

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

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

Oh, when will the moon 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 untired?

While thus she waits in impatience,  
Naught guesses 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,  
Then, 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 breast 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 house."

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."

"Oh, indeed!" Mrs. Ignatia grev 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 Travers! I'll take charge of this document myself. And it won't be Electra's face you'll see at sunrise!"

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 any. There's enough left over from breakfast for you."

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

It was a short time after the dinner-hour when Mrs. Feversham returned.

"The old woman'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.

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 to go over 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' 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 stampee 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, nobody travels here any more. 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 me.'"

"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 out."

"The driver didn't have anything but a little whisky, and he gave the agent some and took some himself. Then they got to talking, and after awhile my friend got up on the box and rode five 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 the agent some good advice. Says he:

was absolutely no danger in it. He was an experienced man, and knew that the thing was safe. I honestly believe that if when he was going through a stage load, somebody had fired off a 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 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 people from New England, and there was a schoolma'am in the crowd who wore spectacles and was a good deal more angular than any of the women they raise out here. When he ordered 'hands up' he didn't notice that she refused to obey, because she was down at the foot of the line, and he didn't pay much attention to her anyway. As he proceeded 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 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 week after that for the time being he was nearly knocked out."

"It was a mighty ticklish moment. As I have said, you work a coach load easy by terrifying them and getting away before they recover their self-possession. Now, here was a woman who had not lost her's at all, and if the men at the other end of the line 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 the 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 professional does anything of the kind."

"I'm sorry I've got into this difficulty just now. The season opens in about two weeks."

Tougher than Pie Crust.  
"That horrid Mrs. Sawyer!" said Mrs. Jones, the other day. "I wish she would move out of the neighborhood."

"Well, what do you run there all the time for? I told you how it would be," retorted Mrs. Jones.

"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.

FASHION NOTES.  
—The most fashionable combination of color in millinery is heliotrope and moss-green.

—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 for a young girl is of pale lavender gray faille d'Alsace shot with maize. The back drapery is lined with maize satin. Straw hat, trimmed with yellow roses and foliage.

—Another has a skirt of embroidered nainsook, bodice and tunic of corn-colored canvas dotted with poppy-red sash and bows of poppy-red canvas ribbon, chemisette of white lace, garden hat of embroidered nainsook with red bow.

—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 jet coronets are more sought after than others.

—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 embroidery to correspond.

—White Milan straw bonnets simply trimmed with clusters of pale mauve or cream white flowers, placed in a high monture upon the front of the bonnet with narrow satin loops and strings to match, will form one of the chic and dainty bonnets par excellence for dressy wear this summer.

—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 coffee-colored embroidered gauze, with brim 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 is short on the hips and has a coal back, the revers on the position 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 dounced 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 falls 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 the Louis XIII, trimmed with bows of black ruhan, jet, and a yellow bird in front. Sometimes the whole of the crown and trimming is veiled in white point d'esprit tulle, and others with black. In both cases they are very becoming. The Spanish hat is now covered with brim and crown with pampilles of jet. On the left side is placed a large bow of exceedingly fine Chantilly lace, in the midst of which are placed pale pink and crushed tea roses.

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 free-for-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 \$45,795 so far this season. Ed Corrigan has won thirty-three races and \$59,415.

—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, 2.26; 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 Chicago, before July 12. If this match 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 submit their favorite mare to another such ordeal through the mud.

—Canker of the foot is one of the most intractable diseases with which the veterinary surgeon has to contend. It is a disease somewhat analogous to cancer in the human subject. A true cancer, however, is supposed to have its origin in remote parts; hence 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 parasitic. 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-foot, occurring in horses of coarse breed, with ill-shaped 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, on the occurrence of a simple injury to the foot by the accidental introduction of a 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 foot 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 arrested 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 dressing of strong pyroligneous acid, and by means of pledgets and bandages keep a continued pressure on the parts. The foot must be dressed in this manner for several days, occasionally washing it with a solution of alum, sulphate of zinc, or some vegetable astringent—infusion of oak or bayberry bark. Should these remedies fail, try the following: Take a saturated solution of common potash, into which stir a sufficient quantity of finely pulverized oatmeal, to form a stiff paste; apply this to any fungous growth, and it will disappear in a very short time. The dressing should be followed by one composed of linseed oil and lime water, equal parts.