

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Even a lathe will turn when trod upon. An industrious man is seldom a bad man. Not one man in ten can tell when he's loading. A lady cannot be too careful of her manners. When suspicion is awakened doubt is aroused. That is the safest policy which insures success. A ray of hope makes the prospect brighter. Everyone can master a grief but he that has it. If genius is to find expression it must employ art. Watch less what people say than what they didn't say. Better three hours too soon than one minute too late. Give greed an opportunity and it will take advantage. They lean to the side of virtue who are rightly inequid. Time is as the body, and eternity the spirit of existence. Religion, in these days, is composed of faith and piety. Those who have the fewest fallings see the fewest in others. Strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. When a man has nothing to say, then is a good time to keep still. Ambition looks for opportunity; energy helps to find it. The weak may be joked out of anything but their weakness. If the temper must be ruffled let the reason for it be made plain. A "fire escape" is a sinner who gets religion at the last moment. An insult to one man is an insult to all for it may be our turn next. Manners are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature and of noble mind. Men will believe their passions quicker than they will their consciences. Men's passions are generally wrong, and their consciences always right. A smile may waft a subtle charm, but tears are things which do most harm. If you put your eyes on your neighbor's row the weeds will grow up in your own. A whipping never hurts so much as the thought that you are being whipped. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. One's best friends will be found to walk only on the sunny side of the street. Beside covering a multitude of sins, charity is kept pretty busy advertising itself. Just about as ceremonies creep into one end of a church, piety creeps out of the other. You cannot become discouraged by looking ahead, if you will look far enough ahead. There is one witness that never is guilty, of perjury, and that is the conscience. No books are so legible as the lives of men; no characters so plain as their moral conduct. Nothing is so indicative of deepest culture as a tender consideration of the ignorant. Desiring fortune is not a sure way to gain her favors. Pipe to her, and she may dance to you. There are but few people who have missed a good opportunity to ventilate their opinions. "A man's work is from sun to sun," and woman's work descends from daughter to daughter. Of course God knows how good we are, but we doubt if He knows how bad the other fellows are. If you flatter mankind with a few grains of truth they will grasp with avidity the merest ray of a lie. Give work rather than aims to the poor. The former drives out indolence; the latter, industry. Only a very pretty young girl and a very rich old man can afford to be independent of peasing. No man ever yet undertook to alter his nature by substituting some invention of his own, but what made a botch job of it. The world never knows what loud prayers a man can offer until he is called upon to pray for the sins of his neighbor. Implicitly in character, in manners, in style, to all things the supreme excellence is simplicity. The strongest propensity in a woman's nature is to want to know "what's going on?" and the next strongest is to toss the job. Men and women who are actively employed in lightening the sorrows of others do not complain that life is without interest. Scorn not the day of little things, for there is no man in the world so great but what some one can do him a favor or an injury. It is not much trouble to bear the pain of somebody's lame back, but to have the lame back ourselves ain't so stylish. The womanliness which has sweetness and strength on the one side, and the fact and self-control on the other, is not easily overthrown. The golden beams of truth and the silver cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or no. Look within. Within is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up, if thou wilt ever dig.

COMPANIONSHIP OF THE FIELDS, OR VOICES OF SUMMER.

The golden-rod flashes, while the wild asters gleam. And nod, as I pass o'er the bridge of the stream. 'Tis not the sun that sparkles in a niche of the wall. Dew-gemmed, and fitting for fairy queen's ball. O'er the wild-rose bushes the humming-bird darts. And back on the air a soft fragrance imparts. A trickey chipmunk chuckles in frolicsome gleam. As he pecks his head with nuts from a tree; Stares with his saucy black eyes, and all rustles set-gowned. Now here, now there, he is lost soon as found. In an instant drops down, flashes on o'er the wall. But ere out of sight, sends back his pert call. While up from the fern brakes a little bird springs. In joyous existence, rapturously sings. Among clover-blossoms, butterflies in and out of flight. Locusts whirl, bees drone, 'mid wild peppermint. There's a tinkling of cow-bells in pasture near-by. And, mellowed by distance, the hoarse village cry. With the singing of birds, I am up and away; And praising the Giver, hail the new day. — Good Housekeeping.

MADELINE'S MISTAKE

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

All the Barchester family had come to the conclusion, separately and collectively, that Bess looked like a princess in her white dress with the straight, clinging folds, the V neck, and the knot of roses at the corsage that looked so exactly like real buds and leaves. Bess was very pretty, too—one of those warm-complexioned blondes, with reddish-bazel eyes, hair lighted up with chestnut gleams, and pearly teeth which remind one of Titian's studies and old Peter Paul Rubens in his happy moods. "Oh, Bess," cried Honora, "do treat your hair in a low coil at the nape of your neck, with just a few cunning little rings escaping." "Nonsense!" said Eudora. "Do it if it fluffs mass at the top of your head, with an amber dagger or a rope of Roman pearls. The Greek knot is all out of date." "Will you hold your tongues, both of you!" sharply demanded Bess, stamping her foot. "Oh, dear, how nervous you feel! Madeline, dear, if this first evening we have ever given should prove a failure, I—I shall commit suicide." "It won't prove a failure," said Madeline, the eldest sister of all. Madeline herself was hopelessly plain. The hair that in Bess's case was Titian gold, was in hers dull orange-red. Her weak, pale eyes were red-ringed and slightly-crooked; her nose long and sharp. But, nevertheless, Madeline was a genius in her way. Old Judge Barchester never could have tided over the rough sea of creditors, privations and trials that beset him had it not been for Madeline's help. "Don't fret, papa," said the pale-eyed diplomat. "That idea of yours of giving up this handsome house is all nonsense. Who cares what the landlord says? Let him wait for his rent. It won't hurt him if he never gets it. Let the tradespeople rage; they are simply a lot of sharks. Here's Bess, a first-class beauty; and if she has a fair chance, she's sure to make the family fortunes. But what can we say of us—do with a cheap fat and cold mutton for dinner? One must have opportunities. Jest let Bess and me alone, papa, and you shall see what we can do." And Judge Barchester, always willing to leave the problems of life for some one else to solve, flung the pile of dining letters into the fire, and buttoning a costly fur-trimmed overcoat around his portly figure, took refuge in the aristocratic halls of the club, while Madeline, like a faded-eyed bird of prey, fluttered forth among milliners, dressmakers and modistes for the benefit of Bess, the debutante. "Everything is arranged," said she, composedly. "I ordered the supper of Venesse. I had to pay something on our back indebtedness, but I took care it should be as little as possible. Steines sends in the flowers. We've never ordered flowers there before, and the poor fools are anxious to secure our custom. Mr. Bapper, the funny man, is to recite; Mrs. Vyryan engaged him for me. And Miss Dale will sing a Scotch ballad. There are plenty of nicer people than Bapper and Monica Dale, but every one else wants to be paid in advance." Bess colored. "Oh, but we will pay them, Madeline, when we're able," said she. "We don't mean to cheat them!" Madeline sneered a cold sneer. "Don't be silly, Bess!" said she. "Every one in this world is more or less engaged in cheating everybody else." "But, Madeline—" burst in a shrill, small voice. Madeline Barchester uttered an exclamation of annoyance. "You here, Nora!" said she. "Listening and prying as usual! Leave the room at once—and, Dora, too!" "But we want to see Bess's new fan and gloves," pleaded the two tall schoolgirls. "Well, you can't, then!" And without any ceremony, Madeline pushed Honora and Eudora from the room. "Horror! little nuisances!" said she. "But her's a letter, Bess, that I didn't show you." "Another tormenting creditor?" "Worse than that. It's from Uncle Zabdied Cooper, down at Blackwood Farm, where you stayed that summer you had the whooping-cough. Don't you remember?" Bess's eyes softened. A graceful dimple came out at the corner of her mouth. "What!" she cried—"dear old Uncle Zabdied?" "Very dear," observed Madeline, contemptuously, "and very delightful! Just the person to make a sensation at at your 'At Home,' under Mrs. Fitzalan's eye, and raked by the fire of Mrs. Aubrey Rockingham's lognettes! With his

cowhide boots and pepper-and-salt trousers, and his fringe of chin whiskers, and that chronic catarrh of his! My dear Bess, if you allow that old nuisance to cross this threshold on Tuesday evening, it amounts to throwing up the game at once. And he's written that he's coming on that evening." Bess grew pale. "Oh, Madeline, what are we to do?" Madeline laughed. "I've managed it," said she. "I've written back to him that we've moved to Fourteen Currant Court. I've told Cousin Lucy Ransom to make the best of the situation. She can postpone you, if she chooses—she always had a turn for private theatricals. Or she can convince the dear old bugler that he has made some mistake. Anyhow, he'll be safe until Wednesday morning, and we are safe, too!" "Madeline, what a contriver you are!" said Bess, admiringly. "But I do feel sorry for Uncle Zabdied!" Madeline shrugged her shoulders. "It's poor policy to feel sorry for any one," observed she. "And what does an old lout like that know or care whether he's snubbed or not?" Bess's heart pricked her a little; but she was an apt pupil in the cold philosophy of her elder sister, and the arrival at that moment of a box of maroons placed for the supper table diverted her attention from the topic under discussion. At No. 14 Currant Court, however, the Widow Ransom was furious. "Depend upon it, Lucy," said she to her daughter, who did plain sewing for a livelihood, "this is one of Madeline's Barchester's sly, underhand tricks, and I'll have nothing to do with it. You personate Bess Barchester, indeed! You're about as much like her as a pumpkin is like a pansy. If Bess is ashamed of her relations let her say so." "But, mother," pleaded meek Lucy, "what can we do? Madeline has got a good deal of work for me among her grand friends—" "All that don't make it your duty to tell a lie, nor to act it, neither, to suit her whims," said the old lady. "And they're to have a great party on Tuesday evening, you know." "Well, suppose they are? Didn't Bess and Madeline and the two girls spend all the summer at Blackford Farm three years ago? Uncle Zabdied didn't make any excuse for getting rid of them then, did he? I declare, they've no more hearts than so many slabs of granite!" At this moment, however, there was a ring at the bell, and two fair-tressed, slim young girls rushed breezily into the room; dragging a brown-faced old farmer between them. "It's Dora and me," said Honora Barchester, breathless and red-cheeked. "And we've brought Uncle Zabdied with us!" "It's Nora and me!" put in Eudora, crowding herself into the foreground. "How do you do, Cousin Ransom and Lucy? We went to the depot to meet him; and a good job it was, for he hadn't the least idea which way to go." "He was heading straight for the Weehawken ferry," giggled Honora. Uncle Zabdied's round moon face beamed all over. "I except I be pretty stupid," said he. "But I guess I should 'a' fetched round all right, if these 'ere gals hadn't took possession of me. Where's the bag of hickory nuts, Honora? Who's got the basket of pound sweets, Eudora? Here's the carpet-sack and the papers box all right." And he shook hands heartily with Mrs. Ransom and Lucy. "How be you, Paebel?" said he. "And little Lucy, too? Got to be a woman, hain't you? Livin' with the judge's folks, I suppose? But where's Madeline; and my little favorite, Bess?" Lucy and her mother looked hesitatingly at each other, but Honora plunged into the question at once. "I'll tell you, Uncle Zabdied," said she. "Nora and I aren't fools, nor yet children—and Madeline and Bess have treated us shamefully, and so we're going to be revenged by telling their secrets. They're going to have an 'At Home,' and they've invited a lot of grand people, and when they got your letter, they decided that didn't want you—" "Hey!" cried Uncle Zabdied. "Yes," cried Eudora, taking up the thread of the discourse, "the mean, ungrateful things—after all that dear, delightful summer at Blackford Farm, that saved Bess's good-for-nothing, life they laughed at your cowhide boots and chin whiskers, and Madeline made believe to cough out loud just as you do sometimes, and—" "Well, I declare!" said Uncle Zabdied, relieving his bronchial tubes by the same identical cough, and growing very red. "And so," again believed in Honora, "you were to be made to believe that we lived at fourteen Currant Court, and kept out of the way of the company." "They needn't put themselves to all that trouble," said old Uncle Zabdied, letting his head drop on his two hands. "If they hadn't wanted me, why didn't they say so? I want no one to perill their souls by telling falsehoods on my account." Both the girls flew at Uncle Zabdied with hugs and kisses. "We love you, Uncle Zabdied!" said Dora, vehemently. "We heard it all, even after Madeline drove us out of the room. We listened at the register, and we made up our minds you shouldn't be—" "Deceived and put upon?" Nora struck in. "And please don't be vexed with us because we are Madeline's and Bess's little sisters! It's quite true what Dora says. We do love you. We're tired of being scolded by the girls and snubbed by papa. Please, Uncle Zabdied, mayn't we go back to the farm with you and be dairy-girls, or milk-maids, or something of that kind? I'm awful fond of chickens, and Dora can weed onions and shell corns. Please, Uncle Zabdied!" The old man suddenly straightened himself up, and dashed the big drops from his eyelashes.

"No, girls," said he—"no! That ain't my notion. I've sold the old farm to a railway, and I've made a good bargain, so folks say. I guess I'm what my cousin, Judge Barchester, would call a rich man, and I was going up here to end my days with my relations, and leave 'em my money after I was dead. But everything's different now. I'll fire a house here, Phoebe Ransom—here in New York—and you and Lucy shall be my house-keepers. And I'll adopt Nora and Dora for my own. Yes, girls, I've no daughters, and you shall take the place of me!" "Oh, Uncle Zabdied!" he ecstatically shrieked Dora and Nora with one accord. Bess Barchester's "At Home" was a very tame affair. The funny man did not come at all. Miss Dale had such a cold that her voice made no impression on the company. The wrong people all came, and the right people stayed away. Altogether it scored as a failure, in spite of Madeline's heroic efforts. "By-the-way, girls," said the judge, as he opened the morning paper at the morning's late and insipid breakfast, "you really must write for your mother's old Uncle Cooper to come up here, and take some notice of him. It seems he has sold the old place for a stupendous price to some railroad company, who are going to build up a monster hotel there, with a lot of mineral springs or some such money-making contrivance. Downer told me all about it at the club. They call the old man the 'Blackford Millionaire.' I don't think he has many relations but ourselves. See to it, will you, Madeline? You always were the family manager." "Yes," said Madeline, gloomily, "and I begin to think I've managed all the life out of it." Uncle Zabdied, however, declined to be "taken some notice of," and great was the wrath of the judge and his two elder daughters when they discovered the march that Dora and Nora had stolen on them. "If your uncle wishes to adopt any one," fumed Judge Barchester, "there's Madeline has the family brains; and Bess the family beauty." "And Nora and Dora have all the heart and soul there is in the family," quietly observed Uncle Zabdied; "so I calculate I won't alter my arrangements." — Saturday Night.

OUR HOMES.

A genuine home, expressing the very heart of its inmates, tells a story of unwritten good, if "the heart is full of light." What blessedness to boys and girls in schools and colleges, in places of business, away from their own families! Unrest, temptation, the consciousness of being alone, the freedom of one's self comes with such power to young hearts, as they are thrown upon themselves, in a strange place. Receptive and sympathetic they reflect their surroundings, and define life by what their young eyes see. What a welcome there is in one true mother's face! A rich banker in Washington, whose new home cost seventy thousand dollars, has only one little daughter; who is fourteen years old, brown, dark-eyed and tiny. She is called by her father "Jenny Wren." The day before Christmas as she was chattering along beside him, on the way home from the bank she said, "Father, that new boy looks lonesome and I want to invite him to dinner with us to-morrow." "Lonesome! The new boy? What are you talking about Jenny?" "Why father, you know the new messenger boy from Baltimore; he often comes to the house on errands for you, don't you remember? Well he looks kind of sober and homesick, and so I talked with mother about him to-day, and she just said right away, we must ask him to dinner and make him feel at home." "Jenny Wren's an odd chick! but that mother of yours is about right, she knows how to manage boys—girls too—for that matter. We'll see about the chap to-morrow." Jenny tucked her little self confidently closer under her father's arm, and said: "There's a good old father now! I've been thinking about that boy a good deal." Jenny sighed and added, "You see father I should be very unhappy in a strange city at work and no home." The weekly letter from the bank read as follows: MY DEAR LITTLE MOTHER: This will be such a jolly letter and will make you cry for joy. I am well acquainted with the loveliest family in Washington; and so no more blue hickory letters from your boy. Mr. Grey asked me to take dinner with him at his own house and I spent the whole evening, and Mrs. Grey is splendid! She asked me all about you and our troubles and how I came to be away from you, and then she said I must make her house my home, and mother I couldn't sleep last night thinking it all over. It was too good to be true. Little "Jenny Wren" is the only child he has, and she sang for me, and just visited with me, as if I were rich like her father. Oh, Mother, if I hadn't been ashamed I would have cried for joy for I have been so—homesick—for you. The whole future of that boy may shape itself from the home influences of that first day among friends. This family is one of many on both sides of the ocean who proclaim the glory of God in songs of praise, and joy in all the graces of cultured life belonging to society; and still above it. Elegance and luxury used "In His Name," are simply means toward the great end of education, beauty and power—in a busy work-a-day world. What solitude is there like being alone in a crowd? Faces—voices, everywhere full of cheer and good times, but none to smile a welcome on the stranger. Oh, the glory of home, whether it be plain or simple or costly and elegant! Both must be full of light within; good comradeship, sympathy, laughter, tears—may be—but tears of love and companionship. Life is lifted up from isolation and loneliness, it becomes all at once familiar with the contagious

graces of the home circle; and strangers are glad, in the largeness and freedom of the very air of the household. "It's a very little thing for a man or woman to say. 'Come home with me to-day'—a very little thing in a well appointed household where there is always a plate for a friend, but more than a 'little thing' to the homesick boy or girl, man or woman, tired of 'lodgings,' sick of strange faces, as they hurry in and out, each intent upon his own affairs. Daytime for the office, the bank, the shop or for study, but nights are so lonely. "Job, the facts, I am going down town somewhere! Let's hunt up some boys and have some fun. I'm tired to death of this old dull room and I'm most blind, studying." "But," said Stephen, "we don't know any nice place; and we can't afford to go to the theatre. Why not go over to Secretary N's house—you know they've invited us to come any time and make ourselves at home!" "That told a long story! I know the family well. They have boys and girls of their own. They sing and shout and play games. The great drawing room rings with their sweet young voices and when on Sunday evenings—with father and mother taking part in the dear old hymns, the homesick boys and girls widen the circle around the piano,—they forget to be lonely! They sit in the family pew at church and sing the old hymns of mothers and sisters in far away homes, where every strain is a shut away song of precious memory. "We have many such homes in our busy capital where 'Uncle Sam' gathers together the rich and the poor, as in no other city in the world. In these homes the lamp is shaded softly at night, the big city is curtained away, and the noise and din of office is forgotten in the fond voices of children and the 'mothering' they get from the woman who understands the needs of the weary and heavy laden. Not the dinner, not the handsome delicate glass and china, not the actual words of welcome, but that nameless indescribable something which means home to every heart. "A young English boy came to Washington a few years ago, and in some way drifted into an office in the State Department. He made few acquaintances, and his health failed, after the first year. He told a friend: 'Oh how I longed for home! I hungered for my mother! I fairly grew ill from wanting her! I strolled over the beautiful city; visited the churches; went to places of amusement; talked with many people but cared for none. One day my chief said, 'Lander you've got the dump! I get into my luggie and drive home with me, my wife will cheer you up, she's famous for that.' "But—thanks—but I'm not expected!" "Fudge. She always expects somebody; might as well be you!" "I went. Nobody seemed surprised. The boys and girls came home with all the life and glory of youth and health in their welcome. I can see to-day how the crimson tints, the bright freight from the open grates, the books in the well filled cases, the pictures on the walls, gave to my lonely, hungry heart food, rest, warmth and comfort. The mother in that home gave me a mother's welcome and the angels in heaven smiled when they heard her words." "There are they who live—may be long lives into whose homes come never at thought of selfishness but 'clear shining as the sun' years build and build on the rock of home, with the music of speech—the music of sound—only one symphony, beautiful and sacred—sacred because it is the song of love, the song which mothers sing to the children. "Home, Sweet Home." MARGARET SPENCER. Washington, D. C. 1891.

A Camel's Reservoir.

Admiral D. D. Porter, who once went to North Africa to secure camels for introduction into America, gives some interesting points about the value of these ugly but useful animals. He says: "In their campaigns against Algiers the French were surprised to see their camels although marches with their loads, making forced marches with their loads. Mules in the condition could not have carried even their saddles. "A camel's flesh is as good as beef. You can hardly tell one meat from the other. Camel's milk is very good, as I can testify, because I used it in my coffee. "A camel generally drinks once in three days, and besides his four stomachs, he carries a sort of reservoir in which he stores water. I have been told that even ten days after the death of a camel this reservoir can be opened and ten or fifteen pints of clear, drinkable water taken from it."

Had Tried Politics.

Great Statesman (to married daughter)—"My dear, your husband will never amount to anything if you don't spur him on. Why don't you persuade him to go into politics?" Daughter—"But, pa, he has tried, and he can't stand it. The whisky makes him sick."

Success begets envy. Lovers feed upon mysteries. Smile on the sad and dejected. Familiarity begets contempt. Ability involves responsibility. Take the hand of the friendless. Power, to its last particle, is duty. Sympathize with those in trouble. It is a good thing to laugh, at any rate, and if a straw can tickle a man it is an instrument of happiness. Beasts can weep when they suffer, but they cannot laugh. Nature has made occupation a necessity to us; society makes it a duty; habit may make it a pleasure.

HORSE NOTES.

The younger Midgely can ride at 85 pounds. Guy trotted a mile in 2.12 at Cleveland recently. Simmicolon, record 2.19, is being prepared for the fall races. There is no truth in the latest report of Tenny's break-down. Foxhall Keene has named the 3-year-old sister to Kingston, Queenston. The stallion Nelson has shown 2.14 first half in 1.06, since going to Detroit. Tristan, who injured himself behind in the last race, is now taking slow work. The noted stallion Abe Downing, record 2.20, died at Waterloo, Ia., recently. Sternberg, 2.26, the sensational 2-year-old, has gone wrong in his training. The dam of Hal Pointer, 2.09, has a bay colt by her side by Brown Hal, 2.12. Hinda Rose, 2.19, is training well, and is expected to beat her record this season. The little pacer Richball, 2.12, is entered in the free-for-all race at Knoxville, Ia. Jockey Williams has signed to ride for Scrogan Brothers during the balance of the season. Electioner now has seventy-three in the 2.30 list, and there is only one pacer in the lot. Jockey Britton is slowly but surely recovering, but will not be able to ride again this season. It is a common practice to put up an incompetent jockey when the horse is not desired to win. Trainer John S. Campbell has gone to the Catskill to recuperate. He is troubled with malaria. The aggregate attendance for the four days of the Pittsburg Grand Circuit meeting was about 30,000. James Goldsmith is far from well, but he has had no serious relapse as reported in some of the papers. Marcus Daly, of Montana, has sent all his horses, trotters, racers and thoroughbreds East for the summer. Jockey Overton's record of six wins out of seven mounts in one day, recently, was probably never beaten. William Diston will sell all his horses at Pleasant Valley Stock Farm, Woodstown, N. J. Two trotters named Playboy are entered for the St. Louis meeting. One is owned by C. J. Hamlin and one by G. W. Lelby & Son. Marvin says that sixteen of the nineteen 3-year-olds, the get of Ansel, owned at Palo Alto farm, could be put in the 2.30 list this year. It is said that General Harding, who, in Sam Bryant's hands as a 2-year-old, in 1883, won nine races out of ten starts, will be trained again. The Washington Jockey Club claims as dates for its fall meetings October 19 and the ensuing ten days. The purses will amount to \$23,000. There are 656 entries for the big August meeting of the Independent Driving Park Association, for which the stakes and purses foot up \$90,000. It is rumored that L. J. Rose, the California turfman and proprietor of the Rosemeade stable, will soon sell his entire stable and retire from the turf. The Sibley injunction against the American Trotting Register Association has been dissolved, and the office of the association has been removed to Chicago. It is suggested that a spring circuit of mile tracks, including Fleetwood, Poughkeepsie, Rome, Rochester, Newark and Buffalo, could be made up in New York. Eureka, by Star Ducro, 2.25, dam Lady Langtry, by Past's Hambletonian, won a 4-year-old stako at Elkton, Md., recently in 3.08, 2.57, driven by R. T. C. Chestnut. The chestnut stallion Edwin Thorne died on June 24, at Beech Hill farm, Colebrook Centre. He was by Tactics (son of Hamlet and Dolly, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian). On account of the rule limiting entries for a race to fifteen, eleven horses were drawn from the first race and three from the second in a recent Brighton Beach programme. The Breeder's Association of Maryland and the District of Columbia have elected the Gentleman's Driving Club track for their meeting this year. The dates fixed are September 29, 30 and October 1. J. B. Haggin is again called to mourn the loss of a member of his family. On July 13, at Santa Barbara, Cal., his daughter, Reta S. Haggin, passed away. Only a few short months ago his son, Ben All, died in New York. Messrs. F. J. Dwyer & Son have bought the fine 4-year-old mare, Reclaire, and the promising 2-year-old Billy Zorling from Messrs. H. Wanke & Son. The terms are private, but it is said by good authorities that \$3000 was the price paid for Reclaire and \$5000 for Zorling. The working office of the Wallace Trotting Register Company has been removed to the Rialto building, Chicago. All communications relating to the business of that company, as well as all new business referring to registration, should be addressed to J. Suiter, Registrar, Box 4, Chicago Ill. The 47-year-old trotter, Stationary, which died recently at Bridgeport, Conn., used to trot at Sherwood Park, and beat every horse that tackled him. He was perfectly white, and when he sailed down the homestretch at full speed in a cloud of dust was no more limitation of the all-conquering "pale horse" that finally knocked him out.