Among the small vines in my lot Creeps a young fox, "Oh, I forgot," Then hunt him out and to his den. With "I will not forget again."

The little fox that's hidden there Among my vines is "I don't care." Then let "I'm sorry," hunter true, Chase him afar from vines and you.

What mischief-making foxes, boys. But, now the hunters' names you know,
Just drive them out, and keep them so.
—Golden Days.

OLD BULL FROG'S CONCERT.

A short distance from the hollow oak

where lived the little white hen was a huge pine log lying on the bank of Beaver creek near the water's edge, and on that log were two hundred and twenty-five frogs all in a row. They were Ole Bull Frog's nieces and nephews, and the very best singers among his numerous music pupils. On a stump at the end of the log sat Ole Bull Frog himself on a fine new toad stool which he had borrowed from one of his cousins for the occasion. All of his distant relatives - the toads, the tree-trogs in their silvery jackets, brown and green rain-frogs, and a large family of horned frogs from a Texas prairie-came hopping along to attend this grand concert given in honor of the little white hen's birthday. Ole Bull Frog had gone to an immense amount of trouble to get it up, too. He engaged five thousand fire-flies to light up the place, and there they were flashing on every leaf and twig, while suspended from the boughs overhead hung quite a dozen illuminating spiders which resembled small electric lights. He could only get a few of these spiders, because they are very rare as well as poisonous.

Five hundred glow-worms volunteered to serve as footlights, and arranged themselves along the log in front of the singers, where they glimmered their very best. Mr. Rabbit acted as usher, and when a troop of squirrels came in he showed them to reserved seats on the right in front of the stage, which was the pine log. Then came the beavers; they sat behind the squirrels. Then the little white hen came, looking lovely in a blue lace mantle and a pink fascinator. She was attended by her friends, Jack Daw, Jim Crow, Bob White, Joe Re , and little Tom Tit. The rabbit conducted her and and her company to seats in front on the left, and introduced her to a Mrs. Duck and a Mr. Drake who had come to live in that neighborhood. The prairie dogs came and lay down at

the little hen's feet. "Oh, dear little hen, I am afraid of your dogs; will they bite?" asked Mrs. Duck trembling.

"No, no. They are very gentle, and will often come in and eat out of the Green grow the rushes, O." same dish with me," said the little "Oh, how very nice," exclaimed

Mrs. Duck. "My dear little hen," said a grave old toad, "while I congratulate you on your birthday, I can't help from feeling ashamed of my prairie relations." Why, they have not been drinking, have they?" asked the hen.

"Ob, no; only water. But I am ashamed of them for being so unstylish as to have tails." "Maybe they were made that way

and can't help it," said the little hen. "All frogs have tails when they are polly-wogs, but drop them as soon as they turn to frogs. Now, why my relations didn't drop their tails when they turned from polly-wogs to frogs I can't understand. And then they are so much more knotty and bumpy than complained the toad.

"I think their little horns are very pretty," said the hen. "Well, yes, but rather odd," replied the old toad. "I wish it had been possible for them to 'leave their tails behind them,' like Little Bopeep's sheep. But I dare say they couldn't. Just disten how that rabbit is laughing and

how those squirrels are chatting to the beavers." While all the talk was going on Ole Bull Frog was tuning his fiddle. He now waved his fiddle-bow in the air and shouted:

"Attention." The squirrels ceased their chattering, the rabbit ceased his giggling, and the beavers lifted their heads to listen. The little hen settled herself more comfortably in her seat and smoothed down the folds of her lace mantle. Jack Daw and Jim Crow whispered to

"What a jolly good thing it would be for her and them if they could slip around after awhile and eat up the footlights.'

But the little hen shook her head at them and told them she had eaten supper, and, besides, it would be treating Ole Bull Frog with too much disrespect to est up his footlights until after he was done with them.

"My friends," said Prof. Ole Bull "I am having this concert to celebrate the natal day of our gentle neighbor, the little white hen. You all know how kind and lovable she is."

Here the applause was tremendous, and the little hen was so embarrassed she hid her blushing face in her lace handkerchief. Ole Bull Frog smiled blandly, and thought he had better not give her any more "taffy" right then, but wait until after the concert. "I understand," said he, "that Jim Crow and Jack Daw would like to de-

prive me of my footlights.' The squirrels and beavers hissed their indignation, the rabbit laughed so he tumbled off his seat backward. the glow-worms lifted their heads and paled with terror.

"But they will find," he went on, "that I am prepared to protect the footlights and all concerned in this concert. I have only to signal one or two of my electric lights to make them descend on the heads of all offenders." crane, coming up and not seeing that foug the downward was sneaking up behind him descend on the heads of all offenders." and where is the little white heads force

The glow-worms laid their heads down contentedly and blazed brilliantly. Jack and Jim looked up at the the rabbit. illuminating spiders and trembled.

"I will take," continued the professor, "this occasion to present to you a new settler in this community." He pointed to a melancholy rat with a cropped ear and a bob tail, who was leaning against the stump. "My unfortunate friend has recently

lost a part of himself in a fight.' The rat lowed and squeaked: "Yes, and if any of you can and will tell me where the villian lives I'll—I'll

punch his eyes out." "What villian?" demanded the rabbit, jumping up and looking belliger-

"Tom," the yellow cat," replied the "O-h, and you are going to punch Tom's eyes out, are you? You, a lean,

half-starved, slab sided rat!" "Order!" cailed out Ole Bull Frog. "Mr. Rat is editor of the Rattler, and must be respected. You must know that a rat's tail is to a rat what a boy's right hand is to a boy. With his tail a rat carried provisions from storeroom

and pantry to his own domicile in the garret. When he wraps his tail around a ham bone and leaps from sill to sill over the garret floor the bone is bound to follow unless the tail comes off, which it never does, much to the regret of the inmates of the house. He works at night instead of day-net that he is ashamed of his business, but because he is less liable to be interrupted. A rat without a tail is in a bad way to make a living, and that is why my friend here has gone into the news-paper business. I hope you will all subscribe for the Rattler. He promises to keep you posted on the crops, personal matters, society news, and to make lucid remarks about the weather, and have his paper full of-"

'Chestnuts!" screamed the rabbit. "You insolent scamp!" squeaked the

"You old humbug!" retorted the rabbit. "What I meant to say," said Ole Bull Frog, "I will leave unsaid, and in concluding my remarks I will not apologize for having made a little speech, for no free born American objects to a stump speech.

The applause was deafening.
"The concert will now begin." "High time, too," remarked an old gray-headed beaver getting sleepy. "My pupils I divide into three The seventy-five here on the

right that look as if they had nothing to do are naturals; the seventy-five on the left, standing straight and looking | this romantic strain: alert, are sharps, and the seventy-five in the middle that you see flatten themselves to the log, are flats-" "And the teacher is a grand swell," interrupted the rabbit.

Ole Bull Frog smiled, shook his fiddle bow at him, and went on. "Naturals will now sing, 'Bury me not in the cold, cold ground.'" It was sung very sweetly and unaf-

"Flats sing, Bury me not in the deep, deep sea." That, too, was rendered very well.

"The sharps will now 'pull down' on This last song took so well that it might have been called for again, but the audience seemed to be getting tired

and sleepy. "The concluding song," said the professor, "was witten by one of my brightest pupils expressly for this accasion. I hope you may appreciate it. Now all three classes sing together." This is what they sang:

Out in the evening fogs. Around the marshy bogs Sitting upon the logs, Innumerable frogs Will sing to polliwors, "Oft in the chilly night."

Oit in the chilly night
The grass with dew is wet;
Then froggles sing.
And mirshes ring.
Of course they do. You bet
"There's life in the oid land yet."

rn the morning hogs.
Fleeing from the dogs
Across the muidy bogs,
Tumbling over logs,
Frightening the frogs
That sing to polliwogs
"Oft in the chilly night."

Oft in the chilly night
The grass with dew is wet;
Then frozgies sing
And marshessring—
Of course they do. You bet
"There's life in the old land yet."

The audience stamped and shouted. and it had to be sung again. Then an old beaver arose and, thanking the frogs for their music, said it was time

to go home. Just then it was noticed that the frogs on the log were becoming excited about something, and soon the flats began to shout; "Look out, look out, look out," and the naturals cried out in a deep bass tone, "Danger, danger, danger," and the sharps screamed, Leap in, leap in, leap in," and all the frogs, with their teacher, turned a somersault in the water. "Sakes alive," said the little hen;

'what can be the matter?" "Why, there is something cominglook yonder!" said Jim Crow, "What in the world is it?" asked the

squirrels. 'Bless my boots!" exclaimed the rab-

"Sure enough-what is it?" repeated the beavers. "Looks like a ghost," said Jack

Daw. "But it isn't," said the rabbit. is a tall white crane that eats frogs." "Yes, it is a crane, and nothing

more, 'said they all. "But there is something more," said the rabbit. "Look beyond the crane and you will see a dog cautiously creeping after him. Now, dogs don't care for cranes, and there must be some thing about that fellow that isn't

The prairie dogs saw the crane, and set up such a barking that the little hen got so uneasy she went home and locked herself in and peeped through

the key-hole. "How-dy do, friends?" drawled the

"What is that to you, Mr. Crane, and "Almirante Condell," and the "Sarwhat have you come for?" demanded

The dog crept nearer. "I'll explain my business in a mo-ment, my friend. Will uot some of you come and shake hands with me, or do you wait for me to go and shake hands

with you?" "No, Mr. Crane, we don't want to shake hands with any such suspicious

character. At this the crane laughed. At the same time the dog behind him gave a bound and a yelp and grabbed the crane by the necs, when out popped a fox from the crane's skin and bounded off as fast as his legs could carry him. "The mean scamp," said the rabbit, "to disguise himself as a crane and come here and fool us, so that he could grab the little hen or some of the rest

"Yes," said the dog, dropping the crane's skin; "I smelt him inside of that skin, and I thought I had him. The next time he kills a crane and skins it, and gets inside the skin and goes prancing around in the woods he'll find Mr. Dog at his heels."

"Oh. I do hope you will get him, Mr. Dog. If you don't get him he'll get us some day," said Jim Crow.
"Maybe he wouldn't notice poor little

me," said Jack Daw. "Indeed. Jack, he'd gobble you up at one mouthful," said the rabbit.

"Now, my friends," said the dog, you may sleep in peace to-night; that fox knows I am around, and he will not leave his den again soon. squirrels may take this skin and feathers for a winter covering. I give it to them because they were so kind to the little white hen.'

"And what will you give the beavers for building the little white hen a house to live in?" asked Jim Crow. "Wait and see," said the little dog, and he ran a little way into the wood and soon came back with a full sack on his shoulders. "This," said he, "is for the beavers. It is full of sweet potatoes and carrots and turnips and ground-

The beavers were delighted, and went home drawing the sack after them. The squirrels carried the skin, with the eathers, to their home up the tree. Jim Crow and Jack Daw flew home

pipe and talk over the affairs of the country. When all was still, and not a sound of locust, cricket, or katydid was heard, Ole Bull Frog came forth again and, mounting a stump, turned his guitar and serenaded the little hen in

Ickry, ockry, ory, Ann, Mulberry wax and tarrow tan; Inkery, pinkery, dinkery, den, Nothing so nice as a little white hen. JULIA BACON, In the Old Homestead.

THE CARE OF CARPETS AND MATTING.

then with a flannel cloth wrung out of | Walter Scott, in one or mis then with a flannel cloth wrung out of descriptions, represents a Scotti If a carpet is wiped over now and ing, more docile in spirit. with a flannel cloth dipped in highproof kerosene, and well wrung out, until perfectly dry, say for forty-eight hour;s no matches or fire should be albut if the carpet is of delicate tints shade, either of these will stain it. If ink is spilled on a carpet, cover it immediately with blotting paper, and renew it as soon as soiled A velvet carpet is damp bran and brushing it off with a

stiff broom. Another plan for cleaning carpets after they have been beaten and laid down again, is to wash them with one pint of ox-gall to a full pail of warm water. Soap a piece of flannel, dip it in the pail and rub a small part of the carpet; then dry with a clean cloth before moving to another spot. Before laying carpets have the boards scrubbed soft-soap and one part of lime-water.

This will keep away msects. To remove grease from carpets, cover the spots with flour or dry corn-meal, and pin a paper over it. Repeat the process every six hours until the grease is drawn out, brushing the old flour off

each time. Matting is washed with salt and cold water, and carefully dried. Bub the very dirty spots first with water and If white matting has corn-meal. turned to a bad color it can be washed over with a weak solution of soda, which will turn it a pale butter-yellow. Use a pint of salt to a gallon of water. Use a flannel cloth, not a brush.

THE CIVIL WAR IN CHILL.

From the meagre and confused accounts which reach us it is impossible to gain a clear idea of the general progress of the civil war which is still raging in Chili. But that is having most disastrous effects on the country, causing not only material damage but utter social disorganization is only too evident from the letters of English residents there. The Congressional party and those spectators of the struggle who sympathize with them are hopeful of the issue, and the fact that the neighboring republic of Bolivia has formally recognized the party as belligerent plainly indicates a belief that the popular side has sufficient prospects of ultimate success to make its friendship worth securing. In the meantime, the Provisional Government representing the Congress have issued a circular note to the Powers asking them to recognize the Junta as a belligerent, and to observe neutrality in the struggle which is now proceeding. Recent despatches from Valparaiso report a great naval victory for the insurgents at Chanaral. The battle was fought between a Congressional cruiser, the "Magellanes," and three torpedo boats belonging to the President's forces—the "Almirante Lynch," "the port a great naval victory for the in-surgents at Chanaral. The battle was

geanto Aldea." Although the cruiser was under steam, her manœuvring power was limited by the fact that she was in the harbor. The torpedo boats on entering took up positions on the bows of the "Magellanes," so that her heavy guns were useless, and she could only bring her forward batteries and

her right Hotchkiss gun to bear on her assailants. The fight is reported to have been a fierce one. The "Sargeanto Aldea" was nearly blown to pieces, but not before she had disabled the cruiser's forward battery. A torpedo fired from the "Almirante Lynch" was making for the "Magellanes" bow when it was diverted by the swell caused by a huge cannon ball, and finally struck a barque causing her to sink in a few minutes. The Government vessels were at length driven off. They had suffered heavily, both men and ships; the "Magellanes" had sixty of her crew wounded and twenty-two killed; her forward port battery was badly damaged, portions of her gun carriages were destroyed,

and some of her rigging was carried The United State cruiser Charleston was sent in pursuit of the ,, Etata," the Chilian cruiser , Esmeralda," and the "Etata" herself which succeeded in reaching Chili in safety notwithstanding the efforts made to capture her. She has now been delivered to the United States war vessels.

The "'s smeralda" was on the watch to protect the fugitive ship, and it was feared that, rather than see it captured she would go into action with the "Charleston." The latter is a partially deck-protected cruiser of 3,730, tons displacement, carrying eight powerful breech-loading guns, besides four six-pounders and ten machine guns; the "Esmeralda" is a deck protected cruiser of 2,810 tons, and her armament consists of eight breech-loading guns of heavy calibre, and seven machine guns, so that they would have been fairly matched.

The view of Valparaiso harbor was taken prior to the recent naval engagement in which the floating docks were destroyed by torpedos.

BEAUTIFY THE HOME.

It is the duty of every one to do something towards embellishing this in the bright star light, and the dog went home with the rabbit to smoke a earth upon which we have a transient

> A poor man, toiling hard for frugal fare, will be more than repaid for the labor that is required to keep the plot before the door clean and green, and he will love home the better for the rose bush which blooms in the yard, looking up into his eye, as it were, to pay so dear as he can with gratitude, through its green lege of being stingy. leaves and blushing flowers. It was but the work of a half hour to plant it there, and many a year it will reward the family with its blossoms.

A man cannot love a rose without being a better man for that exercise of love. A child cannot prune and water it, and watch with affection its swelling buds, without becoming more gentle in character, more refined in feel-

Walter Scott, in one of his graphic water and a tablespoonful of ammonia), riding by the humble but of a peasant it will always look bright. It must be who is planting a tree before his door. wiped dry with a clean cloth. After a He commends him for his taste, excarpet has been well shaken, it will claiming: "When you have nothing clean and brighten it to wipe it over better to do, Jock, be aye sticking out a tree, Jock; 'twill grow when you're asleep, Jock. There is no little philosophy in this

declaration. You plant a tree-give it sweeping it, are wonderfully cleansing; ter reward you with its foliage and of it. You sleep, and it steadily advances

in its growth to the perfection of bean- the ground; nor can any counterfeit last race of 21 miles in France recently in ty. You go away for months, perhaps long. for years, and it forgets not to grow; cleaned by sprinkling it thickly with and on your return your heart is gladdened by its fair proportions.

Who will not give a few dollars more for a farmhouse, beneath the shade of can play, or his cattle slumber in the was. noon-tide heat?

Property is worth more in a beautiful, well-shaded village, than on a bleak, supburnt, unsightly plain. No one likes to live in the sight of ugliness. He who makes his own home atwith two parts of sand, the same of tractive contributes to the rising value of his own property, and of all the re-gion around him. He is thus a public benefactor.

The lowliest cottage may be embellished with loveliness, and the hand of industry and neatness may make it a once be formed in the heart an appre- disappear. ciation of the beautiful, and the work is done. Year after year, with no additional expense, the scene around will

be assuming new aspects of beauty. Neither is this a question without its moral issues. The love of home is one of the surest safeguards of human virtue, and he who makes home so pleasant that his children love it, that in all the wanderings of subsequent life they turn | breed like sparrows. to it with delight, does very much to guide their steps away from all haunts of vice and to form in them a taste for those joys which are most ennob-

HE who persecutes a good man, makes war against himself and all mankind .- Confucius.

MAMMA'S LESSON. KATE LAWRENCE

You have taken the flower apart, dear,
And very learnedly told
The name of each part, from root to tip,
From ealyx to crown of gold;
But say, de you think my darling.
That all of those learned men, Who have taught you to treat lovely flowers Could put one together again?

You chased a butterfly, love, this morn, You chased a butterny, love, this morn,
I was wat hing you at your play.
You only bruised it, and brushed the down
From its marvellous wings away;
But could any surgeon, my darling,
Reset those delicate limbs,
Or restore the beautiful, golden bloom
That you spoited for your idle whims?

The butterfly and the flower, dear.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

a lie never stops to put on its hat. Many good sawlogs have knots or

People like to travel in cheerful company.

The only real giver is the cheerful

No wealth is real that can be taken There is no virtue in doing what you

have to do. No man can go straight ahead who ooks backward.

Be there a will, and wisdom finds a None of us is infallible-not even the

It takes a good many trials to make

some folks faithful. The only heavy burdens are those we ry to carry ourselves. No one can suffer in any good cause

without being a gainer. Faith fears nothing. Faith and trial are the best of friends.

The nimble dime soon wastes the slow dollar.

who can't swim. There never was a man who was unwilling to work to-morrow.

The poorest man on earth is the man who has the fewest trials. The flax must be broken before its real strength can be known.

There is a brick in every clod, but it takes 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 is true to the best he Point Breeze meeting. knows will do to trust anywhere. The roots of a tree are of more consequence than its highest branches.

The only people who are discontented are those who are not doing their whole The hardest thing to do is to get people to think of the things that concern

them most. The poorest man is not the one who has the least, but the one who has the and two pacers, which give him a total most wants.

There is nothing for which a man has to pay so dear as he does for the privi-The only reason why sliding down hill

is so nice is because it is such hard work to pull the sled up. The beautiful hidden virtues are the most lovely.

He who will not answer to the rudder must answer to the rocks. Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.

e and few are the easy ones that lie ican Association track would have been within it.

Think not of gratifying thyself, but closed. consider each day what good thou canst do to others.

and ennobled thereby. All the while thou livest ill, thou hast

True glory takes root, and even spreads, All false pretences, like flowers, fall to

A firtation is a smile to-day, a cry to-morrow and a blush every day there- a French mare.

after. The world never knew a man who whose ornamental trees his children was better than his mother thought he reviving steeplechasing at Jerome

The first snow flake of winter how significant-and the first white hair! Life is a long course of mutual education which ends but with the grave. The prayers of a lover are more im-

perious than the menaces of the whole world. Above all things always speak the truth; your word must be your bond

through life. Lying is the basis of all evil. After home full of attractions. Let there one year of absolute truth crime would

Justice is a little short-sighted, perhaps but frequently has at eye to the main chance.

You just bring a couple of little quarrels into your home and they'll It is so easy to fancy one's self right

that self-condemnation is about as scarce as dodo's eggs. Doubt is brain fog and it sometimes takes all the rays or the sun of experience to disperse it.

She was regal, she was haughty, she was highborn and distinguished; and, like the rest of us, she was clay.

the night to cheer the belated world as it rolls through the darkness. The happiest man is he who, being above the trouble which money brings,

has his hands the fullest of work. Grief is not to be measured by the tea s shed nor does the loudest mourner always deserve the largest commiser-

A man will wait ten years to get even; a woman wil forget that you offended her in ten minutes. Every incomplete work is a mounment

to human folly. Whatever is worth beginning is worth completing.

ociety. You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself out.

-Sheridan is starting the horses at St. Paul.

-There is a fine list of horses at Saratoga.

-Isaac Murphy is riding in his old time form.

-Proctor Knott is in five stakes at Saratoga.

-The stake for the Buffalo free-forall pacing is \$5000.

-Prodigal, 2.17½, is the fastest new 2.30 trotter of the season.

-Indianapolis horsemen are agitating the subject of a mile track.

-Horace Brown has gone to Italy with Bosque Bonnta and Mollie Wilkes, -There will be a fall meeting at Homewood Park Pittsburg. -The ch. s. Alvin, 2.142, by Orpheus,

-St. Omer, an 18-year-son of Blue Buli, made a pacing record of 2.28½ recently. -Robert Bonner is having Alfred S.

has been added to John Splan's stables,

conditioned for a fast mile to skeleton wagon. -J. I. Case, owner of Jay-Eye-See

and Phallas, is seriously ill at his home A great many people get into the swim in Racine, Wis. -Maud S, has met Angel three times and Mr. Bonner feels confident that she

> -The skeleton of Electioneer is now articulated and ready to be placed in the museum at Palo Alto. -Sunol's fastest mile so far this sea-

will get with foal.

son is 2.21, but her quarter in 29½ shows that she has her speed. -Guy has plenty of speed this year,

but he is just as unreliable as ever, and will only trot when he feels so disposed, -The fall meeting at Belmont course will be held the week following the

-At the meeting at Deer Lodge, Montana, Eclipse, Jr. (5), ran three furlangs in 341 seconds, reducing Cyclone's record of 341. -The noted trotter Jack, 2211, is

enjoying a run at grass at the home his owner, J. Malcolm Fortes, at Ponkagaug, near Boston, Mass. -Pilot Medium has added six new ones to his old l st of eleven trotters

of pineteen 2.30 performers. -"He wins his race in the first quarter and jogs the rest of the way," is the way they describe Frank Oxman, the new Tennessee pacing cyclone.

-Nelson's mile in 2,111 at Detroit was a wonderful performance, although it failed by half a second to equal his record of 2.10%. -Flatbush, the 4-year-old full broth-

er of Firenzi, brought only \$35 when put up at auction. He is destined for use in an express wagon. -If Nelson's record was 2,151 instead There is no easy path leading out of of 2.102 he would still be an outlaw against whom the gates of every Amer-

-There was a double dead heat at the Carlisle, England, races recently There is no action so slight or humble between Dissenter and Lodore, the onbut it may be done to a great purpose ly two starters, and then the purse was divided.

-In a match race for \$200, 41 furlowed in the room. Tea-leaves and that gentle nurturing which it may for the trouble, distraction, inconveniences longs, at Glouceste. G. C. Gray's ch. wet bran, sprinkled over a carpet before a short time need - and it will ever af- of life, but not the sweets and true use m. Silence, 4, 105 pounds, beat Somerset Stable's br. g. Finance, 6, 100 pounds. Time-58 -The American trotter, Cash won a

> 6.44 (at the rate of 2.421), beating Meteor, a Russian stallion, and Flora, The announcement that the Monmouth Park Association intends

> Park does not seen to excise much enthusiasm among horsemen. -Temple Bar's victory in the Detroit \$10,000 Merchants and Manufacturers' stake surprised a good many. Produgal was the favorite, and Abbie V. and Honest George were also well

> backed. -Only nine of the Directors of the American Tretling Register Association were present at the Chicago meeting recently. This was short of a quorum, so the by-laws were not amended.

ed W. H. Clawford's fine stock farm Some people spend their vacation in worrying over the business they left behind them.

Some people spend their vacation in near Lexington, Ky., paying \$40,000 for it. J. R. Megiue, the Cincinnati brewer, is sail to be the Bowerman Brothers' financial backer. -David Wallace announces the retirement from the turf of his fast 20year-old road horse John, by Mambrino

-Bowerman Brothers have purchas-

Pilot, winner of the free-for-all gentlemen's road horse race at Belmont Course three times in succession. - Jockey Britton is stil slowly on the mend, both mentally and physically. His mind wonders at times, however, and then he is incoherent The doctors assume to think his reason will be fully

restor ed in due time. -The catalogue of trotting stock owned by George D, Blair & Co., Tyrone. Blair county, Pa., contains the God sets the stars in the windows of | names of some very well-bred animals. Blair's Electioneer, Duke Medium and Belmont Boy are the stallions, while Suisun, record 2.18%, is the leadful

brood-mare. -The country is deluged with racing. Monmouth racing Association at Jerome and Morris Parks; the Brighton Beach Association, Garfield and Hawthorne Parks, Chicago; the Twin City Jockey Club at St. Paul, Minn., Saratoga racing A sociation and Gloucester, N. J., are all in full blast.

-Matthew Riley, President of the Driving Club, of New York, was unfortunate in his effort to beat 2.19 with the team Lynn W. and Clayton at De-Wheever teaches false moral principles is an aggressor on the welfare of went nicely to the quarter in 34%, but Lynn W. soon broke, and they were pulled up and tried again. This time the mile was trotted in 2.27, Lynn W. making a losing break.

HORSE NOTES.