TELLING FORTUNES.

- Fil tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad,
 For you to acc-pt or refuse;
 The one of them good, the other one bad;
 Now hear them, and say which you choose.
- I see by my gifts within reach of my hand, A fortune right fair to behold; A house and a bundred good acres of land, With harvest fields yellow as good.
- I see a great orchard with boughs hanging With apples russet and red; I see droves of cattle, some white and sor brown, But all of them sleek and well fed.
- I see droves of swallows about the barn door, See the fanning mill "hirling so fast, I see them threshing wheat on the floor— And now the bright picture has past.
- And I see rising dismally up in the place
 Of the beautiful house and the land,
 A man with a fire-red nose on his face,
 And a little brown jug in his hand.
- Ot if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish That he were less wretched to see; For his boot toes they gape like the mouth of a And his trousers are out at the knee.
- In walking he staggers now this way now that, And his eyes they stand out like a bug's, And he wears an old coat and a battered-in
- And I think that the fault is the jug's. For the text says the drunkard shall come to
- he poor, And that drowsiness clothes men with rags, And he doesn't look much like a man, I am Who has honest hard cash in his bags.
- Now which will you choose? to be thrifty and snug.
 And be right side up with your dish.
 Or go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug.
 And your shoes like the mouth of a fish? -ALICE CARY.

ROUND MOTHER'S KNEE.

M. B. MANWELL.

"Tell us about when you were a little girl, mother, please!" was the chorus.

Outside, it rained hopelessly. In-doors, it was afternoon, and all the games had been played over and over again; all the picture-books looked at; one or two little quarrels begun and patched up. Still, the rain kept the little ones prisoners.

"Well, my dears," said mother, seeing there was no hope of anything else; "I must sit down to my basket of unmended stockings, but I daresay I can talk and mend at the same time. "Let me stand next mother," said Ed y, pushing Johnny and there was an out cry for place between the little

"Father always says, "Gentlemen after the ladies," remarked Rosie, screwing uo her chubby face, as she mimicked father's voice and look.

There was a general laugh at the small maid's aptness, but Eddy and Johnny, with rather red faces, stepped back at once, to let their little sisters stand closer.

"Now," said mother cheerfully, "is it to be a funny story, or what?" "Oh, somefing dreadful, please, mammy," lisped Ollie, the youngest;

'we likes dreadful things best,' "Well, a very dreadful thing once happened when I was quite a little girl, just like you, Ollie; it was a fire!" The children pressed to close that mother was nearly stifled.

1 lived with Aunt Betsy, you know, in those days, 'she went on, "and you also know that I had no little brothers nor sisters. In the big house, with many rooms and many stairs, there was only one pair of small feet to trot about, and they belonged to little, lonely me."

"Why didn't Aunt Betsy buy another child?" asked Rosie, with astonished, round eyes; "she had ought to have done that. "You shouldn't say 'had ought to' !"

ada onished Johnny; "and they don't

it was the sweetest of kittens-grey. like this sock, with lovely small stripes; its mother was a French cat " "Are French cats dressed better than

ours?" asked Rosie. "You mesn, is their fur prettier?

This one's certainly was.' "I shouldn't have liked that kitten." remarked Johnny, decidedly. "It would have wanted to be talked to in French, I guess." Johnny was a little boy who hated French verbs.

No; it seemed to know every word I said, and I christened it Fluffy. All day long we were together, and at night Fluffy slept in my little bed."

"Did you sleep in a room by your-self?" interrupted Eddy, a little boy who hated the dark as much as Johnny hated French verbs.

"Yes, in a small room next to Aunt Betsy's. But after I got Fluffy I didn't mind, for I was always so busy hushing him that I dropped off to sleep myself. One night Fluffy was particularly good. He closed his eyes in the prettiest way, and fell asl ep with his little head on my shoulder. Then I suppose I went to sleep. The next thing that happened was a very loud noise that awoke me. It was quite light in the room, and patter, patter sounded something on the window. It's a thunderstorm, I said to myself. Now, I was not afraid of thunder, but I knew Fluffy couldn't bear it, so I drew his head under the clothes. The room seemed to get lighter, everything looking quite red. The noise outside became louder, and all the people that lived in our street seemed to have come out of doors, for I could hear loud

talking and shouting.
"Fluffy," said I at last, "I think
we'd better get up and hide under the bed until the thunder goes away," and we did so. We crept right under, and

there we waited, Fluffy and L." "If there was thender, now mother. I'd run and hide my head in your

gown," said Ollie "Yes, dear, of course; but, you see, I'd no mother's go vn to hide in, and Aunt Betsy would not have liked a child to worry her, so the kitten and I had to comfort each other under the

"The storm seemed to last a long time, and I should have fallen asleep only Fluffy was so restless, and I was afraid he might escape out of my arms. Presently I got great fright; I heard somebody come tramping into the seemed to be calling for someone who

" 'Mee-ow mee-ow!' began Finffy, but I squeezed him very tight and he

"Why, there's a cat somewheres," said a hoarse voice. 'Come out, puss, we may as well save you; but where can the child be, mate?

" 'Mee-ow! mee-ow!' " 'The cat's under the bed,' said another choky voice, and a great hand felt under the vallance, seizing my

shoulder. "'Hilloa, what's this? 'Tain't a cat, nowhow,' and I was dragged out. The room seemed to be fall of smok , but I could see two big men-soldiers, as I thought-for they'd shining brass helmets.

"'Oh, prease, soldiers, don't take away my Kitty, I sobbed, squeeezing

Fluffy to me.

" 'Poor little soul! we sha'n't hurt very careful." you nor the Kitty' and one of the men tied a wet towel round my mouth, to my terror. He was going to kill me, I felt myself listed up in strong arms, tor?" but still I held Fluffy tightly. Presently, there was a rush of cold air; we seemed to be outside somewhere on the roof. In fact, children, it was no thunderstorm, but a fire, and the soldiers were firemen. Everyone had been saved out of the burning house, Aunt Betsy in a swoon; when she came to herself she asked for "the chi d." then the firemen became aware that I of them and have you taken to the hos-Two brave men rushed back into the will go sloshing around the way you flames, and by means of Fluffy's faint do. . was intending to go to the theacries discovered me.

"When they appeared with me on the roof, the flames darting round us, and the water from the engines patterpattering on us, there was a great pox. cheer from the crowd below, then a sudden hush, as they watched me being slipped down the fire-escape.

and sound in my little nightdress, clutching Fluffy tight, there was a louder cheer, and everybody wanted shoulder."

'And wasn't Fluffy hurt either?" asked Eddy.

"Yes, just the tip of his tail had been burnt by a flame, but that was all-" "Please 'm, it's five o'clock, tea's quite ready, and the cake in the oven soon as possible." have rose beautiful," announced Jane, putting her head in at the door, and, mother's story being ended, the children trooped off, eager to make short work of the hot tea-cakes.

SULPHUR MINING IN A CRATOR.

Mouvel Los Tanos of Chihuahua, Mexico, has been visiting friends in this city recently. Mr. Los Tanos is a Mexican mining engineer. He told of his descent into the crater of Popocatepetl, the volcano which is now practically extinct.

"I went down into the crater of the mountain further probably than any of water in your bare feet. It's a won- lately, as seriously and historically other man, to examine the sulphur mines," said the young Spaniard. "Very of 30." few persons of the United States have "O-o even made the ascent of this mountain. It is worse than climbing the Matterhorn. It costs about \$50 in the first place, takes several days and is very exhausting. I was let down into the crater the same way that the Mexican miners who dug sulphur at this elevation of 18,000 feet-by means of a windlass and a rope. The mouth of the crater is more than half a mile across. The mine is owned by General Ochoa, who lives in the City of Mexico. I saw there and examined carefully thousands of tons of the purest salphur ever mined.

"When Cortez and his soldiers visited known mountain like Popocatepetl and ther descend into a crater like the mouth of that volcano. I think, everything considered, it beats anything I have ever heard of in history or fiction. The natives who gather the sulphur now only secure small packages of it, which they fasten to their backs. They then slide down the snow on the mountern after the manner of the woodcutters of France. For this venturesome work they get about twenty cents a day."-- Kansas City Times.

Nine Solemn Owls.

Here is a row of the queerest creatures imaginable, nine solemn owls, whose monkeylike faces—they are well named -are usually enough to cause a general laugh among the beholders. This broad of owls are raised from one that was given to the museum, with the aid of a couple that were taken from the towers of the Smithsonian building. They are not as a rule indigenous to this climate, abounding in such States as Florida and Texas; but of late there have been several broods discovered here. They are about the size of a large dove, of a light brown or snuff color, and they spend most of their time standing on one leg apiece, apparently asleep. But they are not, usually, for it is said by the keepers that each and every one of them has its eyes fixed on a certain small hole in the floor just in front of the perch.

Through this hole it is the misfortune of rats to wander occasionally, but they never go back, for at the first glimpse of a rat each of those nine owls dives down to the hole, and in another minute poor rat has furnished a meal for one of them. It is related that one day a mink escaped from one of the cages and there was a stampede of rate all through the build-A hundred at least tried to escape from the ravenous animal through this hole, but as fest as one would put its head up into the opening it would be nabbed by one of the waiting nine. The owls had more to eat that day than they ever had since .- [Washington Star.

THERE is a kind of aid which it is mmoral for a friend to give and equally immoral for another to receive; it is the aid which takes the place of work we ought to have done, some energy we ought to have put forth, some strength and power of character we ought to have attained.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSEK

By Mrs. Bowser.

When I have a sick headache I know exactly what will happen when Mr. Bowser reaches home. He will let himself in at the front door, hang up his coat and hat, walk through to the sit-

ing-room and seeing me on the lounge with my head tied up will gaze at me for a full minute without speaking. Then he will finally remark:

"Didn't I tell you so?" "What?" "You got your feet wet."

"Oh, no, Mr. Bowser." "Then you went out bareheaded, or ou have been eating ice-cream or some

other balderdash." "On the contrary, I have been very,

"Oh, yes, you women are always very, very careful. If a giant was to expose himself the way you do he'd felt sure, and I shut my eyes; then, I be dead in six months. Had the doc-

"No."

fever get hold of you, don't you? about it? What's Dr .--- 's telephone number?" "Don't call a doctor. My head is

ull right tomorrow." "Well, if you are not I'll call two was somewhere in the u per room. pital. I have no pity on any one who tre, and here I come home and find you flattened out, perhaps to develop a case of yellow fever or small- boil on your leg?"

Mr. Bowser goes tramping around to find fault with his supper, with the next man." cook, with the baby, with the furnace "When I stood on the ground safe and with everything else which he hap- insinpens to think of, and the evening is

rendered very cheerful and happy. to clap the brave firemen on the street when Mr. Bowser gets off the car I can tell whether he has a headache or not. He comes slumping along, ing. arms hanging down, e es on the sidewalk, and as I open the door for him he growls out:

"Lemme git on to that lounge as

"Why, what's the matter?" "I'm next door to death!"

"Have you been hurt, Mr. Bowser?"

of my head is loose. I think I am dy-I help him off with his coat, get him on to the lounge, pull off his gaiters, tuck him up, and then I can't heip say-

ing: "Didn't I tell you so?" "W-what?" "You've been careless again. You at in your office with your feet out of ice on your lap, or stood in a puddle repeated in almost every newspaper than to call him a hypocrite and a tyder to me that any man lives to the age tru, that the blood of Rizzio remained

"O-o-o-oh!" he groans. "That's it! Got the black plague or the Asiatic cholera hold of you, probably! I was going over to Mrs. Cato's tonight to a progressive euchre, but this spoils it all. I'll have three doctors up after tea, and have the am-

bulance come at the same time." Then Mr. Bowser sheds tears, and I go and he ta brick for his feet, tie 2. towel around his head, send baby up ly, Darnley was faithless to his fellowstairs and stop the clock so that nothing may annoy him.

I don't suppose that one husb nd in a hundred sets out to find fault around gether of the royal couple kept Mary that country they needed sulphur for the house. It's just their way, you sell children in shops, miss."

"Gently, gently," said mother, her needle going in and out of the heel of one of Johnny's socks. "Instead of a a vast amount of nerve to go up an unneedle going in an and out of the heel of the first time in its history, the natives said. I tell you it must have taken a vast amount of nerve to go up an unneedle going in and out of the heal of the said. I tell you it must have taken as a vast amount of nerve to go up an unneedle going in and out of the heal of the said. I tell you it must have taken as a vast amount of nerve to go up an unneedle going in and out of the heel of the said. I tell you it must have taken as a vast amount of nerve to go up an unneedle going in and out of the heel of the said. I tell you it must have taken as a vast amount of nerve to go up an unneedle going in and out of the heel of the heel of the said. I tell you it must have taken as a vast amount of nerve to go up an unneedle going in and out of the heel of the he know. They are boss, and they feel impressed on the minds of their wives. Holyrood again. Moreover, so far No husband is ever to blame for any from being revengeful, Mary failed in accident about the house. The wife that rough cruel age because she had always is. For instance, a water pipe not the harshness to destroy proven down in the basement burst the other traitors and unscrupulous enemies when

"Why, no one." "Yes, they did! Water-pipes don't bust without help! Some of you have been knocking on that pipe with s hammer."

I went down and showed him that us could possibly reach it, but he re-

"Well, some of you are certainly to blame for it. That's the way-the his mistress! minute I leave the house something happens! Now we shall have a plumber around here for a week or a portion of the soul of Mary Stuart is more, with a bill of forty or fifty reincarnated in Lady Caithness's own

dollars!" The back kitchen door had to be taken off its hinges and planed off a little, and in rehanging it Mr. Bowser in the lower hinge. The cook found day, after he had got home to dinner, the door fell askew, as might have been expected.

"Now, what have you done!" shouted Mr. Bowser to me as the cook came in and reported.

"I-I didn't break the door." "You didn't! Then who did?" "You didn't put the screws back

when you rehung it." "I didn't! I'll bet you a billion doliars I did. You or the cook went deliberately to work and took those thing. It is a wonder we have a roof left over our heads. Next thing you'll be knocking down some of the partition walls."

One day a center-piece on one of the bedroom ceilings fell to the floor. Knowing Mr. Bowser's peculiarities I left matters untouched until he came home to dinner.

"This is a nice state of affairs?" he exclaimed, as he looked into the bed-"Why didn't you knock all the chim-

neys off the house while you were about it?" "What did I have to do with it, Mr.

Did I do it? Did baby do it? Did in an antique armoire there is a most some of 'he neigbors come in and knock it down with a crowbar?" "It fell because it was poorly put

ap in the first p.ace." "It fell, M.s. Bowser, because you got the step-ladder and climbed up got the step-ladder and climbed up interesting that her own theory as to through the scuttle-hole and went the fascinating personality that rules walking across the joists in the attic. her spirit is not too ridiculous. I expect to come home any day and and the house in rnins."

But Mr. Bowser goes even further than this sometimes. One day a high wind blew down a portion of the back fence, and when he came home he stood and gazed at the wreck for a moment and then turned on me with: "Well, what less could have been ex-

pectad?" "What do you mean, Mr. Bowser?" "Oh, it's all right! You just keep on and see how you will come out!"

"But did I blow that fence down, Mr. Bowser?" "Did I? You were here all the time. You say it was the wind, but where are your proofs? Why didn't "That's it! Want to let the typhoid you wreck the barn while you were

And one evening when he came home looking out of sorts and I asked much better than it was, and I shall be him if anything was wrong he snapped me up with: "Boil coming on my leg!"

"That's too bad." "Yes-um-I understand!" "What do you mean, Mr. Bowser?" "Never you mind. You keep right

on and see where you will end. "But am I to blame that you have s "It's all right, Mrs. Bowser. I can

"Mr. Bowser, you don't mean to

"That's all right. Just keep right away from me! I have long had my If I happen to be looking down the suspicions, and this confirms them. I'll look over my accounts tonight and have a plain talk with you in the morn-

A STATUE of Mary Queen of Scots has been offered to the city of Edinburgh by the Countess of Caithness, having been previously offered to and refused by the Municipality of Paris. Lady Caithness thought that Mary Ltuart, as a Queen Consort, of France, "No. Got a headache. Whole top had a claim to a place in the heart of the country where all the brief happiness of her sad life was enjoyed. But the French bave sent her image, as they sent herself, to the Scotch subjects whom she found so hard and so cold. Perhaps even in E-linburgh her statue will not be welcomed, for injustice i still done often to her memory. and the legend of the blood of Rizzio a Holyrood has just revived such an the window, or you held a chunk of unjust prejudice. The tale has been on the boards on which it was shed at Holyrood, by the express orders of Queen Mary, that she might remember | stops. to avenge it. But who could believe

Immediately after the death of Rizments by the conspirators. But she mists. succeeded in showing Darnley his blunder in joining in a plot aimed at her life and that of their child. Prompt- still. conspirators, as he had previously been to his wife, and he a ded in her escape from the palace. This elopement toout of Holyrcod for weeks after the death of Rizzio. All the fresh traces of that murder would thus be cleared day. Mr. Bowser got home just as 1 they were in her power. Not one perwas about to telephone him. "Pipe busted! Who busted it?" he murder of Rizzio in the Sovereign's shouled, as he pulled off his overcoat. presence; and utimately every one of the conspirators engaged in this dis-graceful scene was freely forgiven by Mary, excepting only the trooper who had held a pistol against her own side. and he was not punished, but merely compelled to continue in banishment. Yet in face of these facts the hasty the leak was at a point where none of newspaper reader of to-day is led to suppose that it is actual history that blood of Rizzio remained un washed

to deliberately nourish the revenge of The Countess of Caithness is a very remarkable woman. She believes that person. It is only a portion of the soul, however, which she claims to possess. She believes that at this moment the soul of that Queen animates five different bodies! The theory of got in a hurry and only put one screw reincarnation, which the Blavatskyites in the lower hinge. The cook found adduce as a novelty, is, of course, only the others and laid them aside. One a theory of one of the oldest of religions - Buddhism. But, as far as I know, Lady Caithness is original in her idea that one soul may blossom forth in after-incarnations divided into several personalities, as a number of roses spring from one root. Lady Caithness resides in Paris. She was born at Madrid, the daughter of a Spanish father and an English mother, and married, in the first place, the Spanish grandee whose title is now borne by her son—the Duke de Medina-Pomar. Her second marriage was with deliberately to work and took those the Earl of Caithness, who is also now screws out in order to destroy somedead. It was in his ancestral home that it was revealed to Lady Caithness, in some supernatural manner, that she is a portion of the soul of Mary Queen of Scots. From that time the Countess devoted herself to collecting relies of Mary. In the magnificent house in the centre of the Boulevard Malesherbes fortune, that we sometimes place to the where Lady Caithness now resides, there is a stately chamber appropriated to Mary Queen of Scots. It is hung with fine ancient tapestries, and fur-nished in antique fashion, so as to be as much as possible like a room that might have been occupied by the Queen in the day of her regal state. A beautiful picture of Mary Stuart, in bridal robes, painted in her early youth, about the time of her marriage with

"Weren't you right here all the time! King Francis, hangs in the room; and interesting collection of well-authenticated relics of the unfortunate Queen. Lady Caithness—haif-Spanish superstition, half-English philosophy-is herself of a stately and imposing beauty, and is altogether so uncommon and so

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The born liar can't belp it. There is value in experiment.

Love is mutual understanding. They most assume who know the

Idleness is the nurse of naughti-

Hyprocrisy is a sort of social trea-Proverbs are literature on the halfshell.

It is a poor mule that won't work both ways. Never let a woman know she is not pretty.

A poor man saved by thee shall make thee rich. A sick man helped by thee shall make

thee strong. Light a cigarette and see the under-

taker smile. Benedicence-the salt of all earthly possersions.

Pride requires very costly food-its

keeper's bappiness. A man with a lot of money is generally satisfied with his lot. The reward of one duty done is the see through a mill-stone as far as the

power to fulfil another. Magnanimity owes no account to prudence of is motives.

Nature is the master of talent, genius | eral hundred horses there to get recis the master of Nature. How quickly Nature falls to revolt

when gold be comes her object. There is never jealousy where there is not strong regard.

Roses and thorns grow on the same bush-and close together. In lending money to the Lord always be sure of your middlemen.

He who knows right principles is not equal to him who loves them. & Co. Etiquette is the invention of wise men

to keep fools at a distance. The test of every system, political or educational, is the men it forms. He who despises mankind will never

get the best out of hims if or others. Thou shalt thyself be served by every lease of service thou hast rendered. To be happy is not the purpose for

which you were place! in the world. Labor 1s the divine law of our existence; repose is desertion and suicide. What can you say of a man worse

To be properly appreciated one's or-

However great some men's abilthis who knows the simple truth of the ities are, their liabilities are always greater.

The self-made man is always an opzio, Mary was imprisoned in her apart- timist. His friends are usually pessi-

Our acts our angels are, of good or ill, our fatal shadows that walk by us The man who "knows it all"

wouldn't be such a bad fellow if he kept it to himself. No idle word thou speakest but is a

seed cast into time, and grows through all eternity. Let your zeal begin with yourself, you may with justice extend it to your

Home is next to the last place a man can go. If he can't go home, he goes to the dogs. The turn in the long road traveled by

neighbor.

most men is usually the turn into the cemetery. By the time a man realizes that he is a fool it is usually too late to realize on

his realizations. It is always safe to mistrust the man who gives you his confidence the first day he meets you.

If everybody knew what one said of nother, there would not be four friends left in the world. When it comes to making proselytes, the devil understands his business better

than anybody else. General tidiness not only pays on its own account, but because to be tidy is to be economical.

Honesty is the best policy, because it is the only policy which insures against loss of character.

We are apt to fall into relapses; wherefore we had better overcome our serrow than delude it. The trouble with the young is that

they do not do as the old folks advise, but as they have done. Just as soon as a man loses all his property, then we all recollect at once

that he was always a fool. A man should grapple to his friends with hooks of steel. He need have no fear of losing his enemies. It is the work of a philosopher to be

every day subduing his passions and laying aside his prejudices. The intellect has only one failing, which, to be sure, is a very considerable one. It has no conscience.

It is easier to make two men who are in the right, change their minds, than it is one, who is in the wrong.

fortune, that we sometimes place to the credit or luck of misfortune.

Many a garden seen from a distance looks fresh and green, which, when beheld closely, is dismal and weedy. A man never feels the loss of things

which it never occurs to him to ask for; he is just as happy without them. If a man wants to learn just how popular he is let him have it published that he has inherited a large fortune.

HORSE NOTES.

-John H. Wallace has retired to his farm at Oak Grove, Pa.

-Ed Corrigan will winter his horses at the Bascombe track Mobile, Ala.

-Jockey Martin has signed a contract to ride for Eugene Leigh next year. -August Belmont has bought from W. C. Daly the fast mare Glory, by the Ill-Used, dam Mehallah.

--F. Gebhard has engaged Frank McCabe to go to California to try a number of yearlings against time. -Lamplighter and Pickbocket have

been sold to J. W. Rodgers, trainer for S. S. Brown, at private terms. -Zoe B, 2 17}, the famous daughter of Blue Bul, will be sent from Ger-

many to be bred to Allerton, 2.091 -C. J. Hamlin has bred Princess Chimes, by Chimes out of Estabella, dam of Prince Regent, 2.161, to Mambrino King.

-Colonel North, the Nitrate King of England, has made five entries for the Cuicago Derby of 1893, the Columbian Exposition year.

-Ralph Wilkes, by Rad Wilkes, has scored a record of 2.18 at Independence. Ia., being the second two-year-old to tie the record of supol at that age.

-Starter Chinn gave Rogan \$100 fine and suspended him indefinitely at Garfield recently. Jockey Prane was also given indefinit: suspension.

-Sidney is only 10 years old. He has a record of 2 20 himself, and seven of his get have entered the 2 20 list. Two of them are trotters and five pacers. -The kite track at Independence,

the weather permits as there are sev--John Reamer offers to match Major Flowers and mate to trot a race, mile

Iowa, will be kept in shape as long as

heats, best three in five, with any double team in Philadelphia, for \$500 -A half interest in Captain S. S. Brown's horses has be n bought by Trainer J. W. Codgers. Next year

they will race under the name of Brown

-Lady, a black mare by a son of Cassius Clay, dropped a filly colt at the Willowdale Farm, Crown Point, Ind., recently. The filly is by Almont Brunswick 11,290.

-Jack Stewart, a graduate of Palo Alto Stock Farm, has engaged with Will J. Davis, of Chicago, and will hereafter have charge of the standard animals at Willowdale.

-The great pacer, Dallas, 2.111, owned by Michael McCormack, of Pitesburg, strained the muscles of his hind leg at Beaver, Pa., recently, and is said to be in a very bad way. -Walter Cutting, of Pittsfie

Mass., has purcha-ed from W. J. Bull-

ock, of Williamstown, Mass., the fiveyear-old stallion Aristides, 2.281, by Red Wilkes, dam by Almont. -Belle Onward, 2 23. made at Independence, Ia., recently has been purchase I by Charles P. Rannels, of Jack-

sonville, Ind., for \$5000. She will be kept in training. —Belle Hamlin (2.12%), Henrietta (2.17%), Nightingale (2.17%), Globe (2.19%), and Justina (2.20) have been sent to Village Farm to be turned out for the balance of the season.

-Ben Franklin, 2 ?9, the handsome son of Daniel Lambert, 13 still "King of Morgans," having more 230 performers to his credit than any other Morgan stallion at the same age. -Alix, 2.16½, by Patronage, holds the fastest record for a 3-year-old mare

outside of California, Sunol being the only 3-year-old filly in the world with a record faster than hers. -Milton Young and George Cadwallader, Lexington, Ky., have sold to P. Dunn, of Memphis, the bay 2-year-old colt Content, by Onondago, dam imp.

Happy Sally 22, for \$12,000 -Brice Steel has sold the 4-year-old bay filly Nina Archer, by Hindoo, dam Morgan Girl, to John E. Madden, of Lexington, Ky., for \$2500. She will be sent to Guttenburg to race this winter. -Pike Barnes and Tiny Williams,

the well-known jockeys who have been

giving the Chicago bookmakers a severe

tussle of late, are going to invest part of their winnings in a saloon in the windy city. -The transfers of borse flesh are estimated to amount to \$2,000,00) in Vermont the past year, and horse-raising now takes precedence of all other ani-

mal industries in the Green Mountain -No season has eclipsed the present one in the matter of 2-year-olds. In fact, there have never been on the turf at one time such three youngters as Monbars, 2 13; Arion, 2.142, and Ralph Wilkes, 2.211.

-The secretary of the Australian Jockey Club is paid an annual salary of \$5000, the handicapper \$2500, while the starter is obliged to subsist on \$1750, and the judge places the horses for the modest sum of \$1250.

-Bude Doble has gone into winter quarters at Terre Hante Ind., with the best performers in his stable. These include Nancy Hanks (2.09), McDoel (2.15½), Graylight (2.16½) and several others that have not beaten 2 20. -Three Anteeos have entered the

list in California within six weeks-Myrtie, 2.193: Maudee, 2.243, and Sunset, 2.29}, A 2-year-old Auteeo trotter, Don Lot, went a mile in 2,33. There is now six of the get of Anteeo in the 'charmed circle."

-The Gloucester track will shortly be improved by lengthening the back stretch so as to do away with the curve at the start of the five furlong races. The back stretch will be extended over 200 yards, giving the sprinters a chance for good starts and