

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Gall is seldom grit.
 Perfect rest is death.
 Our nature consists in motion.
 Where there's a will there's a way.

No question is settled until it is settled right.
 The best of prophets of the future is the past.
 Bravery escapes more dangers than cowardice.
 Vices and virtues often live very close together.
 A smart man can learn a good deal from a fool.
 People who think too little are sure to talk too much.
 You can tell by the honey where the bees have been.
 There is nothing improbable to a jealous woman.
 The lightning is as full of mercy as the gentle shower.
 Hate makes us vehement partisans, but love still more so.
 Character is something that cannot be burned up or buried.
 Common sense is the gift of Heaven; enough of it is genius.
 True faith never goes home until it gets what it went after.
 The richest people on earth are those who give away the most.
 It is better to see "men as trees walking" than not to see at all.
 The only way to keep from backsliding is to keep sliding forward.
 The first effect of a blessing on a man is to make him more thankful.
 The pure don't grow old any more than a mountain spring does.
 The man who does all his praying on his knees prays very little.
 The first secret a girl keeps from her mother is her first step astray.
 Suffering is the surest means of making us truthful to ourselves.
 The man who is satisfied with himself is terribly disappointed in other people.
 A certain amount of ceremony seems to be necessary to run the social machine.
 The sunlight comes for rich and poor alike; the blizzard is mostly for poor folks.
 If a man is right he can't be too radical; if he is wrong he can't be too conservative.
 A man realizes that life is a burden when he gets insured and has to pay his premium.
 A man is a genius who can say nice things to two different women without repeating.
 A man never forgives until he has had a chance to get even and has improved the chance.
 There is a pleasure greater than making money, and that is in giving it away.
 There are parents who work for their children too much and talk to them too little.
 Where there is the right kind of faith there is sure to be the right kind of works.
 The woman who talks about her neighbors is no worse than the one who listens.
 If an alligator could talk he would probably declare that he had a small mouth.
 The man who seeks for truth will never find very much of it while walking on stilts.
 No man can work with all his heart and soul for anything he does not believe to be true.
 The man who never makes mistakes misses a good many splendid chances to learn something.
 Leisure for men of business, and business for men of leisure, would cure many complaints.
 The person who can least spare it is often most willing to give others a piece of his mind.
 Trouble and perplexity drive me to prayer, and prayer drives away perplexity and trouble.
 Our enemies come nearer to the truth, in the opinions they form of us, than we do ourselves.
 Never risk a joke with a person who is not well bred and possessed of sense to comprehend it.
 It is one of the easiest things in the world to economically lay out the money you never will have.
 Woman hath this resemblance to sugar, that the more refined she is the harder it is to detect the sand.
 Be not too brief in conversation, lest you be not understood; nor too diffuse, lest you be troublesome.
 There isn't a man in ten thousand who knows what kind of a man he would be if he had plenty of money.
 About the only time some people speak well of some other people is after they are dead and buried.
 The man who starts out to be a reformer had better be well prepared for all kinds of roads and weather.
 If poor men knew how hard rich men have to work, and how little they get for doing it, they would be better satisfied.
 The difference between a man's sphere and a woman's is that the woman does the most work and the man gets the most salary.
 The man who knows that he was one kind of a fool yesterday very often has a suspicion that he is some other kind of a fool today.
 A philosopher is a man who can feel as easy over his own troubles as he does over his neighbor's. There are no philosophers.
 A woman never feels pleased at a man's admiration of the color in her face when he has just made her angry in order to bring the color there.
 When a girl is sixteen she likes to be called a little witch, and yet she does not like to think that she will be called an old witch when she is sixty.

LIFE.

and glow of noon, and gloom of utter night;
 Black, bitter days of winter storm and strain,
 And bland, bright hours of summer bloom and light;
 A voice that speaks strange secrets none may guess;
 An anxious questioning without reply,
 A wind that comes and goes—a song, a sigh,
 A dim, mysterious dusk of ancient trees,
 That ever stir with wild and wandering tones
 Of laughter, strife, old pains and prophecies;
 Deep breath of bliss, heart throbs, and anguish moan;
 A narrow streak of sun; path between;
 A bird's brief note, high, clear and keen!
 A message written in the shifting sands,
 Cloud forms that drift athwart the twilight gleams,
 Stray waifs, far blown from unimagined lands;
 Faces that laugh or frown in fevered dreams;
 Youth, flushed with flame of longing and desire;
 Garbage, chill-fingered, crouching by the fire!

To it a masque of mingled tears and smiles—
 A shallow scene, a painted puppet-play,
 Made for the gods who sit above the earth,
 And dose away the years? Ah, who shall say?
 The fruit grows ripe and falls: men come and go:
 The end is death and silence—this we know.
 —Charles L. Hildreth, in *Belford*.

A PECULIAR CASE.

I haven't a bit of patience with that class of men who are always shaking their heads in a solemn way and declaring that many an innocent man has been sent to State Prison on circumstantial evidence. Such instances have been known, of course, but they are very rare, and it is then the fault of the accused I am about to narrate the particulars of a case which excited widespread interest in 1863, and I ask the reader to follow the situations closely, and to see what curious combinations can arise through circumstances.

James Stowe was a merchant in the village of G—, Illinois. He had been there fifteen years. He was a church member, had no vices, and while accounted rather close-fisted, he was said to be strictly honest. A year before the mystery occurred he had taken a boy named Robert Lisle into his home, the boy being an orphan and his nephew. Bob, as we all called him, was thirteen years old when he came. He went into the store as a clerk, and a bed-room was made for him up stairs.

I was a boy of Bob's age, and we came to be chums. It thus came about that I learned the cause of certain welts and bruises on his legs and body. His uncle, while pretending to feel a great interest in his welfare, and while speaking to him in the kindest manner before others, was beating him on the slightest excuse, and seeking to make the place so warm for him that he would run away. Some boys would have gone, but Bob hasn't the courage to get up and face the world without a shilling in his pocket.

On the afternoon of the 23d day of June, 1863, as was sworn to in court, I was in the alley back of the store, and I heard Stowe whipping Bob in the store-room. I heard him charge Bob with stealing some money, but the boy vigorously denied it. After the whipping Stowe told three different customers that he had caught the boy stealing, but suppressed the fact that he had whipped him. I saw Bob about an hour after the affair, and he made his denial in such a manner that I felt sure of his innocence.

—I saw him to give away, but as I had no money to give him, and as he had not a penny of his own, he did not think it best to go. He wanted me to come and share his bed with him that night, as I had often done before, but a circumstance prevented. Stowe saw us together, and ordered me away from the store.

At seven o'clock that evening a man named Chadwick arrived in the village from Chicago to visit a sister. He had \$2000 in money with him, and he asked Stowe to keep it in his safe over night. At eight o'clock the store was closed and Stowe went home. At nine o'clock I left home to go to the store, calculating to call Bob up by throwing pebbles against his window, a signal often made before. As I passed the alley I saw a man skulk away. I afterward swore in court that I believed this man to be Stowe. The sight of him frightened me, and I returned home at once. Next morning "the mystery" opened with a grand blast of trumpets. Bob Lisle had disappeared during the night, and the safe had been robbed of Chadwick's \$2000. Investigation heightened the mystery.

There was blood on Bob's pillow. A trail of blood led from his bed to the back door of the store. The safe had been opened in the regular way, and Stowe claimed that \$400 of his money had gone with Chadwick's. The town was at once alive, and the village constable proved his enthusiasm and worth by arresting two strangers. One soon identified himself as an honest man, while the other admitted that he was a deserter from the army and a tramp. On searching him \$120 in greenbacks was found in one of his pockets. He declared that he found this money in the alley in the rear of Stowe's store that morning about daylight, he having passed the night in a store shed further down the alley. If he expected any one to believe such a thin story as that he was sadly taken back. It was believed by all that the night man had been arrested, and the constable at once became the hero of the hour. A Chicago detective, who happened in the town that same day, looked the ground over and declared the street to be a sick job.

There had not only been a robbery, but murder had been done, and there

was no doubt that both deeds had been accomplished by the same hand. Every body turned out to look for Bob Lisle's body, and every spot where it could have been concealed within a radius of three miles was carefully examined. It could not be found, but this fact only strengthened the general belief in the deserter's guilt. He had, by the by, given his name as William Davis, and had vigorously and continually asserted his innocence any crime whatever. A warrant had been issued, charging him with robbery and murder, and inside of a week he had been examined and held to the higher court without bail.

On the very day that this occurred a Down-East Yankee with a patent churn arrived in town, and, of course, he soon heard all about the mystery. To everybody's surprise he declared Davis innocent, and argued as follows:

"How was the store entered? As the doors and windows were all right, it must have been entered by one of the doors, with a key. How was the safe robbed? By some one who knew the combination and opened it. The boy was up stairs—the safe down stairs. What need to meddle with the boy at all?"

While the heroic constables and others were digesting the above, the Yankee was turning things over in his mind and preparing to add:

"What object to kill the boy, or even to accuse him? And, if killed, where is the body? Why should the robber have carried it away at all? If Davis is the robber, there must have been blood spots on his clothing. What did he do with the balance of the money? Where did he get his key to enter? How did he learn the combination of the safe?"

This line of reasoning upset everybody, and it no sooner reached the ears of Stowe than he suggested the arrest of the Yankee as an accessory. It was not done, but the latter heard of it and replied:

"Investigate Stowe. He knows more about this than the deserter does!"

His suggestion turned public attention and suspicion in another direction, and it was not long before some curious results were forthcoming. I gave out the information that I saw him in the alley at about nine o'clock of the night of the crime. The village blacksmith then came forward and said he saw him on the street half an hour later, and that Stowe directed him and did not return his salutation. The hired girl at Stowe's house declared that he went out just before nine o'clock and did not return until ten. It was so unusual for him to go out of an evening alone that she particularly noticed his going. Three or four of our boys told how Bob had been beaten and misused, and so it came about that while the deserter was not released, Stowe was arrested. His story was that he had caught Bob pilfering from the money drawer on several occasions, and that on the day of the murder and robbery he had laid a trap for him and caught him taking \$5. He said he had a feeling when he got home that he had neglected to close the safe door, and that he had returned to make certain on this point. After finding that everything was all right he had stopped to put up some goods left on the counter, and had then returned home. He denied being in the alley at the hour I thought I saw him, or of meeting the blacksmith.

A new and more vigorous search was made for the body, but no trace of it could be found. During this time a citizen picked up a ten-dollar bill in the rear of the store, and everybody at once declared that the deserter must have told the truth. When the man who robbed the safe went out by the back door he must have lost his grip on the money, and the wind had scattered some of it. The case against Davis was dropped when called before the higher court, and Stowe was put on trial for robbery. Everybody now believed him guilty of the murder of the boy, but as the body could not be found this charge was not included. Search was made high and low for the money, but it could not be found. The general idea was that he buried the body somewhere in the village, and concealed all traces.

Just previous to the trial Mrs. Stowe admitted that when her husband came home his coat was covered with dust; he was pale and nervous; one of his fingers was bleeding from a cut, and that he sat up for an hour after she had retired. It was further discovered that his business affairs had gone wrong, and that two creditors were pressing him for payment of debts. All in all, a pretty good case was made out against him, but he had a surprise in store for the public.

When called upon to plead he answered "Not guilty" to the charge of robbery, but desired to plead guilty to the accusation of having murdered the boy. This took everybody aback, of course, and as they had no more proofs in the case than in the other, the charge of robbery was dropped and he was arraigned on the other. On the stand he told the story as follows:

"I had discovered that Bob was a thief, and had punished him several times for stealing. I had mislaid the money on this day. When I returned to the store in the evening I went up to his room to have a talk with him. He was impudent, and I struck him a blow and broke his neck. I then carried the body to the river and flung it in, and the reason you didn't find it was because it floated away with the current. I am very sorry. I had no malice and no thought of hurting him. I struck the blow on the impulse of the moment."

When he came to trial a plea of "not guilty" was, of course, entered, but his lawyer made little or no effect, and he was pronounced guilty and got a sentence of fifteen years. After it was over public opinion whipped about, as it generally does, and every person felt sorry for the man. He went to prison, saying that it was a just punishment, and it was a year and a half before the real climax came. One morning Bob Lisle walked into town as cool as you please, and when he had

stated us that he was no ghost he told his story as follows:

On the night of the murder he had hardly got to bed when he had noise. He was down stairs to look for water when his uncle came in and opened the safe and removed the money. He did not see Bob at all, but after hanging around for a spell left by the back door, falling out of it as he went. In this way he got the dust on his coat, and at the same time let go of some of the money. Bob realized that it was a robbery, and suspecting that it was a put-up job to get him sent to prison, he determined to run away. He took two of three dollars left in the money drawer, bundled up something to eat, and when morning came was miles away. For upward of a year he had been running on a steamboat. One day he had heard two passengers talking of the case, and when he discovered that he was supposed to have been murdered he at once started for prison to clear his uncle. Stowe was in State Prison, as you know. When told that the boy had returned alive and well, he was all broken up. When Bob was taken to the prison his uncle has nothing to say.

Well, as a matter of course, steps were taken to secure Stowe's pardon, and it was soon granted. Then came the question of trying him for the robbery, but various delays occurred, and his lawyers advanced various technical objections, and the case finally petered out. He disappeared, going to Australia, and it was two or three years later when the final particulars came to light. He had been hoarding his cash for three or four years, calculating to skip out. He had robbed the safe and buried the money in his cellar, and he fully intended to accuse Bob of the crime. He suspected that Bob had run away, and therefore accused himself of the alleged murder to cover up the other crime. After he had skipped, leaving his family without a dollar, a great many of his dishonest transactions came to light, and it became plain to everybody that he was a rascal in disguise.

While I do not deny, as I told you at the outset, that a man entirely innocent of a certain crime may be sent to prison as guilty of it, it can scarcely happen if he is an honest man and above suspicion. His conduct must be against him as an innocent man. Circumstances—such as being seen near the place of crime, betraying guilt when accosted, being unable to make satisfactory answers, etc.—go a long way where direct proof is lacking, and I think I am safe in saying that the man who has been found innocent of the crime for which he was hung or sent to prison was guilty of something else of a serious nature which was seeking to hide at the time.—*New York Sun*.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

AIRY HAS THE LARGEST QUART MILL.
 The London libraries all have a small stationer's shop connected with them where the various conveniences for writing are supplied.

According to an official return which has just been issued, there are 409,000 milk cows in the colony of Victoria, and the annual value of their milk, butter and cheese is about three million sterling.

The fastest English trains are those running between Euston and Edinburgh, which average forty-seven miles an hour, while the speed of the fast trains between Berlin and Hamburg averages forty-five miles.

In our schools at the present day we use "Euclid's Elements of Geometry," written by Euclid 2300 years ago. Euclid also wrote on music and optics, and did much which we think we discovered.

The people of Tyre were such experts in dyeing that the Tyrian purple remains unexcelled to this day. The Egyptians were also wonderful dyers, and could produce colors so durable that they may be called imperishable.

A curious scarpion worn by a Nashville (Tenn.) man is a petrified human eye, set in a gold frame. The present owner of this singular ornament found it in Peru while he was on an exploring tour in the land of the Incas with a party of scientists.

A London publisher advertised to sell seven bald-headed men, painted the same of his paper, *Tid-Div*, one letter on each head, and tried to get them sent as a pantomime, but the manager of the theatre objected. What a crushing blow to genius!

Diappe is now a principal centre of European ivory manufacture, but it is in the East, especially China, that ivory is most highly prized and most elaborately worked into decorative forms. The Japanese also hold it in esteem, and it is extensively used in the inlaid work of Bombay in India.

The true French plum—large, jet black, soft and juicy—comes from the shores of the Garonne and its affluent, the Lot, and is the fruit of the tree known as the prunier d'aute, or grafted plum. The center of the district is Clairac, a quaint little old-fashioned town built on a steep hillside overlooking the Lot.

A rich man in St. Petersburg, Russia, died, leaving orders that his sealed will should be opened twelve months after his death. When opened it contained another sealed packet, with instructions that it must not be opened for a year. The will had seven seals, the last of which has only just been broken, although the testator died six years ago.

Vice-President Morton's country home at Rhinecliff, N. Y., is provided with 250 incandescent lamps. An interesting feature is the wiring of the house in such a manner that should any window or door be tampered with by burglars a special automatic switching device will throw into circuit a number of lights, thus giving the nocturnal intruder a bright and warm welcome.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

FESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Perfectly Straight—Making Himself Solid—Missing Data—A Gracious Compliment, etc., etc.

PERFECTLY STRAIGHT.
 "I heard some one say that Wall Street was crooked."
 "Well, is it?"
 "Why, no; it runs in a straight line from Broadway to the river."—*Windsor Weekly*.

MISSING DATA.
 Though history much that's ancient brings,
 It nowhere gives the date of birth
 Of two most widely mentioned things—
 Old Father Time and Mother Earth.
 —[*Chicago Herald*].

A GRACIOUS COMPLIMENT.
 Miss Robinson—How do you think this dress suits me?
 Miss Tangle—First rate. You look charming in it. Why, I hardly knew you.
 —West shore.

MISUNDERSTOOD.
 She (as he places his arm around her waist)—Stop right where you are, sir!
 He (taking a firmer hold)—Willingly, my dear.—*Epoch*.

AND THE WEE.
 She (indignantly)—I don't think you give the girls credit for thinking of anything else but dress.
 He (smugly)—Oh, you wrong me; I do give you credit for thinking of more than dress.
 She—Of what else?
 He—Bonnets.—*Epoch*.

A POINT WHERE ALL AGREE.
 A man may be a protectionist, and although he may earnestly insist he'd tax every article on the list
 And brag and bluster and harp, it is safe to say as he walks at night
 With a baby that's howling with all its might
 And steps on a point that is keen and bright
 He's opposed to the taxes on the carpet.
 —[*Chicago Post*]

HIS TRUTHFULNESS DISCREDITED.
 Lawyer—Well, sir, we won the case, but it was a pretty narrow victory.
 Client—Yes, I thought the other side had us until you showed that their principal witness was a fisherman.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

STILL IN THE RING.
 "So you were a soldier? Did you go clear through the rebellion?"
 "No, I married during the war and have not got through the rebellion yet."
 —*Detroit Free Press*.

HE WAS NOT LATE.
 Snagley has some reputation as a wit. The other evening he attended a private theatrical, to which he felt obliged to go, although he knew he would be dreadfully bored. As he entered the vestibule the hostess said to him reproachfully:
 "Oh, Mr. Snagley, how late you are!"
 "Has Miss Schreochirini sung yet?"
 "No, but she is just about to."
 "Then I am not late," said Snagley, "my premature."
 SHE OUGHT TO HAVE KNOWN.
 "O, Mabel, have you seen the latest thing in spoons?"
 "No, Amy; what is it?"
 "Ice cream."—*West Shore*.

WANTED.
 Stern Father—Son I want you three hundred dollars a month ago, and now it is gone; how did you spend it?
 Son (reflecting on his recent jilt by a summer girl)—I fear it has all been Miss-speak.—*Chatter*.

A TRIUMPH OF ART.
 "There is one very dramatic situation in my new play. It is where the mortgage on the old farm is foreclosed and the hero can't pay it off."
 "Does it affect the audience much?"
 "Oh, my! Why, last night a million-aires in one of the boxes was so affected that he wrote out a check for \$10,000, and sent it up to pay off the mortgage, and get the hero out of difficulties."
 —[*New York Sun*].

THE WAY THE WIND BLOW.
 Teacher (after explaining the points on the compass)—Johnny, step to the window and tell me if smoke is coming from any of the chimneys.
 Johnnie (at the window)—Yes, marm.
 Teacher—Now, tell me which way the wind is blowing.
 Johnnie—Perpendicular.—[*Boston Herald*].

A HEAVY WEIGHT ON TOP.
 Mrs. Youngusband (putting the fashionable stringless scrap on her head)—Why, really, I don't see what will keep this bonnet on!
 Mr. Youngusband (shopping with her, glancing at the ticket)—The price, I think, darling.—[*Harper's Bazar*].

A ROOF OVER HIM.
 "Johnny, you shouldn't run out in the rain without your hat on."
 "Mamma, my head can't get wet; I've had it shingled."

JUMPERS ARE ATHLETES.
 "What makes you think that Miss Ophelia is an athlete?" added Mr. Keedick.
 "Why, I don't know that I ever mind she was," replied Mrs. Keedick.
 "Well, you said she'd jump at a chance to get married."—[*Chicago Intelligencer*].

ANTICIPATING A REQUEST.
 Borrowby—How are you feeling today, essentially?
 Caahby—Very poorly. Not able to stand a loan.

HORSE NOTES.

—Place mutuels on Biltzen recently paid \$275.25.
 —Los Angeles is not yet up to her last season's form.
 —Judge Morrow has quarter-cracks in both front feet.
 —Hamilton, Ont., is to have a mile trotting track.
 —Pittsburg's Grand Circuit entries close on July 6.
 —The Algeria stud yearlings will be sold.
 —Lillian Wilkes, record 2:17½, has been bred to Stamboul.
 —Firenz is not likely to be seen in public for some time.
 —Jockey Fitzpatrick has signed to train and ride for R. A. Swiger.
 —May S., by Baron Wilkes, has foaled a bay colt by Guy Wilkes, 2:15½.
 —The Dundee track is now used by the members for pleasure driving.
 —Strathmeth, Pessara and Snowball have arrived in the East from Chicago.
 —Trainer Henry Howard has severed his connection with Theodore Winters.
 —Jockey F. Red Littlefield is slowly recovering, and will shortly be seen in the saddle.
 —The July trotting meeting at Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I., has been declared off.
 —Schuykill, Potomac's brother, is a very uncertain performer, and will only run when he feels so inclined.
 —The Board of Control have decided that the claim of Labold Bros., upon Fred Taral for second call has not been established.
 —The fast filly Maj ran, owned by Miller & Sibley, Franklin, Pa., wandered into an old building a few days ago and broke her leg.
 —The value of the Great Eclipse stakes to be run in England will be \$53,375. In 1890 it was worth \$55,800, and in 1889, \$52,500.
 —Kingston added to his victorious career by winning the Coney Island stakes recently. He has now won four straight races.
 —The American Derby has been won four times by California horses, viz. Volante, Silver Cloud, C. H. Todd and Emperor of Norfolk.
 —Even with weather drawbacks of no trifling kind the recent St. Louis running meeting was the most successful in the history of the club.
 —Hon. Burt Chaffee, of Springfield, N. Y., has sold his brown horse Star Monarch, 2:24, by Almonarch, dam Charlotte Jones to Albany parties for \$5000.
 —Nelly C., 2:26½, by Ben Butler, who won eleven races in 1890, has been bought by Dr. F. C. Fowler, of Moodus, Conn. The consideration was \$3000 and another horse.
 —Financially the Coney Island Jockey Club meeting has not been a great success, probably because the public, lost so much money on Tenny and Tea Tray in the Suburban.
 —W. R. Allen says that Kremlin will not be beaten with Edgemark this season. Ed Bither thinks such a match race would be too severe on such a youngster as Kremlin.
 —The gray gelding Walton Boy, 2:24, by Wellington, has been purchased for \$3000 by Buckingham Lockwood, President of Norwalk (Conn.) Driving Park Association.
 —Bosque Bonita trotted two miles four and one-half furlongs in 6.44 (rate 2.36 per mile) at Neully, France, recently beating Mollie Wilkes. Waits and four French horses.
 —So elated was the management of the Washington Park Club with the last American Derby that it has formally announced the guaranteed value of the stakes for 1893 to be \$50,000.
 —Old Maran, dam of Emperor of Norfolk, El Rio Rey, Rey del Rey, etc., has a suckling bay colt that is said to be as promising as any of the family. He has been named Yo El Rey—"I, the King."
 —Leopard Rose, 2:15½, was badly injured in a railroad accident near Bowling Green, O., recently, and will be retired from the turf, at least, for this year. It is said that she will be bred to Alerton, 2:13½.
 —The directors of the National Saddle Horse Breeders' Association have decided that animals must show five distinct gait, viz: (1) Walk, (2) trot, (3) rack, (4) canter, (5) running walk, fox trot or slow pace.
 —While Green B. Morris' Strathmeth was winning the American Derby at Chicago, worth \$18,660 to the winner, his Judge Morrow was capturing the Sheepshead Bay handicap, worth an additional \$2360.
 —The principal winners of the \$34,500, which was raced for at Chicago Racing Association's spring meeting, were as follows:
 E. Corrigan, \$17,985; J. J. McAfferty, \$6500; Buddy Jones, \$4343; J. M. Brown & Co., \$3525; T. Localis, \$3350.
 —A new race track, to be known as South Side Park, the old site of the Brotherhood Baseball Park, will be opened at St. Louis. The purpose of the proprietors is to have racing during the summer, and during the winter on such days as the weather will permit.
 —Cope Stinson has resigned his position as trainer at Prospect Hill Stock Farm, the resignation to take place on November 1. Engaged at a salary of \$5000 a year about two years ago by Messrs. Miller & Sibley, Stinson has been exceedingly successful and his resignation is a matter of surprise.
 —There were two bad accidents at the Sheepshead track recently. A 2-year-old filly, belonging to the Burridge Brothers, ran into the fence and out her shoulder terribly, while in an accident to one of Mr. Bradley's horses little Harry Jones came to grief and was taken to the hospital.