

In the Shadows.  
Day by day the shadows lengthen  
In the way—  
Glory no more serves to strengthen  
For the fray.  
Summer flowers have lost their sweetness;  
Summer hours their charming fleetness;  
Nothing reaches its completeness,  
But decay.  
Find we only shrines long broken,  
Gray with mold;  
Shattered hopes and vows unspoken  
Griefs no'er told.  
Stately ruins wherein lingers  
Many a form whose specter flingers  
Point us to love's once bright embers—  
Damp and cold.  
Oh! for faith whose clearer vision  
Through the gloom  
Sees the radiant fields of vision  
In their bloom.  
Faith that grief can weaken never;  
Faith so strong it points us ever  
To the lights that shine forever  
O'er the tomb.  
Thus we cry—calling, calling,  
In our pain—  
Till about us, softly falling,  
Lull us sweet rain,  
Peace drops gently down from heaven;  
Clouds of doubt and grief are riven,  
And unto our life is given  
Rest again.

### POLES APART.

Dick Fellowes flung himself back against the frail door post of the summer house till the airy building rocked to its foundation.  
"Say one kind word Stella, my love may not seem much to you, but at least it is the best I have to give," he said earnestly, looking very white and hurt.  
Stella Howard, sitting sweet and calm in her white gown and pearls, half glanced toward her impetuous lover, then dropped her blue eyes again with a suspicion of a dainty shudder.  
Dick's hands were so very big and red, and his evening dress looked as if it had come out of the ark. Of course he was very good and nice, and Stella did not mind his clumsy little attentions when no one more interesting was at hand; but to be made love to by a big, awkward, young civil engineer working on the new railway line! a creature who could not sing, or ride, or play billiards; who entered a room like a wandering elephant, and was forever buried in diagrams and calculations, instead of talking society chatter! Stella could not help feeling it a decided liberty on Dick Fellowes' part to imagine himself entitled to love Col. Howard's only daughter, and she heartily wished she had never suggested his being invited to dinner—at which he had overturned a glass of Chablis over her new lace blouse—or consented to show him the garden in the soft sunset glow of that June evening.  
"I don't know what to say. I've told you it isn't the least use. Mr. Fellowes, your life and mine are poles apart; we can't make them meet. I'm very sorry you should be pained. Try to forget it all," she answered, trying not to show her disdain too plainly.  
"Forget!" echoed Fellowes, the blood rushing to his temples. "No, that's not likely. I tell you while you live no man will love you as I have done. Good-by, Stella, I can't stand any more. Heaven bless you, although you are so cruel!"  
And he was out of sight down the garden path before Stella could have stopped him, even had she so wished.  
What curiously abrupt manners he had thought she, as she made her way to the drawing-room through the sweet-scented roses to sing the song Capt. Thurlow had begged for in a whisper as she left the table. How odd to leave without bidding good-by! And he was leaving Charlstone the next day, she knew.  
Capt. Thurlow's polished manner was a positive relief after such behavior, and as he turned the pages of the "Bohemian Girl," and murmured compliments to Stella Howard's well-pleased ear, Dick Fellowes and his wooling faded from her mind like a disagreeable dream.  
Only once did she hear his name in the two years that followed, and that was in connection with some scheme of some proposed government work and he was called "Mr. Fellowes, the well-known and rising engineer."  
Dick rising! Stella was sensible of a little shock of intense wonder.  
But there was very little time for any thought of the outside world after that. Col. Howard died in Afghanistan, and Stella found herself a penniless orphan, dependent on the distant relations with whom she lived. Even in all her sorrow and despair there was a little ray of comfort in the thought of Capt. Thurlow. Truly there was one strong arm and brave heart that would not fall her.  
But Capt. Thurlow was endowed with a knowledge of the world, which made him keenly aware of the nice difference between Miss Howard the pretty daughter of his reputedly wealthy colonel, and Miss Howard the penniless orphan. His engagement to a Lancashire manufacturer's daughter was in all the society papers within a fortnight, and as Stella tried to crush out the mortification and resentment from her heart which seemed full to overflowing, there sounded in her ears, as if were a prophesy, Dick Fellowes' parting words—  
"No one will ever love you as I have done."  
Was it all the perversity of a woman's nature that made Stella's memory dwell so often and so kindly on the recollection of that wooing as time went on? In the old days he had held so much love for her that Dick's seemed a thing little worth the having now that she was worth the loving thing, a governess in other people's houses, she wondered how she could have despised any love so honest and so true, and her recollection of clumsy Dick grew to be a very kind and gentle one.  
Not that her lot was as hard as that of many; indeed, the Bouchers were very kind to her. Her pupils were good and affectionate, with the careless affection of children; she had plenty to eat and drink and nothing to complain of, except that her life had passed her by. She tried to do her duty, to teach the children well and wisely, to help Mrs. Boucher with her numerous guests and society cares.  
The house was to be full for regatta week as usual, and Stella had promised to

give up her holiday till they were all gone again. She was writing notes for a great garden party, when the little girls burst in upon her in wild excitement.  
"Oh, Miss Howard! only think Sir Richie is coming—our own dear Sir Richie. Isn't it lovely!" they cried.  
"And who may Sir Richie be?" inquired Miss Howard, very composedly directing another envelope.  
"Not know our own Sir Richie? Why, everybody knows him. He plays tennis with us, and rows us on the lake, and buys us dolls! Fancy, mamma, Miss Howard does not know our own darling Sir Richie!"  
"Miss Howard has been out of society so long that there is an excuse for her not knowing at least the name of Sir Richard Fellowes," responded Mrs. Boucher.  
The pen rolled over upon the newly addressed envelope and ruined two.  
"Sir Richard Fellowes?" was all Miss Howard could gasp out.  
"Yes, the great inventor and civil engineer. He had his baronetcy conferred a few months ago, when he finished his great railway line to Tibet; and he's just been stopping at Osborne. Is it possible you've never heard his name? Why, he was one of the lions of last season, young, rich and the fashion. I'm lucky to get him here even for a flying visit; but my husband and he are old friends, and he is wonderfully fond of the children. Can it be you have never heard of him, really?"  
"I met him some years ago," Stella managed to falter.  
"Then people would think you fortunate. However, I fear you won't have much chance to renew your old acquaintance; Sir Richie is such an object of attention from both debutantes and chaperones. He is one of the great parts of the season, you know."  
And Mrs. Boucher laughed a little good-natured laugh.  
Gladly would Stella have hidden herself in her distant school-room that night, and pleaded neuralgia, or any other synonym for a broken heart, rather than enter the crowded drawing room, whence the soft flow of voices floated out of the open window over to her own room in the wing. But Mrs. Boucher had told her they would want some singing, and governesses must not indulge their feelings when other people's entertainment are at stake.  
Stella's heart seemed beating in her ears as she entered the great drawing-room behind a tray of coffee cups, and hid herself in a sheltered nook near the piano.  
At first she could see nothing clearly, the rose shaded lamps threw so dim a light, then she grew aware of a group of smiling interested people, all bestowing their most gracious smiles and attentions on a tall figure in their midst. Could that be Dick Fellowes—that broad shouldered man with the brown moustache and close cropped, curly head, who moved and looked and spoke like a man confident of his own powers and used to and succeed to please? Stella thought of the ill-fitting garments of old days as she noticed the shapely cut of his coat collar and the grace of self possession in his every movement. Dick had red hands and big boots, and suggested a bull in a china shop. Was there some mistake after all?  
A moment, and then he raised his head, and she caught the old merry smile and the flash of the quick gray eyes; and bewildered with a rush of recollection, Stella made her way to the piano in obedience to Mrs. Boucher's smile and nod.  
Why had Mrs. Boucher asked her to sing "Golden Days?" It was Dick's favorite song long ago, and Stella felt as if it would choke her. Her voice shook so that Mrs. Boucher's guests thought that Mrs. Boucher had a good deal over-praised her governess' style, and a Miss Verney near by remarked to Sir Richard Fellowes that she did not admire that tremolo kind of manner so many girls affected.  
"As for the golden days beyond recalling,  
As for the golden days!"  
sang Stella, with something that was like a sob—so like that she pulled herself up sharply, and felt as if she had fallen forever in her own respect.  
As she rose from the piano stool her eyes met those of Sir Richard, who was standing close to the piano. There was nothing beyond the most casual recognition in the slight bow on both sides, and then Stella got away somehow to her own quarters, to find vent for the passionate flow of tears that overcame all her self control.  
The next day was to be the grand garden party. Miss Howard was supposed to be unostentatiously in the background, dressed in her best, to keep a supervision over her little pupils, Ethel and Maud; wild with delight hastened her out to the tennis lawn long before any one could possibly be expected to arrive.  
"Just one little game before the people come to the grounds, Miss Howard. You know we may not play when all the grown-up people are here, and we do so want a little tiny game," begged the children.  
Miss Howard, mindful of her best cream gown and the difficulties of tennis when combined with long gloves and plumed hat, vainly endeavored to escape.  
"Only a little scrap of play, Ah! you know you can't refuse," they said.  
And Stella was forced to laugh and yield to their entreaties.  
So that the picture that met the eyes of the idle gentleman who sauntered down the shrubby path among the fragrant syringias, and turned the corner of the terrace steps—a girl's figure in a creamy gown, vivid in the hot sun against the trees and shrubbery; a shade hat which threw into relief the crisp, bronze hair and the soft flush on her cheek, a racquet poised aloft, and a flutter of white winged pigeons toward the dark blue sky. He stopped short as if spell bound.  
"Oh, Sir Richie, you're just in time! Come along and have a game with Miss Howard—do, do!" cried the children.  
Stella turned with a violent start; the racquet slipped from her gloved hand and struck her left wrist a violent blow. The pain turned her faint and giddy, and she felt herself grow white to the very lips.  
"No, no, young woman," she heard the voice that was so like, yet so un-

like the voice of other days say "Miss Howard won't play with me—she never would."  
Then he turned to her with a sudden change from the laughing tone:  
"Have you hurt your arm? I am afraid I startled you," and he came forward hastily.  
But Stella drew away as he approached.  
"Nothing—it is nothing; pray don't trouble yourself," she said almost crossly.  
And as a stream of gaily dressed people emerged from the conservatory, and began to spread themselves over the terrace and approach the lawn, Stella turned and fled into the shrubbery.  
She had reached the fountain by the statue of the dancing faun before she was overtaken.  
"Pardon me," said her pursuer, in a tone that was certainly not Dick's—it was too commanding. "I do not want to contradict you, but I can't believe it is nothing."  
And in another moment the little bruised wrist from which he had stripped the glove was in Sir Richard's firm, light grasp, and Stella meekly surrendered.  
"Sit down here," was the order, and she found herself placed on the mossy step of the old fountain, while with quick, deft fingers Sir Richard dipped his handkerchief in the cool water and bound it round the slender wrist.  
"Could it be Dick? Was it not all a mocking dream? Stella could only hope with all her might that the awakening might be long delayed.  
The splash of water in the old stone basin and the mysterious whispers of the pines overhead, were the only sounds that broke the summer stillness. The tennis was too far off for them to hear the merry players; they were quite alone.  
Did Dick remember the last time they had been alone together? He came and sat down on the broken step by her side.  
"Stella, do you shrink from me still? After all the years I have been working and toiling to be worthier of you, am I no nearer the goal than when we last parted? Must I ask in vain as I did then, for the least little word?" he said slowly and gravely.  
Not a movement, not a sound from the shrinking figure at his side. His face grew graver still, and he bit his lip.  
"Am I to go away again, then?" he asked after a pause.  
Still no answer.  
With a sudden impulse, Sir Richard stopped and peered under the broad hat that hid her eyes from him.  
"What's crying Stella?" He was on the moss. "Have I made you cry? My darling! my own!"  
He was trying to take her in his arms, but she struggled to her feet herself.  
"Ah, Dick, I told you once that our lives were poles apart. It was false then but it has come true, she murmured brokenly.  
"If it had, which I deny, the relative positions would be the same. You are as you have always been, a world above me in all things. But love can bridge any gulf, Stella. Won't you let me try? It is my trade, you know."  
And then she struggled no longer.  
"Dick," she whispered by and by, when conversation had had time to become a trifle less absorbing, "do you remember what you said that night at Charlstone? You told me no man would ever love me as you have done I didn't believe it then, but I know now that you were right."  
"Did I say that?" he asked, laughing. "Well, yes, I was right, I dare say—only I put it into the wrong tense. What I should have said was, not 'as I have done,' but 'as I do, and shall keep on doing as long as the world shall last.' And that would have been truer still, my guiding star; so let it stand like that in the future."  
And that point was settled without opposition once and for always.

### A Kentuckian Not a Colonel.

"Did you hear about Theodore Hallam getting appointed 'meister'?" said a gentleman to a friend in a hotel lobby recently.  
"No," was the reply; "tell us about it."  
"Well, continued the Kentuckian, a well-known Covingtonian, 'Hallam is a very bright man; would be in Congress, I reckon, were he not in the same district with Carlisle, and may be, some time, anyway, though he and Carlisle are great friends."  
"Some time ago somebody called Hallam Colonel, and he professed to be greatly alarmed at the prospect of getting mixed up and his identity lost with the great myriads of Kentucky colonels. So he applied to the present Governor, who was then running for the office, for an appointment on his staff, with the title of 'meister.' The pledge was kept, and Hallam now has his commission, made out in due form, with seal and signature, regularly appointing Hon. T. F. Hallam to a position on the staff of the Governor, with the rank and title of 'meister.' Hallam claims to be the only man of that rank and title in Kentucky."

### A Queer Animal from Japan.

An animal whose identity is at present unknown there, was landed in San Francisco lately from the interior of Japan, where it first saw the light of day. At a glance the curiosity might be taken for either a dog or a monkey. It is shaped like the former about the head and neck, but otherwise somewhat resembles the monkey. The animal's favorite position is on its haunches, but with a little urging it stands on its four feet, the body sloping downward the head like a giraffe. The claws of the four feet are like those of a dog, but two extra pairs are furnished on the hind legs a couple of inches above the balls of the feet. The animal appears to be gentle, but has a strong, high-keyed bark, which it gives when spectators attempt to stir it up.  
—Embroidered crape, gauze and muslin are shown in most elaborate designs and beautiful colorings.

### Rose Benton's Courtship.

"You see, Susan," said Farmer Benton, appealing to his wife in his perplexity, "I order be in the medder to-morrow mornin' by 4 o'clock and cut that grass while the dew's on it. And then there's the peas and beans orter go to market; they won't be no better by waitin' any longer, and the prices are fallin' every day. I dunno what ter do. Everything alius comes in a heap."  
"An' you can't spare Joel—he orter sell 'em and get back by 10 o'clock."  
"No—no use in talkin' of Joel's goin'. He must go inter the medder with me."  
At this moment pretty little Rose Benton—the blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked teacher of the Elverton school, who was spending her vacation, as usual, at her uncle's—came to the rescue.  
"Let me go, Uncle James," she said, coaxingly. "I'll sell them ever so nicely for you."  
"You, child," Aunt Susan exclaimed, in astonishment. "Why, land sakes! What do you think you could do around them markets, bargainin' with the men?"  
"I don't intend to go to the markets. I could find some quiet street and sell them at the houses. Mrs. Burnham frequently does it."  
Objection after objection was urged, but Rose had some reason ready to meet them all, and she finally bribed and kissed them into consenting.  
Arrived at the city, Rose sought a quiet street and commenced work. At the first house at which she called a pleasant, lady-like woman bought half a peck of peas and two quarts of string beans, without any of the haggling about the price which Rose had feared.  
The next house and the next and the next she went to without success, and heartily tired of running up and down steps, she grew almost sick of her self-imposed task. She was about trying a new street, when a young man passing observed her produce, and coming up to her wagon examining it attentively, inquired her price.  
"If you will sell at \$1," he said when she informed him, "I will take all you have."  
Rose hesitated only a moment, for she was ready to sell at almost any price rather than stay longer; so she willingly accepted the offer, and old Sorrel was turned so as to follow her new customer to a store on another street, which bore the name of Harry Moore over the door. Arrived there it required but a few moments to empty her baskets and pocket the money, and she was just congratulating herself that her business was successfully completed, when snap, crash went something behind her, and, turning hurriedly, she found to her dismay that old Sorrel, either tired of standing or to rid himself of some troublesome fly, had sent his heels through the front of the wagon, and, hitting the thills in their descent, one of them lay in several pieces on the ground.  
Harry Moore very good-humoredly offered to repair the wagon so far as lay in his power, and Rose stood by, absorbed in her new trouble that she was not aware of there being a new customer upon the scene until her attention was called to him by hearing them call out:  
"Hello Charley! if you are good at tinkering, come here."  
Rose turned quickly, and saw just the person of all others she least wanted to see there. To have Charley Brooks find her in such a scrape! She wished the pavement would open and swallow her or some other dreadful thing would happen; but there was no retreating, for the new-come had recognized the face under Aunt Susan's Quaker bonnet, and was by her side in a moment, with a pleasant "Good morning, Miss Benton; I am delighted to meet you."  
She had become quite nervous and excited by this time, and when Charley kindly offered to drive through the city for her she very willingly consented. Not only through the city but a good distance into the country they had ridden before she thought of relieving him of the reins, for he had made himself so agreeable that she had quite forgotten her own and embarrassment over the meeting. Her offer to take the reins was declined with thanks; her cavalier had evidently no intention of leaving until he had seen her safe home.

### The Ocean's Bed.

The bed of the ocean is to an enormous extent covered with lava and pumice stone. Still more remarkable is it to find the floor of the ocean covered in many parts with the dust of the meteorites. These bodies whirl about in the heavens like miniature comets, and are for the most part broken into innumerable fragments. We are all familiar with the heavenly visitants as shooting stars, but it has been only lately discovered that this cosmic dust forms layers at the bottom of the deepest seas. Between Honolulu and Tahiti, at the depth of 2,550 fathoms, over two miles and a half, a vast layer of this material exists. Falling upon the land this impalpable dust is undistinguishable; but accumulating for centuries in the sea depths it forms a wondrous story of continuous bombardment of this planet by cometary bodies.

### FASHION NOTES.

—Little cape dolmans are made of cord-de-la-terre, and are exceedingly useful on a cool day.  
—One of the happiest combinations of color seen lately was a dark water-green silk, with bands of embroidery in heliotrope tones on the lower portion of the skirt and a plastron of heliotrope beads on the front of the bodice. This particular green is anything but becoming, but the heliotrope shows off the skin to perfection—a point worth remembering by those who wish to look their best. The old organdie muslins are coming in again, printed in dark tones, and many of the new foulards have printed borders. A white-and-blue spotted example had a red-and-white border, and these borders do duty for extra trimmings.  
—Dark blue is to be much braided with white for seaside wear, the outer jacket having straight, loose, open fronts, but close-fitting backs. A white sailor shirt, with large collar, will be worn with the dark shirt, and beneath the jacket when a bodice is too hot and tight. The cheap printed Madras muslins are useful for quiet home-dinner wear, and look well with the addition of a little lace at throat and wrists. They are in good designs and colors, such as navy blue, pale blue and buff stripes, brown or deep cream, and resemble in texture a soft India muslin. They are to be had at less than fourpence a yard at most of the large shops, so that, if they can be made up at home, nothing cheaper or cooler can be adopted for the summer evenings. They require to be made tolerably full, as they are somewhat limp, and, in some eyes, flimsy. A length of thin Indian silk, now obtainable at a low price, could form a fichu, or a laced-edged kerchief of white muslin could do duty for one.  
—Bonnets seem to be growing steadily in height, and some of those lately imported from Paris are so wonderful in appearance that few will dare to wear them. For young girls net bonnets, made on light foundations with net strings, a wreath of beaded butterflies, or a smart ribbon or feather aigrette, are suitable and also becoming. They are made principally in black, but also in all colors to match costumes, and also manufactured by the deft hands of the wearers. Black ones with what are called magpie bows—that is, black and white ribbon loops arranged together, and strings of the two ribbons in narrow widths—are much worn for light mourning. Lace hats are much worn, and very soft-looking and pretty they are. The shapes are many and varied, chosen to suit the face of the wearer, but the newest are those taken in idea from Bartolozzi's engravings. Thin woven chips, lined with colored satin and covered or trimmed with muslin, are worn as garden hats. White yachting caps, with peaks, are worn by children and young girls for boating, and also fisherman's caps, made of two colors, with the end turned over to one side and fixed by a fancy brooch. The cap is made in two pieces joined, so that one side of it and the under part of the overlapping end is of one shade and the rest of the other.

### HORSE NOTES.

—The Haggin stable is proving a powerful factor in all the racing events of the East.  
—The Preakness stable recently lost its yearling colt, by Great Tom, dam Wavelet, by Waverly.  
—Twenty-seven of the forty-seven heats in 2:30 or better at Rochester were in 2:20 or better.  
—There are already more new 2:20 horses this season than ever before brought out in an entire season.  
—W. A. Sanborn's 2-year-old colt Brown, by Combat, trotted a mile in 2:34 over a half-mile track at Sterling, Ill., recently.  
—The recent death of Harrison Durkee will cause his well-known stud of trotting stock at Flushing, L. I. to be sold at auction.  
—Stanley Mortimer has shipped to England the chestnut horse Duke of Westmoreland, and he will be tried in some of the cross-country events.  
—Fred Gebhard has shipped to this country from England his race-horse Jolly Sir John, one of the lot in charge of Tom Cannon, at Stockbridge.  
—George A. Slingerly has purchased R. P. Pepper's entry in the \$10,000 purse to be trotted for at Hartford, Conn., September 1, 1886, and will start Prince Wilkes.  
—If not disposed of in its entirety before October 14, Glenview Farm will be sold at public auction on that date. J. B. McFerran is authorized to sell any of the animals at private sale until the catalogue is issued, which will be about September 20.  
—Barrington Tremont, the colt King Fox, owned by J. B. Haggin, is the best 2-year-old that has appeared this season. He is a full brother to Ban Fox, by King Ban, from Maude Hampton, but is a much finer horse than his brother, and a much sounder one.  
—Barnum is the iron animal of the equine species. He has had more severe drumming and hammering than probably any horse on the turf, and with all that he is without blemish of any kind and still comparatively fresh, as was attested in his last race at Saratoga, when he vanquished a more than ordinary formidable field.  
—The Bard, owned by Mr. A. J. Cassatt, has twice within a week lowered the colors of Dew Drop, the Dwyer Brothers' \$20,000 filly. The Bard is not the colt one would pick out in a crowd as a great horse. He has a small head, a light, short neck; is a small horse on considerable leg; narrow in the loin and light in the quarters. Yet he is very close to first-class. He lacks the burst of speed, but will stand a drive all the way, and is at home in all kinds of ground. Too much credit cannot be given his trainer, Huggins, who has kept him at the top notch since early in May. The Bard is by Longfellow, dam Bradamante.

### John Span appears to be doing pretty much as he pleases in the Grand Circuit races.

The correspondent of the Spirit of the Times says: "The closest work was in the 2:25 class, where Breeze Medium was favorite at the outset at \$100 to \$65 for the field. Breeze had the pole, but C. W. Preston, his owner, was not used to driving with Span and other old drivers. Span, with William C., crowded her to a break at the head of the first turn, and she had no show. John Murphy, with Preston, put John Turner behind Breeze Medium in the second heat. Nettie T. was crowded all over the track by Span, who was evidently helping Endymion to beat her. Murphy went into the stand at the end of the race and entered a complaint against Span for foul driving. They had considerable fouling from their sulkeys near the stable gate. Before the third heat was trotted Span told Crawford that his stallion had thrown a shoe. This caused a delay of half an hour, and caused the postponement of the race. Nettie continued favorite in the second heat at \$25 to \$10, and in the third at \$25 to \$13. Breeze Medium won the last three heats, in 2:25, 2:20 and 2:28 1/2."  
—A very unsavory turf scandal has just been unearthed at Chicago, in which the notorious Redmond, or "Texas Tom," as he is more widely known, figures as the principal actor. The circumstance is somewhat as follows: After Lizzie Dwyer and Binette has been announced as starters for the Competition stakes, a telegram was sent from the race-course to the city, advising certain parties to back Binette, as Lizzie Dwyer would not be able to win. The race was postponed, and that day another telegram was sent to go ahead and back Binette. Mr. Corrigan, the owner of Lizzie Dwyer, went to the stable, and, his suspicions being aroused, took the mare out of the hands of the boy Lee, who had charge of her, locked the door of the stable, and gave the key to the watchman, who was told to let no one near the mare until he (Mr. Corrigan) returned in the morning. The watchman was told how and when to feed her, but not to let the boy near. The following morning Mr. C. took charge himself. That morning another telegram went to town, saying that nothing could be done with Lizzie Dwyer. Mr. Corrigan put the case in the hands of Pinkerton, the detective. The mare won the race all right. After investigating, suspicion fastened on Abner Evans and Daniel Reeves, two colored stablemen, and Charlie Price, a colored attaché in the stable. Mr. Corrigan went to Price and offered to pay him off and let him go if he would divulge the names of his accomplices. As he refused, Pinkerton was told to arrest the other two, and did so. They confessed that Price had agreed to do the work of "nobbling" Lizzie Dwyer for \$200. From all that could be gleaned, there is a well-known bookmaker at the back of the whole affair, who used the notorious "Texas Tom" as a go-between. It is high time "Texas Tom" was put behind the bars. Already he is unable to go within the gates of a race-course, but that is not enough. It is said he poisoned a mare called Golden Sheat in Wisconsin in 1878. Two years ago he poisoned the horse Carson at New Orleans, and was arrested and severely handled in 1884 for trying to poison Lady of the Lake in St. Louis.

—Among the little adjuncts to a fashionable dress, says the Queen, the lace boas may be mentioned as being popular for morning wear, and also for smarter afternoon wraps. Over pretty zephyrs, or with foulard, lace, canvas or velvet, they looked equally well. With the high bonnets (many of them without strings), the large, picturesque hats now coming into vogue, and the turned-up hair, something full round the throat is required to take the place of the becoming winter fur boas; and so these dainty lace ones have been introduced and warmly taken up. They consist of a very full, plaited ruche round the throat, composed of two lengths of edging lace joined together in the middle, and ends depending in front varying in length, but all reaching to the knees and terminating with bows of ribbon. These ends are generally composed of a close cascade of lace, laid on to a narrow band of black net, although some of them are ruffled, the same as round the throat. A bow of ribbon fastens them at the throat, and sometimes the ends are long, falling loosely over the lace cascade, and finished off with another bow at the waist, generally to one side. As a rule, however, the boas hang down loose and long. A few in cream lace have been seen at fetes and weddings (the bridesmaids at a recent wedding wearing them, fastened with an ostrich fern and sprays of real maiden-hair fern), and in gray and brown lace, match the costume. Yach lace, although in vogue on mantles of all kinds, and also on canvas dresses, is not used for these boas, as it is too thick.  
—Jet galleons, broad and important in themselves, have been rendered more fit for handsome trimmings by pendent natural fringes of the smallest growth, which have a dash of gold introduced into their black surface. For this work some new materials have been introduced. Perhaps it would be truer to say a revival of old materials, especially in the case of barege, which has come back to us almost entirely as it was worn many years ago. It has the same smooth, silky surface, but, whereas the old kind used to tear with any strong pull, this is quite able to bear almost any strain. It has also been brought out by Bayadere stripes of contrasting coloring, such as brown and blue, the broader bands edged with white lines. A capital looking and wearing fabric is the silk fancy canvas with interwoven stripes. It drapes well, yet stands out firmly with a certain substance, so that it does not crease. It is made up also in a charming range of coloring. Some black beaded nets, costly, but intended for panels, have the novelty of the intermixture of a tinsel bead, which appeared of a different tint in every light, like the firefly's wing. Some pretty mantelettes of somewhat similar beading, hand-netted, therefore, almost everlasting wear, and bordered with bead tassel fringe; they are made in several colorings, cling well to the figure, and show it off to advantage.

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