

A MADING SONG.

Over the meadow floats the mist;
Rolling soft and gray;
Upon the hills the sun has kissed,
Brightens the yellow hay.

NELLIE'S ALPENSTOCK.

It was in the summer of eighty. Sister Nell and I had been moping all Spring when Aunt Bettie came and carried us off for a change of delicious summering. Not to any fashionable springs or seaside resort, but here and there among the mountains, up and down the Hudson. Two months of romance—a day dream to me. But it was Nell I started to tell you about. She was a semi-invalid, this spoiled sister of mine, which was one reason auntie kept us away from any crowded resort. Nell loved society—gentlemen's society—but she was so capricious, they never got along smoothly together long. They admired her archness, her beauty; the petite figure leaning back among the cushions of her sofa made slaves of them, until her caprices, her coquetries drove them away. I used to get so impatient with her, for I wanted to see her settled in life. She was twenty-two now, and I—well, I was a little older, but felt ten years older at least, and always worried over her so much. She had been paler than usual this Spring, and I blessed dear Auntie Bettie as I marked her daily improvement. Well, we were at Hoosac. Those of you who, in your summer jaunts, have visited Hoosac Tunnel, will remember the natural beauties of the place. We were stopping at "Rice & Jenk's" hotel, at the east end—Nell and I, half intoxicated with the invigorating air, and happy from the mere delight of existence. Before us roared and tumbled the Deerfield River, while directly behind, the mountain rose far above; in fact, we seemed shut in by mountains. Within an hour of our arrival, some one was saying within our hearing, "No one should think of leaving without seeing the Twin Cascades," and a glowing description followed. Catching the tumorous expression of Nell's eyes as she turned to look at the speaker, I knew she meant mischief. I looked also. He continued talking, apparently unconscious of the two pair of eyes upon him, as he turned away with his companion, Nell said quietly: "Dolly, I'm going to see the Cascades, and I'm going to have him for an escort. He is splendid, and his voice is something new in my experience."

ease as our old cronies. I confess to an uneasy feeling about Nell's getting any farther than the wagon went. But she—she hadn't a thought beyond that minute and its enjoyment. "Witty, arch, and artfully artless; I must confess she charmed both gentlemen, while auntie smilingly divided her attention between us and the surrounding scenery. The end of the wagon road was reached. Auntie's expression was perfectly appalling as Mr. Upton politely asked if he should assist her to alight, adding: "We have quite a walk before us, but a very pleasant one."

escort for us. You have just an hour in which to eat dinner and get ready! Why, what's the matter? You look perfectly blank at the idea!" I felt blank, and I guess Nell did. An hour later, however, found us on our way. We left a note of thanks, and a "good-bye" for the gentlemen, and regretfully left them behind. But in spite of our regrets we enjoyed the trip hugely. You who have been over the mountain on the outside of the coach on a perfect summer day, know just the delight of it. At North Adams we parted with auntie's friend, and went off, continuing down to Pittsfield. Four weeks later found us among the Catskills. We had been there about a week, when returning from a day's jaunt, we heard the exclamation, "Dolly Brantley by all that's jolly!" and found myself in the arms of Sadie Sanders, the wild, wildest of my old school friends. In five minutes she knew all my summer wanderings, and I knew hers; also that to-morrow Cousin John was coming to join the party. Without giving a thought to "Cousin John"—for was not my—what am I saying? Well, next day we all went climbing off as usual, for Nellie, although a little distrustful, seemed to thrive among the mountains, and enjoy climbing. At lunch-time we met at a certain table-rock, and then we missed her. Jose Parton had seen her last climbing off alone. We started for a general search, and had an hour later we discovered the gypsy sitting in the shadow of a rock, with Fred Upton stretched out in lazy grace beside her.

The September stars. Here is a long story of the September stars made short; Mercury will be the morning star after the 24, and those who wish to see the quick little dodger of the solar system must look for him an hour before sunrise. Saturn, outshining the other planets, is a morning star also, and so, too, Mars and Neptune are morning stars. Uranus, Jupiter and Venus are evening stars. Venus is the gem of the Western sky.

One night, about a dozen years ago, when the cream of a "first night" audience in Paris flowed into the Salle d'Athene, where the great Joachim was advertised to wield his magic bow, among the row of first violins in Paderewski's famous orchestra, I roused upon the stage, at Gustavo Thorez, a gentle old enthusiast, smartly buttoned up in a well-brushed black coat, with a trim, gray mustache, and the inevitable bit of red ribbon in his button-hole.

HORSE NOTES. —Dunbar has returned to Cleveland with Clingstone, Guy, Clennette G. and Nobby. —There will be a fall meeting at Island Park on September 22 to 25. The purses aggregate \$5000. —William France's horses Albert France, Sister Wilkes and Harry Wilkes are now quartered at Fleetwood. —Eva, the California-bred mare, ruptured a blood-vessel in her head at Springfield, and was distanced in the 2.23 class. —The trotter Iron Age dropped dead while trotting in the free-for-all race at the Gentlemen's Driving Park, Bridgeport, Conn., on the 10th. —The free-for-all trotting and pacing class at Mystic and Beacon Parks did not fill, and a purse of \$500 for the 2.30 class, pacing, has been substituted. —Albany Boy, the pacer, and running mate are credited with going a quarter of a mile in 30 1/2 seconds, at Beacon Park, recently. The time of the mile was 2.25 1/2. —The Hanover Agricultural Society holds its annual fair at Hanover, Pa., on September 30 and October 1 and 2. The premiums for speed exhibitions amount to \$1500. —William Disston's bay team Chester and mate have been placed in John Murphy's hands at Fleetwood Park for training. Frank Work has been driving the pair for a couple of weeks. —Biersan, by winning the Twin City Handicap, has incurred a penalty of seven pounds for the New York Handicap, making his weight 117 pounds. —The National Horse Show Association of America will hold its third annual exhibition at Madison Square Garden, on November 3-7. The premium list will amount to over \$19,000, and entries will close on Saturday, October 10. —There is still talk of Miss Woodford and Freeland meeting again, but so far it has amounted to nothing. The Washington Park Club, of Chicago, has offered \$5000 added money to any race made between the two to be decided on its track, and \$1000 additional if Pontiac should start. —Green B. Morris talks of taking his stable to California to winter, as the early success of Messrs. Haggis, Baldwin and others has convinced him that not only is the climate beneficial, but that horses wintered there can be got ready for spring racing much earlier, owing to the mild winters of the Pacific coast. —The regular meeting of the Rose Tree Hunt will be held at Media on September 24. There will be six races, and the conditions are: Gentlemen riders in all races, three or more horses, two of which are the property of different owners, to start or no race, Maryland Jockey Club rules to govern except where modified by club rules. —Parole's reappearance at Sheephead Bay, after an absence of two years was the occasion of a great popular ovation. Parole looked quite high in flesh. His change of color, too, was the subject of general remark. From a brown he has become quite a bay. But most horses become lighter in color with age. Ten years ago Parole was almost black; two years ago he was a "burnt brown."

—Up to September 3, the jockey Mc Carthy has a grand total of 295 mounts. This is the greatest number ever attained by an American jockey in a like period, and speaks well for the ambition and energy of the young man. His suspension by the Saratoga Association was most unfortunate, as up to that date he had a great lead in the winning mounts, since which, owing to his being debarred from the practice of his profession at Monmouth or Sheephead, McLaughlin has passed him. His suspension was for disobedience, and it is the general opinion it was rather severe, not only upon himself, but upon Commodore Kittson, who is compelled to pay him without being able to avail himself of his services. —With the close of the present season, James Lee, will sever his connection with Mr. Walton's stable, and assume charge of that of ex-Mayor Nolan, of Albany. This position was offered him a year ago, when Lee parted with the Erdenheim Stable, but he was unwilling to supersede his old friend Pat Maney, who recently resigned the post. It will be a most congenial one to Lee, being best suited to his tastes, as it is exclusively a steeplechase stable, a field in which Lee won his spurs as the trainer of Trouble, Disturbance, Dispute, Day Star, Waller, etc., and besides Mayor Nolan races at Saratoga, which is Lee's home, he having some property there. It is likely that Mayor Nolan will add largely to his fourth year, he has long cherished the desire to take Bourke Cockran to England and start him in the Grand National, at Aintree, but the horse has shown poor form this season, and unless he should mend this will have to be abandoned. —When eight or more horses start in a race the distance is increased, and when ten or more start, every horse is allowed to continue until the deciding heat is over, provided he is not distanced. Large fields crowd the track and add to the element of uncertainty. When five heats have been trotted the winner of the first heat may be so tired as to prefer the stable, but he is compelled to go on and run the risk of being distanced; whereas a horse which has been second twice is allowed to rest in the stable, with no fear of losing fourth money. The history of these venerable documents is remarkable. Professor Karaback supposes that they must at one time formed part of the public archives of El Fayoum, and that the bulk of these archives perished in a great conflagration such as destroyed the great library at Alexandria. —It seems that the men who aren't wanted here are the men who aren't wanted in the other world. Let us be content to work. To do the things we can, and not presume To fret because it's little.