A TRAMP'S SOLILOQUY.

When the buttercups come in the medder an' make it all yeller like gold,
An' the daisies out'n the paster grow white as they slowly unfold,
An' the robin says it is mornin', an' the yeller bird gladdens the sight,
Or the sun overhead says noonday, or the whipporwill says it is night,
When the breezes softly meander out over the medders which give
Back the perfume of Spring joinin' Summer, oh then it's a blessin' ter live
An' dream as the hours slip by,
An' deep in the clovers lie
To wait for the dreary rustle o' the brown leaves by-an' by.
Oh folks may call me lazy, an' good for just

Oh folks may call me lazy, an' good for just nothin' at all
But ter lie out in the mowin'-lot where the daisies rise and fall
An' nod an' blush a-murmurin', "Good for nothin' "!-but just
Loain', takin' life easy while others gather the

dust;
But when roses borrow a fragrance from the air, distil it an' give
at back with a double sweetness, oh then 'tis a blessin'ter live
Down midst the flowers so dear,

In the summer time o' the year, thile others are plowin' me under, I'm lovin' the daisies here. Yes, I'm penniless may be, an' holes may laugh in my coats, But if I've had little for breakfast I'm full of But if I've had little for breakfast I'm full of the magical notes
O'the bob-o-link an'the sparrow, an' I've drank o' the mystical sweet
O' the Summer air grown drowsy, an' hid me out o'the heat
In the shake o' the beeches an' maples, when Elves do the bidin' o' men,
Closin' my eyes an' whisperin'; "Let them th'nk what they will, an' then
Let them wander out over the lea,
With you an' the birds an' see
If ever again they'll wonder how a lazy tramp can be."

—Good Housekeeping.

-Good Housekeeping.

THE LINK THAT SEVERS.

No one disputed the fact that Cosmo Loring was a rising painter of great promise. He had already given irre-futable evidence of his real talent by producing several small pictures which had sold remarkably well, taking into consideration that he was yet unknown. and even some of the exclusive picturedealers of Bond Street had notified their intention of giving him orders. But Loring, with a highly strung artistic temperament, was possessed of an equally potent ambition, and would not consent to imperil the future and dwarf his brush to the production of mere pot-boilers. He fully intended to make his mark in the higher spheres of his art, to become famous, to write the magic letters R. A. after his name, and to achieve success not by patronage, but his own merit.

He was certain that he had in him the making of a great artist, and was equally conscious—a much rarer knowledge that he had as yet a great deal to learn before he could scale the altitudes that were his goal. At thirty, with a living entirely in his exclusive artist's fairly good social position, a goodly number of friends, many would-be patrons among the fair sex-for he was clever and handsome-he renounced the seductive attractions offered by London drawing-rooms and the easier acquisition of wealth through the disposal of inferior pictures, and determined to spend three years in Italy in hard study and conscientious groundwork. He went to Rome, where he took rooms on the fifth floor of a house in the Via Babuino, visited all the studios, frequented the galleries, and spent the rest of his time before his easel at home in incessant toil. As the months passed he felt the development of his natural gifts, and realized that he had neither misjudged his power nor in-dulged in delusive hopes for the fu-

Among the numerous art students of all ages and both sexes haunting the and copying the best pictures, was a dark-haired, pretty young girl, whom chance had frequently made his neigh-bor, and who attracted his attention not so much by her personal charms as by her absorption in her work. The accidents of propinquity had resulted, first, in a slight bow of recognition as they arrived in the morning, then in a quick pleased look and smile when they met again after a few weeks' interruption, followed almost insensibly by an exchange of small courtesles-the adjusting of an easel, the lending of chalks or tubes; and the acquaintanceship then began drifting, as it could not help doing, into a quiet, easy good-fellowship. Loring learned that Eileen Donovan was an Irish girl living in Rome with her aunt, the widow of an Italian sculptor, who had elected to remain in her adopted country and had sent for one of her impecunious brother's numerous children to live with her. Eileen was as simple, merry, and un-affected as she was pretty and fond of painting; the long hours of assiduous application never seemed to bring weariness to her limbs or to dim the sparkle of her eyes and the brightness of her smile. She was frankly confidential with Loring.

"I mean to make myself quite inde-pendent," she said to him with naive faith, "and to earn my own livelihood. I shall sell my best copies to wealthy tourists, and when I am rich, quite rich, I shall persuade Aunt Lorenzo to go back with me to England, and there paint original pictures for my own

"And glory," added Loring, with a The words gave a thrill of pleasure to

"So you think I have talent?" she said eagerly, with an upturn of her soft

"I am sure of it," answered Cosmo decisively. And it was no flattery. He recognized in the young student more than ordinary capabilities; she had a correct eye, a delicate touch, a remarkable gift of coloring, and a bold, correct execution.

In course of time he was presented to Signora Lorenzo, and made welcome by her. In their simp e surroundings the sunt and niece were unmistakably ladies, and Loring found a grateful relief to his solit ry labors in the enjoyment of their quiet sympathetic society.
Was it the subtle charm emanating finding a mind absolutely responsive to and made his wife read over every par-his—having the same enthusiasm, the sgraph concerning his work, interruptsame aspirations and ambitions, an ing her to say: equal love of the same art, and the same complete surrender to it-or was ing eyes I have left them all behind. it the unconscious gratification of receiving the constant flattery of undivided admiration, that made Loring
fall in love with Eileen? Perhaps all
conspired to make her lovely in his
eyes, and almost as soon as the girl had it the unconscious gratification of re-

come aware that he was all in all to

her he asked her to be his wife. His stay in Italy had come to a close and together they started for England, enjoying, however, a lingering honey-moon among the Italian lakes on their

Mr. and Mrs. Loring were not long in finding a small house with a large the pleasent rendezvous of brother artists and intelligent patrons of art. The canvases Loring had brought with him from Italy elicited much genuine praise, and when his little wife timidly produced her own attempts they were un-

animously pronounced excellent. "Do you know what your friend the Royal Academician said to me only the other day?" she asked exultingly of her husband. "He declares that we might together emulate some of the Old Masters.

"Come, come," said Cosmo, smiling, "this is drawing the long bow."

"No, no," she protested, "let me finish; emulate them, because I could paint replicas of all your pictures, and the public would never know the difference. Is not that glorious, dear? I am so proud!"

Not very long after this, however, Loring, who was still lover-like in his attentions to his wife. suddenly discovered that she was pale and not looking well; he attributed it to overwork, and strongly advised her to leave off painting for awhile. She laughingly protested that she had never felt better in her life; but he insisted on her giving up her paints and brushes with such imperative pertinacity that she yielded at last, finding some compensation for the sacrifice in the thought of her husband's exaggerated love and care for her. Meanwhile he was preparing to win his spurs and in the second year of his happy marriage began a large picture destined to the Academy, on which he founded all his hopes of success and celebrity in the future. The subject had been long and earnestly discussed. Eileen had thrown herself into Loring's views with passionate eagerness, and when her suggestions were disregarded she espoused all his ideas as warmly as if they had originated with her. It was finally decided that the great pic-ture should represent the Neapolitan legions leaving their homes to join the army of Napleon I. The sketch was masterly, the numerous figures admirably grouped, and the strong simple pathos of the scene apparent even in the crude chalk outlines. Cosmo's pulses beat quickly under the fire of genius; Eileen hung over him entranced as he worked, without a regret or even a

It was then early in November. On particularly damp cheerless afternoon, when it grew too dark to work, Cosmo, flushed and heated by long labor, left his studio to breathe the air. He met a triend who stopped him in the fog, caught a chill, and returned home feeling giddy and ill. The next morning his head ached and his eyes were inflamed; disregarding these symptoms, he repaired to his studio as usual, and when his wife, alarmed at the appearance of the eyelids, sent for a doctor, he got very angry, and flatly refused to follow his prescription of resting till the ophthalmic affection had subsided. Through the short winter days he painted incessantly, bending closer and closer over the canvas, mixing his colors with straining eyes, disregarding his wife's entreaties and seemingly unconscious of several blundpublic and private galleries of Rome, ers he committed. He bitterly resented an observation she hazarded one day when he nearly rubbed out a head he ad laboriously finished a weak before; and Eileen, seeing how all opposition annoyed him, sat silently at his side, watching with dumb despair how the once promising picture became blotched and blurred, discordant and confused, a mass of meaningless color, under which the fair original outlines and intention were still here and there dimly visible. Every now and then Cosmo, shading his eyes with his hand, would rise and, calling to his wife, say, pointing with his mahlstick to some

vague group:
"See, Eileen, is this not grand?
Watch the forward impetus of the men, the clinging sorrow of the women, the martial atmosphere. I have never done better.'

She did not contradict him, but she

snffered acutely.

One day the brush dropped from his hand; with a half-stifled exclamation of "Finished at last!" he sank back in his chair, and fainted.

They carried him to his bed; from unconsciousness he fell into a sort of lethargy, which lasted many weeks. When he recovered the full use of his limbs and senses he was completely blind. Eileen's devotion was put to a severe test. Far more trying to her than his illness were now the constant directions he gave her respecting his picture, mingled with thanksgivings that his vision had been spared long enough to complete this masterpiece. In glowing words he expatiated on its merits, and probably in his mind's eye saw it as it might have been—in a sort of halo, idealized and glorified. Eileen listened and was silent, save for a few words of assent. Once he said to her: "You are very cold and unsympathe-

tic. One might almost think you were jealous of my coming triumph." She caressed him gently, but uttered

no disclaimer. He set aside all her timid objections when the time drew near for sending in "The Departure of the Legions," gave his own directions for the frame, and listened with a glowing face to the departing footsteps of the men who bore it away.

Not only was the picture accepted, but it was hung on the line in the large room. The public flocked to see it, the art critics were unanimous in praising it, an American millionaire pur-chased it. Loring had all the papers from the !rish girl, or the delight of that spoke of the Academy sent to him,

"Yes-yes. You see, with my fail-

Since his blindness Loring had a morbid repugnance to leaving his house and never went anywhere. He used to

send his wife every other day to the Academy, so that she could report to him the opinions of the picture which she overheard in the crowd, and which she gave with a hesitation and reticence that exasperated him.

studio in the northern suburbs of London, and not much longer in making it go himself. A sudden suspicion had crossed his mind that he was deceived, and that the encomiums on his work had been purposely magnified to pacify and console him. His sightless eyes hidden by dark spectacles which very effectually disguised his identity, his figure bowed by his long illness, he entered the gallery one afternoon at the busiest hour, leaning on his wife's arm, and was led by her before the picture. There wes no mistaking the eager rush of the crowd, the sincere exclamations of delight, the enthusiastic praise. He could no longer doubt. "The Departure of the Legions" was the masterpiece of the Academy. He stood more erect, his step was firmer, as he turned to go, and Eileen felt the nervous, triumphant pressure of his hand on her | the tree. These are supplemented by arm, as he passed like a conqueror a well-printed description of the habits through the portals that had opened wide to receive his work. He could of the tree. In fact everything which not see that her eyes were moist with a has a bearing upon that certain tree deeper emotion

The sum realized by the sale of the ful and valuable collection. picture enabled Loring to visit Germany, and place himself in the hands of the best oculist in the world. The treatment to which he was submitted was a long one, but at the end of a twelve-month the cure was complete, and he was told that shortly he would be able to handle once more the brush that had made him famous.

"Not before I have seen again the picture to which I indirectly owe my recovery," he said to Eileen. "But it is in America already," said hurriedly.

"What of that? Let us go to New

York.' "So long a journey?" she pleaded.
"It will do me good—nothing like

sea air.' He would not be gainsaid, and they sailed for America. The news of their arrival had preceded them, and Loring | sidered an object of so much value that received one of those transatlantic receptions which are so unsparingly lavished on distinguished Europeans. He bore somewhat impatiently with speeches and interviews, and lost no time in calling on the millionaire who owned his treasure. With consummate tact, atter showing the way to his private gallery, the New York banker, pointing to a large frame in the place of to determine. honor, said smilingly to the husband thought now for her deserted palette, and wife:

"I will not intrude on this happy meeting-you will find me in the library when you have done.' He withdrew, and, to Loring's in-

tense relief, left them alone. A few quick strides brought him before the picture; a latent dimness of vision, increased by emotion, seemed before him a superb work of art. Two over his eyes, then his expression changed from intense exultation to a startled surprise. "What is this?" he said.

"Your picture, of course; don't you recognize it, darling?" said Eileen, clusive proof of the authenticity and drawing close up to him.

"My picture! That my picture? No, no; I remember it too well. I have seen it in every detail in the night of my blindness, I could paint it over again, line by line, touch by touch. This one has been tampered with by a stranger."

"No, no you mistake, Cosmo. What matter? Besides, have you forgotten? Was the picture not called the best of painter?" faltered Eileen imploringly. He turned to her, took both her hands, and looking into her upturned face, trying to read the faithful eyes that had ever been so truthful and so fond, he said in a voice that was tremu-

lous and broken: "Eileen, if you have ever loved me, command you to tell me who touched that picture, who took advantage of my blindness to change, alter, and add to it, who has by so doing made me a recipient of honors that are not mine! God knows what I had done was worth that!" he said, relinquishing he hands

Eileen crept lovingly into his arms, and, with her head on his breast, said

gently: "Can't you guess, darling? Let me explain. When your dear eyes were so bad, when you would work in spite of all, your hand could not obey your will; the colors got mixed, the outlines were lost; the idea—the grand idea was there, but the execution failed. Well, when it would have driven you mad to know that the picture could not be sent as it was to the Academy, I, your pupil, your wife, repainted it in secret." He started. "Yes," she continued still more caressingly. 'I followed all your intentions, worked as you taught me to work by your example, and," she added, with a happy laugh, lifting her face to the level of his... "and your friend was right, the his-"and your friend was right-the public did not know my painting from yours! Kiss me, love.

He kissed her as she desired, but without another look at the picture he left the gallery and the house. From that day Cosmo Loring hated his wife.—London World.

Single Blessedness. If I had to decide for my daughter whether, in view of her greater happi-ness, she would marry or remain single, I would find the task difficult, says

Olive Thorne Miller. In marriage the ordering of her life is taken in great measure out of her own hands; she must bend to circumstances; she is modified by the influences which have surrounded her husband all his life; she takes to herself in his relations a new set of kindred, who may or may not be agreeable to her.

The single life is much less complex, and it offers her what poets sung and heroes died for—independence. But, she points out, a woman will rarely enCurious Collections.

At Warsenstein, in Germany, there is perhaps one of the most curiously original collections of books extant:says a writer in Chambers Journal. This consists of a bot mical collection. Outwardly the volumes present the common appearance of a block of wood particular tree which it represents. At the back of the book the bark has been removed from a space which allows the scientific and the common name of the tree to be placed as a title for the book. One side is formed from the split wood of the tree, showing its grain and natural fracture; the other shows the wood when worked smooth and varnished. One end shows the grain as left by the saw, and the other the finely polished wood. On opening the book, it is found to contain the fruit, seeds, leaves and other products of the tree; the moss which usually grows upon its trunk and the insects which feed upon the different parts of usual location and manner of growth secures a place in this wonderful, use-

There are at present some very able curiosities in the shape of cherry stones, and were they collected in one locality it would doubtless enchance their value. In the Salem Museum reposes one which contains one dozen silver spoons. The stone is of the ordinary size; but the spoons are so small that their shape and finish can only be discerned satisfactorily by means of the microscope, But a more curious cherry-stone is that upon which are inscribed one hundred and twenty-four heads. This no doubt forms the most curious collection yet known, and the naked eye can easily distinguish those belonging to popes and kings by their mitres and crowns. It was bought in Prussia for fifteen thousand dollars. and thence conveyed to that home of curiosities, England, where it is conits possesion was disputed, and it became the subject of a suit in chancery. However a toymaker of Nuremberg endeavored to eclipse this specimen by enclosing in a cherry-stone, which was exhibited at the French Crystal Palace, a plan of Sebastopol, a railway station, and the Messiah of Klopstock. How far he succeeded we leave our readers

The most curious collections however are to be found made of coins, and we have seen many of this kind; but the most extensive is undoubtedly to be seen at Nottingham at the present moment. It consists of a huge pile of perfectly new jubilee half-crowns made up as a light-house-shaped pyramid. The whole is comprised under a glass case, and measures in height six feet; while for a moment to prevent a clear and he base is five feet eight inches round, complete view, yet he felt that he had and the number of coins is one hundred thousand eight hundred and six. or three times he passed his fingers The weight is one ton eight hundredweight fourteen pounds three ounces, and the value is twelve thousand six hundred pounds fifteen sillings. The money lies near the case, being con-

genuineness of the collection. But the foregoing illustrations are nothing when compared with the miscellaneous collection at Scotland Yard. There, every housebreaking implement reposes in solemn grandeur from the faithful jemmy to the dark-lantern, and all the accessories of the modern Charles Peace are to be seen. Only a matter? Besides, have you forgotten? visit, secured only by a few, can give Was the picture not called the best of the year, and you the greatest living of the articles collected by the authorities. Ingenious tradesmen and speculators are always on the qui vive for such curiosities as can be secured, and when they have obtained them, they turn them to good account for advertising purposes. We can only recommend our readers to look around and use the observing faculties which they possess, and it will astonish and surprise them to what an extent these curious

specting the Star Sirius.

collections exist.

in the real painting compared with the one of which his imagination had kept so vivid in imprint.

By means of the spectroscope a very wonderful discovery has been made respecting Sirius. Astronomers had noticed that this star was in rapid that year by year it was changing its position in the heavens, traversing in about 1,500 years a space equal to the apparent diameter of the moon, at a velocity of not less than twenty miles per second. Of course, by actual observation, the only motion capable of being detected would be that which although Sirius appears to us to move points, from that of others. across the heavens, he may really be Fronts and sleeves of mou travelling in a slanting direction, either toward or from us. No one would ever have expected to be able to tell whether a star was approaching to or receding from us, yet even this seemingly insolvable problem has of late years been accomplished by the spectroscope. Dr. Huggins, our greatest authority on this subject, having identified certain lines in the spectrum of Sirius as those of hydrogen, found on comparison that these were displaced twenty miles per second, gives as the silk designs, such as cubes, equares, actual movement of Sirius in space a etc. speed of about thirty-three miles per

round him after the manner of our own sun; and what a system! Vast as ours appears, it is dwarfed into insignificance compared with a system whose ruling orb is 5.000 times larger than that which does duty for us. There seems, also, no reason to doubt that these planets are intended to be the abode of life; it may be that at the present moment none of them present joy her state of single blessedness unless she is prepared for it in training and is allowed to be independent if she remains at home.—Woman's News.

present moment home of them present being contributed by the horses engaged. The Portland stakes, worth \$17,500 (neither penalties nor allowanged) period in its development during which

life, similar to that which now prevails on our planet, would be in existence. What a world such a one would be, in size, perhaps, not inferior to that of our sun, himself a million times larger than our earth; and it may be that as this Sirian world is so vastly superior to ours in size its inhabitants would be common appearance of a block of wood and that is the first impression; but a minute examination reveals the fact that each is a complete history of the we are but savages. - Chambers' Jour-

Current Fashions.

To the thoughtful, economical woman, the depth of whose purse is not limit-less, yet who has all the desire and inborn taste to dress as well as her more favored sisters, without feeling that her purse is left empty for the many neces sary demands which are sure to be made on it, perhaps a few points for the summer of 1890 will not come smiss. True we are just in the height of this summer's season, but manufacturers and designers have already made their preparations for the summer of 1891. Of course then, the question instantly arises, how can one purchase goods which have not yet been designed and manufactured. Truly, that is an impossibility; but what we propose to do is to tell our readers something about the colors and fabrics planned for the coming summer, many of which are to be seen on the counters of our stores this season, but which next summer will appear under new names. As it is rather late for the sale of these goods, they are being offered now at less than first prices; hence those who are thoughtful enough to invest in them will find another season that they have material for one or more costumes, as the case may be, at about one half the current prices which will be demanded. To make these selections requires great care, taste, and the "foreseeing of possibilities," but what woman who is intent on both economy and good taste, will fail to consider all these points. Fabrics with flower designs in jacquard (bordered) styles should be carefully avoided, as they are already fast losing

All fine, soft goods in one color, and with a cashemere finish will, without doubt, be worn extensively next year, also one color, striped vigoyne goods.

Shaded stripes will strive for supremacy and will rank high, and ombre styles, in all varieties on India Cashemere grounds, on vigoyne, and on soft Cheviot will be found. Broad shaded stripes in all possible combinations, simple and combined, straight and crosswise, and in zigzag style will pre-

Many admirers of changeable styles foresees for them great favor, but it will be only in silk or half-silk goods, as they do not reproduce well on wool. Shaded styles are assured of success. The latest samples show shaded dots and bomb designs between fine stripes; shaded stripes alternate with one color, and shaded pea designs in stripes. Fine stripes, or hai lines, combine into a large striper which is bordered on both sides with fine, shaded cube designs.

Large plaids will not be used extensively next summer but, on the other banker's receipt for the payment of the hand, small squares in small quadrangles, which are cut by lines forming large squares will find deserved favor. Cheap beiges with shaded stripes, in knotted or oval designs, will be much worn.

Black India Cashmeres are seen with small, embroidered flowers, with golden-yellow, wheat-ear designs, also green leaf and weed embroidered designs, also light tissues showing large squares formed by knotted stripes. That soft fabrics and shaded styles will meet with great favor, seems assured.

These are many of the silks, muslins, and crepons now worn which will be, if not in the height of fashion next season, at least not out of it. Among these are the India silks of which Mossrs Macy & Co. are just now displaying so large a stock.

These silks make most charming summer dresses, but in selecting for future use small designs and delicate colors should be chosen. This is also ond. just the time to purchase other useful goods at a nominal price, for merchants are now offering ribbons, ruches, and handkerchiefs at extremely low prices. Teun., have purchased French Park Those who have taken advantage of the clearing sales have found many sterling articles of underwear, bed and table linen etc., at prices which have left a large balance in their purses to be expended on a book, a picture, or some other long desired pleasure.

MOURNING GOODS.

So great a change has been made in all fabrics and designs now used for mourning, that the objections formerly urged against them have now but little weight. The style of making these was square to the line of sight, so that dresses does not differ, in essential

Fronts and sleeves of mourning dresses are ornamented with beautiful appliques of crepe on canvas, which are made up over canvas grenadines or soft

silk. The silk foundations are made with little fulness except in the back, and a ganet. thick ruche of silk is placed around the bottom edge. Crepe de Chine, plain or embroidered, Japanese crepe, Chiffon, surah and twilled silks are all admissi-

ble for extra occasions. Delicate fabrics in black and white, in such a manner as to indicate that and their combination, gray and heliothe star was receding from us. It has trope are used for half or light mournbeen estimated that this recession, ing. A very modest dress is one made combined with the thwart motion of of black wool dotted with small grey-

For evening wear, a white silk under black figured lace with sleeves entirely These, then, constitute some of the chief items of information about Sirius at present within our knowledge.

There seems to be no reason to doubt or lavender silk with black figures, and that, in common with other suns, he trimmings of jet and lace are much has his system of planets circling favored. For morning wear are found the

black and white, or gray and hlac col-cred ginghams, trimmed with white embroidery, and for afternoon wear white nainsook and white lawns trimmed with black or lavender ribbons.

-The Prince of Wales stakes, worth \$42,500, won by Surefoot, cost the jockey club only \$3650, the remainder being contributed by the horses engaged. The Portland stakes, worth HORSE NOTES.

-Eighteen of the Dwyer Bros.' horses are at Saratoga.

-Proctor Knott is said to have completely broken down.

-The profits of the recent Point Breeze meeting were about \$3000.

-The Saratoga races were postponed on account of rain.

-Hanover is indulged with a salt water bath every day at Coney Island. -Sunol's half mile in 1.021 at Detroit shows that Maud S.'s record of 2.083 is in danger.

-Dr. Corrigan has purchased Vagabond, the sire of Judge Morrow, and will give him a chance at the stud.

-The California horses won a full share of the races during the Washington Park meeting in Chicago.

-Bergen heads the list of winning jockeys with 126 mounts to his credit. Hamilton second, with 79. -It being impossible to bring the

lame Britannic to a race, he has been returned to Mr. Walden's farm in Maryland.

-Seth Griffin has just completed a mile track at Peru, Ind., which should be one of the fastest in the country. -Ed. Corrigan, proprietor of the

West Side Park, Chicago, is endeavoring to close the city pool-rooms in that -At Detroit in the 2.30 classes the bay mare Pixley by Jay Gould, dam of

General Washington, obtained a record of 2.19%. -John Condon drove his pacer Sur-

pass a mile recently over Belmont Course in 2.20 -New York Dictator, of the Elkton

Stock Farm, trotted a mile recently in -Patsey Duffy, the once famous and

successful jockey, has completely gone -J. H. Goldsmith and E. Odell have purchased the pacer Elva Medium,

2.171, for \$3000. -T. Wood Martin will start the horses at Buffalo, Poughkeepsie and Hartford.

-Windsor, Ont., which is opposite Detroit, is to have a mile track for trotters.

-Sunol and Belle Hamlin will both be sent for a fast record at Buffalo on August 7. -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. -Racing will commence at Merchantville, and there are five races on

the programme. -Margaret S. captured the whole stake at Detroit by distancing her four

competitors. -Jockeys Britton and Williams each had eighteen winning mounts at the

Chicago meeting. -Pretty Belie and the brown mare Pennlyn are being driven to the pole by George A. Singerly.

-Banquet's mile and a quarter in 2.03} at Monmouth Fark will be accepted as a record.

-Melton, who was sold to the Italian Government, is to stand at Ferrara, where they have a stud farm, and his fee is to be \$50.

-Ed Geers has Brown Hal, 2.12; Hal Pointer, 2.13, McEwen, 2.18; Frank Dortch, 2.25; Bob Taylor, trial 2.19, and Dr. Almont, 2.214.

-The question "Which is the best 2-year-old runner in the East?" has not yet been answered, 'The youngsters take turns in defeating each other. -Millard Sanders tried to beat 2,24

with Captain and Ernest Maltravers on a wager of \$25 recently, but failed to equal that time by a quarter of a sec--Owing to the death of the imp.

and Exile for \$25,000. -The Balch free-for-all stallion race for \$10,000 will be trotted at Mystic Park, Boston, on September 17. On the same day there will be a \$5000

purse for stallions of the 2.19 class. -McFerran & Clancy, of Louisville, had dropped on July 4 a bay colt, by Bell Boy, 2.19\(\frac{1}{4}\), dam Prefix by Pancoast, 2.21\(\frac{1}{4}\). On July 8, Typhoon, by Lord Russell, brother of Maud 8., 2.08\(\frac{2}{4}\), foaled a bay filly by Bell Boy, which has been christened Bell Russell,

-Dan Honig, St. Louis, Mo., has purchased from Mason & Co. the brown gelding Rhody Pringle, foaled 1880, by Helmbold, dam imp. Castaway, by Zetland, and the chestnut horse Dousman, foaled 1883, by Chariton, dam Carrie Watson, by Planta-

-Out of the 134 races run at Washington Park, Chicago, during the last meeting, 57 favorites won. The total amount of money run for in stakes, purses and entrance money was \$173,-040, divided among 107 owners. The Chicago stable headed the list of winners with \$16,000.

-Surefoot, winner of the Prince of Wales stakes, will be prepared for the Lancashire plate, Manchester, which will be worth \$55,000. The distance is seven furlongs.

—Interpose, the dam of Spokane, broke her leg recently while out as grass, with a foal by Tom Bowling at heel, ou Mr. Noah Armstrong's farm, near Helena, Mont. The veterinary surgeon who has charge of the case sayt he expects her to recover, and she is at present in slings.

—F. L. Noble and Alcryon 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 Alcyron. The circuit is opposed to trickery, and it believes in discipline.