From rush and reed, from bush and brake Float countless jeweled gossamers That glance and dazzle as they shake In every breeze that stirs.

A bird, upspringing from the grain, Flutes loud and clear his raptured note That mingles with as blithe a strain As e'er thrilled human throat.

Amid the tasseled ranks of corn She stands breast high, her arms are bare; And round her warm, brown neck the Gleams on her lustrious hair.

The sickle flashes in her hand; The dew laves both her naked feet; She reaps and sings, and through the land She sends her carols sweet.

The wind breathes softly on her brow; To touch her lips tall blossoms seek, And as the stricken columns bow, They kiss her glowing cheek.

O happy maident in her breast Guile bath no place, her virgin sleep Vain thoughts ne'er trouble; she is blest; She hath no tears to weep.

She knows nor longs for prouder things; Her simple tasks are all her care; she lives and loves and reaps and sings, And makes the world more fair.

## WILLING TO SHARE HIS LOT.

"My choice is made at last, Sister Belle. Now I am ready for blame or praise from others, but I want your approval.

The elder sister looked at a couple of open letters lying on the writing desk before which the speaker sat, her cold gray eyes softening a little as she re-

"If you tell me which the of two you have chosen I can answer you." "You ought to know without being told," Stella laughed. "Clarence of

course." Belle Lawson looked serious. "Stella, I am sorry. Not that I bear Clarence Henshaw any ill-will, but, child, you are not fit to be a poor man's

wife. Remember you are proud and Follow my advice and marry Harry Lakeman. Stella shook her head, "No, Belle; I wouldn't marry Henry

Lakeman if he was a hundred times richer than he is." She slipped a picture into an envelope with a long glance at the view it im-

aged. "It is a lovely place." she sighed, and I would like to live there." The sister was watching, and, stoop-

ng, kissed the smooth, white brow, while she said: "Don't be too hasty, Stella. If you covet this pretty home of Henry Lake-

man's accept it." "But I love Clarence. I would prefer a cottage with him to a mansion with

Henry. Miss Lawson turned to the window with a sorry look. Some sweet dream of her childhood was in her memory,

perhaps, but she held it worse than foly to indulge in regrets. Love, in her for wealth. "Stella." she continued very gravely,

'I have acted the part of a mother for many years; my wish has ever been that you form a wealthy marriage. I know you love luxury, and you enjoy display, and I am not saying too much when I add that you worship beautiful apparel. Henry Lakeman can give you all of these. Charles Henshaw cannot. As his wife you will be subject to all manner of privations; be obliged to live in a common way, stint and economize and manage the best you can. How long will that suit a girl of your tastes? Think well of it. I will let you have his wife's room. your own choice in regard to this mar-

"My mind is made up, my dear Belle," Stella responded. She took up the view, slipping a letter

into its envelope as she spoke.
"If I favored his suit I was to keep it, sister Belle," she continued, touching the edge of the wrapper to her rosy lips, and sealing it with a heavy slap of the hand, "Ido not, you see. I won't be sorry," murmured she, turning the envelope to look at its superscription.

"Your happiness is within your own grasp, Stella. You'll recall my words some day," and with a stately gait Belle Lawson left her.

Stella ran lightly up the stairs to her own room and touched the bell in great

"You will oblige me by mailing this at once," she said to the servant who answered her call, handing him this very envelope, "and," she said, smiling and blushing, "be careful of this," put-ting another letter into his hand. Leave it with no one but the person

to whom It is addressed." "There'll be no mistake, miss," And that night a perfumed note lay on Clarence Henderson's pillow, and he, foolish fellow, was transparted to the up-

per heaven of delight. Three months later they were married They were a happy and hopeful couple. This life upon which they had entered was like a new and unexplored country but Clarence meant to work hard and feit little or no doubt in regard to their future. He had been a head bookkeeper for many years and had the promise of something better yet the coming sea-They rented a house in the pleasant part of the city, kept a servant and Stella wore the handsome clothes which had been provided at the time of her marriage. But toward the end of the first year of their wedded life his firm was said to be under heavy liabilities and the anniversary of their marriage lound the house bankrupt and Clarence out of a situation. They moved out of their house and took a cheaper place in another part of the city. By this time their funds began to run low and Stella wanted something new for her ward-

robe. "I shall find something by-and-by," the husband said bravely. It was at this trying time that a little speck of humanity was put into Stella's arms, and its feeble cry told that the

responsibility of motherhood was here.

'I'm the happiest man alive," Clar-

exclaimed, caressing wife and baby boy. "Let pride go to the dogs, in the house Stella," remembering that now his responsibility was greater than before. They are in want of workmen on the new city hall. I'll take my hammer-

it will give us bread," She ought to have been contentedought to have thought with pride of the man who would thus brave the world's opinion, He went out in the early morning and came home late at night, his handsome face glowing with love. But the very thought that her husband was brought down to the level of a com-

mon laborer hurt her. Sister Belle had said that her tastes were luxurious, and she wanted a pretty home now and fine apparel for herself and baby. The people of the world in which she had lived had never to count their money to know if they could buy a new dress. She had never had to make the best of circumstances and why should she now? The little privations she had enlured worried her, and in a little while the sweet tempered woman became moody and down-

hearted. "Stella is homesick," the husband would say; "the care of the baby is too much for her I must make some money," and his hammer rang with redoubled energy; but Stella continued to

sulk "How can you expect me to live among such surroundings?" was her appeal, when he begged her to cheer "It is cruel in you," she sobbed. want to go home to my own friends."

The warm glow came to his face, and he drew her tenderly toward him without a word, but there was a look piteous to see in his handsome eyes. Then came a day a little later when it did seem that matters had come to a crisis, The city-hall was finished, and Clarence must look for something new. Jennie who had been Freddie's nurse, had to go and all the household cares fell upon Stella. They had moved about a great deal, hoping to find a place in which the fretful girl-wife would be contented.

"These people are all alike, you know and I may as well be in one place as another," was her reply to Clarence when he suggested that they move.

It was unwomanly in her to say this, she knew, and she thought to run after her husband and beg his forgiveness, but just then Freddie caught her by have been reared in ease and comfort. her dress, causing her to spill the water she was pouring into the kettle, which only increased her vexation.

"You cross little thing!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "Take that!" laying her hand heavily on the little bare shoulders. Then she sat down and fell into hysterical weeping. Freddy with the prints of her fingers still on his neck, tried to climb into her lap, but she pushed him away roughly. "Don't do anything you'll be sorry

for, Stella," her husband said, coming into the room just then. "I thought you'd gone to town," she replied, sharply. "Oh, dear! If I had taken good advice I would not have

married a poor man." "You are not yourself this morning, Stella," and his eyes were full of unshed tears as he saw the red marks on the baby's neck.

"Do you think I can endure everything?" she cried spitefully. "You are nervous and tired, dear. him and left the room.

Something wet fell on the baby's head, and he pressed him closely to his bosom as he caught the sound of her "I have heard of something new this

morning, Stella, and I'm going to New York by the next train." "You are always hearing of something new," was her quick reply, "but

what does it amount to?" "I am hoping for something better and think I've found it now." He rocked Freddy to sleep, put him

into his crib, then went to the door of "Are you going to kiss me good-by, Stella?" he asked. "I may be gone a day or two."

"No," she replied, coldly; "you'll be back soon enough." "But I might never return, you

know." "See it you are not back in a day or two with the same old story." Clarence turned quickly and left her.

She heard him cross the room, and knew he bent over Freddy's crib and kissed the little sleeper again and again. "He'll come back before he's really gone," whispered she to herself, going toward the door, but a turn in the street hid him from sight. He had

gone, without bidding her good-bye. "Well, we've been married long enough to be done with such nonsense, she said, by way of consolation, yet there was a terrible pain at her heart. She sat still till Freddy awoke, then with a cry of anguish she ran across the hall to the nearest neighbor with —
"Please come, Mrs. Wilson. My baby

is dving." Mrs. Wilson came, for though rough n manner she was kind in heart. "He is in a fit," she said, the moment she saw the child. "Bring me some water and help get off his clothes."

Stella obeyed. "Hold him so, till I run home and get some medicine," she said, putting him in the bath. "Such women as you ain't fit to be mothers," she continued, returning with her hands full of bot-

"I have so many triels to bear," moaned Stella. "Nonsense," replied Mrs. Wilson 'You have a pretty home if it was put

in order." "I'm used to a better." "Young people can't begin where the old one's left off. They must make

their own homes." "I never understood it so. My sister advised me never to marry a poor man." "And so you are finding fault and complaining, when your husband is trying in every way to make an honest living. It is a wonder you haven't driven him to drink long ago."

"But my husband is a good man," replied Stella warmly, resenting the last part of the speech "He has shown himself to be a good

The woman said it in good faith, wrapping Freddy in soft flannels and administering a quieting potion. She had been watching the movements of

the people ever since they came to live

"My baby will get well, won't he?" was said pleadingly, and the poor thing sobbed again as if her heart would break.

"Yes, indeed."

"And you will stay with me through the night?" forgetting that she was one of "those people." "I'd stay with you a whole blessed week," replied the true-hearted Mrs. Wilson, "if I could make you a wife

worthy of your husband."

"Tell me what I shall do and I'll do it willingly and without complaining." All through the long night while Freddy lay between life and death Mrs. Wilson worked over him bravely, and told the girl mother chapters in her own life experiences. There were passages over which Stella wept bitterly, and when morning dawned, giving back the child from danger, in place of the fickle, unreasonable woman, there was one ready to meet life's work with firm purpose and strong heart.

She tidied up each apartment, and instead of going about in a dowdy wrapper put on a fresh dress, arranged her hair becomingly, and changed the pucker about her mouth for her own rosy lips.

"You're a pretty little thing," Mrs. Wilson told her when she had fastened a knot of blue ribbon in her bair. "See after baby now. I'll look in every now and then through the day, and to-night I will come back to you. Your husband will be here to-morrow morning." "Yes," Stella replied, with a bright

After all it was a long time to wait, she thought. She was so impatient to tell him-and she would kiss him as many times as he wished.

"Yes, indeed!" she exclaimed, joy-

look in her eyes. "He'll be here by ten

fully, bending over Freddy's crib, "we'll kiss papa a hundred thousand times, won't we, dear?" "I do wish Clarence would come," she kept saying next morning. "What detains him?" she continued, when the clock was on the stroke of 12. "What if"-and her heart lay like lead in her bosom as she recalled the look she last

saw on his face-"what if he never

comes back!" she murmured, going into her own room. "Mrs. Wilson," she called "where is my husband?" In an instant the dear, good soul was baside her, resting a hand tenderly on the aching head. True-hearted woman! She shrank from saying it had been a dreadful night on the sound, and that a steamer had collided with the New York boat, "Her husband traveled by

boat," had been her conclusion. Stella caught at her arm, the sound of her voice answering Freddy, and with a cry she fell, Poor, tired, inexparienced wife and mother! Was the ordeal so ordered? With the help of a neighbor Mrs. Wilson laid her on the bed.

"Run for the doctor," she said to Miss Williams. "But you don't know-"

"I do," she interrupted. "Mrs. Henshaw will have a run of nervous fever; and whether her husband is dead or alive I can't say."

When Stella opened her eyes again it was nearly night. She knew no one about the bed, but talked of Clarence Come here," And he put out his hand and Freddy and sister Belle. She was mation, was no balance in the scale to clasp her, but she turned away from going to help her husband now. She earn money by teaching music or painting, "or might have a few pupils in dancing," she added. "But forgive me for striking---" and her arms were put up as if to clasp something, when she dozed again.

Late that evening Clarence came in sight or home. Contrary to Mrs. Wilson's conjectures, he came by a different route. He had thought to telegraph, but "Stella won't worry," he said, "if I am late." The light faded from his eyes and his face turned ghastly white when he looked into the rooms. "Both gone," he groaned, walking

from the bed to the couch. "No, no," Mrs. Wilson said, comfortingly. "Baby's better and your wife will come out of this. All she needs is good nursing and that she will have." turning aside her head and drying her eyes with the corner of her apron.

What could we do if such as she were not stationed all along the walks

It was painful to listen to the wild talk. "If I might endure it," Clarence said so many times. When at last Stella awoke from the terrible dreams her husband was bending over her.

"Clarence," she said, very softly at first; "Clarence," she repeated, putting her arms about his neck, "if you'll forgive me for striking Freddy I'll kiss you, O, so many times!'

Foolish fellow, he cried like a baby, "Listen, Stella," he said as soon as he could command his voice. "Listen! I did get the situation, and you can have everything you want," touching his lips to her cheek and forehead; "and you are going to have such a pretty house in Brooklyn!"

"All I want is your love," clasping him close, "and that Freddy get well. I'm ready to be a poor man's wife!"

## Home Rule for Montenegro.

The prince of Montenegro has authorized the publication of the "time honored laws and usages," which constitute the only legal code of his primitive domain. The collection has been published in St. Petersburg, and reads like the decalogue of some eastern shepherd tribe. Every householder is the presumptive coadministrator of his neighbor's property, and is supposed to aid them in the enforcement of parental discipline, the completion of necessary repairs.

Various offenses are published by the temporary loss of the privilege of carrying arms. Drunkards and rowdles are confined to their houses for periods varying from one to four weeks, though prevented from attending shooting-matches or public debates affecting the welfare of the community. Orphans

-Ed Levy has sold his bay mare Centella to Pittaburg parties

For the first time in ten years the Seneca Indians living on the Cattaraugus Reservation a few days since drew brush seine in the presence of fully 1,000 white spectators, who gathered at a place known as Big Bend, ten miles from Warren, on the Allegheny r.ver. For a week previous to the drawing the Indians had industriously "withed" with evergreen boughs a cable which was long enough to reach from shore to shore of the stream. When this brush seine was completed teams of

horses drew one end across the river,

and then the fun was ready to begin. The shores were lined with spectators, and the Clarendon band furnished | the firm name of Emery & Cotton, have erdivening music. Horses were hitched to either end of the great green cable, which was fully eight feet in diameter and twenty rods long, and began walking along the shore to the head of a riffle, a quarter of a mile below, where a rude dam in the shape of the letter L, with the upright leading up the stream, had been constructed. Standing on the seine to submerge it was a crowd of Indians, each of whom violently beat the water with boughs, other Indians wading just behind the seine and observing the tactics of those in front. The object of dragging the seine, of beating the water, of the shouting and splashing, was to drive the fish into the shallow water of the dam, and the result amply repaid the effort.

As soon as the seine stopped against the long arm of the L, a score of Indians put off into the dam and with spears began to capture their finny victims. The water was so crowded with sturgeon, pike, pickerel, bass, salmon, and suckers, that nearly every time a spear was thrown the sharp tines would impale a fish. A more animated and excited crowd was never seen. The spectators shouted and cheered, the band made all the noise of which it was capable, the Indians were nearly beside themselves in their eagerness to make the "catch" as large as possible. The sport was continued all the afternoon, until the spearsmen gave up from sheer weariness, after having taken fish which would weigh from two to fifteen pounds each, aggregating fully half a ton. In the evening, by the light of burning heaps of wood, the spoils were divided, and the celebration closed with a "green corn dance," which lasted late into the

morning. It is just possible that those who engaged in the slaughter will find that fun of that kind comes high, as the law strictly prohibits the course which the Indians and their white allies took, and a disposition has been manifested to prosecute those who in such a wholesome and unsportmanlike manner despoiled a portion of the river of its inhabitants. But the exhibition of a semi-savage mode of taking fish was

## Animal Life.

Principally these four things-famine, exposure to weather, bodly injury and violent death; things not altogether unknown to man, but to which beings living from hand to mouth, and in many cases upon each other, are more especially liable. It is undoubtedly true that every year a certain number of animals are condemned to starvation, crowded out of existence by the pressure of surbe attended by a certain amount suffering. But it is exceedingly doubtful whether the suffering is of that intense and dramatic kind which populary associated with the struggle for existence and the working of natural selection. It is not the case of a strong, healthy animal going out alone into the wilderness to struggle with the agonies of starvation. It is a process which takes effect principally on the very young or because their mother is too ill nourished herself to supply them, or because somewhat before their full time. In ably good performance. the one case life is stopped before much pain can have been felt, in the other case it is stopped after the greater part of its pleasure is past; in either case with very much less than the maximum of suffering. In the majority of the higher mammalia the operation of the Malthusian law very probably does no more than equal the rate of infant mortality in England 200 years ago, a rate which was then looked upon as a matter of course.

## Why he Resigned.

this place and behaved myself I would in time to see what struck him.

one day be the conductor of the train, "But I find that I have been euchred by a sort of civil service rule that is en- in his near wheel and broke two spokes, forced in all the companies. This rule then fell on the track, and away went gin as a brakeman on a freight train, then he must be a brakeman on a passenger train, as I am now the first turn. The damage senger train, as I am now; then a conductor on a freight train, and then a Feek's leg. conductor on a passenger train. If a fellow begins as a brakeman on a passenger train, the way I did, he will not be promoted in a century. I never knew it until the other day, but I am told that this rule is so well established that the company do not care to violate it, except in case of obvious necessity. So I guess I will go."

-Up to the present time it looks as if the old black stallion Virgil would with the proviso that they shall not be have a great lead as the leading winning sire of 1886. His son Tremont has contributed thirteen races without a defeat, and \$39,135 in money, which are permitted to board around—trying their pot luck here and there, but with the option to stay where their treatment encourages that plan. The community supports even the hunting dogs of a fallen soldier.

a deteat, and \$39,135 in money, which is a great start, while Ben Ali, by his success in the Kentucky Derby and the St. Louis Derby, together with his California conquests, has won over \$20,000. Thus, with \$60,000 to start with, the old hero has secured a lead that it the old hero has secured a lead that it will be hard to overcome, especially as Ben Ali is still in training and likely to win races.

Hot Lucy II. Won, which was just what happened, and when the name of Wethers, instead of Bender, was hoisted there was quite a scene, which subsided when the mistake was rectified.

HORSE NOTES.

-The Bard has earned the title of the "crack" 3 year-old of the season.

-John Condon has a 2-year-old colt by Messenger Chief in Crit Davis' hands that paced at a 2.40 gait recently. "Knapsack" McCarthy got a present

of \$500 from Mr. Long for his admirable driving of Belle F. in the \$10,000 race. -A sore shin kept J. Q. from starting in the \$10,000 race at Hartford, and Spofford's cold, contracted at Albany,

kept him out. -Sam Emery and Joe Cotton, who have been running in partnership under dissolved relationship.

-John B. McFerran decided, after the sale catalogue and advertisements of Glenview Farm were given to the public, not to price or sell any of the stock at private sale. Everything will be sold at public auction, beginning October 12, without reservation.

-Brighton Beach has gone back to steeplechases and hurdle races, and book-making, which was tried a couple of weeks ago, instead of auction pools, soon gave way to auctioneering, and now the auctioneer has again stepped down and out in favor of the penciller.

-Guy Wilkes, by George Wilkes, at the Santa Rosa Fair, on August 21, reduced the California stallion record to 2.151. One of the competitors was Anteeo (2.164), the best or the produce of Columbine. He did not once show in front, Adair taking the first heat in 2.20. John A. Goldsmith drove Guy Wilkes, and his 2.151 was made in the fourth heat.

-F. O. Tucker, an amateur photographer of Hartford, attended the Charter Oak races, and took a number of instantaneous views of the various finishes. In the second heat of the Guarantee stakes Belle F. and Oliver K. made an exceedingly close finish, the judges giving the first named the heat. Mr. Tucker was right in line with the wire, and, as the pair passed under, at a 2.15 clip, the picture was taken.

-Charles H. Schwartz and John W. Conley were the purchasers of Oliver K. The sale was consummated before the great race at Hartford, Forbes states that he was offered \$15,000 cash. and the new purchasers would take the horse's engagements, or they would give \$12,000 and let Forbes take the winnings in the stake race. Forbes kilted shirt of white crape. The loose accepted the latter proposition and is \$17,000 richer.

-Prince Wilkes was known to be good horse, but hardly good enough to k-ep close company with a first-rater Oliver K. He made some hearts and still at the close of the last three heats, and demonstrated himself to be one of the worthiest members of his and brocaded silk, and they are so one which no spectator will ever forget. trifle. This performer is lacking 5 pretty; they serve also for dust cloaks. the brightest lights of his type.

-Hon, August Belmont has made a handsome offer for Snedeker's colt, Kingston, the Select winner at Monmouth. Despite the fact that the offer was sufficiently large to have formed a "terrible temptation" to a majority of men lucky enough to own so good a colt, it was respectfully declined, plain skirt. The drapery in front is Mr. Belmont's offer for Kingston, coupled with his engagement and im- tom of the skirt; at the back it hangs portation of the English jockey Luke, in graceful folds quite to the edge of leaves no room for doubt in regard to the skirt. The jacket bodice his connection with racing. He is in wide revers, reaches to the waist line to stay.

-The result of the September stakes at Sheepshead Bay on the 2d of August, coupled with his other performances, distance was a mile and three-quarters, the very old. The very young perish and the time 3.05, but 4 seconds behind they are not sufficiently vigorous to the ease with which The Bard won, and fend for themselves; the old go perhaps | the weight he carried, it was a remark-

-Probably the surprise of the race for the \$10,000 purse at Hartford, Conn.,] was the chestnut gelding Prince Wilkes, who was three times second to the winner, and in the fourth heat became so dangerous that Forbes was obliged to drive out Oliver with whip, rein and voice, and even then won by little enough. When it is also borne in mind that the Prince was drawing thirty pounds overweight, and formance becomes really remarkable.

very efficient and popular man, and when | was busy watching Alroy's action, as he told me he meant to resign I asked he was experimenting a little with him what the reason could be. "Well," weights, and did not notice a little he said, "I have been told by the super- dried-up French Canuck coming toward intendent that I stand no chance of him with a small, black stallion. The up, they thus convert the parsols into promotion, as I didn't begin right. I Canuck was driving according to good walking-sticks.

was fool enough to think that if I took ancient law, and Feek looked up just —Fancy pocket-begin right. black stallion went down; the Canuck went over his head. Feek put his foot The flexible open purses, both the long

-A rather curious affair occurred at Gravesend recently. During the alter-cation between Spellman and Wethers, little Bender, who was to ride Lucy H., stepped upon the scales to weigh out, when the Clerk of the Scales asked him his name. In his excitement, Bender, misunderstanding the question to apply to the combatants, replied, "George Wethers," and accordingly Wethers was recorded as the rider of Lucy H. Berte, the young man who has charge of the jockey board, noticed the error, but was overruled, and it was left uncorrected, which was awkward, especially as Wethers himself rode Boaz, and Whethers' name appeared as the rider of both horses. It might not have excited particular attention had not Lucy H. won, which was just what

FASHION NOTES.

-Hosiery with fine hair-line checks is shown by the leading houses.

-Velvet and heavy silk, beaded or plain, are used for revers upon thin materials.

-Dresses of striped satin surah have the skirt trimmed with narrow gathered flounces bordered with ecru lace. -The hair is worn very high, or in basket plaits very low on the back of the head. Puffs and coils are arranged

-Riding habits are worn with white shirt fronts, Low-crowned silk hats are the correct headgear for riding, although the derby is often seen.

high on the head.

-A tea-gown of yellow crepe de chine. with satin stripes of the same tint, has the train of surah over which the crepe is draped. Fine chantilly lace forms the trimming. -Plastrons of velvet, bordered by braces of passementerie and lace, or of

colored or black galloon, covered with beads and bugles, finished below the waist with coquilles of lace, are digni fied by the name of mantle. -Large surah handkerchiefs are worn with jacket bodices. They are simply put about the neck and crossed

in front before the bodice is put on. In this way great variety may be had with a dress of neutral tint. -Dresses for girls under 13 are made with full skirts, laced over a

contrasting guimpe. The material of which the guimpe is made forms the trimming about the bottom of the skirt and the narrow panel in front. -Gros grain is again in favor, Some of the new costumes have a polonaise, fully draped at the back and open from

the throat to the foot of the skirt, showing chemisette and front of skirt of exceedingly fine wool crape of a color in contrast to the polonaise. -A high-crowned hat for a little girl is of blue and fawn mixed straw. It is trimmed in front with loops and ends of blue and fawn ribbon. Three

large bows with cords surround the crown. A high hat, with the crown of openwork straw, has the brim turned up at the left with a cluster of yellow roses with their leaves. The trimming is straw-colored crepe, fastened with bows of velvet. -A toilet of white lace opens over a

blouse bodice has a pointed yoke at the front and back, trimmed with rows of narrow satin ribbon. A broad satin sash passes through straps of this ribbon and falls in long loops and ends nearly to the bottom of the skirt. -The most fashionable water-proofs of the moment are covered with shot

years, and with more age will rank with The newest stockings worn at the recent gay gatherings were exactly the shade of the dress, with black lace insertion let in the front. Sometimes this meertion is embroidered; but it is the shape of this front trimming which is now improved upon; it exactly follows the form of the shoe. -A dress of striped foulard has a

pointed and reaches nearly to the botand opens over a white waistcoat. A large button on either side secures the jacket to the waistcoat. -In fans the attractions are many;

places The Bard at the top of the those of gauze or lisse have taken the 3-year-olds. Carrying 125 pounds, he fancy; they can be purchased to match galloped in the easiest possible way, the dress. The scented-wood sticks the winner by a dozen lengths. The are seen from end to end through the gauze; some are edged with lace, others are daintily painted in Watteau landthe record made by Glidelia, a 5-year-old, carrying 116 pounds. Considering are lovely. Then come the ostrichfeather fans, so soft, so stately; these are in black ostrich, in white ostrich, and for young ladies every color to match the dress. A very lovely but costly fan is made, the frame of expensive wood and covered with natural flowers. To send one's fans to the florist to be repaired, the same as one sends one's boots or hats, is really an addition to the expense of living.

-The transparent lace parasols are still used, but not so much so as red silk ones. The former are costly to buy, and should any of you have a litthat he is yet only a youngster, his per- tle chiffone I can tell you how to trim it so it will still look well. Place a band of -At Springfield, recently, Jack Feek, narrow velvet from the top to the edge while working Alroy, met with an ac- at intervals outside, and a black velvet man who has been for some time a cident. He was going along the back-brakeman on a suburban passenger train stretch the right way of the track, and of the Northwestern railway. He is a had the pole, as the law directs. He point, place a wreath of leaves and roses. A novelty in parasols are the Sevres china handles, placed at the top, some that once graced a Louis XV stick they appear to be; when not put

-Fancy pocket-books are made of The bright scarlet English morocco, with corners and clasps of dull old silver. with double rings and the oval shape with clasp and chain (the latter intended for change), are still favorites; the gold is perfectly lovely. Then those crocheted of purse twist may be found in any and every color, those of black mingled with mauve being very stylish for light mourning. The tassels and rings, clasp with chain, can all be purchased in gold, silver or steel, so one can crochet and mount a purse to please herself.

-Every one should have on the toilet-cushion a large collection of small black and white headed pins, and some just long enough (and on no account too long) to pin the bonnet on securely, for they all require this. Flowers are worn in small bouquets, smaller than last year, happily, women have given up those long wreaths on the left shoulders, which had the effect of making the wearers look lopsided. is not easy to insert the ends of the flowers in a bottle, and thus preserve them, fer the bottles cannot be hidden.

Faded flowers, however, are a disfiguration of the state urement; therefore it is well to try wrapping the ends in a little moss, and then in oil-silk; by this means may be made to last over one day; burning the ends will often have the same effect