

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Our acts make or mar us. Industry is a good estate. Diligence is a fair fortune. Choose justice rather than wit. Choose sincerity rather than show. Man is a substance clad in shalows. We are the children of our own deeds. Kindness will melt and reproof harden. A mans nature runs either to herbs or weeds. Joy is good only when it comes unbidden. There never was a good war nor a bad peace. Style in writing is like style in dress—a good fit. Mind is never put into opposition to gray matter. The beautiful hidden virtues are the most lovely. Peace and rest are found only after struggle and effort. The dawn, like the life of a child, is fresh and bright. Endeavor to think high thoughts, pure and good. No one can disregard with impunity the proprieties of life. Friendship at the highest height is stronger than love. Where the sun does not go, there goes the doctor. Happiness and grief are represented by hope and anxiety. If youth be a defect, it is one we out grow only too soon. When a cunning man brags his fingers everybody shouts for joy. The first of all gospel is this, that a man cannot endure forever. Those who plot the destruction of others often fall themselves. A few brains in a mans head are as noisy as shot in a blown-up bladder. What only the few can attain cannot be the real end or the highest good. When you want to see the crooked made straight, look at a railroad map. Manners carry the world for a moment, character for all times. The jealous man is never grogessive; he insists only on holding his own. The true friend stands up for you in public and sits down on you in private. We consider it tedious to talk of the weather, and yet there is nothing more important. Calumny would soon starve and die of itself if nobody took it in and gave it lodging. If you would not have affliction visit you twice listen at once to what it teaches. At the present rate of legal fees none but a wealthy man can keep his own counsel. The more money a man has the more his glaring faults become odd little peculiarities. The devil doesnt care how solemn a man looks if he forgets his religion when trading horses. The laziest boy in school is seen closest to the head of the procession when the circus is in town. There are those who cant laugh with impunity; if they are not stiff and solemn they are nothing. Great men should only allow their most trusty friends to see them in their hours of relaxation. A man of talent can make a whistle out of a pigs tail, but it takes a man of genius to make the tail. Young man, you cant learn anything by hearing yourself talk, but you may possibly by hearing others. When some actors play a part we are often impelled to wish they would play apart from public observation. It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust. The heart of true womanhood knows where its own sphere is, and never seeks to stray beyond it. A lofty spirit comes before a fall, but ordinary spirits are usually consumed after cold weather sets in. That relating to our hearts and habits, cannot be torn away, like the lichen from the trees, without leaving a scar. Life, notwithstanding all, is a beautiful gift, so much depending on how it is accepted and afterward preserved. We can be good workers for the Lord and successful fruit bearers for his glory without having the pick of places. There are numerous individuals in the land who look upon what they have not as the only things worth having. There are lots of people in this world whom you can blow up like a bladder, and then kick them as high as you please. If some men had the nine lives of a cat they would waste them all in folly and then have nine death-bed repentances. You can find hypocrites in the church, but when you want one quickly you can find him a great deal easier outside of it. Treat all men and women considerately, and you will be surprised at the dividends that will come to you, daily and yearly. The man who is humble in prosperity and brave in adversity is as much above the reach of fortune as an angel above temptation. The wages of sin is death. Its a long time to wait for ones wages, but no doubt people will go right on sinning until the end of time. When a man throws away the strap around his pocket-book as soon as he gets the church, it is a pretty sure sign that he has religion.

THE YOUNG RECITER.

KINDS THAT ARE WANTED. WANTED—A boy that is manly and just. One that you feel you may honor and trust. Who cheerfully shoulders what life has to him. Its business and pleasure, or troublesome things. Whose eye meets your own with a shadow of fear. No wife on the face that is open and clear. Straightforward in purpose, and ready to push. For a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Who naturally turns from a something to gain. If it brings to another a sorrow or pain; Who is willing to hold what is right over dear; Who does all he can with a heart that is true; He is wanted, that boy, whatever his state. Wanted—a girl, not a butterfly gay, Who is gentle and sweet in a womanly way; No beautiful picture, so languid and fair; He is wanted, that boy, whatever his state. But one in whose heart there is hidden true worth. Who faithfully follows her mission on earth, Hopeful and earnest in helping and giving. Finds plenty to do in the life she is living. Filling its duties with quiet content, Whose converse is pleasant, just as they are sent; In the garb of a queen, or in homespun arrayed. Whatever her station—is needed that maid. Mrs. Logan's Home Journal.

THE PORTRAIT.

Before I left home in America my mother called me to her. "You are going to England, Robin, my dear," she said. "You will see your father's people. It will be a new experience to you. You will see the place where he was born, and portraits of his ancestors. Now, he is a very old family; but mine, as you know, is only mine is French. We were titled people. A ancestor of mine was a Count—the Count Jouvain. He was a splendid creature, I am told, but in his youthful days a little wild. Dear, dear, he lived nearly two hundred years ago; but my grandmother had old letters that he had written, and his watch and his miniature. The family fled to America during that awful revolution, and there is no title now; but, remember, you are as well-born on your mother's side as on your father's. "I think I will give you the portrait of the Count. You may show it to your aunts, if you like. See, I have it here," and she laid before me a little miniature set in gems—the portrait of a dark-eyed young man, with straight eyebrows, and a full chin, and something in his face that struck me as familiar, but which I did not understand, until my mother cried out: "Why, Robin, you are exactly like him! It might be your portrait." Then I saw the likeness myself. I was indeed the exact counterpart of this ancestor of mine—the wild young Count who had lived 200 years before. It delighted my mother very much to know it. I was silly enough to be pleased myself. When I left America I carried the miniature with me, and it arrived safely in England. My paternal uncle and his sisters lived in a fine old English mansion, some miles from London. I reached the house, after some hours of railway travelling, cold and weary, and ready for a good dinner; and having been admitted, I was left, for a few moments, in a large parlor, over the mantel of which hung a very old picture of an English officer. He was a young man, with stern, gray eyes, and seemed to stare down upon me from the canvas in an aggressive sort of way—so that, had he been alive, I should have expected a challenge on the spot. I supposed that he was an ancestor of mine, but he did not look friendly, and I took a terrible dislike to him, though I laughed at myself for it. Try as I would to turn my eyes from his pictured face, they wandered back again, and it was only when a voice at my elbow said, "Mr. Robin Rawden, I believe," that I averted them, and let them rest, instead, upon the smiling face of a prim old lady, who, having saluted me with a sort of courtesy, explained that she was the housekeeper, that the family were absent, having gone to a wedding, but that she would make me as comfortable as she could until their return, and would I have supper now or go to my room first? I chose supper, and having discussed it I sought my apartment, not very sorry that there was no need of doing the agreeable that night, for I was both weary and sleepy, and, consequently, stupid. The room into which I was ushered was a tremendous one, with a wide fireplace set about with a screen, and a four-post bed with curtains, in which ten persons could easily have slept. The floor was of oak, with a square rich carpet in the centre, and there were straight-legged chairs, and straight tables ranged about at intervals. All was stiff, and massive and ugly, with one exception—that exception was a picture, the portrait of a young girl with powdered hair and a very low-cut bodice, who held a half-blown rose in one hand and shaded her eyes with the other. It was an old picture, but the tints were still fresh, and the beauty of the face as soft and new and tender as though it had been painted yesterday from a living model who still awaited her seventeenth birthday instead of a couple of hundred years before, so that the belle who had sat for it might have died a withered octogenarian beyond the memory of any living man. As I looked at the face an odd fancy came upon me. I felt that I had known this girl and loved her. I felt that I loved her still. I wanted to kiss those ripe, pouting lips—to hold the little round-tipped fingers that grasped the rose. I actually found the tears in my eyes as I turned away and prepared for repose, and I put out the light with a marvellous regret at losing sight of the face that so impressed me.

"Am I falling in love with a picture?" I asked myself; and a sudden comical remembrance of Sam Weiler's young hairdresser, who conceived a tender passion for "von of the wax images" in his window, ended the matter by making me laugh aloud. Having laughed, I yawned—having yawned, I fell asleep—sleeping, I dreamed. I fancied myself not myself, but another man—in fact, my titled ancestor, the Count Jouvain. I walked up and down a long green lane, with my riding-whip in my hand; beyond, a groom held two horses, one bearing a lady's saddle. I seemed to be impatient and looked at my watch often. I expected some one—who was it? At last I knew. A step sounded on the grass; a voice called "Henri." I turned. The lady of the picture stood before me. In living presence, I saw again the sweet face, the flowing hair, the white bosom, the snowy hand, the fingers holding a rose. I rushed to meet her. I pressed a kiss upon those hands. I led her forward. I spoke to her—not in my own language. I spoke in French. I told her that from that moment I was her slave, and she wept; and I led her to the spot where the horses stood saddled and bridled, and we rode away, the moon shining down upon us, her eyes turned always upon my face. Out of this dream I was awakened with a start. It was still night. The room was dark. It was all a fool's dream, but I felt guilty and remorseful. Somehow it seemed that my conscience was troubled, and I found it impossible to sleep for a long time. At last, in the gray dawn, I once more lost consciousness. Again I slept; again I dreamed. I was standing in the midst of a lovely park. The branches were bare, the brown leaves lay scattered at my feet. Opposite me stood a tall man, with a high nose and stern gray eyes. He was armed with a sword. So was I. Two other gentlemen stood near us. Another stood a little aloof. Once more I was not myself, but the Count Jouvain. We were evidently fighting a duel, this gray-eyed Englishman and I. I did not desire to kill him, but he evidently endeavored to take my life. For a long while I merely defended myself. At last such conduct became impossible. One of us must be wounded. Human nature forbade further forbearance. My sword entered his body, and he fell backward upon the ground. I saw the blood drip from the point of my blade as I withdrew it. I heard my second mutter, "It is mort," and I heard the Englishman whisper, "Doctor, he is dead!" I turned towards the doctor, saw for a moment his grave, square face, and then awoke. I was the Count Henri Jouvain of the past century no longer. I was once more myself—Robin Rawden, an American, on a visit to his English relatives; and there was a polite knock at the door, and a calm English servant brought my aunt's love, and had I slept well, and breakfast would be ready in half an hour. When I had dressed, I had still an uncomfortable memory of my dream, as of a thing that had actually happened. I could not quite believe in my own identity, and I still felt an odd tenderness for the girl in the old picture. I looked at it long and earnestly, and I smiled upon me. "You are, doubtless, my grandmother's great-grandmother," I said, looking back over my shoulder; "but I do believe I've fallen in love with you." Then I went down stairs to be welcomed by a prim old gentleman, who announced himself as my uncle, and two old ladies in high lace caps, who were my aunts. They were kind, hospitable, cheery. They asked loving questions about my father, and they bragged a little about our good old family as if they were proud of it as themselves, and all the while the gray-eyed officer, stared sternly down upon me from his tarnished frame on the oak panelled wall. At last it was impossible to avoid speaking of him. "This is an ancestor of mine, I suppose, sir?" I said to my uncle. "Yes, yes; that was Col. James Rawden." "He doesn't look cheerful," said I. "He must have been a very unhappy man," said my uncle. "Of course, as you may guess, he lived two hundred years ago, and he died in a duel." "A duel?" I cried. "Priscilla," said my Aunt Deborah, "the gentlemen will excuse us." I arose and opened the door for the two ladies. When I had closed it my uncle went on. "Yes, Robin, this long gone ancestor of ours died in a duel. It seems that he married a beautiful girl, and was too cold and stern to win her love. She, remember, was not of our blood. Her picture hangs over the mantel piece in the room you slept in. Perhaps you remarked it? She eloped with a French nobleman. Col. Rawden followed him and fought him. The Frenchman killed him. It's a sad story. She must have been a pretty girl, and he a fine, brave fellow, but it all went wrong, somehow. Yes, yes, and though it is so long ago, one feels sorry for it yet." "Yes," said I, still repulsed by the cold, gray eyes of the picture, though I tried to soften my heart to it; "and, of course, no one knows the name of the Frenchman. It is so very long ago." "The Frenchman was the Count Henri Jouvain," said my uncle. "Why, my dear nephew, you look ill." I felt ill, but gave no explanation. But I did not speak of my mother's aristocratic ancestors during my visit to my father's relatives; and so this day I shudder when I recall my strange dream, and think of the likeness

to the Count Jouvain, the sense of identity with him which I felt even on awaking, and the passion with which the beautiful picture on the wall of my ancestral mansion inspired me, I ask myself if there can be any truth in the fancy some have entertained that one soul sometimes inhabits more than one body. For if I could have faith in this, I should believe that I, Robin Rawden, was once no other than the Count Henri Jouvain, and I do not respect that fellow, and am not pleased with the idea.

PLAIN WORDS TO HOUSEWIVES.

When you are providing warm clothing, carpets, easy chairs and the like for the comfort of your immediate family during the coming winter, enlarge your ideas of duty and remember the needs of your servants. The kitchen and their sleeping apartments, the kitchen and their machines that can keep scorching all the year round without an ache or a pain; but have harshness and sufferings that are just as real as yours and differ in degree rather than kind. To be sure there are unappreciative servants as there are such people in every station in life, but in the majority of cases—other things being equal—the man who serves the most conscientiously, with the most thoughtfulness of the comfort and well-being of those in her employ. Work cannot be done expeditiously and well no matter how efficient a servant, unless good utensils and materials are provided, and the convenient arrangement, or otherwise, of a house should always be taken into consideration when judging of one's ability. There are numerous conveniences that may be added to a kitchen, and the ingenious woman who can use common carpenter's tools like a saw, hammer and screw driver can easily do many such things herself. There are many kinds of kitchen work that can be done as expeditiously and well, sitting down as standing up, and change of position is wonderfully restful to tired muscles. A kitchen where there should always be provided with a high stool, an easy chair and one or more foot-rests. A rug—if it be only a strip of carpet hemmed at each end—should be placed before the kitchen sink, table and such other parts of the room as one often stands at work. If you have no sitting room for their accommodation, try to arrange one corner of the kitchen in the semblance of one. Have convenient facilities for lighting it, an easy chair—with cushion rug, table and foot-rest—and perhaps some interesting reading matter or basket of sewing conveniences for their especial use. Hair mattresses, linen sheets and fine furniture are not necessary in their chambers; but do have clean paper of a pretty light-colored design on the walls, springs under the bed and plenty of whole, clean bedding. Frying inequities in personal affairs is just as impertinent when shown to a servant as towards your aristocratic friend, but if the former is inclined to confide in you, do not let her advances with coldness but listen patiently and advise kindly and wisely. In matters of dress the majority of servants expend their earnings in a very extravagant and unsatisfactory way. This is due in part to ignorance of materials and their own needs, but more to mistaken notions of what constitutes "a lady." (By that is so) I know—however—that kindly advice in this regard, and the making of purchases for them is sometimes greatly appreciated and goes far to secure interest and faithful service. I do not mean that one should place themselves on an equality with their servants, but kind words, just praise, patient forbearance and a kindly interest in their welfare will be appreciated in the majority of cases, and go far to solve the much vexed servant question. CHRISTMAS CAKES. There are so many other tempting delicacies prepared for the Christmas holidays that little cake is usually eaten, but one wants that little readiness and of exceptional quality. It is therefore best to choose such kinds as will keep a long time in prime condition, if not, like fruit-cake actually improving with age, like lemon cake, jumbles, pound cake and the like. And to avoid crowding too much work into the last few days, these cakes should be made now. Preparing the fruit is by far the most tedious part of the operation, and it is an excellent practice to prepare a quantity at one time, as it will keep perfectly in glass fruit jars. Be careful in purchasing to get new fruit and of the best quality. Raisins should be seeded, currants washed in a colander through three tepid waters, in a cool oven. Almonds blanched and dried, candied lemon and orange peel cut fine, and citron chopped in a perfection meat cutter. Keep in tin boxes or glass fruit jars. Fruit should always be added to cake the last thing and always warmed and floured. Make a paste of flour and water, roll very thin and line the bottom of the pans in which pound or fruit cake is to be baked. Line the sides of the pan with letter paper, allowing it to come up above the tin two inches, this fold over on the outside until it comes a little inside of the top of the pan. This makes the upper part firm enough to lay a piece of heavy paper or cardboard across to cover fruit and pound cakes when first put in the oven. Of course, both the paste and paper should be well buttered. All rich cakes containing fruit, require to be baked very slowly from two to four hours, and should never be hurried when taken from the oven. FRUIT CAKE. Brown over a pound of flour until it is a light yellow color. One and one fourth pounds of brown sugar, one pound each of butter, raisins and currants, half pound each of blanched almonds and citron, one-fourth pound

each of candied lemon and orange peel, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg and mace and one fourth of a teaspoonful of cloves, and half a teaspoonful of mola-seas. Chop the raisins, almonds and currants fine, cut the citron, lemon and orange peel in shreds, and measure the spices and mix them together. Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly and add the eggs one at a time, beating a minute between each addition until half are used. Then sift in one teaspoonful of flour and beat vigorously for five minutes, and add the other five eggs in the manner directed above. Cover a small water with a sheet of foolscap; on this mix the entire amount of fruit with the remainder of the flour. Put the brady, wine and spice in the cake mixture and beat well, then the molasses and lastly the fruit, which should have stood in a cool oven or on the back of the range. Stir only enough to mix, pour in the pan and bake slowly four hours. Let it stand in tin until cold, and next day ice both top and sides. CITRUS CAKE. One pound of butter, one of sugar (granulated), and one of flour, ten eggs one wine-glassful of wine, one of rose-water, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and one of equal parts of mace and nutmeg. Cream the butter and sugar until all the particles of sugar are dissolved, then add the well beaten yolks of eggs and flavoring and beat vigorously for two minutes (always stirring in one direction). Sift the flour three times, and beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth. Add half the flour and beat well, then half the whites, and repeat. Stir thoroughly and put in the pan in alternate layers of the mixture and the citron, cut in fine shreds, floured and warmed. Bake as for fruit cake, in both instances covering for the first hour. Leave in the tin until cold. JUMBLES. One pound and a quarter of flour, one pound each of butter and sugar and four eggs. Cream the butter and sugar as for citrus cake, add the eggs one at a time, beating thoroughly between each one; then add half a wine-glassful of sherry, half a one of rosewater and the flour. Roll thin and cut with jumble cutter, or pinch off small pieces and roll thin into balls with the hands. Then roll each ball in granulated sugar (the lay two inches apart in the pan and bake in a moderate oven. The paste should be quite stiff, and chopped blanched almonds or pecanias may be added—if preferred. COCONUT MACAROONS. Beat the whites of five eggs light, but not stiff and then add, by degrees one pound of powdered sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla and half a pound of shredded coconut. Beat thoroughly and drop one teaspoonful at a time on buttered paper; sift powdered sugar over and bake in a moderate oven until a delicate brown. Of course the flavoring can be varied to suit one's taste. Many like a mixture of mace, cinnamon nutmeg, and powdered almonds, or pecanias instead of coconut. In the latter case dip the fingers into the corn starch and form the mass into little balls. HOW A DOG SOLD FLOWERS. A Faithful Four-footed Friend Who Helped His Sick Master. He was only a dog, but a very smart dog indeed. He belonged to the class known as shepherd dogs, which are noted for their sagacity and fidelity. His master was a little Italian boy called Beppo, who earned his living by selling flowers on the street. Tony was very fond of Beppo, who had been his master ever since he was a puppy, and Beppo had never failed to share his crust with his good dog. Now Tony had grown to be a large, strong dog, and took as much care of Beppo as Beppo took of him. Often while standing on the corner with his basket on his arm, waiting for a customer, Beppo would feel inclined to cry from very loneliness; but Tony seemed to know when the "blues" came, and would lick his master's hand, as much as to say: "You've got me for a friend. Cheer up! I'm better than nobody! I'll stand by you!" But one day it happened that when the other boys who shared the dark cellar home with Beppo went out early in the morning as usual, Beppo was so ill that he could hardly lift his head from the straw on which he slept. He felt that he would be unable to sell flowers that day. What to do he did not know. Tony did his best to comfort him; but he was with the greatest difficulty that he at last forced himself to get up and go to the florist who lived near by, for the usual supply of buds. Having filled his basket, the boy went home again and tied it around Tony's neck. Then he looked at the dog and said: "Now, Tony, you are the only fellow I've got to depend on. Go and sell my flowers for me, and bring the money home safe, and don't let any one steal any thing." Then he kissed the dog and pointed to the door. Tony trotted out in the street to Beppo's usual corner, where he took his stand. Beppo's customers soon saw how matters stood, and chose their flowers and put the money in the tin cup within the basket. Now and then a rude boy would come along and try to snatch a flower from the basket. Tony would growl fiercely and drive him away. So that day went safely by, and at nightfall Tony went home to his master, who was waiting anxiously to see him, and gave him a hearty welcome. Beppo untied the basket and looked in the cup, and I shouldn't wonder if he found more money in it than he ever did before. This is how Tony sold the roses; and he did it so well that Beppo never tires of telling about it. —Canadian Queen. Kind words are benedictions. They are not only instruments of power, but of benevolence and courtesy; blessings both to the speaker and bearer of them.

HORSE NOTES. "Dod" Irwin is wintering Pro-blem, record 2 1/4. —There may be a winter race meeting at Hot Springs. —Jockey Overton is gathering together a stable of his own. —Hal Pointer, 2 0/11 has been retired for the season perfectly sound. —John Candon's fast pacer Surpas is running out in New Jersey. —Charles Myers thinks that Nddy H., (2.16 1/4) will lower his record next season. —Four car loads of horses were shipped from Gloucester to Guttenberg recently. —Seth Griffin is building a training track on J. H. Connor's farm near Lebanon, Tenn. —The dam of Hal Pointer and two sisters to Brown Hal have been booked to Direct. —Twenty-two of Electioneer's get have trotted in 2 20 or better, while 94 are in the 2 30 list. —Charles S. Clifrey has a number of choice yearling horses at his Woodstown, (N. J.) farm. —The California colt trotters are still at it, and lower their records almost every time they start. —The Nashville, Tenn., running meeting (West Side) will begin April 30 and continue nine days. —John Osborne, the oldest of English jockeys, has retired after an active career of forty-five years. —Electioneer is the only sire with two representatives in the 2 10 list—Sunol, 2.08; and Palo Alto, 2.05 1/2. —It is said that racing will be continued at Guttenberg until May 14, 1892, and that Clifton will also open up. —Delmar 2 1/2, race record 2.12 average three heats in a race 2 1/4, will be placed in the stud next season. —Robert Harper has sold the roan pacer Excelsior record 2.24, to William H. Lex, who will use him as a road horse. —Prince Wilkes, 2.14, is said to have broken down and been sold to a livery stable proprietor in South America. —The Corrigan string next year will number over thirty, including sixteen or seventeen 2-year-olds, now yearlings. —The managers of Garfield Park, Chicago, are considering a plan for keeping the track thawed out during the entire winter. —Thomas S. Walton has purchased from Louise Valentine, a 4-year-old colt by Eupa's out of Free love, that can show a 2 40 gait. —Tenny is again reported to be lame, but, remembering the experiences of last winter and spring, the public refuses to believe it. —M. J. Daly's 5-year-old ch. h. Cortez, by King Alton—imp. Invercauld, broke down after running half a mile in the last race at North Bergen recently. —The filly Lassie, record 2.29, by New York Dictator, said to have been added to the list of fast 2-year-old trotters of 1891. Lassie is owned by Allan Bashford, of Paris, Ky. —All of the pool sellers that were in the box during the progress of the Temple Bar race at the Cleveland meeting were ordered to appear in New York before the Board of Review. —At the Paris-Vincennes meeting recently A. E. Terry's American mares Bosque Bonita and Mollie Wilkes, trotted five furlongs to pole in 1.27, a 2 1/2 gait, driven by Horace Brown. —Frank B. Whipple, for many years manager of the Algeria Stock for the late W. L. Scott, will have a small but select racing stable of his own next year. —The San Mateo trotters consisting for the most part of the get of Guy Wilkes and Sable Wilkes, and including Freedom, the deposed yearling king, will be taken up to be prepared for the Eastern circuit next season. —Under pressure Judge P. P. Johnston reconsidered his decision on from the head of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association and he will serve that organization as President for another year. That is good news. —William Nicholson is wintering a string of six trotters at Belmont Course, Royal, 2.20 1/2, by a son of Volunteer, Blue Light a 5 year-old; Delaware Boy, 2.19, a 7-year-old half-brother to Delaware Boy, and a 4-year-old by Eupatek. —Erdenheim stud, Chestnut Hill, has sold to S. E. Larabee Deer Lodge, Mont., the imported brood mare, Clara, by Dutch Skater—Expectation. Clara is 11 years old, and is now in foal to the Bard. The most noteworthy of her produce is the good filly Reclaire. —Marcus Daly's stable of runners won \$79,180 this year, Tammany leading the list with \$24,750. Sir Mathew comes next with \$26,780, and Montana was the third with \$30,650. Of the fourteen other horses in the stable none won upward of \$5,000, and eight fail to earn a cent. —The yearlings that have beaten 2.30 are as follows: Fausta (pacer), 2.24; by Sidney; Frou Frou, 2.26, by Sidney; Bell Bird, 2.26, by Electioneer. Athlon, 2.28, by Matador; Nollo (pacer), by Jerome Eddy, 2.28; Freedom, 2.29, by Sable Wilkes. All but Freedom made their records this year. —The property of the Kentucky Association at Lexington will be sold at public auction. The appraised value is a little over \$76,000. It is pretty certain a new club will be organized to continue racing at the Blue Grass capital, and likely enough the organization will take place in time to purchase the property when offered.