

BARLEY BRIGHT.

"How far is it to Barley Bright?" "Three or four miles and ten."

THREE CLEVER ROGUES.

The Plot of Mons. Jouffroy's Clerks.

Monsieur Richard Jouffroy was a general agent and broker, and had his offices on the Rue d'Angout near Rue Montmartre, Paris.

WINE, WOMEN AND JOLLITY.

"Yes, just so; and do you believe him? I think not. There is this comforting thought, Emil, he has no relative in the world, and one of these days he may go off and you and I may benefit."

Captain Vouille herein informs Monsieur Jouffroy that important business will prevent his being in Paris before July 24, on which day at noon, he will do himself the honor to wait on Monsieur Jouffroy.

"But on June 24th Vouille will be here," said Emil.

"I have thought of that also," was the reply. "You had no idea I was such a good business man, had you?"

A CLEVER TRICK.

"Have no fears," answered Favart. "You remember that last month Jouffroy was robbed in the bank of his pocketbook, containing 4,700 francs, and that he offered a reward of 1,000 francs for its recovery and no questions asked?"

A MISTAKE.

On reaching Newcastle-on-Tyne, they went on board a steamer just about to start, as they supposed, for Antwerp, but in their haste, as they soon discovered after the vessel had put to sea, they had gone on board a London steamer by mistake.

Life in the Congo Valley.

The explorers in the Congo Valley are surprised by the crudity of life there. The natives have no domesticated beasts of any sort, nor do they raise or catch any animals to eat, as they know nothing of flesh as food.

TWO ABSCONDERS.

That night Emil and Favart met at the room of the latter and arranged their plans. They went out bought clothes and procured a valise apiece.

where they crossed to Dover. They confronted themselves with the idea that Jouffroy would think them both sick, and as he did not know where either lived, he could make no inquiries.

"After a few days enjoyment," said Favart, "we will start for America together, and there we shall be safe from pursuit."

After a fortnight they began to think that Jouffroy must have discovered their roguesy. One day coming by boat from Greenwich, they thought they identified Jouffroy, in company of two men who looked like detectives, on board a steamboat going in the opposite direction.

Mother and Wife.

"Maud, I wish you would not say that again. I tell you, once for all, Mr. Lee is, and cannot be anything more to me than a friend, so if you respect my wishes in the least you will not mention his name to me again."

And Kate Lane flung back her bright, brown curls as she spoke, a little disdainfully, perhaps, and bent a little lower over the piece of coqueting she held in her hands.

I will not stop to tell you that she, my heroine, was handsome; suffice it to say that she was the belle of the pretty village of M—, and, as a matter of course, was sought after and admired by all the young men of the place, not only because she was witty and accomplished, but because old Guy L. ne was the wealthiest man in the place, and would one day leave his all in the hands of Katie, as the only legal heir.

Maud Anthony laughed low and triumphantly as she returned: "Really, Kate, you need not speak so angrily. Everybody thinks you are going to marry him, and, for my part, I think he will make some one a kind husband."

"Well, if you see so many good qualities about him, why don't you marry him? When I see it to get married I shall take whom I please, despite what everybody says."

The curls flew again, and the sparkling eyes glanced saucily at the finished coquette opposite her.

"Oh, ho! so my pretty lady is getting angry, eh? If that's the case I must see. Only remember I have done my duty. I thought you ought to know how people are talking."

"You need not trouble yourself, Miss Anthony, to look after my affairs; you must have enough of your own to look after. When I need your advice I will surely let you know. So I bid you good afternoon."

The queenly little head rose proudly erect at this, and with a scornful expression on her lips Katie walked quickly away into the shadow of the shrubbery of the garden.

As she walked hastily on a footstep on the other side of the hedge checked her flight, and in a moment Wilkes Lee, the subject of the little conversation under the elms, scrambled up into sight, without seeming to have seen Katie, and hastened away.

The strange little heart of Katie gave a sudden start as she recognized her old friend and—lover, as she paused, murmuring:

"I wonder if he heard what we said? I wouldn't have him for all the world. A plague on Maud Anthony! She forced me to say it. I suppose she is glad, too; for now she thinks I don't care for him."

For a moment Katie was silent as she worked nervously at the pretty diamond ring that encircled that chubby forefinger. It was a gift from Wilkes, a betrothal ring.

"I don't care!" Kate at last broke out, poutingly. "Now, that I've said it, I'll show Miss Anthony I mean it. There!" she said, as she drew the diamond from her finger and cast it away into the bushes, "there, lie there and rust, for all I care. Much good may it do you Maud, too. You can catch him I know, but what do I care?"

More than you think, my pretty heroine; we shall see.

A moment later she stood there looking in the direction of the hedge; then clapping her hands to her face she burst into a quiet shower of tears.

On the other side of the hedge Wilkes Lee strode quickly away, saying, sheepishly:

"Well, well; a pretty scrape you came near getting into, my boy. Didn't mean to be an eavesdropper, certainly; accidents will happen, you know. So she don't care for you, eh? We'll see. I'll warrant she don't know her own heart now. I think I'll run away a few days, and let her get over her fit."

And the young man disappeared in the underbrush that lined the road, leaped the fence, and was soon lost to view in distance.

Katie waited patiently for many days for the visit of her once ardent lover, and then, concluding that he had not only overheard what she said that day in the garden, but had taken her at her word, commenced not to look alone, but to mourn him as lost to her, indeed.

And Maud Anthony, to all whom all this was due, rejoiced that Wilkes seemed to have suddenly ceased to visit the Lanes, and strove with renewed efforts to entangle the handsome young fellow—for Wilkes Lee was considered the best catch the village afforded.

But with all the pleasing ways she could affect, Wilkes seemed impregnable to her attempt. Indeed, no one knew that he even noticed her, save Katie, who looked on jealously, thinking she could no longer hold a place by her side. In Katie's presence alone did Wilkes seem to care in the least for the flirt. After a while he cast even her off, and disappeared entirely. Ah, Katie! the battle was more than half fought when you cast the love of a man, pure and undivided, from you. This was only a little struggle before the actual defeat.

There was a great ball at the Anthony's; positively the affair of the season, those said who ought to know. Of course all the fashionable people would be there; no one would miss such a chance to show themselves as this ball masque afforded. The Lane carriage was in attendance, and Katie was there looking prettier than ever; a trifle paler than usual, no doubt, though for the world she would not have had the sharp-sighted gossips surmised the real cause.

The ball was in full blast when the close carriage of the Lees was whirled up to the door, and the occupants, en costume, announced. No one doubted, even for a moment, that that tall, distinguished looking fellow, with a lady leaning heavily on his arm, was Wilkes Lee, but who was his companion—who was she? This was with all the theme of wonder, with all; none the less with Katie than with the coquette, Maud Anthony. Some said "was his wife; perhaps he had married in a foreign land. Some said no; Mrs. Lee had said only to-day that Wilkes was coming home unmarried."

And so while all wondered, no one

HORSE NOTES.

—The English Doncaster St. Ledger will be run in a short time.

—Maud S. will make another attempt to beat her record at Providence.

—Ex-Alderman Hughes, of New York, recently refused \$6000 for Fides.

—The American Jockey Club has seriously discussed the question of eliminating steeplechases from its programmes after the present racing season.

—Imported Richmond and Suttler, of Plunger Walton's stable were transferred to the charge of Ed Heffner recently, the rest of Mr. Walton's horses going into the stable of J. H. McCormick.

—The Dwyer Bros. have presented to James Williams, the owner of Joe Cotton, the once famous ch. g. Checkmate. He will be sent to Kentucky, to be used as a saddle, and given a good home.

—The b. g. Judge Osborne died at Coxsackie, N. Y., August 23. He had won two heats in a race the day before, but was taken sick and distanced in the following heat.

—The promising young stallion Edge Hill, record 2.25, by Dictator, dam Sue, by Thorndale, has been sold by Mr. J. I. Case to Jacobs Bros., of Youngstown, O., for \$4,000.

—S. Loates, the jockey, who rode Harvester when he ran a dead heat with St. Gatien in the English Derby of 1884, has had his license withdrawn by the stewards of the Jockey Club.

—The money—\$2000—for the second match between the stallions Almont Gift and Mohawk Gift is in the hands of Secretary Fasig, of the Cleveland track, and the race is to be trotted September 18.

—Maxey Cobb's defeat by Majolica, at Narragansett Park, was a bitter pill to swallow for Mr. Isador Cohnfeld. Majolica's great form shown in that race is likely to bring about a race between him and Harry Wilkes.

—Secretary Vail has prepared and is sending out from the office of the National Trotting Association at Hartford, a set of class-books to tracks which are not members of the Association, with the object of preserving and promoting accuracy of trotting records.

—Isidor Cohnfeld proposes a tripartite race between Maxey Cobb, Majolica, and Harry Wilkes, at \$1000 a corner to be trotted not before Nov. 1 at Fleetwood, the Driving Club to add \$2000 and the winner to take all. Mr. France accepts and Mr. Strauss is very likely to do likewise.

—Quickly following the tragic death of Moran at Brighton Beach came the fatal accident in the steeplechase at Sheephead Bay last Tuesday, whereby the horse Revenge and his jockey, Ford, were both killed, the former instantly and the latter living only a few moments. This is the first accident entailing loss of human life which has occurred at this course, though the falls have been numerous.

—A match for \$2500 a side, \$1000 forfeit has been made between the Ranocas Stable (P. Lorillard) and Mr. Kelso (A. J. Cassatt), the race to be run in July 1887, at Monmouth Park, for ten 2-year-olds, at three quarters of a mile, the Ranocas stable to name one of the get of imp. Saxon, and Mr. Kelso one by his Leamington stallion Stratford.

—The b. g. Captain Curry, foaled 1880, by Voltigeur, dam, Kate Conell, by Marion, the property of ex-Mayor Nolan, of Albany, was so seriously injured in the steeplechase at Sheephead Bay on September 3, that it was deemed charitable to relieve him of his sufferings. He was a valuable cross-country horse when just right, and was a full brother to Voltaire, now named Jim Metcowan.

—The nominators of stallions for the Spirit of the Times cup met recently, and fixed upon Mystic Park, Boston, as the place, and September 30 as the date of the race. The proposition of Mystic Park was to add \$3000 to the stake, which sum to be deposited on or before the 12th instant. The amount of stakes and added money is therefore \$7125, and under the conditions of the stake the winner will receive \$4987.50 and the Spirit of the Times cup; the second horse, \$1425 and the third horse \$712.50.

—Frank Vanness has at the Fleetwood track the b. g.'s Harry Wilkes and Albert France and the bay mare Sister Wilkes. It is understood they are for sale, and several gentlemen have been looking them over. Harry Wilkes seems to have taken the fancy of Mr. Frank Work, who wishes him to go to a team. Mr. C. France asks \$40,000 for him. Albert France is being looked at by Mr. P. Shultz, of Brooklyn, who, it is said, has offered \$10,000 for him. Mr. France is about to spend all his time at his farm near Lexington, Ky., where he has large breeding interests, and therefore he wants to sell his famous trotters.

—Miss Woodford, whose name is in the mouths of all who care for horse-racing just now, is a brown mare. She may appear again on the track shortly. She was foaled in 1880, bred by D. McIntire, Kentucky, sold to George W. Bowen & Co., Kentucky, and by them to Dwyer Brothers, Brooklyn, N. Y., her present owners. She was sired by imp. Billet, dam Fancy Jane, by Neil Robinson, second dam by imp. Knight of St. George, third dam by imp. Giencoe, fourth dam Yarloo by Sumpter, etc. Miss Woodford has an uncommonly brilliant record. In four years she has lost but eight races. As a two-year-old she won five times and lost three races, running second to Ascender, and third to Queen Ban and Bellona. As a three-year-old she won ten times and lost two races, running second to Empress, and unplaced in the Monmouth Stakes, won by her stable companion, George Kinney. As a four-year-old she won nine straight races, and is one of the most thorough educated women in England. She is fond of intellectual society, and cares little for the fripperies and frivolities of fashion.

Remarkable Shell Heap.

A remarkable shell heap that will completely throw in the shade all shell heaps that have been uncovered on the Maine coast, was uncovered to some extent the other day. This shell heap is located at Falmouth Foreside, and is on land owned by the Underwood Water Company. It is apparently about thirty feet deep at the thickest point, and runs back as far as has been traced about 100 feet. The great age of the deposit can be inferred from the fact that two oak trees, one nearly three feet through at a point just above the ground, are growing near the highest part of the mound. Shells have been removed that must have been buried many hundred years, upon which the marks of fire are as fresh as if made but yesterday. The expense of removing the entire mass will be considerable, but will be at once undertaken by the proprietors of the Underwood, who expect to reap a rich harvest of Indian relics. The work will be under the immediate direction of Dr. Charles L. Browne of New York, and will probably be undertaken next week. Governor Robie, Mayor Deering and other prominent gentlemen have been invited to be present.

Marchioness of Salisbury.

The Marchioness of Salisbury is a daughter of the eminent jurist Sir Edward Hall Anderson, Baron of the Exchequer, and is one of the most thoroughly educated women in England. She is fond of intellectual society, and cares little for the fripperies and frivolities of fashion.

knew. Katie's wandering little heart sank still lower as she saw what care and attention the young man bestowed upon his companion. "Twas well her face was concealed beneath the simple milk-maid's dress; otherwise some might have said she still cared for him."

And, think you, this verdict would have been wrong? I very much surmise it would not.

The mask seemed not to have any eyes or ears for anything save the lady beside him. And lower and lower sank Katie's poor little heart as the evening wore on, and still Wilkes made no effort to distinguish her from among the crowd. At last when she could constrain herself no longer, she quietly slipped away from the throng and went out into the moonlight garden and wept alone, in a seat under the trees.

A long time she sat thus, when with the thought that she would be missed, she started up.

A hand was laid gently on her arm. "Stay a minute, Katie. I want to speak with you a moment."

'Twas Wilkes Lee's voice, and Katie struggled to get from the grasp that detained her.

"Katie, I heard what you said that day under the elms; did you mean it?" His warm breath touched her face.

"No, Wilkes, I did not. I was provoked," came falteringly, hesitatingly, from Katie's rosy lips. What if, after all, he had been true to her? She could not help thinking of it.

"And you love me still?" "I have always loved you, Wilkes."

"When you own up you are defeated, Katie?" "But what of that lady who is with you? She is your—"

"Mother, my darling; and you are to be my wife!"

Reader—I never was good at portraying scenes like the one which followed. Perhaps some of you can imagine what it was. As for me, I know only by imagination, never been there. Suffice to say a few days after there was a wedding somewhere, and some one, which means Kate, was married to some one, which means Wilkes Lee, the one who so unwillingly became once a participant in Katie's defeat.

Sledges and Reindeer in Lapland.

The only means of conveyance afforded by the country was the reindeer sledges and the author gives a graphic picture of the manner in which the reindeer is prepared for duty.

"First, two symmetrical bits of wood are laid above and below the neck of the deer and fastened together. From the middle of these a band runs down on each side to a wooden block under the stomach immediately behind the fore legs. To this block the single trace is attached, generally made of reindeer skin. From the end of the wooden block again a broad belt runs over the back of the animal, while around the neck a rope is placed to which the rein is fastened. This is the whole harness. It is loose and primitive, but doubtless best adapted to reindeer drivers."

"The sledge seems from its construction to be better adapted to water than to land traveling. Cut a low boat in halves, take the stem part and close it behind with a perpendicular piece of wood, and you have a sledge. It is about the length of a man; without any covering whatever, and completely empty, the driver sitting down on the bottom. As it is provided with a keel, it will be pretty clear that it is about as easily managed as a boat on terra firma. The pulk is built of birchwood, but the keel is of fir. What is most annoying to the uninitiated is that the pulk does not, as the sleigh, travel on runners, but on a little keel, and capizes in consequence at the slightest bump or want of balance on the part of the driver, and that it is drawn by a single trace and not by shafts, from which it follows that the reindeer can not hold it back down hill, which often causes the traveler to come rather more precipitately than he might wish, and finally that two reins are not used."

"There is, however, good reason why the Lapps prefer the single to the double system, and each one has advantages of its particular kind in reference to the nature of the road. A sleigh would for instance, sink far deeper into the loose snow, and be knocked to pieces over rough ground, where the road is obstructed with logs and stones, and the pulk has often to shoot down a declivity of a couple of yards. The sleigh would capsize quicker than the pulk, strange as it may seem, as the latter capsize only in the hands of an inexperienced driver."

Life in the Congo Valley.

The explorers in the Congo Valley are surprised by the crudity of life there. The natives have no domesticated beasts of any sort, nor do they raise or catch any animals to eat, as they know nothing of flesh as food.

Letters from missionaries say, too that the negroes there are so low in mentality that any hope of Christianizing them must be based on a long and patient course of intellectual training. They are too densely ignorant to comprehend the simplest statements of doctrine.

Colonel Yergor has just been paying a number of bills which his hopeful son, who is a student at the University of Texas, had contracted. "I had no idea," said the old man to his son, "that studying was so expensive."

"O, yes, it costs money," replied the youth, "and I didn't study so very much, either."