Persian Roses.

In an aucient legend, Persians say That a rose tree blooms at the gates of Day, And once in each life, be it sad or gay, Comes the scent of that flower from the far off skies.

And the heart seems lifted to Paradise. And, OI the day that it came to me! Tears caunot tarnish the memory, love,

Of that moment out on the summer sea When the fragrance fell from above.

Your eyes were raised, and their tender

Had made me forget the refreshing gale, Till the waves were dashing over the rail And the clinging arms of a ragged cloud Had wrapped the sun in an inky shroud. With the timbers straining under our feet, And our faces pale in the lightning's

glare. We learned for the first time love was there!

Blest was the fragrance that came on the blast,

Bright was the moment, but swiftly past-Ah, far too best, too bright to last! For the mighty, passionless, pitiless sea Claimed what was dearer than life to mo. Ab, merciless Memory, draw thy vell Across the path of that leaping wavel

Shut from my eyes the loosened soil And lift my heart from that ocean grave!

THE MINISTER'S NEPHEW.

Lita was late at church that evening. It was rather an ordinary occurrence for Lita to be late. Somehow her bonnets never were in order, her gloves never mended. There was always a mud-splash to be cleaned off the lower flounce of her dress, a hole to be darned in her shawl, a missing scarf to be accounted for.

"I wish I were a man!" said Lita. "Men are never bothercd about their clothes.

'Men have to look decent, I suppose.' said Grandmother Allan, scathingly. "Oh, but it isn't such a dreadful trial

to them!" sighed Lita, tossing her gloves around in the vain search for a pair that would be mates.

The pair could not be found; so Lita went to church with her hands under her shawl, and slunk guiltily into a back seat, directly under the organ gallery, where she could hear the sweet drone of the music and see everybody else without herself being seen.

"I should like to have had a respectable pair of long-wristed tan gloves, thought Lita, "and sit up in front. Because the new minister is to preach, and I should like to get some sort of an idea of him."

It was a sultry summer evening, the clusters of lamps around the wooden pillars outfacing the seven stars in the July heavens, the heated atmosphere of the church contrasting unpleasantly with occasional whiffs of wild-rose scented air from the outside world.

And late as Lita was, she had the satisfaction of knowing that there was some one even more tardy than herself. A pleasant-looking young man, with clear, hazel eyes, hair waved lightly at the ends, and a not unbecoming suspicion of sunburn on his face, was presently shown into the pew by the cross old sexton, who affected entirely to ignore its other occupant.

Perhaps he don't really see me." aid Lita to herself. "He is growing

hymn-book in her consternation, and that from the moment I tied the pink groping blindly for it on the floor. "What have I been doing?" Lita engaged.

asked herself. And she tore out the offending flyleaf, and thrust it down to the very | that. bottom of her pocket, with a lightning

frown at the possible salesman who sat demurely at his end of the pew. Lita could be very haughty when, as

it pricked her sorely now. She brushed haughtily past the church; she had almost a mind to wait and beg the old clergyman's pardon as he emerged from the robing-room; but then she remembered that this might I have been thinking that____' perhaps involve embarrassing revela- "Oh, don't, don't, "Henri, perhaps involve embarrassing revelations, and another of Grandmother

Allan's axioms occurred to her mind: "Better let well enough alone."

She was a great deal quieter that week, however, and so muce better behaved, that her father remarked casually that "the child was really getting ruite decent."

"Poor Lital it was dreadful to be re-garded as the family scapegrace. On the unlucky Friday, however, old

Mrs. Hodges came in, with her knitting-work and snuff-box. "S'pose you've heard the news, Mrs. Allan?" said she. "Some one's been makin' carricatoors of old Mr. Dewey, the new minister, in the hymn-book, and the sexton was fool enough to show it to him, and he's dreadful put out

about it." "Bless me!" said Grandmother Allan, dropping the knife with which she was peeling peaches for tea.

"I seen it myself." nodded Mrs. Hodges; "and for all it's such a Sodom-and-Gomorrah sort o' thing, you couldn't help but laugh, it's done so cute, with his hook-nose and spectacles complete, and even the very wart make it so by saying so."

on his chin. "Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Allan, 'What is this world a comin' to? Who could 'a done such a sinful thing?" Lita, who was making up pink ribbon bows in the next room for a dress she was to wear on the following day at

a tennis-party, felt herself turn pale. Involuntarily she put her hand down crumpled fly-leaf of a hymn-book; but,

alas, a blank one! It was all as plain as daylight to her now-she had dropped the book and picked up another one in its stead, leaving that horrible piece of circumstantial evidence to bear witness against her.

"There's one comfort," she thought. 'Nobody can know that it was me!'' In which speech it will be seen that

the morals and the grammar were equally deficient! She went to the tennis-party the next ous, wonderful love-had never come

knowledge that Fate is sure, sooner or later, to overtake a criminal. Almost the first person that she saw was good old Mr. Dewey, with his bald head and eagle nose.

"So this is Miss Lita Allan," said he, every year. beaming kindness on her scarlet face

the very roots of her hair, dropping the with Frank! And he always declares can again. And, madame, while I live I must look upon that picture. When I die I must cast my last glance upon ribbon into his buttonhole we were it. I shall never see her again. Long

madame."

him.

twelve long years.

were man and wife.

she lay sobbing on his bosom.

SECOND-HAND SHOES.

in Brooklyn---Secrets of the Trade.

"Nonsense!" said Grandmother But Lita knew better than Allan.

Love's Fountain.

"It is cruel of grandpapa," she Grandmother Allan expressed it, "the said. "It is very cruel, Henri. These Evil One took possession of her," but old people think only of money. Why she had a conscience, nevertheless, and | can they not let us have peace, when we could be so happy? It is such an absurd idea. You and I to marry each unknown as she went out of the other! We are like brother and sister, .Nothing can change that."

"But we are not brother and saster," said he, "and even first cousins marry.

for heaven's sake, don't begin to be as bad as the rest. Be my dear brother still. It would be frightful for us to marry. Besides one should fall in love first-should not one? Think how How They Are Made Over and Sold absurd to marry without that!" "But I like you so much," said

"Dear Cousin Lina, let us Henri. think about it." "I will not," said she. "If you de-

sire to quarrel you can talk about sits, from sunrise to sunset, an old and such foolish fancies, not else. Of dried-up shoemaker. He always ap-course you like me; of course I like pears to be busy, but the boots and dried-up shoemaker. He always apyou, and that is just why it can't be. shoes that are exhibited in a showcase Grandpapa ought to be ashamed of at the front door have a worn and dilapidated appearance. The shcemaker, himself."

She paused a moment then turned her lips toward her cousin.

"Give me a kind kiss, Brother Henri," said she, "and never, never the business, to be sure, but the aged speak of this absurdity again. As for marrying, I shall never marry any one. that by working from sixteen to eigh-Why should I, when I detest the thought?"

Henri gave a little sigh.

"I shall never marry either, Cousin is not a new one, by any means. The Lina," said he; "but you see we are not brother and sister. You can't ried on largely in all European cities in the quarters of the poor.

Then he kissed her and they walked back into the house, where Grand- be surprised to see the class of men papa Kleber and Grand-Uncle Michel who purchase second-hand shoes. had just settled the matrimonial have among my customers an elderly gentleman who comes here regularly prospects of these two young cousins to their own satisfaction.

The result of the young people's rebellion was a quarrel.

From that day nothing was heard of name, and who are well able to buy into her pocket, and pulled up the Henri by his friends in Munich for new shoes, prefer second-hand ones for economy's sake. When a pair of shoes many long years.

The old people were unforgiving. is cast off they are worthless to the Grandfather Kleber died and left all original purchaser and can be bought for a song. When business is duli I his money to Lina, who had already refused two excellent matches. Grandsometimes go out on a collecting tour, Uncle Michel died also, and Lina beand in a couple of hours will obtain enough shoes and boots to keep me emcame yet richer. At last her beloved ployed for a month. Boots are much mother also left her. She long remore valuable than shoes because they mained Lina Michel though her beauty contain more leather. I find that they and her wealth had brought many are not worn much nowadays, and suitcrs to her door. The love that she had thought necessary to marriage those I occasionally come across are had never come to her-the mysterimade of the finest leather." up old shoes?" was asked. day, and took her first lesson in the to her, and now she believed it never would, for she was 28. But, some-

how, ever since the morning when she awoke and found that Cousin are worn or not. If the body of the had grown more sweet and tender must put on an entirely new instep.

She traveled two years and heard Henri, and "1 am glad to nothing 10 ber cousin see you, my dear-very gladi" last found herself in Paris, at the "But he wouldn't be," thought Lita, height of its gay season, and there that when finished they are like new is likely to meet with favor, especially by Shannon, and one filly by Wildidle. "if he knew what a wicked, sacrirested, a dove who had not found her olive branch.

FASHION NOTES.

-For a matron, a black striped velvet and Sicilienne bodice, the skirt has engaged to ride for E. J. Baldwin, since she has become the wife of one made of the new point d'esprit net, she loves well, no doubt; but I-I shall covered with pin-point spots, tiny tied never love any other. So I must keep bows of ribbon in a close line carried her picture, I must. You see that, down one side of the back.

-Some very stylish suits of heavy, plain pongee have been made up with And as he spoke Lina Michel knew panels and other garniture of fine Henri Kleber-knew him despite the macrame netting made of linen cordflowing beard and all the changes of thread. The effect is very good, and the dresses are not only extremely dur-And as he ceased she threw back her able but the trimming as well as the veil and held both her hands toward material is so readily cleaned that the idea commends itself at once to practi-"Henril" she sighed, "Henri, ob, Menri, do you not know me?" And cal ladies.

then he clasped her in his arms, and -Quite a new face has been given to cream brocade (of which we have all, I When they stood beside the fountain think, become a little tired). as devised in the old garden at Munich again they by our dressmaker, at least. This particular brocade formed the long flowing train; it was lined throughout with what the French call petunia and we call peach. The whole front of the dress was of the same tone, veiled in petunia mousseline de soie, one of the most fashionable fabrics of the moment in Paris-and with this was in-In a dingy and ill-ventilated cobterspersed one of the finest possible bler's shop in one of the most densely specimens of point d'Alencon. The populated streets of South Brooklyn bodice was made of the brocade draped with the same material and in the same

tone.

-The use of wais's of bright material with black lace skirts is in high favor, especially for watering-place who is a character in his way, makes tollets. Ladies have learned that lace will only last for a few wearings, and hand gelding by Black Dutchman, son a living by repairing and selling secondhand shoes. There is not a fortune in so prefer satin, silk or crepe de chine for the purpose. The material is susceptible of some exquisite effects; and cobbler informed a reporter recently is used in embroidered goods as well as for \$17,500 by Mr. Schwartz, of Chicateen hours a day he was able to supplain. Some elegant dresses made of lace and plain and embroidered crepe port his wife and little ones. The inde chine have the plain goods for a dustry of renovating second-hand shoes narrow plaiting at the bottom of the skirt, and for a foundation for the lace; and ample back drapery and waist are of the embroidered material. Said the shoemaker: "You would

-Something quiet was a gown composed of the richest porcelain blue poult de soie, with panels forming a large portion of the skirt, made of stone-colored canvas, the silk turned every three months and buys a pair of up on one side to display it. This is, shoes for \$1.50. He is wealthy, but a perhaps, the newest and most decidedmiser, Many men whom I might ly fashionable notion in Paris, one skirt over the other, and turning up to show the under one. The vest in the bodice was of the same canvas, the silk full on one side, on the other the canvas fastened in square revers. But in the vests and in the cuffs there was a happy admixture of black, which, in the skirt, was carried out by close set little bows down one side.

-Advices from Paris note a hat made of a crown with a fall of Swiss abroldery around it, which makes it look like a lamp shade. A modification, for there are very few Paris fashions accepted here just as they are received, is a sailor hat of dark blue straw with a fall of blue cambric emare always good, whether the lowers broidery around the brim. The cur-

tain is looped up in front and fastened Henri was gone her memories of him shoe is not in a patchable condition, I to the brim, while at the sides and back it falls to the shoulders, and can price paid being \$15,000. The latter is Usually the upper part of the heel to be brought close under the chin and a gelding by Shannon, out of Riglin, the curve of the foot remains in good fastened so as to entirely protect the and the yearlings are two fillies by

other figures are very desirable and

bave very excellent possibilities. These

BOASE NOTES.

-Ed West, the light-weight jockey, in 1887.

-The entrance fees to the Hampden Park meeting lack but \$600 of paying the purses.

-The ninth annual Delaware State Fair will be teld at Dover, from September 28 to October 1.

-Rody Patterson's complaint is a tumor near the heart. A dangerous operation can only afford relief.

-Richball, the pacer, was put up at auction at Island Park, but as the bidding stopped at \$1350 he was bid in.

-David Bonner, who is once more able to be about, says this is the first racing season he has missed since 1856.

-The Dwyer Brothers' unbeaten son of Hindoo, Hanover, has been retired until next season. He is sound and all right.

-The twenty-sixth annual Fair of the Horse Department of the St. Louis (Mo.) Fair Association will be held October 4 to 9.

-Walter Gratz, of Philadelphia, has purchased of N. W. Kittson the b. c. Fenelon, 2 years old, by Reform-Megara, by Eclipse.

-Peter McGeoch was expelled from the Milwaukee and National Association tracks on August 27 for abusive language to the judges.

-Frank, the winner of the 2.30 class at Charter Oak, is a 9-year-old, 164 of Dobb's Black Bashaw.

-Oliver K., after winning the \$10,-000 race at Hartford, was purchased go, owner of Charley Hogan.

-The North Hudson Driving Park Association, whose track is at Guttenburg, N. J., has decided to give a fall meeting on September 28, 29 and 30.

-The dilapidated old Prospect Park Fair ground, Brooklyn, has within the past few months been transformed into one of the finest race-courses of the country.

-Messenger Wilkes, by Lyle Wilkes, dam by Messenger Chief, made a 3 yearold record of 2.481 at North Vernon, Ind., August 14. Messenger Wilkes was bred by Henry Yeiser, of this county.

-"Knapsack" McCarthy with take his stable from Hampden Park to Cleveland, from there to St. Louis, and thence to Texas, where a circuit will be formed. He will probably winter in New York.

-James N. Wilson, of Easton, Pa., has purchased of D. J. Wright, of Hightstown, N. J., the ch. g. Fred, 16 hands, 8 years old, by Black Dutchman, giving the b. m. Effie Deans in part payment. Mr. Wilson also bought a green 5-year-old black horse of John L. Weber, of Trenton, N. J., that can beat 2.50.

-The Fairfax Stable has recently purchased from Hon. Leland Stanford sixteen yearlings and a 4-year-old, the throat and neck and to a great extent Monday, two colts and two fillies

through his spectacles. blinder every day, poor old fossil and one glass of his spectacles is cracked clear across,"

And Lita looked at the cross old sexton with the gently contemptuous pity which is a natural tribute from blooming, dimpled eighteen toward whitehaired eight-and-sixty.

Now Lita was very pretty, with her blue, laughing eyes, fringed with long, thick lashes, like curtains; cheeks as red as the sweet-williams in the churchyard; and bright-brown hair, threaded with changing gleams of redgold, which grew so thick that hair pins would scarcely keep it up, and it had you to be fastened in its place under Lita's hat by an antique shell comb, studded by Grandmother Allan when she was a young girl.

And the other person in the pew, chancing to look that way, thought what a lovely vision she was!

"The ideal village maiden," he said to himself, "with such a sweet, saintly look in her eyes, too! It makes one think of Longfellow's poem:

'Her face is like the angels, And her heart as pure as they."

I wonder who she can be?" While Lita darting an occasional glance at him from beneath the silky awning of her long lashes, thought: "Who is he, anyhow? Most likely

one of the traveling salesmen from the Eagle Hotei, or perhaps a book agent, or a lightning-rod man."

Alas, how keenly would handsome Frank Dewey's pride have felt these careless comments could he have known their nature!

And then she left off troubling her head about him and settled comfortably back in the corner of her pew, yawning now and then as the bald-headed, elderly preacher preached on, getting gradually lost among his "seventhlies" and "eighthlies,"

But all of a sudden Lita's eyes sparkled. She whisked a pencil out of her pocket, and began slowly to sketch you did!" something on the fly-leaf of her hymnbook-for this wicked little sinner was just enough of an artist to be able to jot down some similitude of whatever took her capricious fancy.

And as she drew, with her book safe hidden under the projecting moulding of the pew rail, her companion stretched his neck curiously forward to see what she was about.

"A touch of nature makes the whole world kin," says the poet; and Lita tupped the book so that the unknown could catch a glimpse of her mischievous work.

It was the old preacher himself -- his Roman nose slightly exaggerated, his bald head given perhaps an undue pre-ponderance, but still the old preacherso comically rendered that the unknown could not but smile behind his heavy brown mustache

She looked archly at him; he nodded almost imperceptibly, and taking the pencil from her hand, added one or two touches-in themselves insignificant, but giving a marvelous character to the -before he gave it back. sketch

All of a suddenly the old man rever

legious, abominable thing I had done!" She had hardly murmured some almost inaudible piece of insanity, when she was called across the lawn by Miss Flora Fortescue, one of the

radiant young hostesses. "Come here, Lita!" cried Miss Fortescue. "I'm going to assign you to one of the very best players I know -Mr. Frank Dewey, from Yale College, our new minister's nephew. Miss gallery in which she found herself. Allan, let me introduce Mr. Dewey to

And to her infinite horror and dishat by an antique shell comb, studded with little balls, which had been worn by Grandmother Allan when she was a into the roguish, hazel eyes of the some artist watched Henri and herself unknown who had shared with her the pew under the organ-loft that night erable mistake? For that was Henri, when she so far forgot herself and the place she was in.

"How do you do?" said Mr. Dewey, lifting his tennis cap. "How do you do?" murmured Lita,

feeling as if every drop of blood in her body had rallied to her two cheeks, and was there hoisting danger signals.

"I've known you by sight for some time," said the young collegian. "But this is the first time I could get intro-

duced. I am so glad!" Lita knew perfectly well that she ought to say something, but words failed her in this emergency. She could only look at Mr. Dewey in a frightened, idiotic sort of way.

"Really, though," he went on, feel quite well acquainted with you.

That bit of pencil idea, you know-"Oh, don't!" almost shrieked poor Lita.

"But why not?" said Mr. Dewey, with engaging frankness. "Of course, it's all between ourselves. You know, I suppose, that there's a lot of fuss been made about it. Not by my uncle, though. Bless his dear, genial heart, he sees the fun of the thing as well as

"And-and he was your uncle!" gasped Lita.

"And the dearest old uncle in the world, too," nodded the collegian.

'But a joke is a joke, and I'd have cut my tongue sooner than to betray you, Miss Allan. And really, as Uncle Norman says, the likeness is something startlingl'

"You haven't told any one?" faltered Lita.

"Not a soul,"

"And will you keep the secret?" "With my life. Here's a bit of pink ribbon that has dropped off your frock. Tie it into the buttonhole of my waistcoat, and consider me your true and

loyal knight from this time forth forevermore." Infinitely relieved, Lita did so; and

not until she was Mrs. Frank Dewey, two years afterward, did the old minister know all about the eventful Sunday evening when the scapegrace of the family drew his picture on the fly-leaf of her hymn-book.

He laughed and forgave her. Not so Grandmother Allan.

"A wicked and sinful thing!" was her

There is no place to dream in like a picture gallery; no place like Paris for rebuilt and the toes capped. In all smooth, close fabrics of similar mapictures

Lina Michel spent many hours with her eyes fixed on painted faces that cents to \$1.50. A shoe must be of the stripes and groups of plain leaves and she never saw for the living face that haunted her; but one day she woke to finest leather and be but little worn to a wondrous interest in a small picture which hung in a small dealer's

It was the garden of her grandfather's old house at Munich. And this was more than chance. Was on the night when she made that misand surely that black-haired girl was not unlike herself.

"Is this picture for sale?" she asked the dealer.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I think the artist is mad," he "This is the first picture any said. one has wanted to buy, and he refuses to sell it. Perhaps a price sufficient will tempt him; but if I give his address the lady will remember my commission?"

The lady promised faithfully to do so. "It is a wretched street-he is very poor," said the dealer, and gave her the number written on a card. "The fifth floor," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders.

Lina Michel stepped into her carriage and soon, followed by her maid, climbed the dingy dwelling, rapped upon the door that bore the word "Atelier" on it.

In a moment a man with a long beard, who held a palette in his hand. opened the door for her, and stood regarding the apparition of a closely veiled lady, attended by her maid, with some surprise.

"I speak to the painter of the picture at Monsieur-'s," said the Fraulein Michel. "The garden and fountain. I desire to buy it at any price."

"Madame," replied the artist, "I regret to say that picture is not to be sold.

"But I must have it," replied the "I am rich-anything, any lady. price," "I am poor," said the artist, "but it

has no price."

"Listen," said the lady. "It is more than a picture that I want-it is a reminiscence. It is like a-place I know. I beg for it. I implore you to sell it to me.

"Madame," said the artist, "I see you have a heart. I will speak plainly. Long ago I stood with the only woman I ever loved beside that fountain-a fountain in an old garden in Munich. I was a young idiot. I did not even know my own heart; but I know it now. I have known it for years. One day the memory of the spot and of the hour returned to me as if by magic. I painted the picture in a few hours. Then again she stood before me. I saw ently closed the manuscript leaves comment. of his sermon, the choir burst out into z sweet and simple hymn, and Lita, re-reemboring where she was, blushed to should have been such good friends and friends and friends and friends and the Flash, with Agnes.

ones, with this difference, that the for use on the water. leather used is not so good as the origi--Very open canvas, or drawn-work nal. Soles and heels always have to be pattern wool goods are used with these repairs the cheapest of sole ternal or are made up with faille Fran-leather is used. When finished the caise or surah under the open goods. Some very soft white serges with shoes can be sold from seventy-five

bring \$2." "Who are your customers?"

"What means are taken to

"The uppers of second-hand shoes

and veiling, light-weight camel's hair. cashmere, and various thin wool fab-"Poor people, who can afford to pay rics are made up with plain and fancy but little for their shoes. I supply whole velvet and a little lace. Tussore. families with shoes, from the father surah and pongee silks are also used and mother to the baby. I do but litwith velvet. One stylish suit has a tle business in women's shoes. Women wine-brown velvet walking skirt with usually wear their shoes in the street wide panels of pink surah shirred aluntil they become shabby, when they are cut down and used in the house as most their entire length, a flounce of slippers. And then, besides, women's Oriental lace is set diagonally across shoes are now so cheap that it would the front, and at the back is a very full gathered drapery of surah. The vest, not pay to make them over,"

While the reporter was listening to cuffs and collars are of velvet. the cobbler's chatter there entered the store a laboring man who, after much dickering, bought a pair of brogans three sizes too large for him for ninety simply draped and looped with pink cents.

"Those shoes which I have just sold," continued the shoemaker, "will wear the man nearly a year. You know what he paid for them, and can estimate what shoe leather costs poor people who know where to purchase." Half a dozen or more cobblers make a living in Brooklyn by mending and making over old shoes.

Philosophy of the "Second Wind."

the epaulettes formed of satin ribbon, People often laugh at the expression of "second wind." In ordinary rewith a series of goffered plaits around the top of the arm. Another had a spirations we only use a portion of our bodice of blue satin brocade, with an lungs, the cells at the extremity not beepaulette of blush roses on one shoulding brought into play. This is the reaer, and a skirt of blue, with the entire son why those who are not "in trainfront bordered with blush roses. ing," and who try to run for any dis-Another costume had a bodice of wide tance, soon begin to gasp, and, unless stripes of alternate Capucine satin, the they are courageous enough to persevere in spite of the choking sensation are forced to stop. But if they will persevere, the choking goes off, and the exact tone of nasturtiums, and gold tissue, a most happy contrast. A white lisse skirt, with on one side long careresult is what is technically known as "second wind." When the second wind less sprays of velvet nasturtiums and leaves, as though they had just been gathered and thrown there. is fully established, the runner does not costume had a gold brocaded bodice, become out of breath, but goes on runwith a cream tulle skirt having ning as long as his legs will carry him. bunches of green corn, corn-flowers

and poppies. -There were 150 stake and purse The silk industry is being rapidly transferred to the United States, to the events disposed of during the thirty days of racing at Saratoga, with only consternation of all Europe. Its ben-ents to Pennsylvania are already conone postponement on account of adverse weather. In a rough estimate, siderable. It has become established in the Racing Association distributed almost every town and city of the about \$70,000 in stakes and purses, and eastern part of the State north of the of this amount Baldwin secured the latitude of Philadelphia. There are largest sum, the Dwyers coming next. five mills at Darby making spun silk, and within the limits of the city of Baldwin's stake winnings are: The Excelsior and Saratoga Cup, won by Volante; the Morrissey, won by Lucy spinning and weaving silk and silk-mixed goods, Plushes and velvets have recently been added, and there are B.; the Spinaway, won by Grisette; the Virginia, won by Laredo; the Foxhall, won by Solid Silver, and the Relief, by Molly McCarthy's Last—seven stakes two mills on dress goods, the most of the establishments making upholstery in all. The Dwyers captured five stakes, the First Sweepstakes, with fabrics, curtains, turcomans, ribbons, fringes, braids and trimmings. The product of all these is very large and Travers and increasing, employing about rapidly

sary to entirely renovate oid shoes, so the sides on the face from the sun, It by Flood, one colt and five fillies -Ed Corrigan has retired the follow-

ing mares, sending them to W. S. Payne's Stud, Lexington, Ky., to be bred next season, Sister Monica, 3 years, by Springbok-Alme; Unite, 2 years, by Longfellow-Belle knight; Ida Hope, 4 years, by King Alfonso-Austria; chestnut filly, 2 years, by Revenue, Jr.,-Sisterly, by War Dance.

-Jockey Spillman says it is easier to get off three pounds at Monmouth than one at Saratoga. He explains this as due to atmospheric difference. At Saratoga the air is not only cooler, but more dry, the sun's rays being dry and burning, with cool nights. At Monmouth, on the contrary, it 18 sultry, the air is more humid, and the perspiration comes right out.

-The Pennsylvania Association of Trotting-Horse Breeders have determined on holding their initial trotting

meeting on October 6 and 7, at Home--One very pretty gown lately exwood Park, Pittsburg, Pa. The hibited was of cream canvas with openbreeders' sale will be held in connection work stripes, made up over pink, very with the trotting meeting, and if there is sufficient stock consigned, the next and brown ribbons. The front of the day, Friday, Sth, will be set apart for bodice had a vest made of flat bands of the sale. A large amount of stock is lace. It was embroidered in colors, alrealy promised, and much more and had a large geometrical pattern is expected.

formed of brown silk stitched in the lace and subsequently worked. A black -One of P. L. Carpenter's spotted lace gown with a lace front had all the ponies on Tuesday night foaled probavest composed of silk fancy woven bly the smallest colt ever dropped canvas, made with a coquille of the in this vicinity. It is a stallion, eighteen inches high, and weighs twentymaterial, starting from the back of the five pounds. It is spotted red, white waist and continuing down the side. and black, is well formed, and as wild The bodice was gauze, with a stomacher trimming of gauze, satin and as a deer. It was sired by one of Mr. Carpenter's black ponies, and was jet, but the novel point about it were foaled on the farm of Joseph Yoder, m Conemaugh township, Somerset county.

-The first of the series of Western fall running meetings commences at Louisville, on Monday, September 13. continuing during the week. The Latonia meeting, lasting two weeks, begins October 1. Then follows the Lexington meeting, lasting a week, and the Memphis meeting, beginning near the close of October, will wind up the racing season in the West. As between the two sections this fall the East will very decidedly have the pres-Another tige. The much jarger amount of added money in stakes and purses will serve to keep a considerable number of Western horses this side of the Alleghanies, and among them most of the cracks or noted ones.

-The fourth annual exhibition of the National Horse Show Association has issued its premium list for the dates November 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, at Madison Square Garden. The prizes amount to \$15,000, distributed among five mills at Darby making spun silk, and within the limits of the city of Philadelphia nearly one hundred mills coaching stallions, carriage horses, tandem and four-in-hand teams, cobs ponies, saddle-horses, hunters, police cavalry horses, donkeys and orses, In the thoroughbred competimules. tion the highest prize, \$300, is for stallions, 4 years old and over; and in trotters the highest, \$500, is for a stallion with four of his get, the get to be not over 4 years of age.

Miss Woodford; the Travers United States Hotel Stakes, Inspector B.; the Alabama, with Mil-8,000 persons.
