

EVERYDAY LIFE IN CAMP.

The Pleasure Hours of the Trackless Forest.

Economy in Catering, and the Variety it Affords.

Jim Messenger and His Soldering Iron. My Old Partner, "Tony," and His Venison Sausages—A Little Labor Necessary.

In my last I gave a sketch of a summer camp in the Blue mountains, where four of us went out in the hope of shooting "big horns," or mountain sheep; and every man in the party succeeded in doing so but the writer, who shot neither "big horn," elk nor bear, but caught three trout to anybody else's one.

And with it a thousand lovely recollections. And in the twilight years approaching I look back upon these snow-white memories of by-gone days in the trackless forests, just as I used to stand, in the days long before we had any railroads here, upon the summit of some high mountain and watch the white-covered immigrant wagons toiling patiently upward through the cañon below.

The best camp cook I ever saw was James Messenger, of Walla Walla. Born on "old Long island's seagirt shore," he became addicted to a Bedouin life at 10 year old, and at 13 was a cook on a smack plying to the codfish banks of Newfoundland.

"VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE," he could get up an endless change of his bill of fare. I had read of "planked shad," but I never understood how it was done until Jim showed me his way of preparing "shingled trout." Any man who has ever been in camp knows that the great trouble is what to do with the big fish—the little ones are always delicious, even when fried to a crisp.

JIM'S SCHOOL OF COOKERY there was no such meal as luncheon contemplated. He cooked a big breakfast and those who went out to hunt or fish took along a snack in their fishing creels, enough to last till dinner time, which was 5 o'clock. He was a man who never allowed anything to go to waste. I have seen him come across the carcass of a deer from which the hunters had cut the loins and hind legs, and left the head and fore-quarters to rot upon the ground; and then Jim would wear like a pirate, and if venison became too plenty in camp, out would come his soldering irons and his shears, and he would have a dozen cans of venison put up before you could call upon the late lamented John Robinson.

His real object in taking a kit of tools to camp was in canning whortleberries for winter use; and I never knew a woman that could beat him when it came to putting up fruit. His pride was in his big iron Dutch oven that he always carried with him to camp, and which finished the corn bread as well as the dish of baked beans which he prepared the last thing before bedtime, and placed in a hole in the ground, to cook over night. In this vast repertoire of cast-iron he cooked his "pot-roasts" of venison, with onions, and bear meat with sweet pota-

toes. To show how much can be done in the woods by a man who understands camp cooking, I will just extract from my diary an example of his cooking in ONE WEEK'S BILL OF FARE.

Monday—Breakfast: Fried trout, corn bread, salt venison scrambled with eggs, whortleberries with cream. Dinner: Shingled trout, potatoe biscuit, deer's liver with bacon, wheaten biscuit, whortleberry pie and cottage cheese.

Tuesday—Breakfast: Fried trout, baked deer's heart, baked beans and brown bread, blackberry shortcake. Dinner: Baked trout, roast duck and boiled onions, baked potatoes, graham rolls.

Wednesday—Breakfast: Fried trout, venison ribs stewed with carrots, baked potatoes and steamed hard-tack, blackberries with cream. Dinner: Boiled trout with cream sauce, potatoes and cabbage, deer's head Spanish style, baked beans with grated cheese and brown bread, rice pudding.

Thursday—Breakfast: Shingled trout, potatoe dice, venison hash with onions, corn bread, whortleberry shortcake. Dinner: Fried trout with dice of ham, smothered bear with sweet potatoes, boiled onions and cabbage, cranberry pie.

Friday—Breakfast: Fried trout, deer's liver with onions, stewed bear with carrots, rye bread and baked beans. Dinner: Venison soup, saddle of venison with cranberry sauce, boiled onions, and string beans with bacon, rye toast.

Saturday—Breakfast: Fried trout, broiled grouse, sliced tomatoes and onions, curry of bear and rice, corn cakes and maple syrup. Dinner: Baked trout, stewed duck, with onions, baked potatoes, graham rolls, stewed tomatoes, wild celery fried and whortleberry pie.

Sunday—Breakfast: Broiled ducks, baked beans and brown bread, stewed pears and cream. Dinner: Bear soup, shingled trout, grouse pie, venison chops with cranberry sauce, whortleberry culet with rum, a la Helen Blazes.

This bill of fare was just a sample of what a good camp cook could do without any apparent effort. His venison soup consisted of all the neck and the trotters, boiled with an onion and two small potatoes, a chile pepper, a glass of port wine and a spoonful of currant jelly.

THE SOLITUDE OF CAMP LIFE Never once abated Jim's love of neatness in the woods. He kept everything clean enough for a hospital, and was always devising some means of light employment in order that the routine of camp life might not prove irksome. Some days the whole gang would be out, picking the whortleberries for win-ter, and while the rest were picking in the afternoon he would be filling and soldering the cans. His venison soup he would can for us by the dozen, and it tasted well six months afterwards. He would put up spiced trout in kegs, such as you could not buy in any grocery store in San Francisco for \$10 a dozen. He would can the venison, and what has become of him I do not know. I did hear that a relative had died on Long Island and Jim had some money. If so I suppose he gathers little children at night about the camp, and tells them of our gipsying days in the bleak northwest, varying the humdrum of his life with occasional pilgrimages to Jamaica, to plant flowers on the grave of old Hiram Woodruff, of whom he was a great admirer.

ANOTHER GREAT CAMP COOK (The country merchant "Tony," to whom I have so often alluded in my camp-fire stories. He is a native of Germany, and, like Jim Messenger, does not believe in letting anything be wasted. "Tony" does not know as great a variety of camp dishes as Jim, but he is a good cook for all that. He never goes to camp without taking a hundred yards of sausage, which he hangs with them (mind, now, I don't say they are sausages by the yard in that wooden country), and he makes a most delicious breakfast sausage, to be eaten with fried cabbage and horse-radish. It is made by chopping two parts of venison with one part of fat bacon and the faintest suspicion of garlic. Stuffed with them (mind, now, I don't say they are sausages by the yard in that wooden country), he casts them into a pot of boiling water and boils them just four minutes. He cooked an elk's tongue one night for supper, on the north fork of the John Day, and I never ate anything to beat it. At venison he was an excellent cook, but Messenger got beat him (or anybody else, for that matter) when it came down to cooking bear meat. For the benefit of the uninitiated reader, let it be mentioned that there are bears and bears. The grizzly bear is never fit to eat, and his cinnamon congener only when less than four months old. The black bear, which is found all the way from Humboldt bay to Sitka, is quite palatable up to sixteen months of age. Jim Messenger's plan was, if the bear had reached

ABOVE SIX MONTHS OLD, which could easily be determined by his cut teeth being gone, to bake the meat in a hole in the ground, well wrapped in cabbage leaves, and to let it cook in its own odor would go out into the leaves, and he would then throw away, and then fry the heart of the brunnical beast. I shall never forget how he skinned the tails of two beavers once, at Wallowa lake, and, after letting them dry out in the wind for two days, boiled them with onions and potatoes for a dinner that was the aftermath of a day's hunt was able to get a shot. There nobody enough of that dinner left to make a breakfast for an able-bodied coochook. That year Jim put up over 3000 pounds of "red fish," which Professor Jordan says are identical with the mullet, or silver-side salmon, of Puget Sound; and silver-side salmon, of Puget Sound; and smoked over 600 pounds of venison, which he sold for cash within three hours after reaching Walla Walla.

I have given the reader quite a lengthy sermon on camp life in the northwest, for the reason that there is much that will come useful here. Up there they have an abundance of ducks, deer and grouse, but no quail, doves or "cotton-tail" rabbits, like you have in this region. Hence there is no excuse for not having a well-kept table here, especially as the fruit growers are located much higher up in the foothills than they are in Oregon or Idaho. Fruit is a great thing in camp, and the

chances of getting it are better here than there, although you can always obtain whortleberries there, and cranberries, too, if the ground is anywise swampy.

THE GREAT CHARM OF CAMP LIFE

Is to have some trifling duty for each day and to do that regularly when the time comes for it to be done. In the quartette that went out to Olive Lake, I was the cook and Charley the groom, while Dan and Tony alternated in washing the dishes. In this way each did a little and yet nobody felt overworked. Each man knew just what he had to do, and never shirked it. The invariable rule was for one of the four to take his turn, day about, as camp-keeper, which left three-quarters of his time for hunting and fishing. I recommend every party that goes out camping to adopt this plan and it will pay in the long run.

Long spells of dry weather which prevail in the Sierra Madre are a God-send to the lover of out-door life. The fair days in the Cascade range are delightful; but, of a rainy night, it is not pleasant to wake up and find your blankets all soaking wet, as I have done on a dozen occasions. This is wherein Southern California beats any other fair land of earth, with its cloudless skies and its lovely atmosphere, so full of ozone. You can have more sport on the Trask or Uncompas, but you can never have such delightful camps there as here. The fine camp and good weather are what you are after, especially if you are asthmatically inclined, as I am. How long to hear the notes of the horn, winding through some sunny glen; and the deep, muffled voice of the hounds answering it, as in that good old English hunting song:

"For the sound of his horn woke me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds that he always led— Peal's 'dog-bellows' would awaken the dead, And the fox from his lair in the morning." H. DALGO.

Under Torrid Skies.

(Original.) Oh, for a home within sight of the sea! Oh, for a cot within sound of the wavel Oh, for the salt wind, so fragrant and free, Singing of mermaids, cool in their cavel Oh, for the open sky, smokeless and fair! Oh, for deep breaths of the strong vital air, Crisp with the freshness of mile after mile!

Oh, to plunge down in the life giving main, Green and transparent, where sea creatures roam, Then to be tossed by the billows again High on their crest like a bubble of foam! Even Care's self would grow merry and bright.

Lightsome and youthful and happy of heart, Washing away, in the liquid delight, Stains of the city and mire of the mart! When the unplying dog star is high, When the parched pavements are hot to the feet, When not a cloud shadow softens the sky, When not a mist wreath softens the eye, Oh, for a cot within sound of the wavel

ELIZABETH AKERS.

"A Luckless Youth." A Calcula clerklyman vouches for the fact that a young government clerk in that city has tried three times to marry the girl of his choice, but has every time been hypnotized at the altar. The last time he tried when he got to his turn to say "I will" he fell down in a stupor, which lasted several hours; then he made another attempt, and had another fit. Probably the world be bride was a snake charmer of India. When at the altar she thinks of how she will manage the young man in the years to come; the magnetism of the thought is communicated through the hand that holds hers, and the young man gets a preliminary idea of how things are going to be with him.

Possibly some spiritualist might explain that some one of the other side, out of compassion for him, is striking the cup from his lips every time he essays to taste it. There is a whole lot in that spiritualism and hypnotizing business which men do not know very much about, but surely that young man, if he is the least bit superstitious, will give up that particular girl and decide in his own mind that some good spirit is trying with all its might to draw him away from what would be liable to make his life a lively one.—Salt Lake Tribune.

A Lens That Has Been Begun.

The greatest refracting telescopes yet known are made by Alvan G. Clark, of Cambridgeport, Mass. So fine is the work required on the lenses of these instruments that the glassmakers commenced lens on two disks from which a 40-inch lens is to be made four years ago, and only one has as yet been sent to Mr. Clark. If there is in the glass it is minute speck of any kind in diameter less than one hundredth of an inch, and it is rejected. A disk forty inches in diameter and ten inches thick costs \$8,000. After Mr. Clark has determined what curve to give the glass, an iron casting is made of the size and shape required. The disk is revolved upon this and ground with steel crushings.

Next, eight courses of emery and an adjustable tool are used, and at this stage measurements are made with an instrument that measures one thirty-thousandth of an inch. The final shaping is made with beeswax and rouge, and even the bare thumb does it part in the polishing. The lens must be so exact in its curve that every ray striking it shall center at a predetermined mathematical point.—Public Opinion.

Cruel, Cruel

To its victims it is inexorable foe to human peace, that destroyer of rest and frequent tears, that scourge of human life—rheumatism. Like many another physical ill, it is easily remedied at the outset with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which expels the rheumatic virus from the blood through the kidneys. There exists the simplest evidence of treatment in cases that have resisted other remedies. Bitters has produced thorough and permanent results. But to temper with this malady it may be nipped in the bud. When nature is the most obstinate, neuralgia, indigestion, trouble, dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, a hasty retreat when the Bitters is summoned to the rescue. A wineglassful three times a day.

For Nursing Mothers, Constipated and Invalids order S. F. Double Extra Brown Saut, surpasses any of foreign make. Jacob Adell, Agent.

A DAY AT THE GROUSE.

An Indiana Sportsman's Fun in Stubble Fields.

The Man Who Always Wants to Sue You for Damages.

The Gallinaceous Birds Still Left in the Older Settled Parts of the American Continent and How They Fly.

WILLIAMSBURG, Ind., July 17.—Among the mail received this evening was the Forest and Stream, containing Dr. Morris' "A Day with the Grouse." As usual, Forest and Stream received the first notice, and the doctor's article happened to be the first one read, and the last one for today, too, for I felt it to be a sufficient feast for one day. So graphic and so true are his descriptions that one who has been there felt that he was there again, and living over again one of those happy days. Before a fourth of the article was read I forgot that I was only reading, and became one of the doctor's party, and as full of enjoyment as any of them. When, at last, the day was over, the paper dropped from my hands, and I sat a while, living over the days when a favorite brother (now gone to join the silent majority) and I, with strong limbs that laughed at the idea of getting tired; well trained dogs who only lived to serve us, and good guns that we knew how to use, tramped the grey fields and the brown carpeted woods of them, too, that did not bring heavy bags, but none that did not bring keen enjoyment, both at the time and when remembered. One day in particular was brought to view by the doctor's "day," and as it is the day of days in my shooting memories, perhaps it may be worth relating.

It was late in November when Brother Dave returned from the west, and we were reunited after a long parting. He had great stories to tell of shooting and fishing in the wildest part of the Rockies. "But," said he, "there was none of it so good as the old times with you, and I now suggest that we have just one more day with the Jay county 'pheasants.' We will go on this afternoon's train, have Dick drive us to the west end of the big woods early in the morning, and then we will hunt back toward town."

A forty-mile ride landed us at Bryant, just at dark. Dick was at the station, and gave us a hearty welcome, and at 5 o'clock he announced that breakfast was ready and the team harnessed, and in thirty minutes more we were on the road. The faint gray tinged the eastern sky, the dead woods and grass and the rail fences were silvered with frost. From a weed field near by came the plaintive calls of a covey of quail, scattered during the night by some owl or hawk. Two or three owls were hooting in the woods, and a belated rabbit hopped across the road. In the south was a bank of fog, and all the rest was hazy with smoke, and the smell of the burning brush and smoldering logs.

The sun was just in sight when we climbed the fence into a pasture lot dotted with clumps of hazel brush and littered with logs and piles of brush. The dogs jumped over the fence, but did not take a step. Both pointed to the stant they struck the ground. "Must be quail," said Dave. "It isn't likely pheasants would be out here so early."

Just then five grouse thundered out from the further side of a clump of hazel brush. Four shots that woke the echoes far and wide—one bird down, another going off hard hit and the other three out of sight in the woods; all in a very few seconds.

The next performance was by a man who mounted a stump a hundred yards away and launched at us a string of expletives that showed long practice in that line. The expletives were sandwiched with commands to "get out of there," threats of prosecution, death to the dogs and personal violence to our selves. Dave remarked that "that fellow must be feeling pretty lively, but was to talk to do anything else. At any rate he will have to come over here before we pay any attention to him. I marked the crippled bird, did you mark any of the others?" "Yes," said I, "two of them." Dan proposed that we get the crippled one and then hunt for the others. The bird was found and out any trouble. It was able to fly but not to the place the birds flew from and I got the bearings by which the two birds had been marked. One of them was found after 30 minutes' search, and got away, followed by two loads of shot. We concluded that the other one must have gone into a tree, and as it is next to impossible to find one of these birds in a tree, unless the tree is known, we gave it up.

The next find was four birds that were wallowing in the dust on the sunny side of a log. They flushed wild from me, but one dropped to my second barrel. Dave was forty yards away, but it got a shot at one flying past him. It towered straight up above the tall trees, but I recovered and flew away wild from the dogs. A second time it rose wild but did not fly so far. This time the dogs pointed in an open place, with nothing on the ground but dead leaves, beaten flat by the rains.

"Now he is our bird," said Dave. "We'll get him sure." The bird is not twenty feet from old Dick's nose. Slowly we approached the dogs, every one of us on the alert, at every step expecting the swift flight that would try our quickness. Step by step, till we reached the dogs. No bird flew. There was nothing to hide a hummingbird, much less a grouse. I said I didn't think there was any bird there. "Yes, there is," said Dave; "old Dick don't do that way for nothing. Catch it, Dick." Dick walked ten feet further and stopped. "There it is," said Dave, "three feet from Dick's nose." It was

dead; lying breast down and wings outspread, its plumage harmonizing so closely with the dead brown leaves that it seemed a part of them. We found that but one shot had hit it, but that was in the neck at the base of the bill, breaking its bones, but cutting a vein that bled it to death.

From here we crossed an open space grown up with weeds and bushes, the dogs flushing one bird that went into the woods, flying along a place that had been cleared of timber, and a rail fence built. As I was some distance nearer to the fence than Dave, I went after the bird, and presently looking back, saw him following. Forty rods down the fence I walked almost right on the bird. It rose within four feet of me, and flew back between me and a tree, so close that I struck it with my gun. This delayed my shooting, and by the time I had turned about and was about to pull the trigger, I remembered that Dave was back there, but immediately noted that the bird was twelve feet high, and Dave would be under full headway, but the shot was a good one. The bird folded its wing and fell dead without a struggle. Dave stepped out of a fence corner and said: "When your gun pointed this way, I got into that fence corner pretty quick. Just as the bird was opposite me I saw the feathers knocked out of it. Look where it lies, and it was not over twelve feet high when it was hit." It was thirty-five steps to where it hit the ground. It seems incredible that a bird can fly so swiftly and safely through such thick brush, but they do it, and have often done it in the night, too.

We next went into a tract of several hundred acres that had borne many large white oak trees. They had been cut down the year before when the leaves were on. The bodies of the trees had been hauled away, but the leafy tops still dotted the ground and were excellent cover for the birds. Wild berries, black hawks and the seeds of various weeds furnished abundant food. One of the dogs pointed at the edge of a thicket and I saw the bird standing on a log not ten feet away. "Come over here, Dave," said I, "there's one on that log."

"Why don't you shoot his head off?" said Dave. "I'll kill him with a club," said I. "I'll shoot now." And I used a stick that flashed the bird. We shot three times at him, but for all I know he is a good bird yet.

The next find was in one of the big oak tops. We stationed ourselves one on each side and urged the dog to go in, but he did not like to, and stood alternately looking at us and at the leafy top that hid the bird. After a good deal of urging he ran to the butt end of the top, got on a big limb six feet above the ground, walked out on it till he was directly above the bird, and pointed again, partly croaked. "It came two in a mighty hurry. There were two shots, two clouds of feathers floating in the air and two birds fluttering on the dead leaves. The dog came out of the top and looked as though he had very grave doubts about that being the proper way to do it, and wondering whether he would be switched or praised. He was sat on the head and told to fetch the dead birds, and after that was fully satisfied that it was all right, because we said it was. He had also got the idea that the birds were all in these tops, and put in the rest of the day running from one top to another, always going on the lee side, generally running right by the dog, and occasionally stopping to take a sniff or two to make sure he had not overlooked a bird, and soon got very willing to go in and scare the birds out.

At noon we lay on the dead grass in the warm sunshine and ate the lunch that our host had slipped into our shooting coats, and afterwards tried to take a nap, but our minds were to full of the sport we had had and of the sport to come, and the dog wagged his tail and whined, so we were soon afield again.

At last the sun got low and the air chilly, but still we tramped the woods, and the faithful dog ran from top to top, and our guns croaked, till at last the dark away or were killed, till at last the dark away and the woods were left to the owls and the coons and the foxes. If the day had been longer the sport would have lasted longer, but we felt that we had had enough.

A review of the day's incidents showed that we had flushed sixty-five birds, shot at forty-two of them, and bagged twenty-one. Of course, we did use sixty-five different birds, as quite a number were flushed more than once, and more than fifty shot were fired, as both of us frequently shot at the same bird.

Did the day's enjoyment end with the day? By no means. It was enjoyment to see the intarses of wife and children as they unpacked the birds and counted them, and admired their plumage, and asked how they lived and how we got them. It was enjoyment to sit down to the luscious feast they made, to eat them and to see the loved ones eat them. It was enjoyment to lay one nice young bird in the hands of an invalid friend, and to be told how he had been longing for just one pheasant's breast. It was enjoyment to read the letter from a city friend to whom some of the birds were sent—a letter that said the birds made him smell the autumn leaves and see the smoky Indian summer, and ended by complimenting the skill that brought so many of such wary and swift-winged birds. Neither was enjoyment for the day that day's enjoyment, for the day has been lived over again in memory a hundred times, and will be a hundred times again. And further yet, that day and others like it have kept my body strong and my mind clear from many weary cares, and made warm friends for me.

Eve's Daughters.

Marion Harland, on page 103 and 445 of her popular work, "Eve's Daughters, or, Common Sense for Maid, Wife and Mother," says: "For the aching back—should it be slow in recovering its normal strength—an Allcock's recovering the sensation of the sustained pressure of a strong, warm hand with certain tonic qualities developed in the wearing. It should be kept over the seat of uneasiness for several days—in obstinate cases, for perhaps a fortnight."

"For pain in the back wear an Allcock's Position-Plaster constantly, renewing as it wears off. This is an invaluable support when the weight on the small of the back becomes heavy and the aching incessant."

TOPICS OF TURF AND RING.

A String of Handsome Thoroughbreds at Rosemead.

The Chances in the Coming Battle at New Orleans.

Sullivan and Corbett Impartially Judged—A Black Horse That Can Face a Blue Streak.

The great Omnibus stakes at Long Branch, the second most valuable 3-year-old racing prize in America, was run on Tuesday, and won by Yorkville Belle in 2:38, beating Huron and The Pepper. This race was supposed to be an assured fact for Mr. Marcus Daly's great chestnut colt, Tammany, son of Ironclad, but from the foregoing he would appear to have paid forfeit. These telegrams are very meager as yet. Last week we had an account of a mile race at Saratoga, a comparatively slow track, won by Mr. Sasa, with Gold Dollar second, in 1:40. Now, the published accounts of the race are at hand, and it seems that Mr. Sasa, a 4-year-old horse, carried 113 pounds, while Gold Dollar, of the same age, had up 123 pounds. This looks as if California was breeding some good horses when they can concede sixteen pounds to horses of their own age. The Omnibus stakes were worth about \$20,000 to the winner, and Yorkville Belle once more regains her ascendancy as queen at the east. Whether she can beat Yo Tambien in something yet to be established.

When little Flora Temple trotted in 2:19 1/2, men said that there would be a day when a horse would trot in 2:10. It did look pragmatical at that time. Now that nine horses have beaten 2:10, five trotters and four pacers, the question that suggests itself is, how long shall we have to wait before we see a horse trot or pace a mile in 2:00. Flying Jib is known to have gone a half mile, in double harness, in 1:07, which is a 2:02 gait, and pulled his string mate as well as the cart to which Captain Griffith drove them. With that in view, why should not some game horse pace in 2:00 inside of the next five years. Hal Pointer yesterday paced against Direct's kite-record of 2:06 and beat it three-quarters of a second. How far off is the two-minute horse now?

Our reporter was shown eight head of very handsome thoroughbred horses by Oshello (son of The Bard, who won the Kentucky cup with 148 pounds up), out of the imported mare Phoebe Marks, by Syngesborough, who was one of the three great horses of Australia in 1876. The other two are fillies, one by Roodee, who was full brother to Chester, and the other is by Dunlop, who won the Melbourne cup of 1857, covering the two miles in 3:28 1/2.

The great trot against time by Nancy Hanks, at Chicago, Wednesday, corroborates what Orrin Hickok said about her a year ago. He said then that she "could beat any horse in America in a race, unless it were Palo Alto—he did not fear anything else; and," he added, "she will beat him in another year." Now that Palo Alto is dead, there is no trotter to match against her. Nancy Hanks for Sanol is not worth her hay and oats for anything but an exhibition trotter. She is a peevish, ill-tempered mare, but if she had the disposition of Nancy Hanks, she would not stop short of 2:05. There has never been a horse on earth the equal of Sanol for speed.

The pacing horse San Pedro, who formerly pulled a hearse in this city, has at last succeeded in his undertakings. He got a record of 2:13 1/2 at the Northwest Breeder meeting in Chicago on Thursday, under the able pilotage of George Starr. As a four-legged funeral sharp this horse was an undoubted failure, but as a race nag he bids fair to become one of the topswayers; and while he has by no means equalled the performances of Flying Jib, he has proved himself a great horse, nevertheless. How many horses do we find that beat 2:14 in their first season?

No American horse has yet been able to win both the Realization and Omnibus stakes, except Tournament. The latter was inaugurated in 1852, and won by Harry Gilmore. The former was first run in 1880, and won by Salvador, but Longstreet beat him for the Omnibus. In 1890 Tournament bagged the Realization, and put up his weight and won the Omnibus also. Last year Potomac won the Realization, but Royce Ray captured the Omnibus. Potomac is the only colt that ever won the Futurity and the Omnibus.

The Criterion stakes, at Long Branch, Tuesday, fell to the lot of Miss Maude, with Stowaway second, and that useful colt, Lovelace, third. Last year this race, which is worth about \$6000, was won by Tammany, with the Uppas-Mimi colt second. In 1890 it was won by Reckon, with St. Charles second. Its other winners since 1882 were Fairfield, Louise, Goano, Pure Rye, Milton, Specialty, Seforita and Burlington. This distance is six furlongs.

When Derfargilla beat Yorkville Belle with a straw hat on her back, they all said the Belle's day had gone by. Since then the unchaste Irish queen's name-sake has won again and had to put up evenly weights with the Belle, who literally smothered her. Derfargilla was "not in it" on Tuesday at Long Branch.

The gallopers at the Oakland meeting appear to be a very tart lot of crabs. Possibly there will be a better lot at the State fair.

A great horse has shown up in the vicinity of Santa Barbara, being a son of Jim Mulvenna, 2:37. The latter is a son of Nutwood, and embraces in his