

THE OLD GARRET.

In the dear old home of our early years,
A gloomy garret on rainy days,
Resounded off with our merry cheers,
And witnessed most of our simple plays.
Great chests and many a forgotten pile
Supplied our various changeful needs;
Quaint dresses, fashioned in bygone style,
Clad us like heroes of doughty deeds.
Now 'twas Ali Baba and the forty thieves,
Or Robin Hood and his merry men;
Now 'twas Ivanhoe, with his shield and greaves,
Or Greatheart seeking the giant's den.
Yarned folk who peopled the storied past,
Great knights and ladies took shape once more,
I'll almost it seemed to us at last
As though we lived in the days of yore.
And now, when the cares and toils of life
Press hard upon us and make us sigh,
We turn to those hours with gladness rife,
When hearts were happy and hopes were high.
And wish that through all life's term would cling
The fervid fancies and guileless joys
That made the old garret's rafter ring
With merry shouting of girls and boys.

A NOCTURNE IN TWO FLATS

MARIA PENNELLTON KINNEY.

I don't think I was ever so thankful to hear a man's step in the whole course of my life as I was that morning! And when Ken opened the corridor door with his latch-key, though I had determined most firmly to try and make light of all I had gone through, I went into violent hysterics on the divan, to his consternation and general discomfort.
"Why, Mamie, what in heaven's name has happened?" he cried.
"Nell!"
"Is all right," I gasped.
"Baby?"
"All right."
"Then what is it?"
By that time I had gotten myself in hand, and was properly ashamed of my foolish behavior. A grandmother, and acting like a school-girl! But I had been through quite a siege those past weeks, and I was unstrung even before the finale, as I will explain.

I had come to the dear little flat where my son and his wife played at housekeeping, early in the fall, and had been so happy all together, she and I sewing, reading, and making charming excursions all about the lovely island, while he was all day in the city busy at work, his heart full of his little home, and kept warm with thoughts of the love awaiting him there. Then the long evenings, when we talked and sung, and had a good time generally. Then all was changed! How was it possible that the coming of so small a bit of humanity could cause such an upheaval! We had been so comfortable, and the tiny drawing-room was such a bright, cozy living-place, whose lights shone out upon us through the big bow-window when we came out, tired and exhausted from our work or play in the city, that it was the very core and essence of the home. And so, when on that Sunday morning, the flat was honored by the coming of Miss Lansdale, a portly English woman to whose care the little mother and baby were given—poor Ken and I—did not know that we had our last comfortable hour for many a day to come! First, we were driven from the drawing-room, because there the baby must be placed in two big arm-chairs with a pillow for bed (there was no space for a cradle), and we kept her from sleeping. Next, we must not go into Nell's room, for we excited her.

My room was the third in the suite, and I dared not move a chair for fear of Miss Lansdale's wrath, so I could not stay there. The dining-room and kitchen were at the back, and here I took up my residence, with no sunshine, no piano, no company! Poor Ken was an outcast on the face of the earth, having a room at the hotel near us, to which he betook himself shortly after our late dinner, tired and mournful, and missing wife and home.
Our good Irish girl, Kate, spent her time in tears. She was daily, nay, hourly, "sat upon," and her best efforts at lunches and dinners were looked upon with scorn and contempt. Nothing pleased "Her Majesty," who told us she had "lived housekeeper in the best families in New York" and evidently felt far above us all on that score. I'll do her the justice to say that she was an excellent nurse, but oh, how we longed for her departure!
The days dragged heavily, but we had no excuse to give her for dispensing with her services, so thought there was nothing for it but to wait as patiently as we could till her time expired, and we were free and independent citizens once more.

The afternoon preceding the morning of which I am giving a rambling history had been one which had tried my soul. The whole autumn I had wanted to see "The Rivals,"—played as only he who was then giving it to the public can play it,—but of course I had not been willing to leave Nell, so had put off going until the very last matinee, which took place on this memorable Saturday.
I said nothing about it for fear I should be disappointed, and I did not wish the children to know how much I cared to see the play; but after luncheon I dressed myself, and with bonnet on went to bid the "young ones" goodbye.
As I entered the drawing-room, a stately form rose from the spacious depths of our b. b. arm-chair (by which was placed a table, covered with fruit and cake on Nell's invitation), newspaper in hand, and greeted me with a cool stare. I hurried on to the bedroom beyond, thinking to escape, but not

"You are not going out, ma'am?"
"I am."
"May I ask how long you will stay?"
"Why do you wish to know?"

"Because I am going myself, to my rooms in B—" and will be gone several hours."

I meekly said, "Very well," and laid aside my bonnet. What it is to be a grandmother! Yes, I gave up the last chance of seeing "The Rivals," and I will never get over it, for the wretch could have easily put off her "outing" had I stood my ground. But she went, and Nell and I had a fine time with the lot, and I sat in the bow-window and feasted my eyes once more on the glorious sun-bathed, windswept bay, then which there can be nothing more beautiful in this beautiful world. I'm sure; and I ate fruit and cake, and I played my old waltzes, and we talked and laughed over late experiences, and were jolly generally; and then the night fell on the island, and the lights flashed out suddenly all along the shore, and the harbor-lights appeared, and presently the train thundered by, and there was Ken, cold and hungry, but so happy over the three generations waiting to receive him. For a long time we did not remember "Her Majesty," nor think it strange that she was gone so long; but when dinner was over and the time came for her to be put to bed, we became a little provoked with her. I did all her work, enjoying very much having the "kid" to myself, got Nell comfortable for the night, saw Ken off to his room, and then sat down to read in the dining room, fearing that if I sat in the drawing-room Nell would be disturbed by the bright light.

To explain what followed, I must say that the flat beneath us was occupied by a young married couple with no children, with whom we were quite sociable in spite of their big Persian cat. This fellow quite often deprived us of our supply of milk for the day by watching his opportunity and getting on the shelf of the dumb-waiter when Mrs. Romer's cook left her door ajar, and then waiting for the milkman's whistle. When he heard that, he must have kept in the background till the milk was poured into the jug set on the shelf by Kate at night, to be filled in the morning and then quietly lapped it all up while the water was on its way to our floor; for then the rascal was found licking his paws, and looking most pious beside our empty milk-jug. But try to discover what was the matter, and you will find it a most horrible and fussy over him almost, as we did over our baby.

To go back to that night, however, if the garrulity of a grandmother will allow me to do so.
I do not know how long I read; it must have been hours, though, and everything was as still as death in the whole building.

Then this silence fell with awful suddenness a frightful shriek from somewhere below me, and then a horrid, scuffling noise, accompanied by a snorting, panting, sound. I heard "Help! help!" in a woman's voice, and as I started to my feet after the first paralyzing shock was over, I remembered that I was virtually alone in the flat, for Kate was worse than nobody in an emergency, and of course Nell could do nothing. I dared not go to unlock the door and try to discover what was the matter, for fear of alarming her. But my caution was unavailing; she had been aroused by the noise, and I had to go to her at once. She was dreadfully agitated and I could not leave her for a moment.

The struggle below seemed to have ceased for a little time, and I pictured to myself the Romers murdered in their beds, and all sorts of ghastly horrors, and was feeling very unhappy about them, when there was an unearthly yell at my very ears, and a thundering knock at our hall door.

Nell threw her arms around me, and implored me not to leave her; but the knocking continued, and I thought I distinguished Mr. Romer's voice. I told her so, and she at last released me.
I could scarcely find strength to get to the door; but when I at last got it open, Mr. Romer, rushed in, as white as a sheet, dashed by the corridor into the kitchen,—I after him,—made for the closet door, which burst open in his face just as he had his hand on it, and disclosed to view the swollen, distorted countenance and portly person of Miss Lansdale. "Her Majesty" was enthroned on the shelf of the dumb-waiter, and very drunk indeed.

And then ensued a very pretty fight. The dame was a mighty warrior with claws and tongue, but she had a powerful opponent in Mr. Romer, and he succeeded in preventing her landing in the kitchen, and with one desperate push sent her down on her throne to the lower regions.

When he had recovered his breath a little he told me of the dreadful fright poor Mrs. Romer had received.

I suppose the woman must have wandered into the open cellar and pulled herself up by the "lilt"; at all events, she appeared suddenly at Mrs. Romer's bedside with the Persian cat in her arms, which she proceeded to place comfortably under the covers. Mrs. Romer shrieked, Mr. Romer awoke, and made for the woman, who tumbled with him, then broke away and ran to the kitchen, where, before he could stop her, she had pushed herself into the dumb-waiter, and pulled herself up out of his reach. Fearing she would frighten Nell to death, he threw on his dressing-gown and dashed upstairs to our door, determined to keep the woman from landing in our rooms. Terrified as I had been, I could but laugh when I pictured "nurse" carefully presenting Mrs. Romer with the Persian cat, thinking she held the baby in her arms, and was attending to Nell.

I did not go to bed that night, and so when morning came and Ken's step was heard, and I saw him come in so fresh and wholesome, I really do not wonder that I gave way to my nervousness, for the horrors of those few moments, which had seemed like hours, had been a sore trial to a quiet old grandma like me, whose life is passed in old-world surroundings, where nothing ever happens out of the common way.

I need not tell you how Ken made much of his mother, and how troubled he was that he had had such a fright and be absent.

We never saw "Her Majesty" again.

The janitor handed her out of the "lilt" quite early in the day, and we sent her wages to her with a request that she would not show her face again at any time.

Nell and baby were not hurt at all, and so it is only a very odd adventure which happened to grandmother, and one which the old lady will not soon forget.—*Homemaker.*

COOKERY.

LEMON CHEESECAKE.

Beat four eggs in a basin, leaving out two of the whites, half a pound of castor sugar, juice of two large lemons, peel of one grated, and two ounces of butter just melted. Line some patty tins with puff paste, and three-parts fill them with the mixture. Now cut rounds of paste with a cutter dipped in hot water, and a size smaller than the one used to line the moulds with. Cut the centre out of these with a much smaller cutter, place this ring on the cheesecake, which will prevent its boiling over; bake in a moderate oven half an hour.

MOUSSE AU CITRON.

Put six ounces of lump sugar into a small stewpan with the grated peel of a lemon and a gill of water; boil to a syrup. Now beat three whole eggs with the juice of three small lemons in a basin, pour to it by degrees the hot syrup and half an ounce of dissolved gelatine. Whisk over a saucepan of boiling water for ten minutes, then stand the basin in cold water, and continue whipping till cold. Garnish with moulded cherries, or any pretty dried fruits, pour the mixture in, and place aside to get firm.

CHATEAUX DE ORANGE.

Peel for five oranges and carefully take out the lumps in their natural divisions; put these on a hair sieve in a cool place to drain all night, which will cause a fine skin to form over them. Now melt a little jelly, pour it into a saucer, dip each piece of orange in, and arrange them in a close circle around the bottom of a small pudding basin; keep the thick part down, as this will be at the top when turned out. When the first row is set, arrange another above it, placing the oranges the reverse way; continue until the sides of the basin are covered; it will take about three rows. Next pour a little melted jelly in; when it has set, a little custard, in which a small quantity of gelatine has been dissolved; then jelly and custard until the basin is full, allowing each row to set before the other is poured in, and making jelly the last. When it is wanted, press the jelly from the basin all round; it will then run out without any difficulty; garnish with chopped jelly, with here and there little stars of red currant jelly.

ORANGE MOUSSE.

Rub the peel of two oranges on a quarter of a pound of lump sugar and put them into a stewpan with half a gill of cold water; when dissolved boil to a thick syrup. Put the strained juice of three large oranges into a basin with two whole eggs, commence whisking, then add the syrup and about half an ounce of dissolved gelatine; continue beating over a saucepan of boiling water until it is quite warm; now place the basin in cold water and whisk until it is perfectly cold; pour into a fancy mould at once.

BREADDROPP PUDDING. CAPE RECIPE.

Soak an ounce of gelatine in cold water for an hour; when quite soft add the grated peel of a lemon, a cupful of sugar, the juice of six lemons, and the beaten yolks of three lemons, and the fire till it thickens, but it must not boil; have ready the well-whisked whites, stir all together, pour into a fancy mould, and stand in a cool place to set. Sufficient for a quart mould.

RASPBERRY CREAMS.

Mix two tablespoonsful of raspberry jam with the juice of a lemon, rub through a hair sieve and put into a basin with half a pint of double cream, whip it to a stiff froth, and then fill small fancy paper cases with it. Stick a raspberry on the top if in season; if not a preserved cherry. Garnish the edges with chopped clear jelly, and arrange on a dish with chopped jelly, or they may be frozen in an ice cave; then omit the jelly.

A new portrait of Henrik Ibsen has been painted by the Swedish painter, Frithjof Smith. One sees at once that it is no ordinary man. This man, seen through the conventional lies and endless hypocrisy of society. His head bears testimony of a proud and dauntless power, such as only kings and poets are wont to possess. But there is a look of unforgiveness in his face, and one doubts whether he can ever laugh. The resemblance to portraits of Goethe as an old man is unmistakable, only Ibsen looks severer and sterner than the great German poet.

It seems to me just as dishonest for the laborer to take more than he earns as it is for the employer to pay him less than he earns.

Miss MARY E. BYRD, teacher of astronomy and director of the observatory at Smith College, has been elected a member of the British Astronomical Association.

Dr. ABRAHAM COLES, the great authority on the hymn *Missa Ives*, died lately in California. He had the most complete collection of versions in existence, and many of them were by himself.

Miss MOLLIE E. CHURCH, who has been at the head of the German department of the colored high school of Washington, D. C., for several years, has been offered the position of registrar of Oberlin College. Miss Church graduated from Oberlin in 1884 with distinguished honors, being specially mentioned for her excellent record in Greek, and then traveled and studied abroad for three years. If she accepts the offer from Oberlin she will be the first colored graduate, it is said, of the older universities, to become a member of the faculty of the college.

UNMOTHERLY MOTHERS.

Though we are nowadays growing more accustomed to the fact that women must work as well as weep, and that it is as much their mission to plunge into the great sea of working life as it is to look as attractive and be as fascinating as possible, there still lurks in a vast number of minds the feeling that a "woman's noblest station is that of a woman's noblest station of duty," and that a professional woman must of necessity be a neglectful mother. It is still a common cry that women had very much better be at home looking after their children and making puddings, or counting the house linen, than seeking an income—or, maybe, only an income independent of that of their husbands—in the fields of literature, art, or of commerce.

May be there is a great deal of truth in all that is said on this matter. Domesticity and the whirl of business do not accord so well as they might, perhaps, and however anxious a woman-worker may be to fulfill her duty at home and do justice to her art or business, it is useless to deny that it is not only a severe strain but well nigh an impossibility for her to do both. But it is not given to all women to make the choice between the two. Work is a grim necessity to many, and how loyally professional women struggle to divide their time and attention between home life and business duties can never be made known to the world at large. At all events the majority of mothers who are laboring truly and earnestly are at least working for their children; if it is not theirs to give all their time to the little ones who are their dearest possessions, they have at least the satisfaction and the comfort of knowing that each pecuniary and artistic success, as they may attain them, will all be for the benefit of their offspring. It is from necessity, not from choice, that such women yield up a portion of the cares and the delights of motherhood, and some have even sacrificed health and strength in their efforts to avoid so doing.

But daily experience and observation prove that it is not so much the busy workers but the drones that fall to fill the first and the highest duties of womanhood. It is, after all, the society mothers at whom the first stone of condemnation should be thrown. For them no legitimate excuse can be found, and surely it must be hard indeed for them to reconcile with their consciences the knowledge, that upon baby lips the once sacred name of "mother" is too often but an empty sound, and that their little ones yearn in vain for the small joys of having mother at hand to kiss away the tears, and soothe small sorrows.

The one true touch of pathos, to my mind, in Ibsen's play, "The Doll's House," is in the nurse's remark to Nora, that her children miss her although they have all their new toys.

There are toys and infantile amusements in profusion; there are comforts of every kind, and nurses, who may be the incarnation of kindness and good nature, to amuse; but all the same, it is mother for whom these we people long.

If the little ones are very picturesque or pretty, they may sometimes be utilized as attractive accessories in the park or at afternoon parties, but Society mothers do not see their way to further concerning themselves with the lives for which they are responsible. There is no time, they argue, to spare, for the ceaseless round of social duties, the conventional "advancement" of the age will make motherhood to be lightly esteemed, lies not in the fact that women are competing with men in the fields of labor, but that Society, the god of feminine idolatry, is swamping with its overwhelming waters of gaiety and excitement all the time and energy and sweet solitude and "conventional" anxiety for their babies that is supposed to belong by nature to all women.

HINTS ON EATING.

Don't smoke immediately after meals.
Don't take animal food more than twice daily.

Don't drink green tea and use black tea moderately.
Don't average more than twenty-four ounces of fluids daily.

Following are a few pointers that are well worth memorizing:
Don't believe that eating fat will make you fat; quite the contrary holds true.

Don't let your entire food exceed thirty-four ounces in twenty-four hours.

Don't eat gamey meats; remember that "gamey" is the hyper refined word for rotton.

Don't forget that healthy persons generally lose weight in winter and gain in summer.

Don't eat much meat and increase its quantity only gradually when recovering from a fever.

Don't infer that chewing tobacco is the most injurious method of using the weed; the contrary is true.

Don't allow your servants to put meat and vegetables into the same compartment of the refrigerator.

Don't eat pork. When it is also luteally unavoidable to do so it should be rendered harmless by being exposed to strong heat long enough to be converted into a decided gray color, even to its innermost part.

"Don't pour a mouthful of coffee into an empty stomach, even if you must tear a button from your coat and swallow it before," says an Arabic proverb. This applies to tea as well.

—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

No one is wise at all times.
To be simple is to be great.

Never chide the wing of time.
The rattlesnake is no flatterer.
Time is money because it slips away fast.

Nothing is more simple than greatness.
There is no easy path leading out of life.

A rainy day is a slow over happiness.
What would a man do without playthings?

Carve your name on hearts and not on marble.
Tact is genius, but genius is often devoid of it.

There is no rainbow without a cloud and a storm.
The sober thought usually comes after the banquet.

All is fair in love—except the bridegroom.
The hero is one whose sensibility obeys his will.

Remember the world has no use for gloomy people.
Error may be clasped so close we cannot see its face.

Merit may not always win, but it can stand it if it doesn't.
The better you liver the truer will be your obituary notice.

An honest man pays up. The other kind has to pay down.
Poverty is no disgrace, but disgrace is poverty intensified.

The coward is one whose will is dominated by his sensibility.
He that is not open to conviction is not qualified for discussion.

We carry and lock up a heaven of stary light within our breasts.
Much of what appears to be selfishness is mere thoughtlessness.

Don't take a position of responsibility and then shirk its duties.
Sometimes we can best help our friend by keeping out of his way.

It is the early bird that catches particular fits on getting home.
Love generally changes country to sense, and prudery to silliness.

Wit is the wine of intellect; do not let ill-nature turn it into vinegar.
The csts that drive away mice are as good as those that catch them.

Every virtuous and wise being is in himself a proof of immortality.
Men exist for the sake of one another. Teach them or bear with them.

Life is a beautiful night in which as one star goes down another rises.
The university of wisdom, like all other rules, has its exceptions.

Man's every motion serves either to express or to repress his inner nature.
The longer we live the more numerous are the ties that bind us to earth.

The scoundrel is one who subordinates all public ends to his private interests.
Listen to the winds; they are either fresh or salt, if you can but imagine it.

Holiness is love weling up in the heart, and pouring forth crystal streams.
Weak and wicked are the two worst things that anybody can be charged with.

Hypocrisy is a hard game to play at, for it is one deceiver against many observers.
It is all right to say blow your own horn, but some men haven't any horn to blow.

Self-respect unbalanced by respect for others degenerates into egotism and pride.
The man with rheumatism has no patience with the giddy young folks who dance.

The reason why all the works of nature are so impressive is because they represent ideas.
Nothing but the infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life.

You may as well separate burning and shining from fire as works from faith.
When talking to common-place people it is common sense to make use of common words.

His size, weight, color of hair and eyes—even his intellect—No; but his heart, yes.
Where all are foolish, the sage is no better than the fool, and only rather more dangerous.

A fool is not necessarily a man without any sense, but one without the right kind of sense.
A soft, low voice is a good thing in a woman, but she ought not to use a good thing too much.

The saint is one in whom both the sensibility and the will are subject to unselfish motives.
Dollars are of little worth unless one has sense enough to change them into something useful.

Because your trouble was occasioned by your own faults does not make it any the easier to bear.
Practice makes perfect, but the perfection resulting from piano practice is tough on the neighbors.

How many pages in the volume of life we should fill differently, if only the leaves would turn back.
If there is anything harder than being polite when you don't feel like it, we don't know what it is.

To work without using your brains, is like washing dishes in cold water—you must take more time and muscle.
Nothing else gives life such a relish and courage such an edge as the sight of new truth and the experience of fresh love.

When a child has been punished after voluntary confession, the confession will be apt to come after punishment next time.

HORSE NOTES.

—Stockton, Cal., has a kite-shaped track.

—Johnston, 2.03 does not seem to be as hard to beat as his record.

—John S. Campbell, who has been quite sick, is mending rapidly.

—Nearly \$300,000 was played into the pool-box at Cleveland recently.

—Happy Bee, 2.17, is the fastest 4-year-old that has appeared this season.

—Temple Bar, the ruled off horse, will be sent back to the blue grass country.

—A match race between Kingston and Tenny at a mile and a furlong is talked of.

—Hal Pointer has been beaten but in one race—by Chapman, at Rochester, in 1888.

—The 2-year-old pacer Pussy Cat was given a trial mile in 2.22 at Buffalo recently.

—A \$400 trotter was sold at auction for \$12 recently by an Oakland, Cal., pound-keeper.

—At Independence, Iowa, recently, Incas, 2.22, by Incas, lowered his record to 2.19.

—Belle Hamlin's defeat by Nancy Hanks at Buffalo in 2.10 surprised Buffalo horsemen.

—Blue Belle, 2.20, by Blue Bull, has trotted sixty-five heats between her record and 2.3.

—Lady Sheridan, pacing record 2.19, was bred in Nova Scotia. She is by Snell's Phil Sheridan.

—Ed Rosewater, 2-year-old pacing record of 2.20, got a mark recently as a 4-year-old of 2.10.

—The Monmouth Park Association has surrendered Mondays and Fridays to the Gutenberg people.

—Miss Alice was well thought of for the Charter Oak \$10,000 stake. She worked an easy mile in 2.18 recently.

—W. Bradbury, of San Francisco, claims to have discovered and purchased the dam of Little Albert, 2.19.

M. F. Dwyer is a power in the racing world with three such horses as Longstreet, Kingston and Raceband.

—The pacer William M. Singery won the free-for-all pacing race at Joliet, Ill., recently in 2.23, 2.23, 2.24.

—A gelding out of Jay-Eye-See's dam was, at last accounts, one of a team of work-horses at Woodburn Farm.

—It is said the Rapold Bros. were offered \$10,000 for the 2-year old filly Promenade after she won her first stake at Saratoga.

—The black gelding Black Diamond, 2.19, by Pegasus, dam Lady Taylor, by Cooper's, Stockbridge Chief, died recently at Goshen, Ind.

—During the thirty-days meeting, which ended at Brighton Beach recently, 211 races were run, in which 419 different horses competed.

—Thirteen American trotters with records better than 2.30 took part in a recent meeting at Hamburg, Germany.

—T. H. McGraw owner of Pickpans and Wonder, resides at Poughkeepsie, and has a stock farm at Bay City, Mich.

—Crit Davis seems to be winning all his races in the Kentucky circuit. He won six out of nine races at Harrodsburg.

—Michael Lochman was seriously injured in the steeplechase at Jerome Park, his mount Little Mc Gowan, falling while running through the field.

—Andy Mc Dowell has purchased Scota Girl for Mr. Marcus Daly. He says that he will hook her double with Yolo Maid and pace against any team in the country for big money.

—Simon Long, employed at the Providence Mill, Cecil country, Md., owns a full brother to Pretty Belle, 2.26, which he drives on the road, and is always ready for a brush.

—The 4-year-old filly, Her Highness, was purchased by Milton Young, but by Charles Reed & Sons for their Fairview Stud. It is Mr. Reed's intention to breed him to Exile.

—It is likely that W. H. Mc Carthy will soon sever connection with the Brookdale Stable as trainer. A. J. Joyner is spoken of as likely to succeed him.

—The brood-mare Neclarine, by William Welsh, dam Lady Mc Kinney, dam of Nil Desperandum, 2.24, etc., died at Woodburn Farm recently of fatty degeneration of the heart.

—J. Malcolm Forbes, Boston, has purchased the chestnut gelding, Wilkin, 2.27, foaled 1881, by Abdallah West, dam Rosa Wilkerson, by Humbold, from George H. Hicks, Boston, Mass.

—Potomac will not be seen again on the turf until late in the fall, if then. He has sprung a tendon in one of his forelegs, and thus, with the bad condition of his feet renders a rest necessary.

Alvin and Rosalind Wilkes have each trotted in 2.15 in a race this season. Alvin did his at Cleveland recently, while the Wilkes mare did the trick at Buffalo last week, beating Alvin.

—Direct, who made a pacing record of 2.15 at Cleveland recently, has a trotting record of 2.18. Minnie R. and Jewett are the only other horses that have records at both gait better than 2.30.

—Two new registers are expected soon to be given to the public—"The Pacing Register," published by the National Pacing Horse Company, at Cleveland O., and the "Moran Register," published by Joseph Battell, of Middlebury, Vt.

—Speaking of Longstreet, M. F. Dwyer says: "He is the greatest horse that I have ever owned, better than Duke Blackburn, or George Kinney, or Miss Woodford, or Hanover, or Kingston—better than any and all of them."