

THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

SONG OF EARLY SUMMER.

Shine and shower; shower and shine; Here come a bumble bee ready to dine; Where do you come from, you golden-ringed Now take your fill from the sweet white clover.

Sing and fly; fly and sing; Black and white bobolinks on the wing; While to and fro, now high, now low, On airy journeys the swallows go.

Gold and green; green and gold; Dandellons thick as the turf can hold; While the laughing leaves each other greet And vie with the birds in whisperings, sweet.

world illumined them.

Red and sweet ; sweet and red ; Roses and robins: blossom and song; Long are the days, and glad as long.

Light and warmth; warmth and light; And the big bright moon to bless the night; White clouds afloat in the bluest of skles. And every hour glad with some fresh suprise LUELLA CLARK.

JANKO THE MUSICIAN.

FROM THE POLISH OF SIENKIEWICZ.

Weak and frail came he into this world. The neighbors assembled round world. The neighbors assembled round the bedside, shock their heads over Janko listened to it all. What would mother and child. The blacksmith's he not have given to have a fiddle that wife, the most experienced amongst would give forth such sounds, a bit of them, began to comfort the sick woman after her fashion.

"You just lie quiet," she said, "and I he make it? If they would only allow will light a blessed candle. It's all up him just to take one in his hand!...But with you, poor dear, you must make no! all he could do was to listen, and so your preparations for another world. he listened till the voice of the watch-Someone had better run for the priest man would call to him out of the darkto give you the last Sacraments.

'And the youngster must be baptised at once," said another. "I tell you he won't live till the priest comes, and it will be some comfort not to have an unbaptized ghost spooking about."

As she spoke she lit a blessed candle took the baby, sprinkled it with holy water, till it winked its eyes, and at the heard the fiddlers play. At such times same time pronounced the words:

"I baptize thee in the name of the Fatner, and of the Son, and of the Holy ing straight before him with great Ghost, and give thee the name of Jan,' adding immediately (with a vague recollection of the form of prayer used for the dying) "And now depart, O of a shingle, and strang it with horse-Christian Soul! out of the world, and hair, but it did not sound as beautifully return to the place you came from. as those in the alchouse; the strings Amen.'

Christian soul, however, hummed like flies or midges. All the The had not the least intention of of departing out of this world. It began until night, though many a kick and on the contrary, to kick with the legs cuff he got till he was black and blue. of the body as hard as ever it could, He could not help himself, it was in his and to cry, but in a fashion so feeble

thought to himself that the whole vil- figure crept softly and cautiously nearer, and the nightingale sang "Go lage resounded with melody. His on-on-take it." companions could only wonder at him; The white blouse glimmered nearer

they heard none of these beautiful the doorway. Soon it was no longer things. When he was set to work to hidden by the dark creepers. On the toss out hay he fancied he heard the threshold one could hear the quick, wind playing through the prongs of his panting breath of the delicate child. pitchfork. The overseer, who saw him A moment more and the little white standing idly, his hair thrown back blouse had disappeared, only one tiny from his forehead, listening intently to to the wind's music on the fork, seized bare foot still stood upon the steps. In vain the friendly raven flew by once a strap and gave the dreamer a few more, and cawed "No, no,"-Janko cuts to bring him to his senses, but it had already entered. was of avail. The neighbors, at last,

The frogs in the pond began suddennicknamed him "Janko the Musician. ly to croak as if something had fright-At night, when the frogs croaked, ened them, and as suddenly were the corncrakes cried across the meadsilent. The nightingale ceased to sing, ows, the bitterns boomed in the marsh, the climbing plants to whisper. In the interval Janko had edged nearer and the cocks crowed behind the fences, the child could not sleep, he could but and nearer to his treasure, but fear listen with delight, and heaven only seized him. In the shadow of the knows what harmonies he heard in all creepers he felt at home, like a wild these mingled sounds. His mother creature in a thicket, now he quivered dared not bring him with her to like a wild creature in a snare. His church, for when the organ murmured movements were hasty, his breath came or pealed, the eyes of the boy grew dim short. and moist or else brightened and

The pulsing summer lightning that gleamed as if the light of another glanced from east to west illumined the apartment for an instant, and The watchman who nightly patrolled showed poor trembling Janko almost the village and counted the stars, or on his hands and knees, his head stretched out, cowering before the viocarried on a low-toned conversation with the dogs in order to keep himself lin, but the summer lightning ceased, awake, more than once saw Janko's little white blouse scudding through the a cloud passed before the moon, and there was nothing to be seen or heard. gloom to the alehouse. The child did Then, after a pause, there sounded not enter the tavern, but crouched through the darkness a low wailing close up to the wall and listened. Withnote, as if someone had accidently in, couples revolved merrily to lively touched a string, and all at once a rough, sleepy voice broke from a cormusie, and now and then a fellow would cry "Hooray!" One could hear ner of the room, asking angrily: the stamping of feet and the affected "Who's there?"

voices of the girls. The fiddles mur-A match cracked against the wall. mured softly, the big 'cello's deep Then there was a little spurt of flame, notes thundered, the windows streamed and then-great heaven!-then were to with light, every plank in the taproom be heard curses, blows, the crying of a child, appeals, "Oh, for God's sake!" barking of dogs, people running with lights before the windows, uproar in the whole house. board that would make such music!

Two days later poor Janko stood be-Alas! where was he to get it; how could fore the magistrates. Should be be prosecuted as a thief? Of course.

The justice and the landlord looked at the culprit as he stood in the dock. his finger in his mouth, with staring, terrified eyes, small, emaciated, dirty, beaten, unable to tell why or where fore he found himself there, or what they were about to do to him. How, thought the justice, could anyone try a wretched little object like that, only ten years of age, and barely able to stand on its legs? Was he to be sent to prison, or what? One must not be too severe with children. Would it not be well if a watchman took him and gave him a few strokes with a cane. so that he might not steal a second time. and so end the matter?

"Just so. A very good idea!" Stach, the watchman, was called.

"Take him, and give him a caning as warning.' Stach nodded his stupid, bull head, tinkled softly, ever so softly, they

took Janko under his arm like a kitten, and carried him off to the barn.

Either the youngster did not understand what it was all about, or he was too terrfied to speak; in either case he uttered not a word, and looked round

PERUVIAN PORTS.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Many good sawlogs have knots on hem l'eople like to travel in cheerful company. The only real giver is the cheerful giver. No wealth is real that can be taken rom us. There is no virtue in doing what you have to do. No man can go straight ahead who ooks backward. News is truth concerning men, natons and things. Think of all the evils from which ou are exempt! Time, which is most valuable, is nost trifled with. Clemency alone maketh man equal with the gods.

A loving act does more good than a plazing exhortation

It takes a good many trials to make some folks faithful.

The only heavy burdens are those we try to carry ourselves.

Faith fears nothing. Faith and trial are the best of friends.

No one can suffer in any good cause without being a gainer.

The poorest man on earth is the one who has the fewest trials.

Obstinacy is ever more positive when it is most in the wrong.

Every one complains of his memoryobody of his judgment.

I call him a great man who inhabits a great sphere of thought.

The art of life is to know how to enoy a little and endure much.

Broken hearts are never dangerous

as long as dinner tastes good. Fashion makes fools of some, sinners of others, and slaves of all.

It is hard for a man to face the world when he is flat on his back.

Always taking out and never putting n soon reaches the bottom.

The flax has to be broken be fore its real strength can be known,

There is a brick in every clod, but it akes a hot fire to tell it so. It is better to kill a snake in a clumsy

way than not to kill it at all. Great victories can be enjoyed by

those who fight great battles. The man who listens can throw no

blame on the man who tells. The man who is true to the best he

knows will do to trust anywhere. The man whose whole strength lies

his money is a weak man.

Other men's sins are before our eyes, our own behind our backs.

What interest does View pay Distance for leanding him enchantment,

The roots of a tree are of more conse quence than its highest branches.

A judicious silence is always better

-James Rowe is doing good work with starter's flag at Brighton Beach. - Jockey Britton is sowly recovering from his serve accident at Chicago. King Thomas, the \$40,000 colt, fell at the post in turning around recently.

HORSE NOTES.

ted at St. Louis.

of the season to date.

-Sunday raking has been inaugure-

-Allerton's 2.13 is the fastest mile

-Montana's victory for the Loril-

-Ed Bither will condition the Allen

lard stake netted Marcus Daly \$17,230.

Farm trotters at Charter Oak Park.

-Los Angeles is getting into form, and so are the other horses in E. J. Baldwin's string.

-The Tennessee pacer Frank Oaman got a mark 2,181 at Kankakee, Ill., recently.

-Nelson is now at Detroit and will start at the Blue Bibbon meeting.

-The Scroggan Bros, have bought from Theodore Winters the 2-year-old brother of Bonanza.

-The report that Marcus Daly has offered Taral \$18,000 for his services as jockey next season is not true.

-Mary Marshall, by Billy Wilkes, reduced her record from 2.17 to 2.15, at Independence, Ia., recently.

-Dallas, winner of last season's Bingham House stake at Point Breeze, subsequently got a record of 2.114.

-It is said that an offer of \$15,000 has been made for the foal by Axtell out of Miss Russell as soon it stands up.

-M. Demarest was fined twice at Point Breeze for scoring ahead of the pole horse with the b. g. nex.

-Mr. Dan DeNoyles is here attending the trotting meeting, and he looks like a four-time winner.

-Those who are fond of the horse should read Splan's book. It is interesting to others as well.

-Budd Doble will condition Nancy Hanks, 2.142, for a trail against Maud S.'s record of 2.101, made at Pittsburg.

-Hal Pointer took the half-mile track pacing record from Fred Arthur at Mansfield, O., on June 24, he going, an exhibition mile in 2.14.

-Although the attendance at the Belmont meeting recently was not as large as it might have been the meeting was a financial success.

- The mile in 2.17; by Neddy H, by Messenger Chief, at Belmont Course recently is the fastest heat by a new 2.30 performer this season.

-The great pacer Johnston (record 2.061) was beaten in a free-for-all race at Grand Rapids, Mich., recently by Yolo Maid in 2 162, 2.15, 2.19.

-Jockey Thomas Ward died at all Saints' Hospital, Kansas City, Mo., recently from injuries received on June 30 while riding the mare Virginia. -Although the Fleetwood Park track was heavy from recent rains recently, Isaac Fleming sent J. C. De La Vergne-' team Lady Ulster and Clayton a mie 1 in 2 22. -Allerton, by Jay Bird, C. W. Wiiams' young stallion, lowered his record of 2.13 to 2.13 at Independence Ia., recenty. Allerton is now 5 years old. -Under the new rule of the Kentucky Trotting-Horse Breeders' Association a nominated horse which does not start will be held for but 21 per cent. of the purse.

SINGULAE SCENES IN SOUTH AMERICAN CITIES.

Golfeous Local Officials-Buying from Mativo Women-Aged In-

Sails

Describing a trip falong the coast of Pera, Fannie B. Ward says in the Washington Star;

comes on board, to improve the oppor-tunity of a square meal and a drink of

As the arrival of a steamer is the one event that breaks the monotony of their lives, they never fail to celebrate it for all it is worth.

aforesaid, employes of the various steam. ship companies, and a few fishermen. We stop at every one of them to take on

the produce of the neighboring valleys, mainly sugar; cotton, cocoa, wine and coffee, fershipment to Liverpool and Germanyor to points lower down the coast. Nearly every port has its railway line running to rich plantations in the interior, and as there are no harbors on this coast, but only open roadsteads, expensive iron piers have been built out over the surf in

There are always plenty of row boals to take passengers ashore at reasonable prices when bargained for before start ing, and the tourist misses a good deal

who does not avail himself of every opportunity to put his feebon terra firma. In several places the women have beautiful straw baskets, cigar cases and "Panama" hats of their own manufacture to sell, besides a variety of fruit, cheese, dulcies, poor pottery and other truck. They have not the remotest idea of the value of money and are habitusly imposed upon by local traders, who take

their wares at a merely nominal rate in exchange for the necessaries of life and sell them again at an enormous advance on the original price. It is difficult for a stranger to buy anything of these peoplc, because they are imbued with the idea that all foreigners are walking gold

habitants-A Street Car with

At every port an army of local official

two at the expense of the steamship commuy. They wear gorgeous red breeches, bright swords and plenty of "brief euthority" and there is usually one of them to about every half dozen packages of merchandise. There are the captain of the port and all his retinue; the govcroor of the district with his ontire staff. the commandant of the military garrison and soveral of his subordinates; and last, but by no means least either in numbers or importance, the collector of customs and battation of inspectors, till the decks are fairly swarming with them.

Most of the ports are mere collections of mud huts, inhabited by the officials

most places, from which the merchandise then by them to the ships, which anchor amile or more from shore. Where there is no pier, lighters are run through the surf when the tide i. highest. They are loaded at low tide and then floated off to buoys to await the arrival of vessels.

is transferred to barges or lighters and

and whimpering, that it sounded to the women like the mewing of a kitten.

The priest was sent for, discharged his sacred office, and retired; but instead of dying, the mother recovered, and, after a week, went to work.

The life of the baby hung on a thread; he scarcely seemed to breathe, but, when he was four years of age, the cuckoo cried three times over the cottage roof-a good omen, according to Polish superstition-and after that matters mended so that he somehow attained his tenth year. To be sure, he was always thin and delicate, with a slouching body and hollow cheeks. His havcolored hair fell over his clear, prominent eyes, that had a far-away look in them, as if he saw things hidden from others.

In winter the child crouched behind the stove and wept softly from cold, and not unfrequently from hunger if "Mammy" had nothing in the cup- whole soul was in his eyes as he gazed board or in the pot. In summer he ran at it, an unattainable treasure that he about in a little white blouse, tied round the waist with a handkerchief, and held it to be the most precious thing on wore an old straw hat on his head. His earth. A dumb longing took possesflaxen hair poked its way through the holes, and his eager glance darted holes, and his eager glance darted his very own hand—or, at any rate, to hither and thither like a bird's. His see it closer....At the thought the mother, poor creature! who lived from poor little childish heart leaped with hand to mouth, and lodged under a delight. strange roof like a swallow, loved him, | One evening there was no one in the no doubt, after a fashion, yet she gave servants' hall. The family had for a him many a cuff, and generally called long time lived abroad, the house was him a "changeling." At eight years empty, and the footman, with his of age he began life on his own account, sweetheart, was elsewhere. Janko, now driving a flock of sheep, now mak- hidden amongst the creepers, had aling his way deep into the forest to look ready been looking for many minutes for mushrooms when there was nothing through the half-open door at the goal to eat at home. He had Providence of his desires. only to thank that the wolves did not devour him on one of these expeditions. the heavens; her beams threw a shaft He was not a particularly precocious of light across the room, and fell on boy, and, like all village children, had the opposite wall. Gradually they the habit of sticking his finger in his moved towards where the violin hung, mouth when addressed. The neighbors and streamed full upon it. To the prophesied that he would not live long, child in the darkness a silvery halo or that, if he did live, he would not be seemed to shine around the instrumuch of a comfort to his mother, for ment, illumining it so brightly that he would never be strong enough for Janko was almost dazzled; the strings, hard work.

One distinguishing characteristic he ble, the pegs shone like glow-worms, had. Who can say why the gift was and the bow like a silver wand.... How bestowed in so unlikely a quarter? But beautiful it was; almost magical! Janko music he loved, and his love was a gazed with hungry eyes. Crouching passion. He heard music in every- amidst the ivy, his elbows supported thing; he listened to every sound, and on his little bony knees, he gazed openthe bigger he grew the more he thought | mouthed and motionless at this one obof melody and of harmony. If he ject. Now fear held him fast, next tended the cattle, or went with a play- moment an unappeasable longing urgfellow to gather berries in the forest, ed him forward. Was it magic, or was he would return empty-handed, and it not? The violin, with its rays of lisp, "O mammy, there was such beau- glory, absolutely appeared to draw tiful music! It was playing like this- near to him, to hover over his head. la, 1a, 1a!

you good-for-nothing monkey!" his Magic, it really was magic! Meantime, mother would ery augrily, and rap him the wind murmured, the trees rustled, with the ladle.

again, but he thought all the more of on, Janko. how beautiful the forest was, and how full of voices that sang and rang. Who the pond in the garden a nightingale or what sang and ranghe could not well began to sing-now softly, now londly. have told; the pine-trees, the beeches, Her sorg said, "Go on; have courage; the birch-trees, the thrushes, all sang, touch it." An honest raven flew softly the whole forest sang, and the echo over the child's head and croaked, sang too ... in the meadows the blades "No, Janko; no." The raven flew of grass sang; in the garden behind the away, but the nightingale remained,

sparrows twittered, the cherry-trees rastled and trilled. In the evening he heard all imaginable voices, such as

nature. The child grew thinner and thinner; his shock of hair became thicker, his eyes grew more staring and swam with tears, and his cheeks and chest became hollower. He had never resembled other children, he was more like his own poor little fiddle that one could scarcely hear. Moreover, before harvest time he was almost starving, living as he did chiefly on raw turnips, and on his longing, his intense longing, to own a violin. Alas!

"Off to bed with you, you imp!"

through the night.

night.

Then the little bare feet would patter

It was a great occasion for him when

away to the cabin, and the voices of

the violins would follow him as he ran

heard the fiddlers play. At such times he would ereep behind the stove, and

for days not speak a single word, look-

glowing eyes, like those of a cat at

same, he played on them from morning

At last he made himself a fiddle out

this desire bore evil fruit. Up at the Castle the footman had a fiddle that he sometimes played in the evening to please his pretty sweetheart and his fellow servants. Janko his body! often crept amongst the climbing plants to the very doors of the servants

hall to hear the music, or, at least, to catch a glimpse of the fiddle. It generally hung on the wall, exactly opposite the door, and the youngster's was unworthy to possess, though he sion of him to touch it just once with

The moon, at her full, swam high in the neck, the sides were plainly visi-

For a moment the glory darkened, "I'll soon play you a different tune, only to shine again more brilliantly. the creepers whispered softly, and to

The youngster might shrick, and the child they seemed to say, "Go on, promise not to listen to the music Janko, there is not a soul there ... Go

The night was clear and bright. By

are audible only in the country and he the moonbeams. The little cronobine | four to Glasgow. Scotland. yearly

him like a little frightened bird. How did be know what they wanted with him. It was only when Statch seized him, laid him on the barn floor, and, holding him fast with one hand, turned up his little shirt with the cane, the poor Janko shrieked "Mammy, mammy!" but lower and weaker each time, until after a certain number of strokes, the child was silent, and called for his mother no more.

The poor broken fiddle!

You clumsy, wicked Stach? Who ever flogged a child in such a fashion? The poor, tiny fellow was always thin and weakly and, scarcely had breath in

At last the mother came and took the child with her, she had to carry him Next day Janko did not rise. home. On the third day he breathed out his soul in peace, on the hard bed covered y the horsecloth.

As he lay dying, the swallows twittered in the cherry-tree that grew be fore the window, a sunbeam peered through the pane, and flooded with glory the child's rough hair and his bloodless face. The beam seemed like a track for the little fellow's soul to ascend to heaven.

Well for him was it that at least at the hour of death he mounted a broad and sunny path, for thorny would have been his road in life. The wasted chest still heaved softly, and the child seemed still conscious of the echoes of the outer world that entered through the open window. It was evening; the peasant girls returning from hay-making passed by and sang as they went; the brook purled close at hand.

Janko listened for the last time to the musical echoes of the village. Beside him, on the horse-cloth, lay the fiddle he had made from a shingle. Suddenly the dying child's face lit up, and his white lips whispered-

"Mammy!" "What is it, dearie?" asked the

mother, her voice stifled with sobs. "Mammy, God will give me a real fiddle in heaven.

"Yes, darling yes," replied the mother. from her heart the pent-up sorrow burst suddenly forth. She only murmured "Jesus, my Jesus!" and laying her head on the table, wept as those weep from whom death robs their dear. est treasure.

And so it was. When she raised her head and looked at the child, the eyes the offender's body would rest on tha fixed, the countenance was grave, solemn and rigid. The sunbeam had disappeared. "May you rest in peace little

Janko!"

Next day the Baron and his family returned from Italy to the Castle. The laughter of the house and her suitor were there among the rest.

"What a delightful country Italy is!" remarked the gentleman.

"Yes, and the people! They are a nation of artists! It is a pleasure to note and encourage their talent," answered the young lady.

The larches rustled over Janko's

gravel We export 350,0.0,000 pounds of

mines, who may as well pay one price as another. I asked an old woman the price of a little straw basket. "Fifteen ,dollars," she replied. Finding that would not do she gracefully dropped to fifty cents, about double, the sum that a local dealer would have given her.

The northernmost town of Peru is Tumbez, interesting only from the fact that here Pizarro was met by the Inca messengers whom King Atahualpa had sent out to inquire the object of the white man's visit. Back of the town are some extensive petroleum deposits, which were known to the Indians long before the coming of the Spaniards. Since time out of mind the oil has been used for lubricating and coloring purposes, but the natives were entirely ignorant of its real character and value until a Mr. Larkins, from western New York, came down here to peddle kerosene: and then it was immediately recognized as the

JAPANESE TORTURES

same stuff.

The Worst of Them All Was Death

from Lack of Sleep.

"Yes, until recently they had exqua-tite methods of torture and punishment in Japan," said Robert Johnstone, of Tokio, who has lived in that country the last twenty-seven years and who was at the Palmer House yesterday. He said this in connection with a conversation. ad discussion of the proposed treaty extension throughout the Japanese Empira The Japanese, said Mr. Johnstone, were willing to grant Europeans and foreigaers generally free access to all parts of the country, but they insisted that all foreigners should be amenable to

Japanese laws before a Japanese judga "Aside from crucifizion, the behead ing of maidens and the flogging of soles they had twelve or fifteen years ago what have siways considered the most re-

ined and exquisite terture possible. This was death by lack of sleep. Cruel? There is no word in the English language strong enough to denounce that bestial and outrageous treatment. It was done She could speak no more, for like this. A regular boxlike trap was prepared, say 6 feet high by 2 to 21 feet wide. At the top was a wooden mould -cangur it was called in the native longue-where the head of the imprisoned nan was firmly held. It was so arranged that by assuming any other than an crect position the whole weight of

of the little musician were open but thin. The man could neither lean backward nor forward, nor could he rest any great length of time on his feet. The orture so cadured is a thing impossible to conceive. There was absolutely hu chance for the man to sleep.

"Another terrible punishment deviced was to take a wooden sliver, saturate it thoroughly with turpestine, then drive it beneath the big too-pail of the calprit and set fire to it. But these barbaria tustoms have departed. The code Napoleon has been adopted, only it is one thing to formulate laws, but decidedly mother to administer them. Y-{Chicago Times.

He who sedulously attends, pointedly with the present. asks, calmly speaks, cooly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

than truth spoken without charity.

The virtue of Paganism was strength, the virtue of Christianty is obedience. Time destoys the speculations of man,

out it confirms the judgment of nature. The only people who are discontented are those who are not doing their whole duty.

When a man measures out glory for imself, he always heaps the half bushel

The hardest thing to do is to get peoale to think of the things that concern them most.

Love is a flower which takes it nature largely from the soll from which it springs.

Virture may consist in nevershining, but the glory of virtue consists in repentance.

Life is a lottery; and the man who takes no chances in it can never win anything.

Succor to one who is falling is a greater service than ald to one who has fallen.

Conscience is harder than our enemies, knows more, accuses with more and unplaced once. nicety.

Rumor is like aswarm of bees, the more you fight them the less you get rid of them.

The poorest man is not the one who has the least, but the one who has the most wants.

Ancestry is like homeopathic mediine, the oftener it is diluted the greater the potency.

If you would be capable, cultivate your mind; if you would be loved, cuiivate your heart.

If every man who believes in Christmas believed in Christianity, the world would be all right.

The laziest boy in school is always closest to the head of the procession when the circus is in town.

The man or women with agreeable manners will make beadway in the face of the worst difficulties.

Every gift which we give, even though it be small, is in reality great, if it be given with affection.

Pretty much all the philosophy in this world is contained in the following bracket- [grin and bear it.]

Greatness is never so great that it can afford to turn aside from the out. son, of the National Trotting Associastratched hand of littleness.

There is nothing for which a man has to pay so dear as he does for the privi-lege of being stingy. viz: Allerton, 2.13, Mary Marshall, 2.15; Miss Allee, 2.17]; Rosaline

is so nice is because it is such hard work to pull the sled up.

A man was never so rich or so powerful that he had friends who would care for his children if he should become suddenly poor.

Everything that looks to the future elevates human nature; for never is life so low, or so little, as when occupied

Frivolity, under whatever form it appears, takes from attention its strength, ng its earnestness.

-The get of Longfellow ran first, second and third for the Sheridan stakes. Poet Scout, the winner, seems to be about the best 3-year-old now in the West.

-Captain M. Griffith, of San Francisco, took his pair of pacing geldings to the Eay District track recently, and they went a half mile in 1.021, first quarter in 30 seconds.

-R. B., the broncho pacer that drove Hal Pointer out in 2.19% last fall, has not won a race this season. Out of three starts he has been distanced twice

-The aggregate time of the thirteen heats decided at the Point Breeze track recently was less than thirty-two minutes, which shows that about five hours were taken up in useless scoring.

-At the sale of the Queen's yearlings in England recently twenty-one head averaged about \$1740. A sister to Sain foin brought \$4250, and a colt by St. Simon, ont of Eglentyne, realized the top price -- \$12,200.

-Milton, the American trotting stallion, won a sace of 3 miles and 1 furlong. in 8.(9) (a 2.37) gait), in France recent-ly, beating Misty Morning and Watt. The French mare Capucine was disqualified for running under the wire.

-A resolution was passed by .ie Directors of the Belmont Driving Club for the removal of the pool-sellers' stands in front of the grand stand at the track, but it was never effectually carried out, and some of the members want to know the reason.

-The b. g. Tom Hamflton, his driver, H. F. Brewster, and his owner, G. 2. Davis, suspended for fraud in consection with the Pimilco stake race at Baltimore, are said to have been tempotarily reinstated by President Johntion.

---Only four trotters have equaled 2.18 The only reason why sliding down hill Wilkes, 2.1°; this season. They are by son ice is because it is such hard work by a grandson of George Wilkes. Letcester, by Deucalton, came within a quarter of a second of the mark at Point Breeze recently.

-- In the matter of jockeys' mounts this season Littlefield makes a fine average with 49 wins in 143 mounts, in which he was unplaced only 54 times. McLaughlin has scored 10 victories in 35 mounts, Hamilton, 76 in 233; Tara', 62 in 253; Bergan, 52 in 256; Garrison, 19 in 52; Lamley, 43 in 299; Taylor 46 in from thought its originality, from teel- 270; Isaac Murphy, 7 in 25; Simms 28