

In the Cottage by the River.

In the cottage by the river, Covered with a chattering rime, Where the restless aspens quiver, And the climbing roses twine; Lies a maiden, soon to measure New and untried scenes to come; Leaving every earthly treasure, Passing to a brighter home.

FROM OVER THE SEA.

It is a strange story, I shall never tell it while I live—this story of mine; but, perhaps, after I am gone, some who live after me will like to read it. They might have thought me mad, or believed me given to falsehood; but when they see this paper, yellow with time, and signed by one who no longer dwells on earth, they will take the tale as I mean it.

I was named Marjorie Franklin, and I was born at Newport over eighty years ago. There I lived until I was seventeen. I had every advantage that a young lady of that age could have, and I was always taught to remember that I should some day take my place at the head of an elegant establishment, that one day I should be no longer plain "Miss" but "my lady," for I was betrothed to my English cousin, whom I had never seen, and who, as the eldest son of a dead peer, had inherited his title as well as his estate upon coming of age.

I had heard that my cousin was handsome and talented, and I had no fear that I should not be happy, although I had never seen him; and as the time approached on which his visit was to be expected, for he was coming soon, and to stay until we were married in this land of mine, I felt much the sort of light hearted expectation with which I had looked forward to my first party.

The day of my cousin's visit drew near apace. We knew he was to sail in the next vessel that left for New York. At that time there were no steamships, and the date of the arrival of a vessel was problematical. However, he would come—I never doubted that. My wardrobe was replenished; I had robes of all the high bright colors that become my brunette beauty; I had laces and buckles, gloves, fans and combs, chains and ribbons, kerchiefs and ribbons; and when I had tried all these things on, and surveyed myself often in the glass, with my hair dressed in twenty different styles, I longed for my future husband's coming chiefly that I might wear all this finery. Every day I examined the letter-bag for the letter which should tell of the Osprey's arrival, and that of my titled cousin with her. But the vessel was delayed; the winds had been unfavorable; and although she was overdue nothing was yet heard of her.

We sat together, my mother, my father and I, in the garden one evening. The air was clear, the twilight still lingered, though the moon was risen. We spoke of the Osprey. "Many a gallant vessel has been wrecked," said my father. "Seldom have summer storms been so cruel. I shall be glad to have news that the ship that comes to us is safe." "God grant it," answered mother. "And bring my cousin Alfred safe to land," said I. "I am tired of waiting for him."

"The Osprey is safe," said a voice at my elbow. "She is in port." I turned with a start. We all rose to our feet. A strange young gentleman stood before us. He was as beautiful as the Apollo Belvidere, and as pale as the marble from which that statue is carved. He bowed low, and seemed to wait for some one else to speak. "You bring news of the Osprey. Then you are—," began my mother. "Let me call myself what you called me a moment ago," interrupted the gentleman, turning toward me. "Let me say I am cousin Alfred."

Afterwards we all remembered a strange thing. Our warm and courteous greetings were all in words. There was no handshaking, no touch of any kind. He was the son of my mother's sister; but she did not kiss him, nor did he kiss her. "But how did you come? Where is your baggage?" asked my father in a little while. "I neither heard wheels nor the tramp of a horse. My dear nephew, how did you manage to come upon us so suddenly?" My cousin laughed. It was not a gay laugh. "That is my little secret. I will puzzle you with it for a while," he said. "At present confess that you do not know whether I dropped from the sky or came floating through the air. I felt too anxious to see my cousin, my betrothed wife, to wait—to be brought—in the regular fashion."

The Cashier's Son.

Some years ago I lived at Liverpool, and conducted in person the chief business of the firm. I was looking over the morning packet of letters and sorting them in little heaps for more minute attention by and by, laying those in one place which might be answered by the head clerk without advice from me, placing others by themselves which would require my own attention. As I was shuffling my letters in packs I came upon one that set me musing. It was from a personal friend of many years standing, one who had done me many a good turn, and to please whom I would gladly have strained every nerve. It was from Johnson of Clutterbuck—Johnson & Co., the eminent London bankers—and marked "Private."

I read it through twice carefully, and stood staring into space out of the window, for its contents made me sad. "A trouble has fallen on us," my friend Johnson wrote, or words to that effect; and we rely on you to help us out of it. There are securities missing which we had in custody to the value of some seven thousand pounds. This is bad enough, but by no means the worst. The money could be replaced, an explanation made, and there would be an end of it. Unfortunately, we have discovered that the thief is no other than the son of our highly esteemed cashier, a man who is probably itself, who looks on the firm as the most important institution in the world, who has grown up on our hearthstone, so to speak, and who hopes to die in harness. If the never-to-dwell son of this excellent person were to stand in the dock, his unhappy parent would never lift up his head again. We are bound to do what we can to save our aged and trusted servant even to the compounding of a felony; and so I ask you, for "for auld lang syne," not to refuse my request.

"Is this: We have discovered that the scoundrel has started for Liverpool with a large portmanteau, on his way to New York probably. It is also probable that he may try, before starting, to get rid of the securities. They bear the stamp of our house. Therefore, it is most likely that he will bring them to you, professing to be sent by us, knowing that our firms are closely mixed up in business, and that we constantly have transactions together. This is mere conjecture, but it is our last hope. We could not you know, expect our correspondents in America to act as I am imploring you to do. If the young man presents himself, seize the stolen property and keep it till I communicate again. Leave the sailor severely, and pay his passage to New York, and hand him a couple of hundred pounds where-with to begin the world afresh. For old Boyle's sake we do not desire to throw his son penniless into fresh temptation. I am myself going to Paris for a fortnight, and shall anxiously expect news when I return. Do not write before that, as this is a secret which must be kept in as small a circle as may be; and there is no knowing in my absence into whose hands your letter might fall."

Thus wrote my friend; and I stood pondering sadly, fully resolved at the same time to do his bidding. Many a smooth-chinned lad has gone wrong through inexperience, has struggled out of the mud, retrieved the past, and has ended his days as a respectable member of society. This boy was lucky to be so kindly treated. Certainly, I would lecture him most severely; would give him his pittance and buy his ticket, and send him away with a warning to "sin no more." But what if he did not come? What if—My train of conjecture was brought to a full stop by a rap at the door.

"A young gentleman of the name of Boyle," my messenger announced, "wants without, and wishes to speak with you." My heart leaped up with gladness, as I answered briskly, "Show him in at once, and see that we are not interrupted." A nice-looking young fellow was this same Mr. Boyle, tall and slim, with a bright frank face, which belied his conduct. He was not had at bottom. That was evident. Johnson was right in giving him another chance. The young man explained in a constrained, nervous manner that he was about to travel; that it would be a convenience if I'd help him to realize certain securities; that he did not understand business, and was perhaps going awkwardly to work, but as the ship was to sail that very day there was no time for sending to London.

I heard him out, and looked him in the face. He lowered his eyes, and looked more and more confused. Sternly I held out Johnson's letter, which was still between his fingers, and bade him read it. As he did so, his breast heaved, and after awhile he buried his face in the tablecloth and burst into tears. This was a tact confession of his guilt. I waited silently to allow his better nature to assume the mastery, and when he grew calmer spoke. It is not necessary to recapitulate all I said to him. Suffice that I pointed out solemnly the heinousness of his crime, his ingratitude, his wickedness, and further stated that I was prepared to act as directed in the letter. He clung to my hand and kissed it.

The securities were sealed in a big envelope, which he drew from an inner pocket. He would thankfully accept the munificent offer of my friend, he murmured in broken accents; would go and begin life again in the New World, and perhaps some day might venture to return, a wiser and better man. Have not convicts in Van Dieman's Land acted as admirable senators? I had judged rightly concerning the youth. I was glad of that. He had been very foolish, nay, criminal; but his heart was in the right place.

I took the securities and locked them in my safe to lie there till such time as Johnson should send me further instructions. I dotted out the two hundred pounds in notes of ten pounds each, then, putting on my hat and coat, called at the shipping office, and purchased a first-class ticket. Mr. Boyle seemed so utterly wretched, to feel his position so acutely, that my heart was touched with pity. I took him to a restaurant and gave him a good dinner, and even ordered a bottle of champagne, in order that, with jollity cast in a minor key, we might drink to his speedy reformation.

But I could not raise his spirits. As he said most feelingly, I had placed his

Lumber Dealers.

Canadian lumber dealers are now glad to buy the black walnut fence rails which farmers split and used as they would any other timber twenty or thirty years ago. The long exposure has seasoned the wood thoroughly, and it is valuable as material for chair legs, spindles and other small articles.

Barb Wire Fencing.

Barb wire fencing has been in use since 1876. Over 600,000 miles of this fence have been built in the United States, this amount being about one-eighth of the whole amount of farm fencing in the United States.

Language of the Red Indians.

One singular fact is the infinite diversity of language. Not only every tribe, but every band, of which there are sometimes fifty in a single tribe, has its own dialect or jargon, perfectly unintelligible to all who do not belong to that band. In all times the Indians have distained to learn a few words of an enemy's language. Stranger yet, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes for three-quarters of a century have been firm friends, camping and hunting together and making war upon the same enemies at the same time. The children romp and play together in the common camp. Yet not one in ten of either tribe can hold the most ordinary conversation in the language of the other.

Unable to speak each other's language, the Indians of the West have constructed a wonderful sign language by which they hold intercourse. Gestures, signs are more or less natural to every one. Among the plains Indians alone have they reached their most wonderful development. So complicated and elaborate is this sign language, consisting of countless gestures and movements, the slightest variation in which marks wide difference in meaning, that only a few Indians in the tribe are complete masters of it, and the masses can only use it slightly.

The signs do not indicate letters or words, as with the deaf and dumb, but ideas. There is one sign to indicate hunger, another for "stop talking," another for summer, and so infinitely. Yet an expert will either make or interpret a long speech, which consists of an infinite number of signs following each other with lightning like rapidity. Two strange Indians will meet on horseback, each unable to understand a spoken word of the other, and while holding the reins with the left hand will converse for hours with the right, without a single misunderstanding.

An Ancient Roman Tomb. A discovery of high interest from historical, architectural, archaeological, and other points of view, has just been made in a very curious circumstance. Within the distance of a couple of feet in the tracing of a line on an engineer's plan, extending over an area measuring two miles in length, it would have been lost, perhaps, forever. A magnificent main sewer (not unworthy of being compared with the Cloaca Maxima), into which the flow from all the drains and sewers of the city will be turned, and carried for discharge into the Tiber, at a spot beyond the Basilica of St. Paul's, outside the walls, is now in rapid progress of construction. The wide, deep trench for the continuation of this has just been cut along that area.

A few days ago the workmen, while dressing the left perpendicular side of the cutting, which passes near the remains of the Emporium, laid bare the front of an ancient tomb, facing exactly on the line. It is perfect in every respect, excepting the cornice, which is wanting. It stands at a depth of some twenty feet below the modern level, embedded in the solid mass of accumulation, which rises above the upper part of it full ten feet. As seen now, it looks like part of a fine architectural panel, set into the cleanly-dressed side of the trench. It is of rectangular construction, measuring as it is about nine feet in height by fifteen in length; the dado being formed of four courses of tufo blocks, standing on a projecting base, with finely wrought mouldings. In the middle of the face is a single block of travertine, about three feet in length by two and a half high, bearing an inscription, and on each side of it five listor's figures, wrought in bas-relief on the tufo blocks.

—Almost Messenger, a 3-year-old bay colt, by Messenger Chief, was sold recently at public sale in Kentucky for \$1650.

—We are informed upon authority we cannot doubt that there is an English contingent now on their way to this country to buy at Mr. P. Lorillard's great sale on the 27th. It is well known that the English, although they are not willing to admit it, are generally impressed with the uniform good feet and legs of American horses, Charles Archer, Robert Peck, Dawson and Fred Archer especially so on account of Wallenstein and Mistake standing their drumming, to say nothing of Iroquois. Such an event as the presence of the English at the sale would make it an event memorable in turf annals in this country. As to the personnel of the English contingent we are not at liberty to speak, but it will suffice to say that they are parties well known. Quite a number of Mr. Lorillard's 5-year-olds are engaged in the Derby and St. Leger of 1887.

HORSE NOTES.

—There is some talk of a match race between Clingstone and Majolica. Racing will commence at Gattenburg, N. J., on St. Patrick's day, March 17. A. Smith McCann has decided not to sell the stallion Red Wilkes at present. —All hands should get together and suggest plans for a good, wide avenue to Belmont Course. —August Belmont, it is said, will endeavor to get possession of the best of P. Lorillard's racing stable. —Henry Pate, the former lessee of Belmont Park and brother of Robert Pate, has returned to St. Louis. —M. J. Daly, the owner of many noted race horses, was married to Miss Rosie Foy in Hartford last week. —The new club house which is in course of construction on the grounds of the Memphis Jockey Club is to cost \$10,000.

—John S. Campbell has sold to John Carter the b. m. Bric-a-Brac, foaled in 1880, by Imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam Martica. —In the Queens County Hurdle Race Charlemagne has top weight, 167 pounds. Jim McGowan is next, with 160 pounds. —The several tracks during their spring meetings should engage a band of music to make the gathering more cheerful. —It is reported that Frank Van Ness has purchased Harry Wilkes (2.15), by George Wilkes, from W. C. France for \$15,000. —J. S. Campbell has sold to General Harding, of Belle Meade, the bay mare Bric-a-Brac, by Bonnie Scotland—Marta—for \$500. She will be bred to Enquirer or Great Tom. —There were two throws of 46 in the raffle for the ch. m. Henrietta at Gabe Case's recently. Jones and Clark were the lucky men, and they now offer the mare for sale at \$1000. —W. H. Snyder, the trainer and driver, has purchased of J. E. Ridley the roan gelding Howard Jay, record 2.21, 10 years, by Wood's Hambletonian, dam by Seneca Chief, for \$3300. —The forty-nine head of trotting stock sold at Colonel R. G. Stoner's sale, at Paris, Ky., on February 9th, brought \$26,280, an average of \$536.32. —The aggregate realized at Woodard & Harbison's combination sale at Lexington, Ky., February 2 to 6, was \$92,936.30 an average of \$289.12 per head. —Tom Cannon, the English trainer, has seventy-seven horses in training at his Danetury establishment, among them being two, the property of Frederick Gebhard. —Six entries were thrown out of the nominations for the Futurity stakes on account of the nominators being on the forfeit list and duplications, leaving the total eligible number 752. —Dr. J. D. Carpenter, of Tunkhannock, Pa., has purchased the young stallion Rex Patchen, foaled in 1882, by Seneca Patchen, dam by Seneca Chief, from Dr. J. W. Day, of Patchen Stock Farm, Waterloo, N. Y. —Ormoor, 5 s., record 2.23, full brother to Trunk (2.14), was destroyed last week, and a 13 pound tumor was taken from him. He was foaled in 1876 by Princeps, dam Lindora, by Hambletonian, and was owned by General Treacy. —The stakes offered by the different jockey clubs, which closed January 1 and 15, filled remarkably well. In nearly every case they exceeded the numbers gained in previous years. Coney Island heads the list with a grand total of 1516 entries; St. Louis has 923 entries; Washington Park, 877 entries; Latonia, 836, and Louisville, 441. —Ed Corrigan will send the following horses to Memphis, twelve in all; Freedom, Modesty, Pearl Jennings, Swiney, Irish Pat, St. Patrick, Hattie Carlisle, Mary Payne, Sister Monica, Peacemaker, Jennie F. and Rose. In an interview, published in a St. Louis paper, Mr. Corrigan states that his stables will not be divided during the season. —The Pacific Coast Blood-Horse Association has adopted the following resolution: "That no person engaged in book-making or pool-selling under license from this association shall enter or run any horse, or be interested in any horse running, at any meeting of this association at which such person is licensed to make books or sell pools."

—Robert Bonner says: "Maud S. is in excellent condition. I have not driven her since December 23d. She could not be driven in this weather without calks, and I will not put them on her. As soon as she can be driven without them I shall jog her myself until the track gets into condition to speed her. Then I shall put her into the hands of John Murphy. As yet I have not decided what I shall do with Maud S. this summer. I will not determine this until she gets into condition."

—Col. R. G. Stoner's sale of fine trotting stock came off recently at Paris, Ky., and was quite a success, fifty-one head passing under the hammer. The half-brother to Maud S., Mambrino Russell, and the five-year-old stallion, Bedford, were not sold, being withdrawn on bids of \$4000 each. The following sold for \$500 and over: Strathmore, sire of Santa Claus, 2.17; Tucker, 2.19, etc.; b. s., foaled 1866, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; dam Lady Watermere, by North American. H. C. Rockhill, Fort Wayne, Ind., \$2,150. Mollie Russell, b. f., foaled 1883, by Mambrino Russell; dam Molly Sheehan, by Alexander's Abdallah. H. C. Rockhill, Fort Wayne, Ind., \$570. Stuart (2.29), b. g., foaled 1880, by Strathmore; dam by Coaster. K. Miller, Dayton, O., \$1,250. Samara, ch. m., foaled 1880, by Strathmore; dam by Balsaora, E. P. Embury, Centreville, Ind., \$850. Rustic, ch. c., foaled 1884, by Mambrino Russell, dam by Strathmore. H. C. Grinter, Richmond, Ind., \$785. Takina (2.25), b. m., foaled 1881, by Strathmore; dam, said to be by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Bowerman Bros., Lexington, \$1,500.

FASHION NOTES.

—Mikado steen is in all colors with Japanese designs. —Dark chintzes have pansy, rose and honeysuckle designs. —Sateens have foulard patterns, stripes, prisms and spots. —Rich oriental embroidery is used for vests for silk dresses. —Crepe mosaic with small figure is used for evening dresses. —Persian embroidery is cut out and is "applied" on woolen costumes. —Sealskin bonnets trimmed with flowers look kind of incongruous. —Chintz renaisance has lace designs resembling Turkish embroidery. —Fringes in all colors are formed of twisted strands of very narrow fringe. —Large checks for skirts and boys' kilts have solid colored bodies and waists. —Zephyrs with dainty broken checks and small plaids are designed for children's wear. —Mohair trimmings have dots of tinsel through the centre, and are edged with tinsel. —Zephyrs with "end and end" white grounds have threads of all colors running through them. —French percales are shown in beautiful designs and colorings. They are in plain and coral stripes and set figures. —French maincoats have stripes of open work with design of blue coral. This is used for the skirts of dresses, the bodies and draperies being of plain stripes. —Scotch zephyrs of soft finish and delicate coloring have Roman stripes, plaids and checks. The plaids, by reason of the repeated stripes, are in brighter colors. The large plaids are made up alone or as skirts with bodies of plain color. —Corduroy and ribbed velveteens have lately been much admired. Great taste must be exercised in making these. They should not be trimmed as one would a velvet or fine cloth. For a tall person the skirt may have folds across the front with a coat polonaise draped away from the basque point, while the back should be gracefully looped in small puffs at the top, the rest of the skirt hanging in full, graceful folds. —The modes of hairdressing are sufficiently varied to suit every style. The coiffure may be high or low, according to fancy. Basket plaits arranged like the old-time heavy chateaine braids and light curls and well-arranged puffs all come in for a general share of favor. In spite of this latitude it is astonishing that women whose hair grows very badly will draw it up to the top of the head. The view of the back is anything but edifying.

—The new spring cotton dress goods embrace varieties of boucle crapes, Turkish crapes, embroidered caucas robes, zephyrs, American prints and cambrics, satens, Bulgarian crapes and crocodile cloth, a crape-like barred fabric, light, odd and pretty, and very suggestive of the land of crocodiles, pyramids, sphinxes and mummies. —The first spring silks shown have twilled surfaces, some being in large diagonals regularly woven like those of serge, while others are the smaller, less defined twills familiar in silk sarouns. These come in low prices this season, costing from fifty cents to \$1.25 for goods in all the favorite gray, blue, brown and wine red shades. —Pretty breakfast caps are made of colored silk handkerchiefs fully draped, and edged with two rows of knife-plaited lace. Others are made of many rows of lace and are finished with a colored ribbon bow in front. Another sort has a plain crown of muslin gathered into shape by a puffing through which a colored ribbon is run. It is edged with a full frill of lace, and is ornamented with a bow and ends of ribbon. —A bonnet with soft cap crown is of plum gray velvet, studded with lead beads. The brim is of plain velvet puffed. It is trimmed with loops of velvet, surmounted by a heron's aigrette and has a bridle and bow of bias velvet. An ivy-green velvet bonnet has a full crown. It is simply trimmed with a bow of salmon-colored velvet ribbon. The strings are of pearl-edged faille fraise ribbon of the same color as the bonnet. A bonnet of sapphire blue velvet has a plain crown almost hidden by rosy beads of the same shade. The brim is edged with beads and the trimming consists of sprays of sapphire blue metallic oats. The strings are of satin ribbon. —A tea gown of chardon Thibet cloth, embroidered with eury flowers, has a narrow knife-plaited around the edge of the skirt. The train is of plain Thibet. From the throat of the gown the skirt are wide bands of the embroidered cloth, and the loose fronts are lined with pink satin. The petticoat is of pink satin covered with velvet with tiny hair lines of brown, gold, black and chardon. At the bottom the crenellated velvet shows the pink satin beneath. The full plastron is of the velvet and the sleeves have cuffs filled in with eury lace. A high collar of the embroidery, with a full frill of lace, completes the gown. —India silks of smooth fine surface are again imported in lengths of seven yards. Two of these lengths are required for a dress, and dealers advise the purchase of a plain and figured silk of matching colors, but a better plan is to buy the entire dress alike, as it is not so easy in the present way of combining to make a stylish arrangement of two materials of the same length. The designs are new and intricately beed palms, arabesques, conventionalized flowers, and also many stripes. The dark indigo blues with white and red sprays, roses, coral branches, etc., are shown again, but the lighter porcelain blues and the Mikado designs are newer. Outline flower patterns on cream grounds, and bright red poppy figures on pale eury, are cool and summery-looking, and there are the excellent tussore silks in pongee colors for useful and desirable dresses. The latter are a yard wide and cost \$10 for a length of nine yards.