A ravished bar of golden sunshine sleeps Athwart the yellow glory of her hair, And all his soft entangled bed he steeps In dyes of deeper color—rich and rare.

The tips of lashes kiss each warm, flushed cheek, The bosom, full and white moves soft and

slow, The wet red lips are parted as to speak-While drowsy smiles enchanted com

In full abandoment of limbs she lies-Through draperies soft each curve voluptuous lures-Hushed passion smiles from wooing halfshut eyes-Enticement all the face and form im-

One loose hand holds a scarlet poppy bud, Fit emblem of Neola's fatal power, To lull the stir and actions of men's blood, And lay them swooning at her feet one

Intoxicated by her close embrace, Forgetful of the world, of duty, care; Till smiling cold she turns away her face, And they awake to madness and despair.

THE WIDOW'S SECRET.

"I don't think that you treat him for loving me, He declared he would right," said the rosy little widow to be master in spite of me, which was the dressmaker who was fitting her trim figure to a silk gown of the color of "moon upon the lake," and at sponsibility. I hate disputes and fuses and a trifle to one side, lest her tears should drop thereon. "I don't think women know how to treat their husbands "

"You must be expert in the matter," responded Mrs. Fittem, "seeing this is the fourth time you have tried 'em. Hollow in your back a trifle, as is natural to you-there-sets like a duck's foot in the mud-can't be bettered," she exclaimed professionally. "Men are good creatures when wo-

men know how to manage them. They do seem to incline more to some women than to others." "You never had a drinking husband,

ma'am, I suppose?" "Bless you! no, never! I could not abide the breath. A woman ought to be on her guard."

"It seems so strange. Widowhood seems natural to some women-they thrive and grow pretty upon it." The widow laughed, saying:

"I never gave it a thought, but it may be so." Going to be married the fourth time, Not a chick nor child! not forty yet and as plump and pretty as ever! Upon my word, ma'am, I don't see how you manage."

"Oh, that's a secret." "Mrs. Fittem opened her eyes wide, and slowly repeated:

"A secret!" "Yes, indeed! I have found it works admirably with three husbands, and cold and proud, so he had it all his own no doubt it will work just as well with way. But your sentimental man wants that is attached to the small end. One and said: the fourth."

and an ill-disguised horror on her face. 'Oh, I didn't kill my three husbands, They were dotingly fond of me to the last, and left me well provided for."

"Lo tell me your secret, ma'am," and the expectant, not to say painful hope, brightened her wan face. "It isn't much, Mrs. Fittem, and

yet it is a secret, and its application has been, as it were, disastrous in my case. I am sure I never expected it." "Dear me! you seem to own up to something. Did they die suddenly, poor critters?"

Quite the contrary; they lived along as if loth to go." "Poor critters! I should have thought

you would have felt bad." "I did, indeed!" and the pretty woman preparing to wed her fourth husband wept at the memory of the three. "Do tell me all about it," persisted the other, with a look not sympathetic.

"Your tears don't seem to dim your handsome eyes." "I don't know about that-I never thought about that-but, Mrs. Fittem, first and last, I have cried a great

' Perhaps you had a reason unknown to the world, ma'am. But I want dreadfully to know how you managed

Our widow was a sort of a Widow Wadley, easily beguiled to tears or smiles, and she began to perceive that the astute dressmaker had some latent design in thus questioning her, which she did not object to gratify. Accordingly she assumed the narrative form, while the needle of her auditor clicked against the thimble in concert.

"My first husband, you must know, was well-to-do, but not rich. He went to church every Sunday, and dropped 25 cents each time into the contribution box -never more or less. I knit him stockings and made him shirts; he liked to see women industrious and I was industrious. We went to lectures and now and then to a social party-always at home and to bed at 10 o'clock. He was agreeable in temper and apt to fall asleep. Slow and automatic in move-He had a way of looking into kettles and jars as if he expected to kick, and exclaimed: find them out of order; and he did so find them sometimes-it was a comfort laces in such a mess—and in the inildest way reprimand me. This was a comfort to bim also. He had not a fault, he had not a vice; he had not a laced in the inildest way reprime the initial state of to him. He read all my letters, he inordinate desire. I wished he had."

when you were well off." "I know it-I know it-I didn't somehow grow good with such a man might be a widow," as I ought to have done, but when he was gone I saw it all, and almost cried my eyes out. You see a man is a good thing to have around the house, to lock the doors and look after things. When a woman is once used to having one around she is sure to feel lonesome and out of sorts when he is gone. I learned to think a dull husband by no means undesirable as a husband. Now

the second husband. I wore my widow's weeds the conventional period, though several of the most agreeable men were attentive to me, but I shut my eyes. I managed to keep them from proposing, for I rather liked my freedom, and somehow three excellent men, who had known my excellent husband, were

not to my mind. I am afraid I hated

good men." The dressmaker groaned. "How could you? I am sure such a

husband must be beautiful." "That is true, Mrs. Fittem, and he thought me beautiful. But you must understand he was a model man, and he did his best to make me a model woman, but it was not in me. We women are naturally perverse, and apt to to think our way as good as a man's

way." "So it is, only a good deal better,"

muttered the other. "I don't know about that. I am apt to think a man is wiser about many things than we are; but, any way, married people will quarrel as a rule, because each is bent upon his own way. Now I never disputed a husbandnever, never opposed him. But, as I was going to say, one of my admirers | I let you have your own way." was of a different kind. He was bright, dashing, high-spirited and witty. He quite took me by storm of contrast. Let me have my own way, lovey; I'll He was not a model man by any means | take the risk." but he was intelligent, loved boats, and had a fine taste for music. He had and was sometimes furlous at himself for loving me, He declared he would

the same time holding her head back of any kind, and let matters slide in the easiest manner possible." "I should think you might be a little

quite unnecessary for I rather liked to

lazy," returned her auchtor.
"Is that the name for it? Well, perhaps I am. He would get into a fury about his buttons, and because a door creaked or the coffee was poor, and storm about the house, and slam doors and kick over chairs, at which I only said: "Softly, softly, dear," which only made him worse."

"I believe you," said the dressmaker. "He even called me a devil once, in a sort of tender fit, and quoted Shakespeare; 'Perdition catch my soul, but I

do love thee!"" "He said I would sit perfectly calm on a husband's coffin while he smothered beneath, for what is a woman to do but be quiet when a big, strong man is raging about nothing. In one of these spells he broke a blood vessel on the brain, and an autopsy showed a disease of the head which was pitiful to think about."

"I wonder he hadn't killed you," was the response of Mrs. Fittem. "My third husband was all sentiment and called me pet names that would have delighted Fannie Osgood, the poet. I took them all patiently.' "Patiently!" cried her hearer. "It

must have been delightful." "Yes. When he called me pet, I had an excuse for being girlish; if birdie, I might trill my notes, queeny might be of-the-way styles,"

"It seems to me that your second "How so? no matter; but you must you do not know how to manage your husband, Mrs. Fittem."

You have not yet told me your

"Do you not guess it?" "It seems to me that you let them have their own way." "To be sure I did. It is fatal to man

or to woman always to have their own way. A little contention is the passport of love. Nothing is more fault than indifference!" "And you married three men and in-

different to all!" The widow reddened. "Perhaps I am naturally of that

kind, while you, Miss Fittem, oppose, fret and scold and are not happy yourseif, nor do you make him any the better man. Men are not easily turned about." "What would you do in a case like

mine, where a man drinks?" "I would manage just the same." "But how, ma'am, how?" "Well, well, muttered the widow

half to herself, "I can't find opinions and make annotations on them." "Do tell your secret, now, I can not for my life guess what it is.

"Dear Mrs, Fittem, you are an admirable dressmaker; my silk, to use foot in the mud; but you don't know it from one hand to the other." how to manage a husband. You must come the morning I am to be married and see that I am all right. Mr. Blank is fastidious. My hat is a perfect love of a hat, and makes me look charming, but let me advise you," laying at the same time a nicely gauntleted hand on Mrs. Fittem's shoulder, "let your husband have his own way," and she whirled her limber little shape laugh that did not crinkle her cheeks

nor pucker her eyes. Mrs. Fittem gave the moon-uponthe-lake dress a somewhat vigorous

"She's a devil, that's what she is, and that is the way she has made herself three times a widow."

did the business for him; with mingled "You wicked woman!" ejaculated tears and smiles she patted his dusty the dressmaker. "You didn't knew shoulder, and replied:

"Dear, dear duckey, the nice little widow has been telling me how-how I "She has? She understands the business, I should think." The idea had

the effect to sober him. "Wh t did she want you to do, lovey?" "Well-it was dreadful!" "Well, well, what was it? I'll have

a warrant out and arrest her." "I never will do it, duckey, never."
"I am sure of it, I can trust you. You are not fit to be a poor lone widow.

You need the protecting arm of some

Mrs, Fittem drew herself up a bit at this: there was a rebellion in her look. "Yes, she told me her secret," she

"What was it lovely? I am sure you would not hurt a hair of the head of your poor devoted-"

Here he broke down from some cause or other, and staggered to one side. "I told her about your drinking so, James, and how you spent my earnings, and how I get out of all patience and sometimes well nigh hate you." This was said with grave solemnity, and then she said briskly: What do you think she told me to do?"

"Couldn't guess; but I'm very sure you won't do it." "Never - you would not live month."

"Do tell-do tell what it was." "She told me to let you have your own way—think of that!" The man's eyes twinkled with wicked mirth.

"Not so bad! why you would drink yourself to death in a month or less, if "Oh, no; I would be cautious for your dear sake, so unfit to be a widow.

"That wasn't so bad, lovey."

And she did - she followed the widow's advice. Under the circuma mean opinion of women in general stances, the reader can easily divine why Mrs. Fittem became a widow.

----LOTS OF FUN IN THEM.

Novelties in Trick Articles That Delight the Practical Joker.

"New tricks for the boys?" repeated a dealer in sleight-of-hand articles in reply to a reporter's inquiry. should say so. There's no end to them. There is a beautiful buttonhole bouquet, for instance. After placing it in your coat buttonhole you call the attention of a friend to its beauty and fragrance. Of course he will step forward and smell of it, when to his astonishment a fine stream of water will be thrown in his face. Where the water comes from is a mystery, as you can have your hands at your side or behind you, and not touch the bouquet in any manner. Then there is a little monkey that is better than a surprise party for making fun and getting up an excitement. After it has been sixting quietly on a stand or table, and being admired by your unsuspecting friends, it will suddenly, and without warning, take a wild leap in the air, and land under the table, or in somebody's lap, creating a regular panic all around. Then there is a cigar case made in imitation of real leather. Ask your friend to have a cigar at the same time handing him the case. As he attempts to open it an ugly-looking gorilla, six inches in height, suddenly pops up instead of the expected cigar. Another trick novelty in the cigar line consists of a light, strong metal shell, the size and shape and color of a cigar. It has a spiral spring concealed within, that may be released at the will of the operator by slightly pressing a trigger a good deal of sentiment in return; end of the spring is permanently fas-"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the must be indulged and coddled, and tened in the shell, and the other end, dressmaker, dropping the cord she was sees everything in a sweet Arcadian which is projected when released, has a covering to put the flounce on with, ights wants his wife to dress in out- cork attached to retain it with the shell. When the spring is released it will fly drink." out from twelve to afteen inches with husband understood you better than a whirring, rattling noise, so quickly the others," remarked the dressmaker. that while the person towards whom it is pointed can see something coming see that I am right in thinking that and hear it, he cannot tell just what has happened until after he has seen it and made a lively effort to dodge it. A magic nail is another interesting littie trick article. A common nail is

shown and without a moment's hesitation, the performer forces it through his finger. The finger can be shown with the nail protruding from both sides. The illusion is so perfect that the spectators will be satisfied that the wound is a genuine one. The next instant the nail can be withdrawn for examination and the finger shown without a cut, scar or wound. In another trick you exhibit a neat and pretty windmill, which you blow with the greatest ease, remarking that the mill is enchanted and will only work at your command. Then hand it to any one with the request to try it. The mo-ment he tries it he receives a startling salute, and finds lip, chin, nose and cheeks decorated with black or white; as the case may be. This has often been used with excellent effect by storekeepers who wish to get rid of loungers. It is placed on the counter or showcase, and most naturally some idle curiosity-seeker will pick it up and blow on it with a result that will cause him to retreat. A good trick is done with a card which you can change into your own illustration, sits like a duck's a full blown rose by simply transferring

"What is new in cards?" "The wizard's pack. This is a full pack, apparently the same as an ordinary pack, but with which wonderful and apparently impossible tricks can be performed. These are not done by legerdemain or sleight-of-hand. .The secret is in the cards. Among these card tricks are the following: A card may be drawn, shuffled in the pack, and out of the door, with a musical little cut the first time; a card may be blown from the pack after having been drawn, returned and shuffled; the two colors of a pack divided by one cut; the card discovered under a handkerchief; six persons may draw a card each, shuffle them and immediately after the performer at once produces them, pulling them rapidly out of the pack, one after the other; the performer may leave the

picks out of the pack." How the Bride's Veil Came To Be.

It was once the custom for the bride at her wedding to wear her hair unbraided and hanging over her shoulders. At the celebration of her marriage with the Palatine, Elizabeth Stuart wore "her hair disheveled and hanging down her shoulders." It has been suggested that the bride's veil, which of late years has become one of the most conspicuous features of her costume, may be nothing more than a milliner's substitute, which, in old times, concealed not a few of the bride's personal attractions, and covered her face when she kneltat the altar.

TRAGEDY OF A RED CAP.

The German Drummer Goes to Sleep and gets his Forehead Stained.

Three or four drummers were sitting in the smoking saloon of a sleeping car. The hour was late and the air sultry, and one by one the drowsy drummers dropped off to bed. Finally but one was left-a fat, perspiring, sleeping and snoring Teuton, who wore a traveling cap on his head and rested his adult feet on the Pullman upholstering. For half an hour there was no interruption to his slumbers, but all of a sudden the train stopped as quick as the full force of the steam breaks could stop it, and many of the passengers were awakened by the jar. No one was hurt, however, and beyond a sort of dull thud in the smoking saloon and a few extra wheezes from the dry throats of the halfsmothered occupants of the unventilated upper berths, no sound at first broke the midnight stillness. But finally the dull thud in the smoking saloon was followed by an unearthly cry from the same source.

"Hulfe! help! help!" Commotion followed as a matter of course, and there was a rush to the smoking saloon. The porter was the first man there, and he found the Teutonic and lately snoring passenger dancing a jig on the floor, wiping something which looked like blood from his forehead and bellowing at the top of his

very fine linen lawn, with a quarter-inch hem. The wide hems and imvoice. "Gott in himmel, I'm kilt. See de plud-see de plud! Got un doctor quick."

Kind hands laid the injured man up on a seat, and awe-stricken faces gathered round the sufferer, as a man who said he was a doctor bent down to make an examination of the supposed wound. "There is no fracture of the skull," said the doctor finally, and with a grave face; "the brain, may be a trifle disturbed but there is no danger of serious results. There is no wound in the head, and the only injury is that to the nervous system. In future the patient must avoid wearing traveling caps lined with red material when he sleeps and per-

turn. There was a moment's silence during which the sufferer's eyes met those of the doctor, and then he seized the offending cap, threw it on the floor, stepped on it revengefully, and ex-

spires freely, or these symptoms may re-

"Nefer once more I vare a ret cap to safe mine soul from der pad blace!"

Let's Drink.

Down in a town in Alabama I found a native with his chair tipped back under an awning in front of a saloon, hat down on his ears, eyes half closed, and his toes showing through his boots, Out at the hitching post was a faded old mule, head down and eyes closed, and the mud of last Fall had not been cleaned off his skeleton frame. I was looking from man to mule, trying to see if I could establish a chain of evidence, when the native straightened up

"Stranger, ye ain't goin' to settle in this kentry?"

"Powerful glad to hear it. Let's I declined, and he took fifteen cents

worth and came back and said: "Stranger this is a powerful bad kentry-powerful bad." 'What's the matter?" "No chance fur a poor man-not a shake of a chance. Let's drink."

I declined, and he took his usual dose with a sigh of satisfaction. "Look at me!" he said, as he returned to his chair. "I'm a livin' evidence of the fact that this is the wust kentry on earth fur a white man who honestly desires to break his back in agrycultural pursuits. I've been goin' down hill as stiddy as clock work fur the last twenty y'ar. Stranger, wet

your whistle." I replied that my whistle required a dry atmosphere and he went and took

it straight again. "Yes, sir," he said, as he got his chin dried off, "the durned Southern nabob grinds me on one side and the infernal dutch on the other, and I'm bound to be pulverized. "Do you farm?" "What's the use? Nothin' that I

much or too little rain. "Then you speculate?" "Mebbe I do. Mebbe if I trade a mule wuth a hundred dollars for one

planted ever growed. It's allus too

wuth sixty you can call it speculation. Say, let's licker." I declined, and he never shed as his corn juice went down. "I tell you, a poor man hain't got no

rights 'round yere, and he's bein' ground into the dust," he observed as he enlarged the hole in the top of his hat so that a tuft of hair could stick up through it. "It seems to be a fine country."

"But you have a nice climate and can raise most everything." "Then, what ails me? Why hain't I a Southern nabeb? Why don't I ride a hoss, an' wear good clothes an' hold

"That's a deception."

an offis?" "Because," I answered, determined to lie to him, "your wife is probably a very careless manager, while you have never carefully studied the foundation principles of economy."

"Stranger!" said he, as he rose up and shook hands at once, "you've hit it plumb centre, and you are the only man who ever has! All the rest of 'em drawn, which he on his return at once say it's 'cause I kin do more loafin' and tain the draperies of dresses are less drinkin' than any man in the State of elaborate than they were this time last Alabama. Stranger, write them words down fur me. I'll get the hang of them falling loose over the tournure; somein about an hour, an' then I'll go home | times these widths are of different mathey've got to buckle right down to bined with widths of figured tissue, economy or hunt for other diggins, employed for the tablier or half-tunic, Let's destroy about three fingers of the slightly looped up in front and at the side, or, for the tunic, very much inice."

-Beaded materials and an abund- bon; woolen lace, and all lace-like openance of jet trimmings and ornaments work woolen tissues, compose overcombined with lace are those chiefly employed for summer mantles. Jet more beautiful than ever, and, considering how durable they are when really good, are not expensive in the end, although costly to begin with.

**thank you'' for his trouble. The courtesies of life are due these men, as well as any other class, and no considerate man will ask of one of them nure.

FASHION NOTES.

-Gloves with broad embroidered

-The etamine biases come in all col-

ors, but the cream is preferred, with

very narrow ribbon run diagonally

-Very petty fichus of muslin gauze or

crape are now being prepared for sum-

mer toilets to wear by way of mantle

-Sometimes the handkerchief i

edged with embroidered daisies (tiny

affairs) in colors-red, pink, blue, yel-

-Point d'esprit net and lace come

again to the front fashionably, being

used for evening dresses over yellow or red and plentifully trimmed with yel-

-The newest of new kerchiefs is

mense initials have had their day.

Everything is daintiness itself, the lace

edging many of the hems is the merest

-White dressed and undressed kids

delicate shade of yellow, while others

cling to black; the latter, it is said, is

vanity, for no glove gives one's hand so small and delicate a look as black.

crimped, find many admirers; then

there is lisse and crepe in every fash-

ionable color made in fancy designs, in

biases with loops of mere shreds of

velvet between, and with every shade

Brussels and ecru ginghams (all imita-

tions, but most clever in their spurious-

ness) are the craze, everybody buys and

wears them, and often the finer qual-

ities require an expert to decide upon

-Silk and linen gloves are both eco-

nomical and pleasant to wear; silk!

well, if they would only last one after-

noon without a finger's end peeping

through we would so love to write in

their praise, they are all so cool, so

-Chemisette plastrons is the new name for the old time "dickey" when

it was worn by the sterner sex. This is a

tucked linen front, shaped like a shirt

bosom, has a high standing collar, and

folded lawn tie around the neck, fin-

ishing in tiny bows and ends in front.

Plain duck is also used for these chem-

isettes, while fancy linen, duck and

-Another pretty summer costume

black velvet, and trimmed with May

roses and forget-me-nots, forms a

flower-show.

the sleeves.

and hooked up over the left.

skirts which are very little, if at all,

draped. These are worn with tunic bodices of faille or other silk. The

pique form vests in tailor-made suits.

much a part of summer.

-Chantilly, Spanish, Mechlin, val,

-Ribbon-bound edges of lisse, finely

low or red ribbon and flowers.

back, self or contrast in color are worn

being shown, with good results.

favor than flat ones.

wilder one.

by our importers.

for driving and travel.

through the meshes.

with elegant toilets.

low, cream or black.

edge.

of tinsel.

their claims.

-- Round ball buttons are in better -Colonel R. P. Pepper's probable nomination for the \$10,000 race at Hartford, will be Judge Lindsay, -Stripes of various shades are in favor at the present time.

2.214, by Bostick's Almont, Jr. -Cooper Hatch's pair of sorrels, -Chenille fringes in novel effects are Cinderella and Clara (full bisters), dropped a pair of colts by Indiaman, at -Neck-wear-the variety is im-

Camden, N. J., on May 17. mense—the beautiful things shown be--C. Harris, of New York, has a running team in Major Banks and -Bead and jet trimmings in an inex-Evergreen. He drove them a half haustible variety of styles are offered in 531 seconds recently, and repeated in 53 seconds.

HORSE NOTES.

-D. Swigert, Elmendorf stud, Muirs, Ky., lost on May 17 the bay filly foaled March 29, 1886, by imp. Glenelg, dam. Stamps, being a full sister to Louisette.

-Biggonette is the first filly to win. the Withers stakes since it was founded in 1874. Only three fillies have won England's Derby during 107 years.

-J. B. Thomas and Tony Newell, James A. Bailey's fast double team, have elegantly fitted up quarters at the New York Gentlemen's Driving Course. Since Maxey Cobb's death Mr. Bailey's pair are looked upon as about the best in the country.

-The Rockaway Steeplechase Meeting was a financial failure because of the very stormy weather.

-Dexter B. Goff says he has sold to W. Whitehead the ch. g. Spider, by Iron Duke, dam by Jupiter, for \$10,000,

-It is believed that there will be not less than twenty-five starters in the Suburban. Ban Fox at present rules as the favorite.

-Thomas J. Dunbar has apologized are worn for evening; some few wear a | in writing for his offensive language to President Edwards, of the Cleveland Driving Course.

-The expulsion put upon R. H. Conklin at Hartford for not starting Rarus after selling him to Mr. Bonner for \$36,000 has been permanently removed.

-A dispatch from Louisville, Ky,, says a charter has passed through the last two Legislatures, quietly. by which an association consisting of Emile Bourlier and others, may purchase lands in or near Louisville, lay out a track or not, as they may elect, and on its grounds sell pools on any and all races that may be run or trotted. They may open an office in New York. The incorporators expect to open their pool-rooms and sell on all races.

-Blue Wing, the winner of the Clark Stakes at Louisville, and who ran second to Ben Ali in the Kentucky Derby, is a racing-looking colt, standing about 15.3, and is bred to run fast and stay, being by Billet, out of Mundane, she by Lexington. He was purchased at the Runnymede yearling sale by Barnes & Co. for \$1200. He was little better than a mediocre performer last season, winning only twice out of thirteen starts. He has thickened and filled out, however, and is now a really fine-looking colt.

-The Brooklyn Jockey Club, with a capital of \$500,000, filed articles of incorporation with the Secretary of for a young lady is of gray muslin de-State, at Albany, on May 24. Its localaine, sprigged with small bunches of tion is in the town of Gravesend, rosebuds and forget-me-nots. It has Kings county. The objects of the also pleated and crossed fronts, showassociation are the raising, improving ing at the top a little bit of finely and training of horses by producing pleated chemisette. The back is plain, proper ground and track for exercising, training and exhibiting the same. Its the sleeves tight, with a narrow drapery over the shoulders. The skirt, powers are to be exercised by a Board plain in front, pleated at the sides and of seven Directors, comprising, for the first year, Philip J. Dwyer, James Hyde, William H. Jordan, Charles back, and is slightly bulged out at the top, so as to form a limp puff. Moire Gold, George W. Anderson, H. D. Mcsash round the waist, tied in long loops and ends a little at the side. This, with Intyre and Benjamin Brush, a yellow straw hat, turned up with

-We like to say a good word for the

hard working trainers, As a class they

are industrious and painstaking to charming toilet for a summer fete or a degree little understood by the uninitiated. Particularly is this the case -A very unique and elegant costume with the men who make their living is of tabac-colored woolen canvas. The teaching the trotter the way he should skirt, loose and ample, is looped up at go. The trainer of the running horse the side, and slightly draped up behind, has supervisory duties to perform, but over an underskirt of grosgrain silk, the trainer of the trotter has a double striped red and dark green, with fine duty, for his mind must plan and his streaks of gold-yellow between. The bodhand execute. To be successful in his ice is made blouse fashion, of the same calling he must be a man of genius. To canvas tissue as the skirt; it comes ascertain just what an animal must down lower than the waist, and is have to balance him; to regulate and fastened with a bayadere sash of silk accelerate his gait requires the exercise galloon to match the underskirt. of an intelligent mind. No two horses This bodice is open in a round shape are gaited exactly alike; each one has over a chemisette of the striped his little peculiarities, and it is for the silk. A very narrow frill of this same trainer to find out how each should be silk is put on just inside the edge of treated. The art of the trainer calls for the highest mental and physical at--Dresses of light fancy woolens are tributes. He should be courageous, frequently made with pleated bodices, patient, strong, active, intelligent, conthe fronts of which are crossed like a sciencious and skillful. It fact, the fichu. For instance, a very elegant characteristics of the successful trainer toilet is of peacock-green surah and would make him successful in any pale-buff open-work veiling. There other walk in life. Setting aside the is an underdress of the surah made permental cares of these men, how few fectly plain, with high bodice, tight sleeves and round skirt gathered at the realize the bodily fatigue they have to undergo. We were led to make these waist. The overdress is composed of a remarks from hearing a request made bodice without sleeves and a tunic of a noted trotting-horse trainer to give skirt. The bodice has pleated fronts, the requester's horse a mile or so. The crossed at the waist, and showing the proposition was politely declined, and, judging from the expression of the darker surah bodice in the opening; the back is plain, but also open in a point down the middle, and finished in a amateur's face, the driver was set down as a churlish fellow. A little reshort, square-pleated basque. The tunic is pleated at the back, slit open flection would have convinced the gentleman of his inconsideration, A on the right side, and loosely draped trainer with say ten horses under his care has a responsible and laborious charge. In addition to studying the -There is much talk going on about wants and requirements of each, he is plain skirts and flat backs without puff or drapery, but the fact remains that further called upon to handle them the great majority of new summer himself. The quantity of work varies; dresses are draped, and that the toursome horses require a great deal, and nure, if somewhat less exaggerated others only a moderate amount. To than before, is still an indispensable adset a low average we will say each junct to the modern toilet. It is cer- horse is driven five miles per day. would make fifty miles per day for ten-horses, or 300 per week of six working days, to say nothing of the miles trotted during races. When a driver has completed his daily task of riding an' gin my fam'ly to understand that terials-widths of plain fabric are con- fifty miles in a stiff-running sulky, wite no support to his back, his limbs kept in one position, a considerable draft has been made upon his physical powers, and he naturally feels inclined to rest. No man, under these conditions, can be blamed for declining to draped over the hips by strings of ribfurther fatigue himself for the gratification of another, with no prospect of pecuniary reward, nor even a curt "thank you" for his trouble. The courtesies of life are due these men, as