

Every person living in a period of which, he can say, "all of which I saw and part of which I was," must be amazed on reading a great deal of the stuff written of that period by a later generation, and finds no difficulty in the way of fully crediting the remark of a writer that "history is made up of falsehoods agreed upon as facts."

Taking the country as a whole, 1,728 colored people die out of every 100,000, while the proportion of white men is only 1,474 in the same number. This shows a prevailing lack of endurance on the part of the blacks, but this is more than made up by their fecundity, especially in the southern states where the climate is mild.

One of the most remarkable features of the late Minnesota State Fair was the good order that prevailed. On days when there were twenty-five to thirty thousand people present there was not a single altercation or angry word, or a single complaint of rudeness. As parson Jasper says, "the world do move."

Emory A. Storrs, the notable Chicago lawyer, who recently died, did not have sufficient property to pay his funeral expenses—notwithstanding his large practice and large fees—and his family would be penniless but for the generosity of friends. His manners were easy, his life free, his comradeship genial and rattling, and the result unfortunate.

Three hundred Mormons arrived by steamship in New York. The converts came from Germany, Scandinavia and England. All paid their passage and brought money with them. Several of the women were very good looking. They were informed that they were free to leave the party, but only one of them, an English widow, remained in New York, all the rest going to Salt Lake City.

Mr. Edward Atkinson a Boston statistician has discovered that the average American citizen spends 60 per cent. of his income for food, leaving only 40 per cent. for rent, clothing, sickness and all other expenses. His idea is, that the cost of food is disproportionate and should be curtailed. It may be doubted whether his figures are correct. If he had said food and drink, and had included tobacco in its various forms there would be no question as regards the sixty per cent. or even a larger proportion.

The battle of North Point, of the war of 1812, has been celebrated for many years at Baltimore, by the survivors, who have annually sat down to a sumptuous feast, afterwards refreshing their memories by song and story, of the incidents of the affair. There are still five survivors, but this year only one was able to be present, James R. Murrell, aged 90, and he, assembling himself at the accustomed place, devoured the dinner in solitude, after which he participated in a local celebration of the event which it is intended to perpetuate.

A letter from S. M. Blake, of Bellows Falls, Vt., the veteran astronomical student, makes claim to the priority in the discovery of the new "Star of the East," which has lately excited so much interest, and also makes a partial and plausible identification of it with the Star of Bethlehem. Mr. Blake had been scanning the heavens for some time, expecting to find this star, which was first seen at Harvard University. Mr. Blake found it a few days later. He expects this star to become a conspicuous object in the heavens in the course of a year from now, equaling the planet Jupiter in brightness, and then, after a little, begin to wane, and after two or three years become lost to view, not to be seen again for another long period of 314 years.

The New Jersey legislature of 1884 passed a bill forbidding the sale of cigarettes to minors under the age of 16. The penalty for such selling was fixed at \$20 for every offense. The object of the measure was to stop the excessive use of them by boys. It is now a year and a half since the bill received the governor's approval, but not one case of the carrying out of the law has been reported. It has been practically a dead letter ever since its passage, as it ought to be and will be wherever enacted. Such laws are not exactly "sumptuary laws," such as are prohibited by the constitution, but they are not very dissimilar, and cannot be executed. If the use of cigarettes may be prohibited to minors, why not tobacco in any form, the excessive use of confectionary, coffee and many other things that are not beneficial to youth or "even children of larger growth."

Oh! strange inconsequence of youth, When days were lived from hand to mouth, And thought ran round an empty ring In foolish, sweet imagining. We handled love in childish fashion— The name alone and not the passion— The world and life were things so small, Our little wit encompassed all! We took our being as our faith For granted, drew our easy breath And rarely stayed to wonder why We were set here to live and die. Vague dreams we had, a grander Fate Our lives would mold and dominate, Till we should stand some far-off day More godlike than of mortal clay. Strong Fate! we meet thee but to find A soul and all that lies behind, We lose Youth's Paradise and gain A world of duty and of pain. —The English Illustrated Magazine.

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

From the Youth's Companion.

"I'm not good for much, am I, mother?" The question was asked playfully, but the young man sitting at the breakfast-table, from which a red-armed girl was carrying the dishes, threw down his paper, and springing up, said, with a flushed face,— "No, Dick, you're not good for anything!"

"Come now!" was the angry response, and Mrs. Barnes hurried forward nervously, for it seemed as if the two brothers would fight.

"It's a fact. You are living on us; you are lazy—and you're almost twenty years old," said Tom, the eldest. "O boys! boys!" protested the woman, holding out her hands. "You never quarreled in your life. Don't begin now!"

"It's time he heard the truth!" muttered Tom. "But, mother, haven't I tried?" asked the boy, turning to her, and his voice trembled just a little. "You know, Tom, that Dick is delicate," pleaded the woman.

"Yes, and that's been his shield long enough, I should say. He's not too delicate to go to all the merry-makings, and eat his share, and when he gets a good chance in life, he don't know it. I'll never try for him again, never!" and out he went, slamming the door behind him.

"I don't see what's got into Tom!" said the widow, distressfully. "I never knew him to act so before." "Oh, it's been in him some time," muttered Dick, hoarsely. "Ever since he got acquainted with the Mosses. That's what's the matter."

"Do you really mean it, Dick?" "Of course I do. He likes Miss Anne, and he wants to marry and settle down. I'm in the way. I wish father had lived, or I had died with him."

"Dick, darling, don't talk so!" "I say I do! Everything was going on just right. I liked my studies, and meant to make a man, though in a different way from Tom. He likes hard work, and can do it. I hate everything but books, study and law. I don't see why Tom should be so hard on me. I'm trying my best. Lawyer Bates said that in less than two years I can make my own way."

"My poor, dear boy! You are doing your best, I know you are." "Yes, you think so; you feel so; I'm sure of your sympathy, but you see, Tom wants me to be making money. He begrudges me the food I eat, and thinks I am shirking, and trying to get along without work. He never said so before, but I have seen it of late. I can read it in the way he looks at me."

"My dear boy! try not to mind it!" said the widow distressfully. "I have tried; laughed at his hints, and swallowed my chagrin. But I can't do it any longer, my self-respect is hurt. All is, I must throw up my place with Lawyer Bates, and go out to Oregon, and buckle down to hard work."

"Dick, I never will consent to it!" said his mother, growing pale. "You, with your delicate constitution, to go away so far from home,—from me, when you have always needed to be watched over and cared for! Try not to mind Tom!"

"I have done so, mother, but I can't pretend to try any longer. Tom wants to be married—to the silliest girl in the family, too, because she has a pretty face and dresses so stylishly. I suppose he's not to blame; he's twenty-five years old, and doing a fair business. It's only I am in the way. He has to help me to clothes, you know, and of course my board costs something. I might as well say yes. The journey will do me good, maybe, and there's a chance to make money. It's a new place, you know."

The conference closed, and Dick went to his office, leaving his mother almost broken-hearted. It was such a change from the tender care of her husband, to dependence upon the strong, self-willed man whose word had begun to be law. And it was embarrassing to feel that before long she would only be second in his heart and home. For he called the home his, though his mother had bought it with her own money years before, and furnished it herself. But now she was left so impoverished that she had no means to pay the taxes, and her health was poor.

If Tom would only wait! But no; Tom believed that Dick was lazy; that his studying law was but a farce; that he should be no more exempt from hard work than himself. And he had just had such a splendid situation offered for him, that it angered him beyond measure when Dick declined, "gentleman Dick," as he sneeringly called him. Besides, he did wish to marry, but would not while he fancied Dick an incubus.

That night the brothers met for a few moments; the mother was not in the room. "Have you written your friend in Oregon?" asked Dick, and something in his handsome, intellectual face rebuked his elder brother as he answered. "No; I shall write to him to-night."

"Tell him I accept," said Dick, shortly, turned on his heel and left the room.

"Come to his senses at last," said Tom, reflectively, yet with certain uneasy twinges, as he remembered the most unnatural brilliancy of the dark, pathetic eyes, so like his father's. "Pshaw! it will do the fellow good to knock round the world a little. He has been tied quite too long to his mother's apron-strings. And—as to law—there are too many lawyers already. He will thank me before the year is out, and mother, too."

Dick bronched the idea to his friend Lawyer Bates, who tried all in his power to dissuade him. "You've the making of an excellent lawyer in you," he said, "and you are getting along wonderfully. If you will go off now, why don't you wait till you get your diploma? That's the business you were made for."

But all the talk did no good, and inwardly calling him a fool, the man turned to the papers before him. How could Dick tell him that he was an unwelcome guest in his mother's house? "Die in a year," the lawyer muttered afterwards, when somebody spoke to him about it. "The boy isn't made for hard work, and he'll find it out."

The year passed. Tom had been six months married, and had brought his pretty, helpless bride to his home, hired extra servants, and seemed as happy as a lord. He did not notice the increasing pallor of his mother's face, the heart-broken look that told how she missed thoughtless, warm-hearted, loving Dick. He had always made such a pet of his little, gentle mother, and now she felt as if she were almost forgotten. Her son and his wife were kind to her—but oh, she wanted the clasp of loving arms about her neck, and the kiss of a son, sometimes. Her only solace was the reception of the letters that came at first every week—but of late there had been great gaps between. He laughed in his letters, but sobbed as he folded them; she never should know—never!

He had enjoyed the novelty of the trip, and the new associations among which he was thrown, for a time. The work which he was expected to do was entirely beyond his strength, and the persons with whom he was thrown in contact were rough and uncultivated. He had been accustomed to delicate and nourishing food; that which he tried to eat was coarse, badly prepared and unwholesome. Day after day he labored from early morn till late at night, leaving for his place of lodgment so exhausted that the best meal would have been distasteful. As the weakness increased, he fought bravely against it, and yet the longing for home—the almost agonized desire to look upon his mother's face once more—added to his physical sufferings.

"That boy looks like a ghost," said some one, to his employer. "Yes; not fit for the business," was his reply, "but the poor fellow is trying very hard."

"O mother! mother! I am coming home. I must come home," he wrote, at the conclusion of the year.

"I thought so," said practical Tom, with a clouded brow, when his mother read him the letter, her voice trembling. "You made a baby of him for all time—he'll never be a man!"

Little he thought how prophetic were his words! The next letter said,— "Expect me by the third of next month at latest." The next—written in a strange hand,—

"DEAR MADAM,—I am sorry to write you bad news. Your son was getting ready to start for home, when he broke down. He was never strong enough for the work, and I told him so months ago, but he would not give up. There was good metal in him—but I think he mourned too much for his home and his mother. Just before he died, he said, 'If I could only see my mother for one moment, I could die happy!'"

Why need we follow the letter? Tom broke down, for once, when the news forced itself upon him. The mother went rapidly to the grave, and to this day there is a look in Tom's face, which neither care nor bodily suffering put there—only consciousness that having been his brother's keeper, he failed in both duty and affection, and for the rest of his life must pay the penalty.

The Course of True Love. From the Herald-Examiner (Cal.) Enterprise.

It was one day last week, and in the city of Cloverdale, that a wedding had been given out to take place; all the necessary preparations had been made and the guests had all assembled, when lo and behold! it was discovered that the license had been issued by the Clerk of Mendocino county, in place of Sonoma. It had so happened that one of Healdsburg's ministers had been engaged and was on the ground ready to perform the ceremony, and it can be better imagined than described the consternation that was produced when the divine informed the contracting parties that a marriage license issued in Ukiah was not just the proper authority to perform the marriage ceremony in Cloverdale, as that burg happened to be in another county. At this time the dinner was almost on the table, and many of the guests were standing on their tiptoe of excitement, and what was to be done was on the tongue of every one. The thoughtful minister informed them that it was only three miles to the Mendocino county line, and when that point was passed the existing document would assume legal authority. As soon as these words had fallen from the minister's lips a rush for the lively stables commenced, and teams followed teams in quick succession until all the guests were on flying wheels in the direction of Mendocino line. When this was crossed and a friendly shade had been found, the party alighted and the happy couple were made one. Then all returned to the place where the tables were loaded with the choicest dainties of the land. A lasting example was impressed upon the minds of those present that three miles make a wonderful distance when on the wrong side of the county line.

Mounting a Dromedary. From Loring's "A Confederate Soldier in Egypt."

This is accomplished as follows: A Bedouin by divers jerks first succeeds in coaxing or forcing the animal down on his knees, with a snap like that of a double-bladed jackknife. While one holds his head away to keep him from biting, another ties his fore-legs together, and then to secure them stands upon them, inviting you to mount and fix yourself in the execrable saddle. In the meantime the dromedary is uttering the most agonizing cries of distress. Suddenly the Bedouin loses the strap and bounds from the animal's legs; another terrible grunt and you discover that you are on top of this living machine, waiting patiently further developments, with your hands grasping the horns in front. The animal raises his forequarters with a bound, and this sticks the front horn into your stomach while you are pressing upon it to keep in a horizontal position; that done, up go the hind quarters with another jerk, and this time the rear horn sticks you in the back. You are only too glad to get the rear punch in token of the complete business. While the animal was opening his hinges I was thoroughly impressed with the dizziness of several hundred feet. It is best not to strike these beasts too much, for if beaten they are certain to stand still and deliberately turn their long necks and try to bite a piece out of your legs. If then becomes necessary to stick to them, in order to avoid their fury, until, by gentle patting, they are made to move on amicably again. Their walk is rough, but they trot with comparative ease, carrying the head up and tail straight in the air, and looking very gay as they rapidly move along. With your sack of water and leather thong they can, without much inconvenience, travel from 50 to 80 miles a day. But in making this swift passage through the heated air, reflected from the burning sands, you are literally roasted, and this rubbing and twisting your loins and galling your hands in the effort to hold on, makes dromedary riding a painful operation to those not accustomed to it.

The Cholera. From the Boston Traveller.

A noted German physician predicts that the cholera, which started in the south of Europe, will extend over both continents. Thirty years ago the same prediction was made, but little heed was taken to it. The Spring of 1854 was similar to the spring of 1884—late and cold. The cholera reached New Orleans some time in June, swept up the Mississippi river to Cairo, divided there and swept on in the direction up the Ohio river to the Wabash, then followed the Wabash river and the Wabash canal through Indiana and Ohio till it reached Lake Erie. From this point it swept onward to Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Detroit, decimating many of the cities and towns along its march, causing business to be suspended and putting an entire stop to work on the great railroads then in process of construction. At Ogdensburg, on Lake Ontario, or rather at its outlet, the St. Lawrence, it received a check. The seaboard cities which suffered so seriously in 1832 and 1849 escaped. The cause and the course of the cholera are alike mysterious—no satisfactory explanation has yet been given. That it exists is sufficient. But that it can be stayed in its course and checked in its progress by timely precautions is equally true. August and September are the months which in this latitude it finds its greatest feeder, and too much care and precaution on the part of those who control the sanitary department in our great cities can not be taken. An unobstructed flow through the sewers and drains is one important measure for prevention; the constant cleanliness of the streets another, and compulsory cleanliness enforced in quarters where the population is dense and ventilation poor, still another. It would be surprising to those not familiar with the subject to know what foulness can arise from a small locality in a large city to spread disease and death through all its territory.

Cause of Pneumonia.

Pneumonia, with rare exceptions, extends from the lungs to the lining membrane of the chest (pleura), and hence is really pleuro-pneumonia. Its seat is not the mucous membrane of the bronchial tubes, as is that of bronchitis; nor the general substance of the lungs, as is that of lung fever, but the air cells and the neighboring minute tubes (bronchioles), which are wholly destitute of a mucous membrane. Sometimes it is almost an epidemic. It often attacks more than one member of the family. Pleuro-pneumonia among horses is a very contagious disease, and has sometimes gone through the land, bringing ordinary business to a stand still.

What is the cause of pneumonia? One medical writer says that "neither colds, bronchitis, pleurisy, asthma, nor any other lung affection induces it; that, in a large proportion of cases, it is not referable to any obvious causative agency, that, when it appears to follow exposure to a cold, it is probable that this acts only as an exciting cause, cooperating with the action of a special cause."

What is this special cause? This question has received no answer until recently. German investigators of the highest character believe they have at length found it in a microscopic parasite, thus placing pneumonia among the germ diseases. The parasites are oval, generally go in pairs, and, unlike all others, enclose themselves—several together—in a capsule.

On cultivating them out of the body, insulating them in a fluid, and injecting a little of the fluid into thirty-two mice, all of the mice died, in from eighteen to forty hours, of pneumonia, while the blood showed the peculiar parasites with their characteristic capsules. Experiments by means of inhalation exhibited the same results. Different inves-

tigators seem to have confirmed the discovery. Later experiments show that the lungs of animals which have died of pleuro-pneumonia contain the same parasites in large numbers, and that the disease is necessarily the same with pneumonia in man.—Youth's Companion.

A THE LINCOLN TRAGEDY. Reminiscences of Harry Ford.

A Star reporter finding himself cosily seated in the office at Ford's Opera-house, and Mr. Harry Ford in a vein of reminiscence, led Mr. Ford's mind back a score of years to the events attending the assassination of President Lincoln at the Tenth Street Theatre. "The day of the assassination," said Mr. Ford, Booth came down Tenth street to the theatre, and stopped there to read a letter. I can very well remember seeing him sitting on the steps outside. I told him then that President Lincoln and General Grant were coming to the theatre that night. I said that President Lincoln and General Grant would occupy one box, and added as a joke to tease him that Jeff Davis and General Lee would be in another box. He denounced General Lee very vigorously for having surrendered the sword of Virginia. That evening, after the performance began, he came to the theatre, and as he passed the office box, he looked into the window, and, putting his arm through, placed a cigar which he had partly smoked on a shelf inside, and said, in a mock heroic bombastic furious style,

"Who's in this cigar dare displace Must meet Wilkes Booth face to face." "Then he passed into the theatre."

"Did he ever return for the cigar?" asked the Star reporter.

"No. Those were the last words I ever heard him speak. He must have said them to mislead us, for his plans, it seems, were already laid and it was part of the plan, as I heard afterward, that Payne was to assassinate Seward, Atzerott should kill Johnson at the Kirkwood House, and Booth shoot the president simultaneously. So he knew just what he was going to do, and how much time he had."

"Later in the evening," continued Mr. Ford, "we heard a pistol-shot in the theatre. Joe Sessford and I were in the treasurer's office. We thought at first that it was the pistol fired by Asa Trenchard in the play—Laura Keane was playing 'Our American Cousin'; but then it struck us as a little too early in the evening. We opened a little window that looked into the theatre, and saw Booth crouching on the stage with a knife in his hand. Even then we could not tell what had happened, and no one seemed to know. We thought at first that some one had insulted Booth and he had pursued the man across the stage. A few minutes, which seemed an hour, passed before the whole terrible truth was known."

"You were among those who were arrested, were you not?" asked the Star reporter.

"I was arrested, I think, on the Sunday following the assassination, and taken down to the old Carrol prison, fronting upon the capital grounds. I was treasurer of the theatre, and my brother, James R. Ford, better known as 'Dick' Ford, was manager. My brother, John T. Ford, who owned the theatre, was arrested at his home in Baltimore after his return from Richmond. He had run down there to see our uncle, mother's only brother, Mr. Wm. Greener. Nearly everybody about the theatre was under arrest—the carpenter, the assistant carpenter, the property man, and others. Nearly every one around here professionally related to Booth was arrested, and the Virginia and Maryland farmers along the river, who were supposed to have assisted Booth in his escape in any way, by harboring him, giving him food, or shelter, or boats, were arrested, and they were all sent to the prison where I was. So we had plenty of company."

"Did I enjoy it? Well I would not have missed the experience for a great deal. It was a rare mixture—deserters, bounty-jumpers, and prisoners of state, governors, legislators, and men of every station. Still, it was rather rough the first week. We were kept in close and solitary confinement. Each man had a room by himself and was not allowed to leave it or to see any one. I remember that when my brother was brought in I saw him in the yard. The guards would not let me go to him or speak to him. After John T. was arrested his family came over from Baltimore. His wife applied to Secretary Stanton for a pass to go to the prison and see him, but Stanton refused. There we were left alone in our dungeons in dreadful uncertainty. I remember the day of the funeral ceremonies at the Capitol. I could see nothing, but could hear the solemn booming of guns, the dismal beating of muffled drums, playing dead marches, and the steady tramp of feet. That was not very cheering music for our ears. We did not know but the people in their excitement would mob the prison and lynch us, for some of the men arrested had been stoned in the street. Our fare was coarse prison food, soup and beans and dry bread. Even this experience had its comic side. We used to have tin cups, and every evening one of the prison guards would come through the hall, roaring. Cups, cups, you scoundrels." We had to pass them out to him. After the first week we had more liberty, and really had a very jolly time.—Washington Star.

One thing to the credit of Kansas City is that she is the only city in this country of 100,000 population that has no professional base ball club. The grown people of this metropolis are too busy to sit in the sun and listen to eighteen men quarreling with an umpire.—Kansas City Journal.

A PEERLESS RIDER. How he Demonstrated the Superiority of American Horsemanship.

James Robinson was probably the king of the trade. Joseph Wheelock, the actor, who was the boon companion of the rider, once told me the incidents in the career of his friend during a visit he paid to England about fifteen years ago. Robinson had been engaged at a salary of \$2,000 a week to ride in Astley's royal amphitheater in London. For four weeks before he arrived he was heralded as the greatest bareback equestrian of the age. To amuse himself he took over with him a team of American trotting horses and a light buggy, but neglected to bring such horses as he would need to ride. The oversight rather astonished the English managers, who thought their contract of course included the furnishing of horses. Robinson made light of the matter, and said he could break the animals to his liking in the fortnight intervening between his arrival and the date of his debut. There was nothing left for the managers to do than to swallow their disappointment and provide him with horses. These he rehearsed day after day at the circus with skill and assiduity, but to find at last that they were beasts far inferior in intelligence to the Kentucky thoroughbreds with which he was accustomed to deal. The thought of the first appearance of the American champion arrived. The great building bearing the historical name of Astley was packed to suffocation to see the performance of the reckless rider from over the sea. Robinson had, however, in the short time allowed been utterly unable to train the English horses to his acts, and as a consequence was at a sad disadvantage in what he attempted. There were features of the acts, including the vaulting, he failed in. The audience hurried his exit from the ring with hisses. A more dismal fiasco could not have awaited an artist. The Englishmen naturally took great delight in the failure of the American, whom it was announced would eclipse the best exploits in horsemanship as illustrated by English and French riders. The disgrace humiliated Robinson to the dust. That very night he went to the manager of the circus to release him from his contract. "All I ask," he said, "is that I may be retained in the establishment on the salary of the tumbler with whom I will appear at each performance unannounced. Then I want the privilege of practicing in the morning. The manager, glad enough to be relieved from the heavy cost of the bargain, accepted the conditions. The next day Robinson and disposed of his trotting horses and vehicle, as well as other traps and jewelry, until he had enough to purchase six horses of the best blood attainable, none of which had ever been ridden in a ring. The selection of the animals occupied some time. When at last the troupe was completed he began breaking them to his business, a task which required great patience and an absolute insight into the nature of the beast. Weeks passed. James Robinson, who had in the meantime been the butt of ridicule, was forgotten. Nightly he was turning flip flops in sawdust with a pack of mountebanks, some of whom did not know that among their number was the best rider in the world. About the time that the men about the circus establishment began to whisper that they guessed the "blasted Yankee" could ride a little bit after all, Robinson called on the manager. "I wish," he said, "that you would bill me to reappear next Monday night. If I don't succeed I'll pack up and go home." With more than a misgiving the posters were pasted up over London's dead walls. Again there was an unusual throng to have their sneer at the presumptuous fellow whom everybody thought had long before gone back. But the American made them laugh on the other side of their mouths. The display of equestrianism which he gave threw the house into an ecstasy of delight. The way he vaulted on and off the backs of the flying steeds relieved the fright hearts before him. Recall after recall made him famous in London town. The newspapers rang with his praise and spoke of his previous failure as a remarkable reminiscence. The Astley people were glad enough to renew the original contract to retain the American rider, who returned home two years later, with a European reputation and fifty thousand dollars to boot.—Syracuse Standard.

Development of the Trotter.

When Flora Temple trotted a mile in 2:18 3-4, remarks the New York Herald, the achievement astonished the world. This was in 1859. The mare was looked upon as a wonder. Few then believed that a mile would ever be trotted in less than 2:15. It took eight years to lower the record of 1859, and down to 1874 the best time made was 2:17. In that year the record was reduced below 2:15 by Goldsmith Maid, who scored a mile in 2:14.

It was then generally thought that the limit of a trotter's speed would prove to be 2:10. But Maud S. had not yet made her appearance, nor had Jay-Eye-See. The former brought the record down to within a quarter of a second of 2:10 in 1881, and three years later the latter reduced it to 2:10. The prophets of the turf made bold to predict a mile in 2:09, and even 2:08. Maud S. has rapidly lowered the former figure, and now President Edwards of the Cleveland association, expresses his conviction that the wonderful mare can trot in 2:07 under favorable circumstances, and Mr. Bonner declares that it will not surprise him to see the prediction verified.

The Corner Stone, Masonic organ, says that Sir Moses Montefiore was "the foremost brother and most ardent advancer of the craft."