It may be when the landscape's rim Is red and slumberous round the west, The spirit too grows still and dim, And turns in half-unconscious quest To those forgotten lullables That whilam closed the infant's eyes

And maybe, when the city mart Roars with its fullest, loudest tide, The spirit loses helm and chart, And on an instant, terrified, Has fled across the space of years To notes that banished childhood's fears.

We know not-but 'tis sweet to know Dead hours still haunt the living day, And sweet to hope that, when the slow Sure message beckons us away, The past may send some tuneful breath To echo round the bed of death.

NAMESAKES.

"Close the shutters, Kitty. What a terrible night it is, to be sure. The rain is coming down in floods," A barrack ground, stiff and ugly under the most favorable circumstances, looking like a desert in the wind and

rain, was just visible. "Why, Aunt Bell," said the girl, pausing with one hand on the shutter. 'here is a name scratched on this pane of glass. I never noticed it till this minute."

"What is the name?" asked the old lady, half asleep by the fire. "Kinloch, Scots Greys, 1816," read the young girl, "and then 'Kitty' writ-

ten very badly just below." "Kinloch! Kitty!" said Aunt Bell, starting up with a sudden interest. "Why, that must be the same man!" Then she sank back again, murmuring, "Ah, Kitty, there was love in those days, and romance, too."

"Is there no love now?" said Kitty, coming to her aunt's side and kneeling down on the hearth rug.

The ruddy flames and glow from the fire lit up the girl's chestnut hair, fair complexion, and bright hazel eyes. Aunt Bell gazed lovingly down at the piquant little face and said:

Now and again we meet some of the right kind, but would you like to hear the story of that namesake of yours, "Very much."

"Well, fifty years ago, as you know, I was a girl of 16, and was invited to was pale, but he had a determined look spend the summer months with my at the corners of his mouth; he carried aunt, who then had one of the finest houses in this county of Kildare.

Several regiments were stationed at the camp and at a neighboring village, so you may imagine the girls of the rest in the garden and enjoy the still party and I anticipated a gay time. beauties of the night. The air was Oh, those summer months! I grow fresh and the full moon was hurrying young again as I think of them! The through the star-spangled course. The rides across the Curragh in the fresh | reeds in the neighboring streams rustled morning air, when in parties of ten or fifteen we would gallop for miles on night, moths bumped against Kitty's the stretches of breezy turf; the hand- white kerchief on their way to the fatal some officers who played hide-and-seek | candle in the window. The girl's eyes with us in the evening hours all over filled with tears. the big house, starting out of corners and chasing us breathlessly down the voice at her side. slippery oaken corridors. Then, tired out, we would stroll into the garden, and under the trees there would be songs, flirtations, and whispered confidences, and promises made by the score and never fulfilled. What a mad, merry time it was! The merriest and handsomest of all was a young Scotch Lieutenant, Kinloch Kinloch. His I will try and improve myself-make mother was Irish, and had bequeathed myself more worthy of your love. him her beauty and propensity for

joking. "And now for Kitty, the heroine. I am sure Kitty was one of the pret-

"I can't do her justice; but I can chestnut, curling in rings all over her and dropped dead on the table, brow, and a slender, upright figure, the envy of all our girls. One day, as a pointing significantly to the insect, large party of us were talking under the trees, Kitty passed us with a basket eyes were dazzled, and it had no noticed the girl, and seemed struck little distance, and kept his eyes fixed on her. It was love from that very moment, and every one noticed it. All the young men swarmed about the girl's basket and began helping themselves. She expostulated, but they put her off. Said one:

"Sure, Kitty, and you would like us to have the best, I'll be bound." Another said:

for I will right them all for such a favor."

"But Kitty would not be bribed, and seemed about to resign herself to the loss of her fruit, when Kinloch shoul- the battle of Waterloo when officers and dered his way into the group, and giving the last speaker a friendly push,

cried: "Leave the girl alone, Grant, please." Then he turned to Kitty, saying, "It is very heavy for your little arms, and there will come no one stealing the fruit now, I'm thinking."

"Thank you," said Kitty, gratefully, and walked along by his side. "That is the first time I have seen my lady allow any one to fetch and

carry for her," my brother said. "There is no gainsaying Kinloch, then, for he always gets his own way in what he wants, Harry," I said.
"Especially when it has to do with

pretty girls," sneered Grant. "Treason!" we all shouted in a "Kinloch is the same to us breath.

"Of course; but are you not all pretty girls?" said Grant. 'We laughed, and did not deny the soft impeachment; and so the momen-

tary breach was healed. "That was the time we noticed

could have said or done would have prevented her, but we were not quite She wore a pale, tea rose tinted gown, so sure about Kinloch, who, ever since with ruffles of lace of her own making so sure about Kinloch, who, ever since with ruffles of lace of I that little episode, had wandered about at the neck and sleeves. like a distressed lover. One day we met Kitty in a lane, and I said to her: "How is it you never come our way

"The girl blushed. "Father prefers to take up the things himself," she murmured; for which painfully apparent fib we for-

gave her. "The days passed on and Kinloch, who had before been the life of our expeditions, was now generally absent. Where he had been was evident, for we often caught a glimpse of chestnut hair shining through the trees, or the old picturesque red shawl draped over Kitty's head and shoulders, her round, dimpled arms appearing just below.

"Kinloch's regiment had been ordered away to another part of Ireland, and, one morning, a few days before he was to go, we begged for his company to a picnic we had arranged to have with one or two other families.

"Thanks, very much," but I'm afraid shall be too busy," he said. "Oh, but you must come! We all counted upon you," we said. "But I-I have so many things to do

to-day." Here he stopped and blushed. "We girls were devoured with curiosity, and some of the men had a perceptible sneer on their faces.

"He has got to say farewell to his lady-love," suggested Philip Grant. "Kinloch turned on him with blazing eyes. We all kept back. They were

like globes of fire. "Confound it, sir, and suppose I have! What is that to you?" he cried. "We all stared at Philip; he was very white, but he shrugged his shoulders and wisely forbore to answer.

"Kinloch's temper calmed down as rapidly as it had risen. "I am sorry to disappoint you, girls, but I must beg to be excused," he said

gently; and bowing, he walked off. "We watched his upright, manly figure striding along till he disappeared, and then we all looked at each other and sighed.

"A clear case," said one girl. "Head over heels." "What will he do?"

"How can he marry her?" "Kitty can take care of herself." "But I'm sure she is in love; she never has been before." "He will go away and forget her." "He gave his bridle rein a shake.

Adleu forevermore, my love, Adleu forevermore." "Never! Nothing of the kind will happen. I'm sure he will marry her,"

I said. "That night Kinloch made his way to the gardener's cottage. His face his head well thrown back, and stepped lightly along.

"The girl had just set her father's supper before him, and had gone out to away from in the midst of their mirth. and shivered in the breeze, and the

"Why do you weep, Kitty?" said a "The girl buried her face in her

hands and sobbed afresh. "You are going away." she said. "Yes, I am going away, but you will come with me, Kitty, for you love me," said Kinloch.

"Come back in ten years, Kinloch. I will be true to you and wait till then.

'Keep as you are, Kitty; remain unchanged," said the young man jealously, "lest when I come back again I She was the daughter of a gardener shall not see in you the last look that I who lived about a mile from my aunt's took away with me, my life, my love!" house, and of all the distractingly pretty he murmured passionately, and then girls that have made men do silly things | kissed her sweet brow and mouth, and folding her in one last embrace he left

As she went into the cottage a large tell you she had the Irish blue eye; a moth sailed in before her, flew up into complexion like milk, halr of the silkiest the alluring brightness of the candle.

"Kitty, my girl," said the old man, "Don't be as silly as that thing. Its of fruit. Kinloch for the first time strength to resist the fatal fascination." "Father, you may trust me," said dumb with amazement. He stood at a the girl, bending down and kissing the

gray bair, Here Aunt Bell stopped. "Is it interesting? Shall I go on?" "Oh, do! Did he come back?" said

her niece. "Well, the years passed on, and the girl was joked and teased and had many offers of marriage, but she was firm and would listen to none. At last the young fellows grew weary of their "Mahone, one kiss from that cheek fruitless attempts at love-making, and with the flush of the peach upon it will the greater part left her alone. A save you from these rascally thieves, few, more unkind, would ask when she expected her young gentleman home, and taunted her in cutting

speeches and insinuations. "Nine years went by, and then came men went down together in hundreds. Still no word from Kinloch, and Kitty's heart, which had never falled in its lightness nor her step in its speed, now sank and faltered for the first time.

"Early in the next year-in fact, on New Year's night-the officers gave a ball, and every girl and young man for miles around was invited. Girls were in great demand then, and I went down to my aunt's house especially for that night. I was anxious to see Kitty myself and to find out how the years had passed over her head.

"You think, perhaps, 26 was rather old to be called a girl—do you, Kitty. Well, I felt almost as young as when I was 16, and quite as ready to enjoy a dance or a flirtation, I assure you.

"Kate Daly-that was her namewent to help the ladies unshawl themselves, and to be ready with needle and thread when the unhappy damsel with torn skirt or flounce should require her assistance. She was then 28, and the young, girlish beauty had developed into the most lovely of women. Only Kitty coming up to our house with her | when her face was at rest, and you saw fruit. We were quite sure nothing we the suspicion of an anxious heart upon it, would you have guessed her age.

> "It was a wild and stormy night without, just such a one as this, but it only served to enhance the brightness and animation of the scene within, it is first impregnated.

The dancing of the high-heeled shoes and the silvery laughter rose higher than the roar of the wind, and the

of rain. Suddenly there was a lull; we stopped dancing; a chill blast swept round us: we turned and saw a silent figure standing in the doorway. "He was tall and handsome, but his large black cloak, carelessly thrown over his shoulder, was dripping with

tinkling wine cups drowned all sound

the rain and making a large puddle on the floor. His legs, booted and spurred, were mud up to the hips. "Just at that moment the clock

struck 12, and the year 1816 had broken. Some of the nervous girls screamed and ran behind their partners. Was it an apparition? Was it an ill omen for the coming year?" "I seem to frighten you, friends.

Does nobody know me?" "Kitty at that moment was bringing in a jug of iced claret at another door. She heard the voice and turned round trembling, with a wild cry:

"Kinloch, Kinloch, I knew you would come back!" And amidst a crash of breaking glass-for she let the vessel slip from her hands-she sprang to his side, and disappeared in the folds of his great cloak.

"How splendid, Aunt Bell!" said her niece, drawing a deep breath; "but if she married him then I don't see why she should not have done so before." "Ah, but she was a wise girl; she knew it would test his constancy, and prove if he really loved her. A young man's love at 21-as she knew so well -would not be his choice at 31,"

"What became of them, aunt?" "Oh, they married and traveled about a great deal, and finally both died out in India within a few months of each other, There was one son, and I believe he is in the army, also. Come, Kitty, I shall go to bed, and not wait any longer for your father."

"There is a new lieutenant coming in Mr. Perry's place," said her niece, as she bade her good night. "The young men are not what they used to be," sighed the old lady.

'Some little whipper-snapper, "I'll be bound, with feet that would fit in your slippers. Good-night, Childie!" Kitty went down stairs and pondered over the story of the beautiful Kate Daly and faithful Kinloch. She went to the window and undid the shutter. She pictured to herself the young man as he came to the window and scratched

his name on the glass, and then, taking the girl's hand in his, slowly guiding it just below. She leaned in the shadow of the window seat and tried to realize each scene in the little drama. There, under that very door, stood the tall, black-robed figure they had all shrunk What! was she dreaming. What stood there at that moment? A figure

darker than the gloom of the room. The rain poured in rivers outside, the wind whistled round the house. The figure came farther into the room. She saw by the misty light that he was a tall man with a dark cloak over his shoulders, booted and spurred, with mud up to his hips. She felt as if the whole scene was to be played over again, but she looked in vain for the pretty girls with their puffed sleeves and short waists, their flowing curls and high-heeled shoes. Kitty, where was she? And here she blushed to goat, or deer skin suits. These are ofherself in the darkness. There was a

Kitty, but not that one. The man came up to the window, evidently thinking no one was in the room. The girl shrank back as the wet cloak brushed against her cheek.

"Kinloch!" she said, half doubting whether the figure would answer, for she could hardly tell yet whether she was dreaming or no. "Who spoke my name?" he called

out, glancing round "I did," said Kitty, feeling very abashed, almost at his elbow. He glanced down, drawing away his

wet cloak. "I am sure I beg your pardon; I thought the room was empty. I must have come into the wrong quarters. Arriving so late I must have mistaken the block. I hope you will forgive such an intrusion."

Kitty's castles in the air all fell to the ground with a crash. How common-place. He was only the new lieutenant after all; but he did not appear the whipper-snapper her aunt had prophesied.

"Then you are not Kinloch?" she said in a disappointed tone. "My name is Kinloch," he answered with a pleasant smile.

"My aunt was telling me about this Kinloch," and Kitty tapped the frame with her finger "I will tell you the story some day, if you :like; but you came into the room just as she said your namesake did, dressed in the same way and everything. But there! I suppose you are not even a relation?"

man quietly; "so no wonder we are something alike." It was now his turn | nearly as well as a flock of ducks. to say in a disappointed tone, "But your name is not Kitty, I'm sure." "Yes, it is," she said eagerly, then paused; a sudden rosy flush rushed

over her face. At least, no-it is-"But she could not deny it, for it was Kitty. "These are our namesakes; shall we write ours below them, Kittyl"

'Some day-perhaps,"

Our Defenceless Harbors.

The defenseless condition of our sea ports will be better understood from observing the great range of modern guns now in actual use on war ships. The new French gun, weighing thirtyseven tons, has thrown a projectile weighing 1,000 pounds over eight miles. The English 43-ton gun has a maximum range nearly as great. The English 63ton gun is credited with a theoretical range of over ten miles. It is true that these extreme ranges are attained with elevations which may not be secured in the turret ports of vessels, and this important point must not be ignored. But as our harbors have no guns approaching these in power, guns brought to attack them may be safely fired without any appliances of shelter to interfere with their extreme ranges.

tincture and taste of liquor with which to those who are of a noble idisposition, it is first impregnated.

For very light toilet gauze combined Doble could settle his horse. The with "brillantine" is most suitable.

INTERIOR OF MEXICO.

Home Life Among the Peons-Their Dwellings and Habits.

In the terras calientes (hot lands) the children often go naked, and the grown people wear no more clothing than their partial civilization demands. The flat roofed adobe house, the palm-covered cane hut or a cave in the hillside serves all the purposes of an earthly habitation for those whose lives are passed within them. But here in the coolest part of the Republic-a mile and a half above the level of the sea-nature has so elevated the country and lowered the temperature that clothing is a necessity There is sufficient rain to penetrate the flat roofs and drown out the cave dwellers, hence we find the people living above ground and under inclined roofs. Thus they have advanced by the sheer necessity of their external surroundings but where nature has not acted with a compulsory force they still remain in a condition that is scarcely above that of the lower animals in some respects. The houses are built of mud, stone and adobe. They have dirt floors and shed roofs which are covered with mud mortar about six inches deep. They seldom have windows or any other prevision for light and ventilation except the door. We often find a large family living in one of these rooms. When the evening comes a family circle is formed around a few ancient earthen mugs and jars which are set on the dirt floor; from these they take their scant and simple meal; after which a round of cigarettes are smoked, then the door is barred, the flickering tailow candle is blown out, and while the unsavory fumes of the smoking wick is permeating the entire room the last one retires to rest in this dungeon home, a home then darker than the blackest night, as unsavory as the dungeon of the doomed and almost as sickly and deadly as the black-hole of Calcutta.

We see these creatures on their knees faded by the sun, bright and showy every day and with outstretched arms colors enjoy, nevertheless, their full they bemoan their lot and beg of God in his mercy to grant them more blessings, after which they employ what little mental and physical force they possess in rejecting those which have

already been granted, "What fools these mortals be. Their diet consists of the various fruits of the tropic, with goat's meat, goat's milk and tortillas (corn cakes) made of salt and water. The meal 18 ground by hand between stones similar to those used by ancients. In place of stoves and fron cooking utensils, they use elevated fire places and earthen jars which are placed over charcoal fires. The knowledge of cooking among all classes of women is as meagre as the means used, hence the breakfast biscuit white loaf bread, pies, preserves and besque embroideries, usually in varipuddings of the United States are never seen in Mexico.

Their Dress. - The women wear shawls over their heads in place of hats and bonnets and the fashion never changes. Their feet are small and they wear tight shoes with very high heels. Among the lower class plain-cut, bright red dresses are often worn, but among Parisian ladies. These have either the higher classes a combination of waists to match or waists made of vel-

bright colors is preferred. The men of every class have a pas- skirts are draped with ribbon bows, sionate fondness for dressed-sheep, ten fringed, painted and embroidered are again in constant use. Embroidwith silver. The pantaloons are often ered and beaded trimmings are usually striped down the side with rows of but- in panel style. They are worked on the tons and buckles and the wide-brimmed sombrero is often adorned with silver either side to show the work. The stars, tassels and a few rounds of heavy silver cord around the crown. The the back, puffing in full small plaits, brimmed straw-hats, and in place of winter and summer. Though I am now in the torrid zone and to-day is sides. Others are square and trimmed midsummer, yet I see the natives passing or sunning themselves with their blankets wound around them up to the nose. Mothers are passing with their babies wrapped up out of sight and the men use sandals in place of shoes or boots. A few are dressed as we find them in the United States. Thus it is the old and the new, the high and the low are all seen at one view.

The Flying Fish.

There has been much discussion about whether the flying fish really flapped its wing fins like a bird. Engineer Baird, or the navy, throws light on the subject in a late number of Science. He assures us that this curious bird-fish really does beat its wings, and that it can change its direction in the air. It has been supposed that its flight was more of a jumping than a flying. Engineer Baird's observation

shows that this is an error. In the Cape Verd island region there are numbers of a very large flying fish, in which the beating of the fins, like a "He was my father," said the young bird's wings, are plainly visible. A school of flying fish will keep together

The fish usually starts to windward in its flight, and then changes is direction. It can be observed most advantageously from on board a ship, and it was here that Engineer Baird made his observations. The light in the air eemed to dazzle the fishes' eyes. When alarmed they dart quickly forward by wagging the tail fin. If, then, a scoopnet be placed in front of them they will jump into it.

A Pauper's Death and Prince's Burial.

Marius Moustier, the celebrated explorer who discovered the sources of the great African river Niger, committed suicide recently by drowning himself in a small pond in the neighborhood of Marseilles. His body was found after four days' immersion, and a letter in one of the pockets stated that he had been driven thereto by absolute want and starvation. He was still in the prime of life, and during the past six months had been seeking in vain for any kind of employment, no matter how humble, The geographical society of France have now arranged to give him a magnificent funeral, which will almost appear a mockery when his friendless death is taken into consider-

A new cask will long preserve the of our tribe, or is he a stranger?" But tuile is again seen over round skirts, sent her a leader under the wire before the whole world is but one family.

FASHION NOTES.

have ribbons to correspond.

low and the toes less pointed.

broidered with beads and silk.

-Slippers for evening wear are of

Suede leather, and are elaborately em-

-English crapes in all colors are seen

on bonnets and plastrons. Small capotes

are made of this crape in green, ruby

and gray. White bonnets are much

worn by young ladies with full-dress

toilets. They are trimmed with cream,

the style for full-dress purposes. Some-

times they have no strings, and form a

small puffed piece on the head no larger

than a flower. Hats grow larger and

larger, and the apparent size is in-

worn, and as the thermometer rises

these will give way to mitts where com-

seen, such as undecided greens, and

blues, and reds, that look as though

share of favor. These varying styles

which will be preferred. At present

both are adopted, and ladies of fashion

that have an extensive wardrobe have

these contrasting tollets for use on dif-

ferent occasions, according to fancy.

They bring into use the various tones

of light green, such as mignonette and

Nile green, and bright shades of yel-

low, such as orange, Indian yellow, jon-

quil and the different tones of lemon.

and they are as much worn as red.

with some kind of lace, in ecru, black

or seal brown, or with beaded net-work.

The parts of the dress that are not cov-

ous shades of reddish brown. Old

ground, both for dresses and bonnets.

under lace or some material in open-

vet and ottoman in dark shades. The

which are sometimes fastened under

fancy metal clasps. Bows of ribbons

cordings or flaps. If cordings are em-

ployed then there are also drooping or-

handsome buttons. Great importance

as they give a stamp of originality to

culiar colors, and of very artistic work-

under the light fancy cotton fabrics.

A variety of white dresses are made for

linen suits in red or blue. Sailor suits

will be worn at the seaside by young

makers are always seeking novelties for

bridal toilets. Among the many styles

seen at various French establishments

the simplest are the most graceful.

They are of the most elegant fabrics.

Ottoman, faille and gros-grain silk are

the goods most favored by bridal

dresses. Many of these tollets are of

any lace is made in the following man-

ner: The satin skirt has a square silk-

gauze apron plaited lengthwise. The

skirt is separated from the train by a

tween this panel and the aprou is a

space to show the underskirt. On one

the satin train is a gauze scarf fastened

in several places by orange blossoms. The waist has no basque. A plaited

Be-

satin and "satin mervellleaux."

narrow panel of plaited gauze.

ladies as well as by children.

and in traveling cloaks.

work.

fort and convenience are consulted.

-Shades of gray are very stylish for -Billet, the noted thoroughbred gloves to wear on all ordinary occastallion, although totally blind and over sions as well as with demi-toilet, 30 years of age, is as vigoreus as ever,

-Royal red is seen in the new leather and exercises four miles every day. goods, both in card-cases, pocket-books -Toy, the dam of Belle Hamlin, is and other useful articles now sterile, and is hacked about Vil--Materials for tennis costumes, with lage Farm in the hope that gentle work figures of the accessories of the game, will restore her to a fruitful condition.

-Mike Bowerman wore a pea-green -Dull leather will supersede patent cap driving "Bob's Jug" on Wednesday, at Rochester. The horse is blind. eather for walking boots. Heels are and so was Mike, at times, with dust.

HORSE NOTES.

-Ascender, one of the prominent Kentucky Derby horses of 1883, has gone hopelessly in one of his forelegs, and will hereafter be used as a buggy horse.

-The first time that 2.20 was ever beaten for three consecutive heats was in 1869, when Goldsmith Maid won the free-for all purse at Buffalo, in beige or light pink. Small capotes are 2.194, 2.194. 2.194.

-Cleveland's fall trotting meeting. September 14 to 17, will include the 2.40, 2.35, 2.30, 2.25, 2.20 and free-forall trots, and the 2.17 pacing class-all for purses of \$600 each.

creased by tulle puffs and flounces of -Lucy Fry is in slings at the Veterlace failing from the edge all around. When to a hat thus adorned is added a inary Hospital, and it is an even chance mass of flowers or ribbon yeiled with that the compound fracture will be cured sufficiently to allow her to play lace, the size of the whole is enormous. By a sort of compensation the bonnets the part of a brood mare.

are unusually small. They are made, by -Henry Chambers, the "rubber" of preference, of crape, to match the rest Prince Wilkes, is quite a banjo player, of the costume. Gray kid gloves, with and as the Prince stands in his boxheavy gray or black stitching, are stall he listens attentively to the old elegant, but in hot weather long silk Kentucky airs which Henry plays. ones matching the costume are more

-William Arthur cast a shoe and finished outside the flag in the first heat of the 2.17 class at Buffalo, but the judges permitted him to start again, -A peculiarity of the present fash. and he won fourth money, beating Jerion is that while the neutral tones are

ome Turner. -Legion, the full brother of Belle Hamlin, promises to have more size than his sister, and he is purely gaited, going close to the ground. He will not be handled until next season, when he are so admirably handled by skilful dressmakers that it is difficult to decide

will be 4 years old. -After the race between horses of the 2,19 class at Buffalo it was insinuated that Van Ness did not labor as hard with J. Q. as he might have done, and on the following morning the discussion of this point grew so warm that Frank and Simonds came to blows.

-Volante has won seven races this season, including the forfeit received in the match with Tyrant, and been second three times, once in a walk-over Suits in yellow are usually covered won by a stable companion. The value of the Champion stakes was \$4750, and his gross earnings thus far this year amount to \$15,050.

ered with lace or net-work have ara--Jacobs, driver of the pacer Dan D., says; I will put in \$1000, Gossip put in mauve is unquestionably gaining \$1000 and Johnson \$1000, and we will pace for it over Chicago, Cleveland, or For skirts and waists it is employed Minneapolis tracks, whichever will add the most, and let the second save his stake, the first to take the balance. -Among toilets of light summer I mean pace, and my money is ready at fabrics many lace dresses are worn by

any time. -The entries for the Grand Prix de aris to be run for in at the same time as those for the English Derby and Oaks, and it is somewhat surprising to find that the entries are less than they were this year. The total is 336, and out of this number 218 are French-bred animals, while of the others 105 are English, 7

underskirt, and the tunic is opened on Russians, 4 Hungarians and 2 Germans. other side of the tunic is raised near -"Bob's Jug, rather a queer name for a horse, isn't it?" said one of the peons wear very low-crowned, wide- and then falls either straight or in boys in Bowerman Brothers' stable this waves. Many aprons are also to be morning. "He was sired by George coats they wear heavy woolen blankets seen. Some of these form part of the Wilkes, and received his initiatory lestunic, and are raised very high in the sons on the turf on Colonel R. G. Stoner's stock farm, down in old Kenwith either galloon or lace. The latter tucky. Bob Jones was the first man to are only employed over plaited skirts, hold the ribbons behind the little felwith the skirt falling straight down the low. The stable boys could not think back. Another way of arranging a of a name for the nag, so they finally dress is to have a panel trimming in called him Bob's Jug, because Bob the tunic. This tunic opens over the always kept his jug of bourbon in his front of the skirt, is separate from the stall. The nickname is now genuine. back puffiny, and is fastended to it by Rather a laughable incident wasn't it?"

> -The Saratoga correspondent of the Spirit of the Times has this to say of a naments, and with the flaps there are Philadelphia turfman: "Young Gratz, whose colt Elkwood captured the is at present attached to these buttons, Sequel on the 7th inst., won enough in the stake and otherwise to pay for the many costumes. They are in most pecolt nearly twice over. He recently purchased him from Mr. Medinger for manship. They are very prominent \$2500. Gratz, who is a modest, boyishthis summer in linen and foulard suits looking young fellow, and is comparatively new on the turf, has been singu--Some summer dresses of cotton larly fortunate in his equine purchases. goods and foulards are in Pompadour He is building up a breeding establishand Indian designs. A number of these ment, as well as a fine racing stable, have round skirts in plain colors, such as and has started out with one purpose in reddish brown, gray and blue, for wear view-to run to win under any and all circumstances, misses and children. There are also

> -The Junior Champion stake was worth \$9050, and it made Tremont's thirteenth consecutive success, leaving him just three behind The Bard's great 2-year-old record in England last year. His total gross winnings now foot up the handsome sum of \$40,435, a larger sum than was ever won by a colt of his age in this country, and he has now placed to his credit more races than any of the same age in the history of the American turf. When will he stop? It is hard to say. Perhaps he will not stop, though rumor is commencing to combination of satin and gauze without whisper about one of his forelegs. He and Hanover left for Saratoga on Tuesday.

-In the 2.21 class (at Buffalo) Bonnie McGregor was a hot favorite over the field, composed of Alert, Charley Hilton, Longfellow Whip, Nobby, Belle F., Judge Lindsay and Judge Davis. Crawford drove Alert and side of this panel are satin-ribbon bows with flowers intermixed, and the other side of the plaiting is of satin. Over Hickok, Hilton. Doble was at first inclined to enter a protest on the ground that Crawford had an interest in Hilton, but when Hickok showed a writgauze Marie Antoinette fichu is crossed ten transfer the objection was withunder the belt. The gauze sleeves are drawn. A little bad blood, however, plaited lengthwise and trimmed with remained. In the first heat, around bands of satin. Another toilet is much | the upper turn, Crawford had what he simpler, but of more costly fabric. It called a quiet agreement with Doble. is trimmed with three shawls of old The sulkies collided, and spokes were point lace. One of these is draped in shattered. Bonnie McGregor got clear front in apron style, over a round skirt; of the tangle and was winning, hands the others fall in two points over the down, when Doble turned to look back train. The waist has a fichu of lace, with at his interviewers. The guiding hand the point downward. It is draped from was relaxed for an instant, and the one shoulder to the other. Epaulets stallion went into the air. Quick as a The narrow-minded ask: "Is this one of flowers fall over the sleeves. Puffed flash Mc Carthy rallied Belie F. and