

Saved by a Song.

Only an old musician... Wasted with cruel care...

which usually set in on the beginning of November. No rain, but misty and foggy.

I was about to give up my watch, thinking that no one would come out on such a night if they could help it...

In an instant I had slipped from my hiding place and followed her. She passed on to Westminster and paused in the shadow of the grand old abbey...

Presently a hansom cab drove up close to the spot, and a man leaped out, paid and dismissed the cabman, and then advanced to Lady Littledale.

"Well," I could not catch how he addressed her, but I heard her ladyship reply.

"Ernest, how often have I told you not to address me in that way? Why do you forget?"

"Really, I do not know. I would do anything sooner than annoy you. You know that."

"I hope so. But Lord Littledale, I know is suspicious; he found some of your letters."

"Confound it! Why did you not destroy them? Never keep letters if you can help it."

"Am I not to have anything to remember you by?" demanded the lady sorrowfully.

"Oh, yes to be sure, I did not mean to speak unkindly. Only letters are dangerous just now. But have you the money?"

"I could not spare you fifty. I have brought you twenty-five. I cannot touch his money, and you now receive almost the entire of my private fortune."

"It's rather a nuisance as I am so pressed. But I must make it do, and am grateful to you."

And then the man drew her close to him and kissed her.

"You shall have the rest as soon as I can," she said mournfully, "but do be careful. I have seen the folly of extravagance and its dangers. Be warned."

Another embrace, some words spoken in so low a tone that I could not hear them, and then the two separated, going in different directions.

I tracked him to a billiard room, where he was evidently well known. He was soon deeply interested in a game of billiards—far too much so to notice me—so I called for some refreshments and watched the game.

Mr. Ernest won and wished to play another but his antagonist either had no time or the inclination, so, putting on his coat and hat, he left the room.

I volunteered to play and my offer was accepted.

I found Mr. Ernest a nice sort of gentleman, with that besetting sin of many young men—the idea that it is a fine thing to be fast. He was merry and somewhat witty, but do what I could, with all my experience or skill I could not draw any secret from him.

The game was well contested, and I managed to make several bets with him, all of which I won.

"Confound it all," he cried petulantly, as he threw down his cue, "I am out of luck to-night! Let me see—that will be £2 5s I owe you. Here, Jakes, get me this £5 note changed," and he threw one down on the table.

I advanced to the table and said, as I took up the note: "Don't trouble the marker—I'll change the note. Only just put your name at the back."

The young fellow wrote down his name and address.

"Ernest Graham, No.—South Audley street."

We shook hands and parted, promising to meet again at the same place on some future evening, so that he might have "his revenge."

The first thing I did the next morning was to hurry off to the bank, and the note, as I suspected, had been paid by Lady Littledale.

I hurried off to Lord Littledale and placed the matter before him.

Never had I, or have I, seen a man so out up in my life.

"To think that she should have deceived me!" he exclaimed. "Even if she had no respect for my ancient name and honor, she should have remembered this little girl—our daughter."

"Do not jump at conclusions, my lord," I said. "Her ladyship may be innocent. That there is a mystery about this no one can deny, but a mystery does not prove guilt."

"What age is this fellow?"

"About 22 or 23. Don't for one moment think that it is her ladyship's first husband come to life again."

"I know not what to think. Advise me, Mr. Gerval, what to do."

I thought for a moment and then asked: "Has your lordship some distant relation—a lady—who would oblige you by giving a party—one who would ask any one you might propose?"

"Yes, my cousin, Lady Ferncliff, gives one to-night. I intended to go with my wife; but now—"

"Nothing could be more fortunate," I interrupted quickly. "You must go, as if nothing had happened. You must also get me an invitation for myself and friend. You can do this?"

"I can write you the invitation now, but I do not know the purpose."

"Never mind that. Do as I tell you, and await the consequences calmly."

That afternoon I spent with Graham and after some pressure, made him consent to accompany me to Lady Ferncliff's.

Mr. Graham and I reached the reception room, and, as I had arranged with Lord Littledale, at once introduced Mr. Graham to Lady Ferncliff, who received him with marked favor, and, really and truly, a more handsome fellow, or a more gentlemanly one, was not to be found in the place.

We were about to move off, when I caught sight of Lord and Lady Littledale moving forward, and I was thunderstruck at Lady Littledale's wondrous likeness to Mr. Graham.

I had never seen her ladyship before, and was so startled that I could not speak.

Her ladyship was undoubtedly a very handsome woman, about 38, well preserved, and her toilet was splendid. Lady Ferncliff at once said:

"Oh, Mr. Graham, I must introduce you to a dear cousin of mine, Lady Littledale, Mr. Ernest Graham."

For a moment they stood thunderstruck. Then Lady Littledale muttered something about being delighted, bowed and passed on, but her face, neck and shoulders were covered with blushes, and her bosom heaved with emotions she could not suppress.

Mr. Graham was about to follow her, when Lord Littledale placed an iron grasp upon his arm, as he said: "A word with you, sir in private. There is a withdrawing room close by, where we can speak. Mr. Gerval please follow."

"The young man seemed startled at first, but bowed and accompanied Lord Littledale, while I followed.

"Now, sir," cried his lordship, "I demand to know how first you made the acquaintance of Lady Littledale. I presume you know who I am, and will not doubt my right to inquire."

"I suppose you are Lord Littledale, and therefore do not doubt your right, but at the same time I must decline to answer that question. I have scruples of honor."

"Honor! A man who takes money from a woman had better not mention honor."

The young fellow turned very red and bit his lips but made no reply.

"Dare you deny that you have accepted large sums of money from her?"

"No! I do not deny it—I confess it."

"No you deny that you love her?"

"No, I confess that I love her dearly," as the young fellow spoke I fancied I saw a smile on his face.

"Enough, sir! I know that it is not the custom of Englishmen to duel, but I have been a soldier and demand satisfaction."

And with this Lord Littledale turned upon his heel and was about to leave the room, when Mr. Graham cried: "Stay, my lord. Believe me, if any man had challenged me but you I would have fought him, let the consequences have been what they might. But with you I cannot—I will not fight."

"And why not with me?"

"I—I cannot explain."

"Coward!" cried his lordship; and he raised his hand to strike, when the curtains at the further end of the room were thrown apart, and Lady Littledale, dashing in, threw herself at her husband's feet.

"Spare him—spare him! He has acted well—indeed he has!"

"Dare you say this to me!" cried Lord Littledale, red with passion. Tell me—who is the fellow?"

"My son."

"Your son!"

"Yes. When I separated from Captain Marsham, he carried off our only child, a boy, by force."

"Why did you not tell me this before?"

"Listen, and I will explain all. A year after the separation, I received a letter from Marsham stating that the child was dead. I found out afterwards that this was done only to wring my heart. The child lived. Some years after Marsham died I married you."

"Why did you not tell me this before?"

"You were so jealous I dared not. You would not let me even speak of the first marriage. I believed that the child was dead until I discovered that he was not. Marsham had placed him with low horse-racing people, to be a jockey or anything. Two years after we had been married I found the boy, and had him placed at school. I dared not tell you—I dreaded your anger. If there has been sin, it has been mine, not his. Visit it on me."

"Mother," cried Ernest, "since I may now call you so before the world, do not plead for me. I can go forth and toil for my bread—nay, if need be, for yours also."

He stooped to raise her up, when Lord Littledale put him gently aside.

"Young gentleman that is my duty, not yours."

"Maud," he whispered, "I would you had trusted me more. But I know sweet wife, you will in the future. There—to show you how truly I forgive you—there is my hand to your son. Henceforth, my boy, look on me as your father?"

Ernest went that night to a hotel, but the next day started for Littledale Park, where, having to make many arrangements, he did not arrive until late, so that many of the family had retired to rest.

Lord Littledale had chosen this method to avoid the talk of London society.

Ernest Marsham, as we must now call him, was up early and enjoying a walk in the beautiful park, when a lovely girl came bounding up to him.

Throwing her arms around his neck she cried: "Welcome to Littledale Park, dear brother!"

They embraced tenderly, and then Clara led her new found brother about the place to show him the beauties, so that it was rather late when they arrived to breakfast.

But Lord Littledale only laughed, although as a rule, a stickler for punctuality.

Never were two people more happy than Lord and Lady Littledale, and such was the happy termination of "Lord Littledale's Love."

John Murphy had a very narrow escape at New York, recently. He was driving the bay mare Western Belle, and had just given her a mile in 2.37. As he was about to step out of the sulky the axle broke off short at the wheel.

The result of the Jerome stakes was decidedly unsatisfactory, and an opportunity may be given for the Bard and Elkwood to meet again. Spellman, Elkwood's jockey, mistook the finish mark and pulled up his horse too quick.

Mr. Gratz, the owner of Elkwood, expressed a willingness to enter the latter for a sweepstakes of \$500 to a \$1000 a side, to be open to other 3-year-olds, the distance to be from a mile and three-quarters to two miles and a quarter.

It takes but thirteen minutes to lead an elephant on a train, while it takes twenty for any sort of woman to bid her friends good-by and lose the check for her trunk.

A Lucky Shot.

Among the visitors spending the summer with relatives at the little city on the Mississippi, where I lived, was a very pretty creole from New Orleans, a Miss Jenone Poselwaite. She was very bright, possessed beautifully, sang, played on the guitar, and rumor had it that her parents were very wealthy. I was favorably impressed with her the first time I met her, and as I grew to know her better I began to feel that she was my affinity. I attempted to be her most devoted admirer, but she declined to commit herself in the least. While I knew, as any man who has been the least observing can know, that my marked attentions were not displeasing to her, still I had no reason to believe that she regarded them more than the outward, visible signs of an inward transient flirtation. We danced together, sang and attended lawn parties, but for the life of me I could not tell whether she reciprocated my affection or not. I was too proud to declare myself, until, in a manner, assured that I would not be rejected. No man of pride cares to risk being told by the girl that she will always regard him as a friend, but never as a lover. He is not looking after a friend.

She was not a flirt and did not show any partiality for any other young man in town. And I also learned by diplomatic questioning of her relatives that she was not engaged, and so far as they knew, was heart-whole and fancy free.

The summer was pretty well advanced and the young visitor was talking of going back to New Orleans. My suit I could wish; and it became evident that she would return home without giving me the necessary assurances to warrant me in proposing. I succeeded, however, in delaying her departure until late in September, on the grounds that it would be dangerous to her health to think of returning to the South before that time.

The last week of September came, and the day of her departure was near at hand. Her cousin had arranged to give the farewell meeting at the Archery club. It came off the night before Miss Poselwaite left. I was there. While standing near the arrow rack, for we were still going through the form of shooting at the target, I handed the pretty guest an arrow, it being her turn to shoot. Her thin arrow sped along through the air and failed to hit the target.

I made fun of her marksmanship, and intimated that I would not be afraid to stand up and let her shoot at me.

"You are afraid to hold my fan and let me shoot at it," she said.

I accepted the challenge, and, standing a respectable distance away, held out at arm's length her pretty little fan. She raised the bow, adjusted the arrow and shot. I heard a whizz, and the next thing I knew was unable to see anything.

In an instant Miss Poselwaite was at my side, leading me to the house. In that brief walk I made the discovery that the arrow had not gone into my eye, but had struck my nose about an eighth of an inch from the eye, and the blood from the wound had spurted over my eye and temporarily blinded me. I was taken up stairs and cold cloths put on my eye. A physician was sent for, and while awaiting his coming Miss Poselwaite was my nurse. I noticed that every once in a while she put a handkerchief up to her own eyes as if to dry tears. She naturally felt badly, and I was so much in love that I was glad of it, for by that time I was pretty sure that the eye was not injured in the least, a fact which the physician's examination subsequently confirmed. I felt that now was my time and determined to make the best of it.

I complained of pain, of feeling dizzy, and of how hard it would be to go through life with my right impaired. She cried, and I kept right on, until, fearing that the doctor would come, I determined to reach a climax right off, so I said something about wishing she had killed me instead of making me blind.

"Can you ever forgive me?" she sobbed, for my lamentations had been too much for her.

I grasped the pretty hand as she started to change the application on my eye, and, holding it, said, in a most Claude Melnotte style of declamation: "Do you really feel sorry?"

She sobbed.

I continued: "Do you feel sorry enough for me to share my dark, dark life?"

She made no attempt to release her hand, so I felt encouraged and got up and told her how dearly I loved her. She accepted me. The doctor interrupted a very pleasant love scene, and for once was a most unwelcome visitor.

Jenone left for her home. We were married the following winter.

Queer Simulations.

In the aquarium at Naples the custode by the waving of a wand makes what seem small tracts of gravel rise from the bed of the tanks, and as they swim away you see they are flat fish (in his simulated English he calls them "fat fish") like plaice, marked all over with an exquisitely simulated mosaic of variegated gravel, quite indistinguishable from that amid which they take their rest.

Most startling it is when lying in the noontide shade of the woods of Southern Europe to see bits of bright green or dull gray russet which you had looked upon as leaves suddenly seemed to take to themselves wings and fly away. There is an insect whose long thin body is a perfect ditto of the dry twig on which he perches, and while he perches he flaps his small diaphanous wings with such rapidity as to make them invisible to the dull sense of the human observer; more startling still it is therefore when this seeming twig finally dashes away into space. Butterflies and moths, too, are often pictures of the flowers on which they alight.

The Dwyers' Richmond, now owned by Roth & Co., has gone into Ben Fryor's hands.

HORSE NOTES.

The fifty or more trotting horses owned by the late Harrison Durkee will be sold at auction at New York on November 3.

It is generally conceded that Mr. Lorillard has raced his Mortemers too hard as 2-year-olds.

Green B. Morris has sent Bersan, by Ten Broeck, dam Sally M., to Natura Stud Farm to winter.

W. L. Scott is arranging to send two stallions and twenty broodmares to Kentucky in order to get the benefit of the Kentucky blue grass.

W. H. Snyder has taken the r. g. Howard Jay and g. g. Phil Thompson to the half mile track at Guttenberg, where he is working them.

There are upward of 400 horses quartered at the Latonia Ky. race track. There is stabling room for 500.

Frank Herdic says he has sold during the present season \$2,250,000 worth of pools, and considers trotting and pacing to be gaining in popularity.

Mr. Mathers, of New York, has purchased of B. Niez, of Augusta, Ga., the ch. g. Dan, 2.37, by Harold, out of a thoroughbred mare. Price, \$2500.

S. S. Brown's stable has arrived at the Latonia, Ky. race track with Taubadour, Lizzie Krepps, Mona, Masterpiece, O'Fallon and three others.

J. B. Prather, of Maryville, Mo., has bought of P. T. Barnum & Co. the b. m. Olivette, foaled 1878, sired by Alarm, dam Sophy Badderly, by imp. Australian.

Craffie paid \$104.50 for each \$5 invested on her in the fourth race at Brighton Beach on Monday. The stable thought little of her chance and failed to back her.

Pierre Lorillard says the sale of his breeding stud will be made without reserve, and adds: "I will also sell the farm at a low price. I have entirely given up racing and breeding, my time being all occupied with Tuxedo Park."

The famous colt Kingsten was reported dead last week by the New York papers. He is yet alive, however, and doing well. Kingsten was cut down by Lizzie Krepps in the race for the Flatbush stakes at Coney Island, and this injury is what led to the report of his death.

Frederick Gebhard has leased the Polo grounds adjoining Jerome Park, and will build a private stable. Mr. Gebhard says he intends to keep quite a racing stable. Tom Little has been engaged to train the steeplechasers, and Barbee is said to have also engaged with Mr. Gebhard for next season.

A. Belmont has purchased of W. C. Daly the chestnut mare Delilah, 6 years, by The Ill-Used, dam imp. Dauntless, by Macaroni. Mr. Belmont has in turn sold to Mr. Daly, the chestnut filly Belladonna, 2 years, by Kingfisher, dam Bellona, by The Ill-Used, and the bay filly Vivandiere, 2 years, by Lytleton, dam Vinagrette, by Vandal.

Eleanor, chestnut mare, by George M. Patchen, dam a thoroughbred mare, owned by Jacob Hopper, Hackensack, N. J., died recently. She gave birth to a foal by George Peabody, this season, which also died. Eleanor was 21 years old, and was got by George M. Patchen, the year that he died. Very few mares by him, if any, are living.

The following table, published in the New York Sportman, gives interesting information concerning this season's Grand Circuit races:

Table with 2 columns: Association Name and Amount Paid in Purse. Includes Home Wood Park, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, Island Park, Charter Oak, and Hampden Park.

Amounts Wagered at the Different Meetings. Table with 2 columns: Meeting Name and Amount Wagered. Includes Home Wood Park, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, Island Park, Charter Oak, and Hampden Park.

Total distributed in purses: \$1,025,215. The number of heats trotted and paced from Detroit to Springfield and the divisions of time are as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Number of heats trotted and paced in 2:30 or bet., Number slower than 2:30 and not slower than 2:35, Number slower than 2:35 and not slower than 2:30, Number slower than 2:30.

Total: 429. To go one step further we find the total amount distributed in purses and pools through the circuit to be \$1,663,465, and, as this amount was divided and decided by the 429 heats trotted and paced, it gives an average of nearly \$4000 decided on every heat, without regard to book-betting.

It is the custom to make light of the pretensions of a horse after his 5th year, but the case of Bendigo is a peculiar one. Old horses have ceased to bear the palm with 3-year-olds because they are usually hammered to death at 2 and 3 years old. Bendigo is the most notable exception in the annals of modern British racing. "He is 'Irish-born,' and did not start at 2 years old. Then he fell into the hands of a very conservative owner in Mr. Barclay. He is one of the few who appreciate a great race-horse. He never runs the horse above two or three races during the season. Although a 6-year-old, Bendigo is as fresh in speed and stamina as a 3-year-old; more so than most 3-year-olds at this season. The ease with which he played with his field in the Eclipse stakes at Sandown, in July—a field composed of such good ones as St. Galien, Miss Jummy, etc.—beating them to a standstill, demonstrated this. Ormonde may be a great colt, as is claimed, but he will need to be 'the horse of the century,' as his admirers claim to defeat Bendigo at the weights. Should he succeed in doing so, the Duke of Westminster can retire him to the stud, where Touchstone, Doncaster and Bend Or have all reigned in their day, with the satisfaction of having the most highly tried horse in the world.

FASHION NOTES.

There is not the slightest diminution in the use of lace as a garniture for entire dresses, bonnets and coats. White moire is now much used as a foundation for elegant evening dresses of white lace, this fabric being thought to still further enhance the fragile beauty of the lace mesh and pattern. Watered sash ribbon in the back and cascades of narrow width are set down on one side of the front drapery.

Evening fans of gauze, hand-painted and with carved ivory sticks, are among the novelties. They have feather tips made of ostrich plumes turned into a circle. The combinations of color and material, as well as the designs, are exceedingly tasteful and elegant. Ostrich feather fans are shown in new and attractive designs. There are fewer fancy feather fans than were shown last season, the ordinary form of closing fan being generally preferred.

Black kid gloves promise to be in general use for even the most dressy toilets. They are without ornament save plain stitching are very long and in mousquetaire style. There are elegant new gloves in pearl shades with heavy black stitching, also pale straw and biscuit shades with black. While undressed kid gloves are preferred in Paris to those that are finished, they do not obtain the same degree of favor here. Many ladies object seriously to the feeling of undressed kid and will not wear it under any circumstances. It does not retain its shape as well as dressed kid, and is not nearly so durable.

Bracelets are shown in great variety and in some unique and elegant styles. All strictly fashionable bracelets are either in narrow flexible bands or loops of slender wire. There are no broad bands of rigid metal in the novelty cases, the general effect being light and delicate rather than strong or durable, although as a matter of fact these slender bracelets are the more durable of the two styles. There are some very pretty checker-board patterns in emeralds and diamonds, also in rubies and diamonds. A choice bracelet shows a very large black pearl and a diamond, set on each end of a loop of gold. The ends pass each other so that when on the arm the two gems are side by side. A fine bracelet of beaten gold is set with very large freshwater pearls.

Among the popular styles in the folding fans are those made of gauze mounted on ivory or wood sticks. Some of these are hand-painted in artistic sketches, flowers, landscapes, birds or figures, and a combination of all. Crepe lisse folding fans showing nearly all the combinations in the summer-dress goods, handsomely embroidered, are among the novelties. A special novelty in Japanese folding fans is shown in painted crepe. The mount has gold or silver figures in bright colored designs on the crinkly surface of the crepe, and the effect is very pretty. Flat Japanese fans of embroidered silk, with the embroidery alike on both sides, are very handsome. There are also fans of similar material with odd-shaped frames that form the mount into a shallow bowl-shaped surface.

There are a few matters concerning health that are more completely misunderstood by the average man or woman than the subject of underclothing. In the first place I may say that in our climate some kind of underclothing should be worn by man, woman and child all the year round—summer as well as winter—though, of course, it should vary in character with the seasons. There are doubtless many who wear nothing of the sort winter or summer, and who have thus far escaped all ill consequences, or at least think they have. In all probability, however, they are deceiving themselves. They may not yet have suffered any serious inconvenience from that neglect to clothe themselves properly, but they are quite certainly, even though the process goes on slowly, weakening their resisting powers, and are hence rendering themselves less capable of bearing up against the attacks which morbid influences are consequently making. Every year finds them more apt to suffer from slight ailments, each one of which debilitates the system; advancing age makes them more susceptible, and at last pneumonia, pleurisy, dysentery or some other serious disease strikes them down. The changes in our climate are so sudden and severe as to require all the vital strength of the organism to combat them, and if the body be not properly protected the danger is greatly increased. Even with all the care that can be exercised the barriers are often broken down.

Jet and beaded bonnets generally will be worn for dress during the next three months. The beaded bonnet is a small capote of beads strung in trellis or other open patterns, and the tulle is massed along the edge of the whole bonnet, and forms high rosettes or loops in front supporting jet wings, a bird, or butterfly, and falls from each side in wide strings that are tied under the throat. Other jet bonnets have a rosette of the narrow velvet ribbons that come with cord loops on the edges; the rosettes may be of pistache green, or of yellow, cream white, or scarlet, and in some cases two or three colors are used, a mass of green loops forming a third of the rosette, a yellow cluster for another third, and cream-white loops completing it. Red and green velvet loops form other rosettes, a cluster of green loops forming half, and red loops the other half of the rosette. The new Salamambo blue, which is pale gray-blue, is massed with rose and cream-colored velvet, and out of the centre of the rosette is an agrette of the whitest heron feathers. Pale-pink beads, blue beads, white beads with gold centres, and clear crystal beads are used for the small bonnets worn for evening dress. The fronts are edged with tucked shirred tulle; the whole bonnet has tulle drawn over it, and a flower cluster is held by ribbon loops in front. Such bonnets seldom have strings, but lace strings may be added, with a small bow at the throat set with jeweled pins.