A Maidea's Dreams.

No foot-fall wakens the mansion Asleep in the sun's warm rays, The Lady Clare is aweary Of silence and lonely days, Love's magic of late has sto The charm from her life's still ways

She turns from her book, and rises, To gaze from the casement low, The languorous lily perfumes Towards her on soft airs blow-White lilies! Ah, once she loved them, She gathers red roses now.

Dh, when will the noon be sunset, And over the green hillside, And up through the beechen shadows The lover she looks for, ride? And when will this life be ended, And bring the bright life untried?

While thus she waits in impatience, Naught guesseth the Lady Clare, That sweet as are love's red roses, Full often a thorn they bear, And the new life that seems so joyous May, bring with it weight of care.

Perhaps in the years that follow,

When cares press heavily, And the thorns have pierced through the

roses, Theu, all her dreamings will be the old, sweet life 'mid the lilies, In maidenhood blithe and free.

BEWARE OF WIDOWS.

It was a typical winter day. A fine, powdery snow was falling, and a fringe of icicles adorned the steep gables of barns and farmhouses. The big trees along the roadside rattled and shook dismally.

But in spite of the cheerless prospect, Malvern Travers whistled cheerily to himself as he breasted the driving wind and made his way through the dry, fast-falling snow towards his home.

"I'll put it under her door to-night,' he was saying to himself, with a smile in his hazel-brown eyes.

Here his meditations were interrupted by the sudden opening of the door as he reached the threshold, and by a sharp voice exclaiming:

"Hurry up, for pity's sake, Malvern, and don't be a-letting the snow into the honse." And Malvern obediently hurried in

as he answered with a smile: "No danger of that, Priscilla.

There's not a snow mountain."

"There's mighty nigh it, then," growled his sister-in-law. "But you don't seem to mind a tramping over to the post office in such a storm, and all for nothin' I'll be bound. Get any letters?"

"No," returned Malvern meekly. "I told you so," retorted Mrs. Priscilla in a tone of triumph.

She was a worthy woman and wielded the domestic sceptre in her bachelor's brother-in-laws establishment with wisdom and moderation.

But as there is no rose without a thorn, Mrs. Priscilla's really excellent qualities were rather dimmed by the possession of a sharp tongue. "I told the truth," smiled Malvern to

himself as he sought the privacy of his own apartment. "She didn't ask if I got a birthday card, so of course I wasn't obliged to tell."

And carefully taking a large, square

velope, Mrs. Feversham beheld a tastefully-decorated sheet of rice-paper, on the inner side of which were some written words, which she proceeded to read:

"MISS ELECTRA.-- I shall pass your home at sunrise to-morrow morning; it is your birthday. If I see your face at the window, I shall take it as a sign that you are willing to accept my card. Yours sincerely, MALVERN TRAVERS."

"Ob. indeed!" Mrs. Ignatia grew red in the face as she comprehended the purport of the words, "So it is her he's been coming to see, hey? I'll have a finger in that pie, Mr. Malvern Tra-

vers! I'll take charge of this document myself. And it won't be Electra's face you'll see at sunrisel' And carefully secreting the paper. she hurried out to the warm dining-

room and the waiting breakfast. An hour or two later, Mrs. Feversham, arrayed in her second-best things, appeared in the kitchen, where Electra was mopping the floor.

"I'm going over to see old Mrs. Dimity. I heard she was ill," she announced. "And I shan't be back to dinner, so you needn't mind cooking There's enough left over from any. breakfast for you."

And Electra made no comments, having better discretion than to question anything her stepmother chose to sav or do.

It was a short time after the dinnerhour when Mis. Feversham returned. "The old weman's pretty ill, an' I

promised that you might go over an' stay all night, an' set up, if need be," she informed her daughter. "You can walk easily enough, for the snow ain't very deep."

Electra had no objections to make, and it would have made no difference if she had, as her will was seldom consulted.

Old Mrs. Dimity lived with her son and a little grandson in a small but cozy cottage situated in the very heart of the woodland.

She welcomed Electra cordially, but disclatmed the need of having any one to sit up with her.

"But I'm glad to have some one to talk to," she added, "and to look after things a little."

Electra and Mrs. Dimity chatted for awhile, when the old lady fell asleep, and after a time her little boy Sammy came back from an excursion in the woods,"

"Look a-here," he cried, "what I found in a tree."

And drawing a crumpled paper from his pocket, he laid it in Electra's lap. "Miss Electra Feversham."

Why, it was her own name! And with some natural excitement she examined the contents of the envelope.

A birthday card from Malvern Travers! Electra's cheeks burned as she read the written words.

"But how could it have got into the tree?" she wondered.

Sammy could throw no light on the tree after a squirrel and putting his hand into a hollow of the trunk, he they got to talking, and after awhile found the paper.

"And now I shall not be at the win

Stage Robbing.

Two stage robbers in jail at Madara, California for operations in the Yosemite Valley have been visited by many people and questioned as to their career on the road. Both men are fully identified as the individuals who stopped a coach last fall and relieved the passengers of their valuables. Both claim that this is the only robbery of the kind they ever participated in, but under the influence of free cigars they confessed that they had certain friends and acquaintances who had some experience as road agents, some of them on the Yosemite trail.

"For a man who wants a real good business and an easy sort of a life.' said Tolman Terhune, one of the prisoners, "I would advise him to go to work on the Yosemite route. Living is comparatively cheap and good in that vicinity, and stages are just plenty enough-not too plenty, but just enough. You don't want to tackle every stage that comes along, for that would spoil the whole thing. People would not ride, and after while there would be no stage at all. You must let the recollection of one 'hold-up' kinder fade out of mind before you spring another on them. When a 'hold-up' hasn't occurred in two or three months drivers get kinder careless and passengers take greater risks.

"My observations have convinced me that there isn't anything in this world that the majority of people fear more than a road agent. It's all moonshine, but it is a fact, nevertheless, and the boys in the business have to be very careful, or they will stampede all the game.

"There's more or less science in doing up a stage, I can tell you, Your mind must be on things present and things prospective. You must work it so you can eat your cake, or a good part of it, and have it, too.

"Now, I had a friend that once did business on the Calaveras road. He was a hog. He wanted everything that came in his way, and he took it. The result was that before many weeks elapsed the stages were all taken off but one or two, and the drivers of them used to go over the route alone very often. One time my friend sprang out in front of the stage and ordered the driver to throw up his hands, which he did. Then my friend went around to the side of the coach to interview the passengers, and he found that there wasn't a soul in the gig. It made him mad, of course. So he went back to the horses, and, noticing that the driver was smiling, he remarked; 'I've a notion to slice you up for playing this trick on

"What trick?, says the driver. ""Why didn't you tell me you hadn't

anybody aboard? "Because you didn't ask me."

", Well, what have you got?' said my

friend to the stage driver; 'come shell "The driver didn't have anything but subject, except that he had climbed a a little whisky, and he gave the agent some and took some himself. Then my friend got up on the box and rode

was absolutely no danger in it. He was an experienced man, and knew that the thing was safe. I honestly believe

stage load, somebody had fired off a moss-green. gun, he would have fainted away, not so much from fright as from surprise. "My cousin was considered a very good man in his day. He had an air of authority about him and a voice that could be heard a mile in the mountain air. When he said 'Hands up!' hands went

was a schoolma'am in the crowd who wore spectacles and was a good deal

more angular than any of the women the footof the line, and he didn't pay red bow. much attention to her anyway. Ashe pro-

ceeded along the line, working the different victims as he went along, he noticed that her arms were behind her, and that she was a slender old girl. So he said nothing until he came to her. Then throwing all his power into his lungs he yelled, 'Hands up'' Well, she put others. her hands up. She had one of those

Cape Cod umbrellas, with whalebone ribs as big as your finger, and when she raised her hands she clutched that umbrella with the grip of death, and down it came on my cousin's head. He told me he saw double for a wee's after that ery to correspond. and for the time being he was nearly

knocked out.

'It was a mighty ticklish moment. away before they recover their selfwho had not lost her's at all, and if the for dressy wear this summer. men at the other end of the line ha had an opportunity to think for a moment

they would have been on top of me-I should say on top of my cousin-before he could get out of the way. But he was a clever chap. He just drew a big gun and sailed up to the other end of the line looking very ferocious and muttering something to the men about never robbing a woman. They took on a fresh fright and did not understand fully what had happened. He then gave the order to mount and covered the crowd as they got into the coach. The schoolma'am was the last one in, and

she was the only one who was not robbed. Now I'll bet those fellows felt cheap when they heard her story and found that she had not lost anything. "That's the whole secret of this stage business. No stage robber who is fit to follow the road ever kills anybody. He may shoot at times, but not to kill. Whenever you hear of a stage being fired into and lots of people hurt, you may make up your mind that some gang of hard men are at work. No profession-

al does anything of the hind. "I'm sorry I've got into this difficulty just now. The season opens in about two weeks.'

Tougher than Pie Crust.

FASHION NOTES.

-The most fashionable combination that if, when he was going through a of color in millinery is heliotrope and

> -Charming gowns for brides have trained skirts trimmed with flounces of white embroidered silk, intermingled with shell plaitings of white satin edged with Valenciennes lace.

-A very pretty garden-party dress up, and no driver ever dared move a peg when he heard him remonstrating. Yet he was downed once, and by a woman, too. He stopped a stage load of satin. Straw hat, trimmed with yel-people from New England, and there low roses and foliage,

-Another has a skirt of embroidered nainsook, bodice and tunic of corncolored canvas dotted with poppy-red they raise out here. When he ordered hands up' he didn't notice that she re-ribbon, chemisette of white lace, garfused to obey, because she was down at den hat of embroidered nainsook with

-Coronet bonnets are gaining in favor. Coronets of flowers and beads that are quite pretty are shown. Moss and fern leaves, with slightly curling ends, are arranged in this way, and let coronets are more sought after than

-English brides wear pointed Chinese shoes of white satin with the insteps covered with a fine rich embroidery in white satin stitch, the designs outlined with pearls. The long undressed kid gloves are decorated with an embroid-

-White Milan straw bonnets simply trimmed with clusters of pale mauve or cream white flowers, placed in a As I have said, you work a coach load high monture upon the front of the easy by terrifying them and getting bonnet with narrow satin loops and strings to match, will form one of the posession. Now, here was a woman chic and dainty bonnets par excellence

> -A walking-dress is of mastic-red, cinnamon and green checked silk, edged with a plaiting of green Scindia crepe; bodice and tunic of Scindia crepe, trimmed with green velvet and bows of ribbon velvet; chemisette of cream Indian muslin, hat of coffeecolored embroidered gauze, with brim | Chicago, before July 12. If this match of green velvet.

-Very stylish and becoming jerseys are made of extra light-weight stockinette, very soft and fine, in pale cream color, trimmed with revers of golden brown velvet and fastened with a row of medium-sized buttons of bronze. The jersey 15 short on the hips and has a coat back, the revers on the postilion faced with the velvet.

-Another is of woolen tissue goods. The skirt is composed of two materials, the front being plain and the back of flounced tissue. The front is almost covered with two pieces cut in points, plaited at the waist and crossed and held with a bow of ribbon. The back is straight and fails in large plaits, and at the sides are placed two panels, which are braided. The corsage is round in the back and pointed in front, and closes diagonally.

-The prettiest hats are decidedly "That horrid Mrs. Sawyer!" said the Louis XIII, trimmed with bows of submit their favorite mare to another

HORSE NOTES.

-There are over one hundred 2.30 stallions living.

-St. Julien is running out without shoes in California.

-McLeod is being driven on the road now by his young owner.

-Harry Wilkes will start in the freefor-all class at Pittsburg.

-The match-race for \$500 between Lizzie R. and Edwin A. is off.

-Jack Phillips is said to have lost money on Felix at Island Park.

-Ben Woodmansee has returned to Anoka, Minn., from California,

-John Burgess, of East Orange, N. J., has purchased the b. g. Sailor Boy.

-The North Hudson Driving Course dates for a meeting have been changed to September 8 to 10.

-Ben Ali has been on the ailing list for several days, and it is doubtful if he faces the flag again for weeks.

-Charley Foster and Judge Lynch, the pacers, will have a match race for \$2000 at Cleveland during the circuit meeting-

-The Dwyer Brothers have won twenty races and \$48,795 so far this season. Ed Corrigan has won thirtythree races and \$30,415.

-Mr. Fred M. Walton purchased lately in Vermont, a stylish sorrel gelding, 15 hands 3 inches high, and 5 years old. He showed three heats better than 2.50, and it is claimed that he should go close to 2.35. He is by General Morgan, out of a Mayday mare.

-W. R. Kendall, of Worcester, Mass., has sold the ch. m. Blue Belle, 2.261, to A. J. Feek, price stated \$5000,

and Feek has in turn sold her to William Moesinger, of Frankfort, Germany, where she has been shipped. She showed a mile in 2.21 for Feek the first time of asking.

-There is talk of a match between Volante and Troubadour, to be run at is not made there will probably be a sweepstakes race, \$1000 entrance, with Miss Woodford barred, which it is thought would bring together most of the cracks of the season,

-Mr. Baldwin says he will match Volante against Miss Woodford for \$10,000 a side, on the basis of the Queen conceding 5 pounds to the California horse. He states, further, that he will allow the Dwyers the choice of ground. and will send Volante to any Eastern track that may be designated by the other party.

-After the race for the Coney Island Cup, which resulted in a dead heat between Barnum and Miss Woodford, the Dwyer Brothers offered to divide the stakes, but Mr. Woodford, the owner of Barnum, refused, and insisted on running the race over again. Report has it that the Dwyers surrendered the whole of the stakes rather than

envelope from his overcoat pocket, he drew out the card and examined it carefully.

It was a very pretty card, with a fancy border surrounding a wreath of forget-me-nots and orange-blossoms. which encircled a pair of doves with silver wings, represented as billing and cooing affectionately. On the reverse side was a simple

couplet in print. "As to the oak tree clings the vine,

So my true heart will cling to thine.' The simile was not a very appropriate one: but in Malvern's eyes it was the pink of excellence.

He was a very bashful man-so bash-Tul in fact, that he passed his thirtieth birthday, and was still a bachelor.

This fact was a thorn in the side of his sister-in.law, and many and sharp were the lectures she had delivered to him on the subject; but alas! with no avail

He could have shouldered his musket and gone into a battle without a tremor; but when it came to make love to a failed him. And yet Malvern-poor fellow-was in love.

He had of late mustered up sufficient courage to escort Electra Feversham and her stepmother (a widow) to church, and to a picnic or skating party or other merrymaking on several oc-

But to his misfortune be it told he found it easier to pay attention to the elder lady than to the daughter, and, the trap," he urged. as a consequence, the gossips of the town had begun to connect his name with that of Mrs. Ignatia Feversham, much to their own amusement.

Now Electra was the prettiest giri in the village, with her sloe-black eyes, and cheeks that matched the scarlet chrysanthemums she wore in her nutbrown hair, while her stepmother was a showy and not an uncomely woman, and no decided objections to adopting some other name in the place of Feversham.

Malvern Travers, though bashful, was not wanting in decision, and he had recently determined that if he would manage to "make her an offer" | in a smooth channel. in some fashion.

It was the morning before Electra's birthday, and Electra was baking hard in the kitchen.

Her stepmother believed in early breakfasts, and Electra was up before daylight on the short winter mornings.

The savory odor of broiled ham greetsd Mrs. Feversham as she came briskly clicking down stairs, a plaid breakfast shawl hugged tightly around her shoulders.

"Abem! is that snow sifted under the door?" she asked herself, as she reached the bottom step.

A closer inspection assured her it was not.

"Why, it's-it's a birthday card," And hastily seizing the missive she stepped into the parlor to examine it privately.

"For Electral Well, I declare! Who's it from I wonder? There's no harm in opening a birthday card, so I'll just ses what it is."

And carefully prying open the en- resident of Dayton, O.

dow to see him!" thought Electra, with a pang. Then the thought came into her

mind: "Could she have been sent away on he: purpose?"

her-her stepmother had discovered the the company. Nobody travels here anycard and secreted it!

Electra felt a thrill of indignation at the thought.

I will let him know somehow."

It was growing late, and Electra was when the other boy, Tom, came stamp- stay out, and when the arteries of trade ing the snow from his feet.

hear him talking in loud, good-humor- be too enthusiastic. You must hold up ed tones.

wide open, and Tom was saying:

warm 'fore you go."

Then to Electra he said:

"Here's some chicken-jelly an' elderhurry. Stay to supper, Malvern."

And away he rushed. He stayed long enough, however, to tear. learn that Electra intended to remain

walk home in the morning. "Let me come and take you home in have been on the coast for thirty years.

And Electra consented.

her window at sunrise the next morn- to have the thing over with that they ing. No living creature appeared. But do not think of anything but complying a couple of hours latter she was more with the demands made upon them. It surprised than pleased to behold her is as safe a business as preaching, and daughter and Mr. Malvern Travers safer than preaching in some towns that driving leisurely up to the house.

"Well, I declare!" she began angrily, when the latter had driven away. with a sharp eye to the main chance, . But Electra coolly drew out the in- that some of the gentlemen whom he tercepted card, and exhibited it to her invited to shell out made him feel astonished stepmother, who thereupon ashamed of himself by giving up things concluded it would be wisest to hold that he would never have thought of her peace.

Truly, the ways of Cupid are past all finding out, and the mischievous little standing in the row with his hands up could only be reasonably well assured god has many and divers expedients for and his teeth a chattering, and when that Electra would not refuse him, he assisting the course of true love to run my friend came up to him and pulled

Provided They Got Up Safely.

Some years ago a party of Cambridge philosophers undertook, for a scientific object, to penetrate into the vasty depths of a Cornish mine. Professor Farash, who made one of the number, used to relate with infinite gusto the following startling incident of his visit. On his ascent in the ordinary manner, by means of a bucket, and with a miner for a fellow-passenger, he perceived, as he thought, certain unmistakable symptoms of frailty in the rope, "How often do you change your ropes, my good man?" he inquired, when about half way up from the bottom of the awful abyss. "We change them every three months, sir," replied the man in the bucket; "and we shall change this one to-morrow, if we get up safe."

or ten miles with the driver just to keep him company, and to hear what he had to say. The driver was one of those observing fellows, and he gave retorted Mr. Jones. the agent some good advice. Says

"'You have ruined the business on And suddenly the truth flashed over this road, ruined yourself, and ruined more. You have scared them all off. Now you might as well git yourself, too. There's no money here, and won't be "It must be so," she declared. "But | till you restore confidence. You can't work a stage line without confidence any more than you can a banking instigetting supper in the little kitchen, tution. You must clear out of here and open up once more then you can come He was not alone, for Electra could back if you want to, but you mustn't a stage and then take a rest. Go over Presently the kitchen door was finng to San Francisco for a few weeks and enjoy yourself. Mingle in society and "Walk in, Malvern, and get a good seek diversion .. Then when you feel like it come out and take another crack

"Well, when I left the stage driverpretty girl, his heart and nerves both berry wine, Malvern has brought to I mean when my friend left him-he mother; his sister sent 'em. I'll just knew a good deal more than he did beturn 'em over to you; fur I'm in a fore, and I have heard that he profited by it to some extent. At any rate he made fewer hauls, but they were bigger, But Malvern did not stay to supper. and he had a good deal less wear and

> "Now, there is no danger in stopping all night, and that she would have to a coach. Did you ever hear of a stage robber being killed? I never did and I Nobody kills a road agent. In the first place the passengers are too scared, and Mrs. Feversham looked vainly from in the next they are so almighty anxious I know of. I have heard an acquaintance of mine, who operated in the northern part of Oregon, say time and again asking for. One man, I remember, he told me about in particular. He was out of his vest pocket a little wad of dently fearing that some dire punish-He would a good deal rather gone on without overhauling the trunk, but since the man told him that there was

rested easy after that if he had not got it.

sure in the business than any man I chance fate willed it otherwise, and the

time for? I told you how it would be,'

This was not the kind of sympathy Mrs. Jones expected, and she became ominously silent.

"What has she said about you now?" inquired Jones."

'Oh, it is nothing about me," said Mrs. Jones indifferently.

"Who is it about?" asked Jones with evident anxiety. "It's about you," resumed Mrs. J.

to him again; she says-"Never mind," said Jones loftily, 'I'm not the least interested in anything a feeble-minded, gosippy woman being trimmed with same. The back Savs.

But the flatiron had struck home, and Jones left the table with a look on his straight collar and sleeves are also trimface that boded no good. It was baking day at the Sawvers.

If there was anything Mrs. Sawyer prided herself upon, it was the tender, flaky quality of her paste. Jones knew

this Mrs. Sawyer was just rolling that tender pie-paste into great sheets of transparent dough, when there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Sawyer answered it, rolling-pin in hand. It was

Willie Jones who had knocked. "Please, Mrs. Sawyer," said the innocent child, "pa would like a piece of your pie-crust.

"Certainly, Willie," said Mrs. Jones, much flattered, "but it isn't baked vet.

"He doesn't want it baked." "But he can't eat raw pie-crust."

"He isn't going to eat it." "Then what is he going to do with

11.93 "He said he wanted to mend the harness, and make hinges for the barn door with it' and-

The rolling-pin hung fire, and the boy escaped, but the barrier between the houses of Jones and Sawyer can never be broken. It is tougher than pie-crust.

A Young Hungarian Girl's Debut.

Eighteen years ago there appeared for the first time on the stage of the great Berg theatre in Vienna-a theatre which is to money, not over \$6, the fellow, evi- Germany what the Comedie Francaise is to France-a young girl of not more ment would be inflicted upon him in than 15 years of age, the daughter of case he did not pan out as well as the humble parents. For a moment the others, told the robber he had more audience sat spellbound at the charmmoney in his trunk, which was strap-ned on behind. Well, of course my before the debutante had spoken one friend had to get that money, and word, broke into a perfect storm of apthat took time, but he found it plause. That night Vienna had a new right where the fellow told him it was, sensation. The people at the clubs, cafes and society were wild.

Next morning the young Hungarian girl woke to find herself famous as Janmoney in it, he would never have ish, the favorite ingenue of the Austrian emperor's own theatre. Adored by the public, and with men of the highest dis-I know dozens of just such exper- tinction in the world at her feet, it dress toilets, and for demi-toilets are iences. I had a cousin operating on would have been extraordinary if a wothe Yosemite road, over near where I man, even so wonderfully gifted as Janwas rounded up, who took more plea- ish, had lost her head; but by a rare

ever heard of. He enjoyed the fun of great actress, to see whom crowds flockthe thing, and he often used to say to ed to the theatre each night, remained expensive tollets of black lace thus far Now that, you see, was because there mother to early mass each morning.

crown and trimming is veiled in white most intractable diseases with which point d'esprit tulle, and others with the veterinary surgeon has to contend. lace," in the midst of which are placed pale pink and crushed tea roses.

-Still another is of striped and plain woolen goods. The false skirt 18 covered with a striped one, over which is a drapery of the plain material, which 'She says you're no more fit to run for is long and draped high on the sides office than a brindle cat, and that if and trimmed on the right side with Sawyer votes for you she'd never speak braid. The back drapery is trimmed the same. The corsage is Breton style, and opens in front over a vest which is traversed with braid, the deep collar of the jacket opens at each seam over plaits ornamented with braid. The med the same. Hat of straw, snuff color, trimmed with velvet, ribbon bow and aigrette.

> -Some of the new wraps are chiefly original as regards the sleeves, a tenlency toward the wider shapes being observable. Some are made with the pagoda sleeves hanging loose from the arm, and displaying bright colored surah linings under the net or canvas materials which form the sleeves themselves. A number of new French tea-gowns are shown with these sleeves, which have a certain grace but are by no means utilitarian, but act rather as a hinderance to exertion of any kind, and make sad havoc with the delicate egg-shell China and soap-bubble glassware which go to make up the dainty adornings of my lady's "high-tea" table.

> -Young girls' costumes are usually made up of the soft wool fabrics that are now so numerous and beautiful in design and coloring. Nun's veiling seems to be the favorite material, however. A very pretty dress for a miss is of creamcolored veiling and blue figured velvet. The skirt is ornamented at the bottom with three rows of the velvet in diminishing sizes, and is rounded and closed in on one side under a small panel of figured velvet, and a fine platting is placed at the bottom. The back drapery is long and without trimming. The corsage is new in design and very stylish. It is open in front, showing a small chemisette of surah bordered with figured velvet collar, and the fronts are laced with a silk cord, forming a knot on the right side.

-Bodices continue to be as varied in style as during the season past, and each particular shape is designed for especial wear. For instance, the trim jacket-bodices are seen upon utility costumes, the pointed corsage very high on the hips, very long and pointed front and back, and cut either square or half-low in the neck, is used in full cutaway bodices, with Continental or Fedora vest, round waist, with natty belts and ribbon attachments; and habit-bodices opening over guimpes and chemisettes. The most elegant and -Joe Davis, 2.17³, has been sold for \$6000 to Charles Burroughs, a wealthy resident of Davton, O. designs.

black. In both cases they are very be- It is a disease somewhat analogous coming. The Spanish hat is now cov- to cancer in the human subject. A eered brim and crown with pampilles true cancer, however, is supposed to of jet. On the left side is placed a have its origin in remote parts; hence large bow of exceedingly fine Chantilly the great difficulty in curing it. Dr. Carpenter teaches that "cancerous growths possess a remarkable analogy with the parasitic fungi, which develop themselves in the interior of vegetable and even animal structures; and the supposition long ago entertained that cancer might be regarded as an independent growth of corresponding nature does not now appear so extravagant as it was at one time considered. There can be little doubt that a cancerous tumor of any size may be developed from a single cell, and it is probable that the origin of such growths in parts distant from their primary centre, is to be traced to the conveyance of cancer cells, or of their germs by the circulating current; so that it seems very difficult to draw a line which will' separate such independent growths on the one hand from the ordinary tissues of the body, and on the other hand from structures really | arasitic. It is interesting to remark that blood vessels cannot be traced in these productions at an early period of their formation, but that they make their appearance, as in the normal development of the tissues, at a later date. In the horse it is considered to be an abnormal development of the ordinary tissues of the foot; for were it otherwise it could never be cured. If, however, it appear in other parts of the body, which is a rare occurrence. and assumes a malignant aspect, it may be defined as true cancer. A common antecedent of canker is thrush; its seat is the hind-feet, occurring in horses of coarse breed, with ill-sphaed hoofs and diseased frogs that always emit a fetid odor. In such animals there seems to exist a peculiar diathesis favorable to the production of canker, which, ou the occurrence of a simple injury to the foot by the accidental introduction of @ nail, or from any other existing cause, is immediately followed by an extraordinary morbid growth.

Treatment-Our first business is to remove the shoe and cleanse the fool with a weak solution of chloride of soda; the principal part or the morbid growth is then to be dissected off If any hemorrhage follows it can be ar-rested with pledgets of lint, saturated with tincture of muriate of iron, or any other styptic; next, sprinkle the whole surface with powdered bloodroot-sanguinaria canadensis-then apply a dress ing of strong pyroligneous acid, and by means of pledgets and bandages keep a continued pressure on the parts. The foot must must be dressed in this manner for several days, occasionally washing it with a solution of alum, sulphate of zinc, or some vegetable astringentinfusion of oak or bayberry bark. should these remedies fail, try the following: Take a saturated solution of common potash, into which stir a suffi-cient quantity of finely pulverized oatmeal, to form a stiff paste; apply this to any fungous growth, and it will disequal parts.