

Thus Runs the World Away.

Like snowy lilies fleet as fine
Whose fragrant course is run,
Like dewdrops on the eglantine,

MISS MARTINEAU'S TEA.

It was to be served out on the veranda,
a sort of open air annex to the
sitting-room, which was located in the
second story.

"This is just the place to do the ideal
in," said Amy Laying, who reveled in
the splendor of her friend's newly-

Miss Martineau was swinging herself
lazily in a pretty hammock, with a look
on her face that expressed the most

"If people would only let me alone,"
she said, with a shrug, "I could be
happy like an angel. You never annoy

"Well, I don't wonder at that," said
Amy, laughing. "He's not coming to
the tea, is he?"

"He is not asked," Helene replied,
with a languid motion of a delicate
feather fan which she held.

"Poor fellow! I will tell Oscar he
must do his best to replace him."
A dash of unaccountable color

"Is Oscar coming?" she asked, lan-
guidly.

"I believe so. It is a tremendous
concession to you, my dear. He hates
society, you know, and I don't think

"What?" said Helene, imperiously,
as Amy paused and went on sorting
her embroidery silks in silence.

"Indeed!" cried Helene, with a little
savage laugh, giving her fan such a
savagely flirt that the ivory handle

"She got out of the hammock slowly,
and trailed her blue cashmere morning
gown over the veranda.

"I am going to order bisque and car-
amel ice," she said, suddenly. "It is
the proper thing to have it served in

"How beautiful she has grown,"
Oscar murmured, with a sharp pang;
"and yet, if she had not come into her

"This thought was uppermost in his
mind when he met Helene, and she
held out to him a hand of faultless

"Ah, Oscar!" she said with a lan-
guid smile—"or ought I to say Mr.
Dwight? I am glad to see you—

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Oscar murmured, with a sharp pang;
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brief stare which gave no response to
the amused twinkle in his.
"Is it just as I feared," thought

Helene caught a furtive glance at his
face, and thought how well it had ful-
filled its early promise. He was making

"You must take a cup of tea with
me. Sit here, if you please. You will
find this a cozy corner, and I think you

"I have no doubt of it," Oscar re-
plied. "As Aeschylus says—"
"Mr. Dwight," she cried, flippantly,

"Why, you understand French—
perfectly, I remember."
"Oh, yes. But my mind never han-
kered after a sandwich of tongues. I

Helene flushed. How like him that
blunt speech was!
"O, no!" she hastened to say.

"What will you have? Try these com-
fits. You will like them, I am sure.
They taste just like—"
A luscious jacqueminot rose fell from

"This is like the guava preserve I
brought you and Amy from Marti-
nique," he said, tasting the comfit.

"Is it?" she said, carelessly, "don't
care much for those things. I suppose
you know most of the people here, Mr.

"Too well," he answered, briefly.
"Barbarian!" she cried. "That is
not the proper thing to say."

"I never say what I am expected to.
I didn't come here to see these people,
Helene."

"Unfortunate people! How have they
incurred your displeasure?"
"I came to see you," he persisted.

"Miss Martineau," said an attenuated
soldier who precipitated his bows before
her, "we are all dying to hear you sing.

Oscar had a fierce desire to give him
a kick and send him all the way over.
He was bowing so profoundly that it

"If Mr. Dwight will excuse me,"
said Helene, turning to Oscar. "Not
stay here and finish your tea. Captain

Oscar watched her as she moved with
languid grace over to where the piano
stood. He remembered her voice,

"Killarney," "Within a Mile of
Edinboro," and "The Last Rose of
Summer," but now it was "Les Fleurs

There is nothing more forlorn than a
festive scene after the guests have de-
parted. Helene looked around the

"Oh, my love!" she cried, with a
burst of bitter tears. "You do not
care for me at all."

"Helene!"
She sprang up as though some one
had struck her when she heard Oscar

"What are you doing here?" she
cried, passionately, enraged that he
should have seen her tears.

"Pardon me!" he faltered. "I—I
lost a diamond stud this afternoon, and
I thought—"
"I will call a servant to get a light,"

"Helene," he said, taking a step to-
ward her.
"Have you quite forgotten the old

"It is you who have chosen to ignore
the past," she replied, locking her
hands so that he might not see how

"You left me no other alternative.
Helene, speak to me! My heart tells
me you have not grown so cold and

please you. Oh, Oscar! don't be angry
with me. How was I to know that
you loved me?"
"I told you once."

"Yes; but that was long ago."
"Did you cease to love me?"
"Why should your love be stronger
than mine?"

"I don't know," she sighed; "only I
did not think you cared."
He bent over and kissed her.
"Never doubt me again, dear," he

Helene bowed her head with due
penitence. As she did so a bright flash
of light from the floor made her cry:

"Oh, Oscar! There is your diamond!"
She stooped and picked up the jewel
from the floor. It was a superb white

An Auburn veteran, who saw Maine's
first locomotive and her first train of
cars as they moved for the first time

"I shall never forget with what pride
I harnessed up the old mare and drove
into town the morning the engine made

"Long before the engine had fired up
a good head of steam, all the available
opportunities for seeing the steam horse

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QUININE CHEAPER THAN EVER.

What Causes This—Profits made by
Retailers.

It may be some consolation to suffer-
ers from malaria to know that there is
little if any impure quinine in the mar-
ket at present. The desirable state of

"People are almost certain to get
quinine pure this season, no matter
where they buy it," said the proprietor

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first locomotive and her first train of
cars as they moved for the first time

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HORSE NOTES.

—Problem, Mr. J. I. Case's \$5000
troter, is reported lame.

—Ten nominations for the \$10,000
guaranteed stakes, to be trotted for at
Charter Oak Park, have made the

—E. S. Gardner, Sandersville, Tenn.,
has purchased of Henry J. Roberts, of
New York, the ch. m. Girofla, foaled

—Clay & Woodford, Kunnymede
Stud, Paris, Ky., recently lost the
suckling colt foaled May 6, by imported

—William Jennings, Glangar Stud,
Mount Washington, Md., lost recently
the imported brood mare Frey, foaled

—J. N. Wilson, of Easton, Pa., has
sold to W. C. Franco, the b. m. Lady
Everett, by Edward Everett, dam Jan-
nie, Lady Everett will be driven double

—Canton, full brother to Aladdin,
2:24, is now owned by White & Myer,
of Baltimore. Canton is a bay stallion,

—Messrs. Van Wyck, of Wrenwood
Stock Farm, have sold the bay stallion
Roscoe Conkling, by Virgo Hambletonian,

—Trinket, record 2:14, by Princeps,
dam Ouida, by Hambletonian, has been
bred to Dexter Bradford, a son of

—Steeplechasing is as dangerous in
Europe as here. The French jockeys
appear particularly reckless. One

—Honesty, pacing record 2:22, has
taken to trotting. He trotted a mile in
2:35 the day he changed his gait. It is

—The Preakness Stable has had more
than its share of misfortune this sea-
son. Nearly all its horses have gone

—John Rodgers, the trainer and driver,
who was for many years a regular
feature at Fleetwood, has become

—Belle Oakley, record 2:24, by Gar-
ibaldi, purchased with Edward Medium
in 1882, by Commodore Breda, a

—The loss of the Preakness mare
Regina should be a warning to trainers
who make it a practice of exercising

—We think we are justified in
announcing the return of Mr. Pierre
Lorillard to the turf next season, and

—Commenting on the betting on the
Suburban, the *Wicks' Spirit* says:
"We are told that the bookmakers

—A pretty tennis suit lately worn
was made of dove-gray nun's cloth,
with a scarf of Turkish embroidery

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FASHION NOTES.

—Black satin parasols are brought
out flowered or striped with jet em-
broidery.

—The wearing of wavy curls resting
on the neck is restricted to very youth-
ful ladies.

—Beads are much used on the sum-
mer bonnets, varying inside from small
to very large.

—Many of the new sunshades show
bouquets of jonquils or daffodils tied
on with black ribbons.

—Gold pendants for pins and chains
remain in favor. Quite new are the
wild rose pendants.

—Dark blue etamine made up with
merely a vest of moire, makes a stylish
and quiet dress for traveling.

—Convent cloth is a fine moire and
procetta a very light, cool fabric woven
like Henrietta cloth.

—The great novelty at present is
shaded siennes and velvets. They
range from the darkest to the lightest

—A copper red velvet vest collar and
cuffs are handsome in a jacket of Ha-
vana brown cloth or of lighter ecru

—Ullsterettes for girls of all sizes are
made of rough cloths in light weight
woolens that may be worn in cool days

—A novel idea recently introduced is
the use of bright figured brocade on
black ground for foundation dresses

—It is seldom that so late in the sea-
son a new departure is made in dress
fabrics.

—Velvet and plush enter largely into
all summer fashions, strange as it may
seem, and even wraps and skirts are

—As for the tennis shoes, if one
wishes to be very smart, there are pat-
ent-leather shoes exactly like gentle-

—Half-inch blocks in surah, quite
gingham in effect, are purchased lav-
ishly for children for summer travel,

—Eru canvas makes a becoming,
cool and stylish dress, trimmed with
stripes of black velvet, with Maud

—The piece laces so popular last year
find quite as many admirers this. The
prices somewhat reduced makes it pos-
sible to renovate a somewhat faded

—Three silk handkerchiefs with bro-
caded borders will make a charming
sleeveless jacket to wear over a killed

—We started out with alternate
stripes of various widths, with checks
from the pin-head to half-inch, with

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INSECTS IN JEWELRY.

The Limitations Which Good Taste
Should Suggest.

A writer on fashions in a London
contemporary says: "Standing the
other evening behind a gorgeously-

"Pardon me!" he faltered. "I—I
lost a diamond stud this afternoon, and
I thought—"
"I will call a servant to get a light,"

"Helene," he said, taking a step to-
ward her.
"Have you quite forgotten the old

"It is you who have chosen to ignore
the past," she replied, locking her
hands so that he might not see how

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Mushrooms Made of Dough.

"You notice on the bill of fare that
your turtle soup is but ten cents

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lost a diamond stud this afternoon, and
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