

Persian Roses.

In an ancient legend, Persians say
The rose tree blooms at the gates of Day,
And once in each life, be it sad or gay,

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

Lita went to church with her hands under
her shawl, and slunk guiltily into
a back seat, directly under the organ

"I should like to have had a respectable
pair of long-wristed tan gloves,"
thought Lita, "and sit up in front.

It was a sultry summer evening,
the clusters of lamps around the wooden
pillars outframing the seven stars in the

And late as Lita was, she had the
satisfaction of knowing that there was
some one even more tardy than herself.

Now Lita was very pretty, with her
blue, laughing eyes, fringed with long,
thick lashes, like curtains; cheeks

"The ideal village maiden," he said
to himself, "with such a sweet, saintly
look in her eyes, too! It makes one

"Who is he, anyhow? Most likely
one of the traveling salesmen from the
Eagle Hotel, or perhaps a book agent,

And then she left off troubling her
head about him and settled comfortably
back in the corner of her pew, yawning

"But all of a sudden Lita's eyes
sparkled. She whisked a pencil out of
her pocket, and began slowly to sketch

"A touch of nature makes the whole
world kin," says the poet; and Lita
typed the book so that the unknown

It was the old preacher himself—his
bald head given perhaps an undue pre-
ponderance, but still the old preacher—

She looked archly at him; he nodded
almost imperceptibly, and taking the
pencil from her hand, added one or two

the very roots of her hair, dropping the
hymn-book in her consternation, and
groping blindly for it on the floor.

"What have I been doing?" Lita
asked herself.
And she tore out the offending fly-

Lita could be very haughty when, as
Grandmother Allan expressed it, "the
Evil One took possession of her," but

"Better let well enough alone,"
said Grandmother Allan, "and you may
be better off than you think."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Allan,
"what is this world a comm' to? Who
could 'a done such a sinful thing?"

Lita, who was making up pink rib-
bon bows in the next room for a dress
she was to wear on the following day

Involuntarily she put her hand down
into her pocket, and pulled up the
crumpled fly-leaf of a hymn-book; but,

"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
day, and took her first lesson in the
knowledge that Fate is sure, sooner or

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,
beaming kindness on her scarlet face
through his spectacles. "I am glad to

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

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

Lita knew perfectly well that she
ought to say something, but words
failed her in this emergency. She

"Really, though," he went on, "I
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,

"And—and he was your uncle!"
gasped Lita.
"Dear old uncle in the world, too,"

with Frank! And he always declares
that from the moment I tied the pink
ribbon into his buttonhole we were

"Nonsense!" said Grandmother
Allan. But Lita knew better than
that.
Love's Fountain.

"It is cruel of grandpapa," she
said. "It is very cruel, Henri. These
old people think only of money. Why

"But we are not brother and sister,"
said he, "and even first cousins marry.
I have been thinking that—"

"Oh, don't, don't!" she said. "Henri,
for heaven's sake, don't begin to be as
bad as the rest. Be my dear brother

"Give me a kind kiss, Brother
Henri," said she, "and never, never
speak of this absurdity again. As for

"I shall never marry either, Cousin
Lina," said he; "but you see we are
not brother and sister. You can't

"Then he kissed her and they walked
back into the house, where Grand-
papa Kleber and Grand-Uncle Michel

The result of the young people's
rebellion was a quarrel.
From that day nothing was heard of

"The old people were unforgetting.
Grandfather Kleber died and left all
his money to Lina, who had already

There is no place to dream in like a
picture gallery; no place like Paris for
pictures.

Lina Michel spent many hours with
her eyes fixed on painted faces that
she never saw for the living face that

"Who are your customers?"
"Who are your customers?"
"Who are your customers?"

"These shoes which I have just
sold," continued the shoemaker, "will
wear the man nearly a year. You

"Half a dozen or more cobbler's make
a living in Brooklyn by mending and
making over old shoes."

Lina Michel stepped into her car-
riage and soon, followed by her maid,
climbed the dingy dwelling, rapped

"In a moment a man with a long
beard, who held a palette in his hand,
opened the door for her, and stood

"I speak to the painter of the pic-
ture at Monsieur—s," said the
Frauenn Michel. "The garden and

can again. And, madame, while I live
I must look upon that picture. When
I die I must cast my last glance upon

And as he spoke Lina Michel knew
Henri Kleber—knew him despite the
flowing beard and all the changes of

"Henri, do you not know me?" And
then he clasped her in his arms, and
she lay sobbing on his bosom.

How They Are Made Over and Sold
in Brooklyn—Secrets of the Trade.

In a dingy and ill-ventilated cob-
bler's shop in one of the most densely
populated streets of South Brooklyn

Said the shoemaker: "You would
be surprised to see the class of men
who purchase second-hand shoes. I

"What means are taken to burnish
up old shoes?" was asked.
"The uppers of second-hand shoes

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FASHION NOTES.

—For a matron, a black striped vel-
vet and Siennese bodice, the skirt
made of pin-point spots, tiny tied

—Some very stylish suits of heavy,
plain pongee have been made up with
panels and other garniture of fine

—Quite a new face has been given to
cream brocade (of which we have all, I
think, become a little tired), as devised

—The use of waists of bright mat-
erial with black lace skirts is in high
favor, especially for watering-place

—Something quiet was a gown com-
posed of the richest porcelain blue
poult de sole, with panels forming a

—Advices from Paris note a hat
made of a crown with a fall of Swiss
brocade around it, which makes it

—Very open canvas, or drawn-work,
pattern wool goods are used with

—One very pretty gown lately ex-
hibited was of cream canvas with open-
work stripes, made up over pink,

—The first of this series of Western
fall running meetings commences at
Louisville, on Monday, September 13,

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HORSE NOTES.

—Ed West, the light-weight jockey,
has engaged to ride for E. J. Baldwin,
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 held at Dover, from Sep-
tember 23 to October 1.

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

—Richbell, the pacer, was put up at
auction at Island Park, but as the bid-
ding 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

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

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

—Peter McGeech was expelled from
the Milwaukee and National Associa-
tion tracks on August 27 for abusive

—The North Hudson Driving Park
Association, whose track is at Gutten-
burg, N. J., has decided to give a fall

—The dilapidated old Prospect Park
Fair ground, Brooklyn, has within the
past few months been transformed into

—Messenger Wilkes, by Lyle Wilkes,
dam by Messenger Chief, made a 3 year-
old record of 2:43 1/2 at North Vernon,

—"Knapsack" McCarthy will take
his stable hand from Hampden Park
to Cleveland, from there to St. Louis,

—James N. Wilson, of Easton, Pa.,
has purchased of D. J. Wright, of
Highstown, N. J., the ch. g. Fred, 16

—The Fairfax Stable has recently
purchased from Hon. Leland Stanford
sixteen yearlings and a 4-year-old, the

—Ed Corrigan has retired the follow-
ing mares, sending them to W. S.
Payne's Stud, Lexington, Ky., to be

—The Pennsylvania Association of
Trotting-Horse Breeders have deter-
mined on holding their initial trotting

—One of P. L. Carpenter's spotted
ponies on Tuesday night foaled prob-
ably the smallest colt ever dropped