on our walls only those pictures which shall convey healthful ideas while gratifying and cultivating our taste for the true and beautiful in art.

Of Interest to Women.

Nobody with a keen appreciation of the rights and wrongs of the stem of a flower with a wire, and if the beautiful buds have not stems, or, as a small girl called them, handles, long enough to tie together, then they are sent loose in a box. The enormous corsage bouquets of a few years ago have given place to a few clusters of flowers, or indeed one very rare bud, which Charles may send you, delicately done up in cotton and bearing his compliments attached to it. However, as Charlie is the son of a millionaire—a millionaire who is generous already of his millions, you receive a great gorgeous basket of orchids, on the handles of which is tied a mauve ribbon broad enough for you to wear as a sash. The florist to-day is a power in the land. People who used to send more material things, or else nothing, now convey their compliments with a few blossoms or a gorgeous bunch of color, and the florist's shop window is decorated with more care than is the Academy at the annual reception. Don't you remember when tulip-bulbs in glass jars—jars that were blue, green or dark purple—were counted quite enough of an ornament for a florist's shop? Now, in one window on Broadway the decorations are changed every afternoon, and magnificent palms form a background for a great, glowing mass of color, while the tiniest of blossoms peep out from a bed of moss as if they were growing there in reality. There is always a crowd around this window, and I think it is the best evidence of the improvement in American taste within the last few years. There are no wires to stab the buds and each one is enframed, either in its own foliage or in that peculiar to the country from which it comes.—[Bab.]

A Terrible Weapon.

The new gun with which the German infantry is to be equipped bids fair to revolutionize infantry tactics and to make war so dangerous that enlistment will be a matter of difficulty. The new instrument is the same calibre repeating gun of the model of 1888. Its calibre is but eight millimeters and its range is 12,500 feet, or 1600 feet greater than that of the weapon whose place it takes. It is very light and is constructed for the use of the new smokeless powder. Earth breastworks less than 2½ feet are no protection against this terrible weapon. A description of it says: "From now on even the stoutest trees will give the foot soldier in battle little protection, for the shells from the new guns will simply pass right through the trunks. Six men in column, each seven paces from the man before him, may be shot through with one bullet, provided that it comes in contact with no metallic substance on the person of any of them. The advantage that the bullet of the new gun leaves only a small hole behind it is comparatively insignificant. Moreover, should an enemy, as has often happened, defend himself behind a village or courtyard wall, he will be protected only in case the wall is remarkably stout, for balls from the new guns have repeatedly penetrated with ease walls a brick and a half thick." With a range-finder attached to such a weapon as this, making every bullet that it fires effective, its murderous qualities will be so complete that no one exposed to its fire could live. But when we get to be as dangerous as this, and recruits know that the chances of escape are not more than one in one hundred, where will the governments get their troops?—Chicago Tribune.

To color white pasteboard the color of leather, soak in solution of copperas and then in ammonia.

It is proposed to substitute a new measure of light as a standard in place of the candle, and it is thought that some one of the measures already used will be adopted.

Magicians and Magic.

REMINISCENCE.

The cleverest of people are liable to mistakes and mishaps at times, and so are magicians. We have all seen and know of the watch trick. It happened that an amateur conjurer in his early stage of experience gave an entertainment. His friends all kindly volunteered to assist him. The watches were carefully changed and the magician smashed to destruction the sham watch but when he came to change again and show the real watch in excellent trim, he found that his friends behind the scenes in their zeal to help him had simultaneously imitated him. While he was destroying the sham they were doing likewise with the real one. Mistakes like these occur dear.

On another occasion a bank note for quite an amount was borrowed from one of the audience and through the gross carelessness of an assistant it perished in the candle flames. When the conjurer came to return the note he found only the piece of paper he had prepared for the burning operation.

There was a man who particularly excelled in producing gas and his fame spread abroad. One evening he was invited to perform before a very fashionable gathering. It was his custom to make a point of using hard-boiled eggs for his experiments, but in some way or other the eggs became mixed. In the midst of the performance he dropped one. It had not been boiled and fell on the dress of a lady present. Nor was this all. The egg soon proved itself to be a stale one, and made such a disagreeable sensation that the party broke up there and then.

Some of the many wonderful things that magicians do are worthy of special mention. There has been no one to equal a famous London man who met with royal favor. We refer more particularly to his special tricks such as the passing of swords through bodies and tying ribbons through the apertures of the nose. He was two or three years more than an trick and noted for his remarkably clever treatment of others. Perhaps one of his prettiest experiments is that with the flowers, raising by his skill bouquets as high as 1½ feet anywhere and at any time without any visible aid.

Just here I remember a very pretty entertainment of the magical order. The prestidigitateur was short, stout, expansive and full of business.

His first trick was to set on fire a bowl of pure water which some one brought him. A little funny finger movement, a few tunier words and the rose flame spread over the water to the delight of his toy auditors. Then the blade of an ordinary steel table knife was made to melt like wax in the flame of a tallow candle. A bar of lead was melted and the professor washed his hands in the molten metal. Then turning to the water which had been burning all this time he dipped a pen into it and wrote on a folded paper. The letters and words he inscribed stood out in green flame, when exhibited to the gaze of his audience.

If we had stepped behind the scenes for a moment while the professor was packing up, and if he inclined to be talkative or disclose any of his magic we should have heard something like this: "The burning water, why bless you, I only dropped a small quantity of potassium on the surface of the water and it produced that rose flame. The blade of the knife I made red-hot in the flame of the candle and then touch it with brimstone and the steel melts like tallow. A stick of phosphorous attached to my pen inscribes the letters which make such a show in the dark."

"Ah! But how do you wash your hands in molten lead?"

"Simplest thing in the world. Bathe them first in an ounce made of one ounce of quicksilver, two ounces of ammoniac, half an ounce of camphor and two ounces of aqua vitæ beaten together with a pestle in a brass mortar."

The great Hermann was fond of plucking coins from men's beards to their utter amazement and awe. A gentleman in his presence once put his hand in his pocket in a natural way to get a cigar. Out came the cigar with a diamond ring on it. The magician laughed, placed it on his finger and then gave his handkerchief and the ring knotted to hold in the same hand. After a little preambling movement he blew on the hand, handkerchief and ring. The latter disappeared and at the same time the knots vanished from the handkerchief. He would take a piece of paper, tear it into minute shreds before near witnesses, toss it to some one in the room and smile to see that some one unroll an unbroken sheet of paper.

There was a favorite trick of one known as the wizard of El Kahira, which puzzled many and none could make clear. This magician used to hand round colorless pellicid balls, that looked like white glass, but were as light as gum, to his audiences. His entertainments were given in open air and vast space. After the examination of the balls he threw them into the air and the spectators tracked their upward course to mid-air where in plain daylight they beheld them vanish as though by some quick melting process, which none could understand. The balls completely disappeared without a sign. The only explanation that could be offered would border on chemistry in all probability, but the secret is still with the magician who performs the trick.

Since seamy started us out of our nineteenth century wits it leaves us no wondrous to speak of in the state called trance. The longest we have heard of any subjecting themselves to lasted a quarter of a year. The subject was then un-boxed and seemed like one dead. Not a pulse stirred, and a bright mirror held in front of his mouth and nostrils remained un-dimmed. Yet in a very short time he came slowly to himself. So the faculty of throwing one's self into this state rests not with cold blooded animals alone.

Perhaps one of the prettiest and most touching variations of the magic art was exhibited by a certain Chinese who possessed the power of attaching the affection of either a horse or a dog so entirely to one person that the animal showed the keenest of distress when that person was absent and the most unfeigned joy when he appeared. Of course we know the horse and the dog to be affectionate animals, but in the

general course of things their affection for humans takes time to ripen.

It may be a freak of nature that accounts for the art of the night seer. Perhaps there are a few persons gifted with owl eyes. Stranger things have been known. Certain it is that such men as night seers exist. An investigator on this and other subjects undertook a test with a Samaritan and conjurer. His tent was completely shrouded from the light and yet he could read in the dark the print on the page of a book. It was then thought that the white paper helped the spirit and a more critical test was prepared. A number of dots were made with charcoal on a board and the professor asked Hakim to read that. "Fifteen spots," was the answer. "Very near," said the examiner, "but there are only fourteen." The night seer removed some of the heavy drapery that shut out the light and discovered to the astonished gaze of the other exactly fifteen spots.

L. A. N.

Current Fashions.

SUMMER DRESSES.

Time has proved that the fancy for plain, clinging dresses which seemed to gain favor earlier in the season, was merely a fancy and had no real deep sort, for the style was too unbecoming and lacking in grace to be adopted by the majority. Drapery, to be graceful, should be loose and in flowing lines, a style which we are glad to see is rapidly gaining ground.

With the heat of mid-summer the thinnest of thin dresses are eagerly sought for and found in the pretty Russian and Polish styles which come in stripes of the most delicate color, as pink and white, blue and white or lavender.

The flavor with which these thin fabrics have been received is due mainly to the fact that it is impossible to make them with flat skirts, and the profusion of lace, ribbons, and fringes which are employed as trimmings, shows the same desire to transform straight lines into graceful curves. These thin fabrics are made with great simplicity, the trimmings being of lace or ribbon or, sometimes, only a pointed belt and wristbands of gros-grain or moire ribbon.

Lace dresses can now be had at such moderate prices that one at least should be found in every lady's wardrobe. The lace most in use is Tosca flouncing, Spanish hand-run, Chantilly flouncing, Russian and Polish net require trimmings of ribbon, satin, moire, or velvet, placed in several rows above the hem, or colored ribbon run through the broad hem with knots of the same on the side of the skirt, sleeves and corsage. For Tosca and Chantilly lace no trimming is required except knots of ribbon, and for this purpose the moire is the prettiest. The waists of these dresses are made over a close lining, the lace being gathered and put on in surplice style. The skirts are made perfectly straight without drapery and with a deep hem. If ribbon is used for trimming it should be put on perfectly flat. The sleeves are full, and drawn by several rows of shirring into two or three large puffs.

The pretty bareges and grenadines now known as gauges, with their small borders of contrasting colors; the dainty china crepe, with their floral patterns in beautiful colors, soft in texture yet durable; printed foulards, with fanciful designs on a delicate ground; and Zephyrs interspersed with lace stripes, all find fashionable favor. The fashion of making plain grenadines and bareges over colored silk linings is pretty as well as effective, but great care should be exercised in selecting the colors, almost as much as if the silk was not to be draped. Very few persons seem to give this subject the attention it ought to receive, merely selecting colors which please their fancy regardless of their complexion or hair, their style of carriage, which by the way has quite as much to do with the matter as the hair or complexion) or whether the garment is to be worn in the day time or in the evening.

A beautiful dress, which attracts much attention on account of its elegance and simplicity of style, is of plain, black grenadine; the skirt is straight without drapery and gathered into a waistband. Just above the broad hem is five rows of gold colored ribbon so narrow that it looks like a fine cord, and is aptly called "thread ribbon"; the corsage is made "en surplice" with round waist, and a broad belt of gold colored ribbon conceals the joining of the waist and skirt.

The neck is cut low and filled in with a thick ruche made of the thread ribbon, this ruche also extends in front from the neck to the waist. The sleeves are full, and divided into three fullness by a thin and narrower ruche than that used on the corsage; the bottom of the sleeves being gathered into broad bands of gold ribbon to match the belt.

WAISTE.

Belted waists are so much favored that they are now made of the thinnest fabrics, as laces, crepes and silk-muslin, which are used only for the most dressy toilettes. They are made over a fitted silk lining and are gathered very full at the neck and waist line, where they are drawn under a fancy ribbon belt; the collar and wristbands are also made of the same ribbon. For less dressy toilettes, and for morning wear, are blouses of colored cambric, embroidered muslin, and delicate colored sarahs. Figaro jackets of net, passementerie and velvet are sometimes worn with these.

SHOES.

During the warm weather, low cut shoes are given the preference for street as well as house wear.

For summer gowns, white canvas shoes with tips and bands of white kid are worn; there are also seen dark tan shades, and reddish russet leathers take the place of the lighter tan shades of last year.

For visiting toilettes only high, buttoned boots of black French kid are admissible, and for house wear, pale grey or light tan undressed kid slippers are preferred.

To fill up cracks in a boat, melt equal parts of pitch and gutta percha in an iron pot; thoroughly mix by stirring. Make up in sticks and melt into the cracks with a warm iron.

Natural History in Season.

THINGS OF LIGHT.

I do not know that you are as fond as I am of the cool evenings on some grassy meadow or in some rustic park, but of course you cannot help seeing the myriads of dazzling fire-flies that abound at the time mentioned and in just such places. They are very interesting and I am sure you would like to know something about them more than you can learn by catching and making an examination. It is a very easy matter to trap the little things though, as I don't not you have found out.

The property of emitting light is not limited to insects alone. There is a sort of growth called Fungi which clings to the walls of dark, damp mines, caverns and such places and gives a light strong enough to read ordinary print by. And some cases have been known where garden plants such as the nasturtium, marigold, orange lily and poppy have emitted light in startling light flashes. This light is not alone from the flowers but some leaves and juices of plants possess the same property.

And while I am talking to you about plants I must mention a very common vegetable you eat every day which has this power of evolving light also. I refer to the potato from which in a state of decay issues a very striking light. It is related how once upon a time the light from a cellarful of them was so strong as to lead an officer on guard at Strasburg to believe that the barracks were on fire.

And now we are coming to some of the animals which give light. You know a marine animal, a boring mollusc called the Pholas that is a very attractive specimen. It is told by some writers that its light-giving properties were so great that it shone in the mouths of people as they ate it. One of these animals gave seven ounces of milk that was so luminous the faces of persons might be distinguished in its glare.

The dead animal was placed in honey so that the property of emitting light each time it was plunged in warm water lasted more than a year. The Pholas, we are speaking about was the animal so well known to the ancients and about which such vividly interesting stories have been written.

Now I must tell you about a live creature not nearly the size of the Pholas—a minute thing, hardly distinguishable save when it shines, with a name you wouldn't remember. It is found very commonly in the English channel and in damp sand. Some one who has found out all about these shining midges says: "If you raise a handful of this sand it appears like so much molten lava." Just here I would like to ask you if you have ever seen or heard of the phosphorescence of the sea—that beautiful light which overspreads the water at times is almost entirely due to these animals that live in the water and damp sand.

Among the common earth worms there are some who evolve a shining light like that of iron heated to a white heat. In the tropical seas is found an animal in form like a minute cylinder which is one glowing little body of phosphorus and numbers of them on the ocean appear like an enormous layer of molten lava or shining phosphorus. It must be a grand sight and some day you will doubtless have the opportunity to see and understand it.

Then there is an insect with myriads of feet called the centipede. You know it, don't you? This is also said to have the power of evolving light, but there is reason to suppose that it will not shine in the dark unless previously exposed to the sun's rays.

But we must have a little to say about our own fire flies that we see so often. If you catch one of them you will see that it is the last segments of the fly's body that contains the light. The fire fly emits a yellow light very different from the pale blue gleam that comes from the body of the English glow-worm. This is but a wingless fly—the lady fly. All the females are wingless and emit a pale strong light which is supposed to be for the purpose of guiding their male companions. These have a very weak little lantern compared to the glow-worm and on account of their wings are called fire-flies. The fire-flies of the tropical regions, however emit such a strong light that they are frequently caught in numbers and used for the purpose of lighting the house. On fete days the ladies fasten them on their hair and on their dress as ornaments.

The English glow-worm is found during the summer nights among the grass on mossy banks. The luminous matter that gives the light is capable of being mixed with water, and thus its brilliancy increases. If the shining portion of the glow-worm is pinched off the insect still retains its light for a long time.

I have told you much that is wonderful about light-giving animals and insects, now I must tell you of light-giving humans. A very learned man discovered an Italian woman whose body would shine with phosphoric radiations. Other cases of this kind have been known. Sometimes a human body shortly before death presents a pale luminous appearance.

It is affirmed that it is some chemical process in Nature which produces these wondrous effects, and in some animals a phosphorescent organ specially arranged and adapted for the production of light has been found.

You will find that the longer we study and the more we can find out about Nature, the more wonderful it will appear. An all-creative Father has provided for our every need, every natural light from animals is given us, and it also looks very much as if some of us were lights unto ourselves as in the case of the Italian lady. A MRS. K.

A home for women teachers was opened last fall, at Dresden, Germany, in a building of its own. Teachers of any nation can stay temporarily for forty or fifty cents a day, and enjoy the benefit of a local teachers' association. Retired German teachers can live here with one room for \$150, or with two for \$175 a year. Such homes are not uncommon in Europe. Would they not be useful here? All our women teachers do not marry or retire with a competence.

If you worry when there's trouble, you but make the trouble double.

HORSE NOTES.

—Both the Point Breeze and Belmont meetings were financial successes.

—The Eastern Park in Brooklyn has not been sold as a race track, as reported.

—Black Pilot, record 2:30, died at Gardiner, Me., recently, the property of A. J. Libby.

—All of Scroggan Brothers' horses, including English Lady, have been shipped to Saratoga.

—Jockey Taylor rode at Monmouth Tuesday, July 15, for the first time since his recent accident.

—W. H. Crawford's promising 3-year-old stallion Constantine is quite sick at Lexington, Ky.

—A new race track will probably be built near Pullman, Ill., about thirty minutes ride from Chicago.

—Racine is owned by Leland Stanford, but his running qualities have been leased by the Undine Stable.

—The fields have been light everywhere in the races this season and book-makers are far from satisfied.

—Fritz, a half-brother to Fides, foaled 1888, and owned by August Belmont, died recently at Monmouth Park.

—The conspirator who forged the telegram which caused Fides to be started in the race in which she broke down has not yet been discovered.

—Tenny was troubled with a slight cold the day the Monmouth Cup was run. Otherwise he would again have measured strides with Salvalor.

—The 4-year-old colt Outbound, by Blue Eyes, was sold recently by the Fleetwood Stable to J. A. Murphy for \$3000.

—A purse of nearly \$2000 was raised among the horsemen at Chicago for the mother of Jockey Abbaso, who was killed in a race.

—The California colts Racine and Rinfax, who have been so successfully running at Chicago, have arrived at Monmouth Park.

—Senator Hearst still seems to have luck on his side. His colt Almon recently won the Great Western handicapped in fine style.

—One of the big surprises at Chicago was the winning of the new Hyde Park stakes by Balgowan, an outsider, against whom the odds were 50 to 1.

—W. A. Dutton has been elected a member of the Board of Directors of the Philadelphia Driving Park in place of Thomas Clements, whose seat had been declared vacant.

—The Duke of Portland has retired Donovan to the stud. The colt's winnings to the turf amounted to \$267,499.33, by far the largest amount ever credited to a single animal.

—Wesley P. Balch has opened a National Stallion Race of \$10,000, free for all. The entry list will close on August 18, the race to take place at Mystic Park, on Wednesday, September 17.

—Spokane has run his last race. He broke down recently while at work, and Mr. Armstrong said the same day that the break down was a bad one, and that the colt would never be trained again.

—At the recent sales of thoroughbred yearlings in England, from the Hampton Court, Yardley, Heather Kerrelon and other studs, the sister to Memoir sold for \$5500, or about \$27,500.

—The Prince of Wales has hitherto not been very successful in his attempts on the turf, and the fact that he won a race at the Newmarket July meeting has created quite a blaze of enthusiasm among English sportsmen.

—The Anglo-Indian sportsman, Mr. Apear, who is the owner of the Australian-bred horses Bravo, Moorhouse and Cyclops, purports taking them to England next season, with his own trainer, Southall, in charge of them.

—A son and a daughter of Messenger Duroc went to the front on Tuesday, July 15. The bay gelding, John W., won a race of broken beats at Belmont Course, and the brown mare Elista, out of Green Mountain Maid, won a six-beat race at Mystic Park, Boston, beating a field of four, including Golden Rod, and reducing her record to 2:24.

—F. L. Noble and Alcyon are under suspension by the National Trotting Association, but they are welcomed with open arms at Detroit. This shows what view Detroit takes of those who have sought to tarnish the good name of the trotting turf. The gates of the Grand Circuit tracks are closed against Noble and Alcyon. The circuit is opposed to trickery, and it believes in discipline.

—The Chicago Stable was the biggest winner of the Chicago meeting, with a little over \$25,000 to his credit. The bulk of that was won by Uncle Bob in the American Derby. The Santa Anto Stable comes next, with a little over \$10,000, and the Undine Stable is third, with over \$8000 to its credit. There was too much "in-and-out" running at the meeting to suit the people, and charges of "crookedness" were made against the Chicago Stable.

—The sale of Mr. Alexander's Woodburn yearlings at Monmouth on Saturday, July 12 was a pronounced success. The fourteen colts brought the splendid average of \$2452.14, while the thirteen fillies averaged \$805.77, making the total average of \$1462.50 for the twenty-seven head. Only twice since 1883 has the average exceeded \$1000, forty-four head bringing of \$1081.70 in 1883 and \$1452.34 in 1886. The gem of the sale was undoubtedly the full brother to Troubadour, who, after considerable spirited opposition on the part of Wyncham Walden and Mat Byrnes, finally fell to Green B. Morris' bid of \$10,100. The colt is now larger than his distinguished brother was at the same age, and is a handsome, shapely youngster, large without being gross, and of racing conformation. The half brother to Foxhall, by Falsetto, also had many admirers, and finally went to R. W. Walden's bid of \$5500, while the Dwyer Bros., bought the Powhatan—Caculia colt for \$3000.