

The Homestead.

Oh, wanderers from ancestral soil, Leave noisome mill and chaffering store, Gird up your loins for sturdier toils, And build the home once more!

THE JUDGE'S WOOLING.

Monsieur Zacharias Seller, an old judge of the tribunal of Stantz and member of the grand council of Lucerae, after having slept for twenty-five or thirty years through the clamors of the advocates on his circuit, had obtained the favor of withdrawing to his snug villa, situated on the Kusnacht street, near the German gate.

These two, full of indulgence for one another, respected their reciprocal manias. There looked after the household admirably, ironed the linen, and took care to renew monsieur's stock of tobacco, shut up in a large stone jar, after which she was at liberty to attend to her birds, read her prayer book and go to mass.

Monsieur Zacharias was approaching his 80th year, wore a wig, and had no other distraction than to cultivate a few flowers and read the morning paper. This was well enough for a time, but there came a morning when the world seemed a blank. He said to himself that he needed something more exciting than to watch flower pots in a window and begot himself in the mazes of stupid politics.

For example, whenever Monsieur was seized with a desire to go fishing, he excellent man, who deplored to himself his feebleness, would look up at the sky, and say with a melancholy shake of the head: "It is very fine this morning, Therese. What weather! Not a drop of rain for three weeks!"

There would allow him to languish for a few moments, then, laying aside her knitting and her prayer book, she would go to finding the fishing bag, the waistcoat, and the big hat of her master.

"This is an excellent idea of yours, Therese. Yes, I will go fishing." "Very well, Monsieur, but be sure to return at 7 o'clock. The evenings are cool now."

One day in the month of July, 1845, toward 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Zacharias found his fishing bag so full of salmon trout that he not did wish to take any more, because, as he said to himself, it was necessary to leave some for the next day.

Then, having broken his crust of bread and moistened his lips from his little bottle, he clambered fifteen or twenty steps below the footpath, and lay down in the shade of the fir trees upon the moss, his eyelids growing heavy.

Never had the old judge been so sleepy. The oppressive heat of the sun, darting his long arrows of gold into the shadow of the wood, the murmur of insects upon the side of the hill, the distant cooing of ring doves squatted under the somber shade of the beech trees, formed such a grand harmony that the soul of Zacharias melted away in the universal concert.

He blushed, and rising said: "Good day, my beautiful child!" "The young girl stopped, opened her eyes wide and recognized him, for who in all the country did not know the worthy judge?"

"Hi!" said she, with a smile; "this is Monsieur Zacharias Seller." The old man ascended into the path. He wanted to speak, but he only stammered some unintelligible words, like a very young man, so that the young girl appeared much embarrassed. Finally he made out to say:

"Where are you going through the wood at this hour, my child?" "She pointed out to him in the distance, at the bottom of the valley, the house of a forester."

"I am returning to my father, Yeri Foerster, whom you know without doubt, Monsieur Judge." "So you are the daughter of the worthy Yeri. You are the little Charlotte of whom he often speaks when he brings me his reports!"

"Yes, Monsieur Judge." "Very well, I will accompany you home. I should like to see the worthy Foerster again. He must be getting a little old?"

"He is about your age, Monsieur Judge," said Charlotte, simply; "about 60 years old." This artless response brought the good man to his senses, and as he went along he became very pensive.

"Good day, Monsieur Judge," said he, with the frank and cordial air of the mountaineer, "what happy circumstances procure me the honor of such a visit?"

"Master Yeri," replied the good man, "I have tarried in the mountains until it is too late to go home. Have you a little corner vacant at your table, and a bed at the disposition of a friend?"

"Hey!" cried the forester, "if there was not one bed in the house, should it not be for the best, the most honored of our ancient magistrates of Stantz? Ah, Monsieur Seller, what an honor you do the humble dwelling of Yeri Foerster!"

And mounting the six steps before the door he cried out: "Christina, Christina, run to the cellar, Judge Zacharias has come to repose under our roof."

At this a very little old woman, with a figure as stiff as a ramrod, but still fresh and smiling, appeared upon the threshold and disappeared immediately, murmuring: "Oh, God! Is it possible! Monsieur the Judge!"

"Ah, my good people," said Zacharias, "in truth you receive me too kindly." "Monsieur," replied the forester, "if you forget the good you have done others I do not."

him; her reproaches, her rage even. She had not shut her eyes the whole night; she had imagined him drowned in the river; she had sent ten people to look for him, etc.

Monsieur Seller heard the complaints with the same calmness with which he had formerly listened to the metaphors of an advocate pleading a lost cause—he heard, but said nothing.

By the beginning of autumn he had fallen into such a habit of being at the forester's house that one would have found him oftener there than at home, and Yeri found himself much embarrassed to refuse the presents which the worthy magistrate begged him to accept in return for his daily hospitality.

"I never knew a better judge, a more learned and respectable man than Monsieur Seller, but I believe he is out of his mind. Only the other day he wanted to help me build the hut for the timouse, and then he must also help Charlotte turn the hay, while all the peasants laugh at him. This is not proper, Christina; but I do not dare to speak to him, he is so much above us."

"Let him alone," answered Christina. "With a little milk and honey this good Zacharias is content. He likes to be with us, it is so simple here, and then he likes to talk to our little daughter. Who knows but that he may adopt her, and when he dies she would be remembered in his will."

The forester shrugged his shoulders. His natural sense made him divine some mystery, but he did not go to the length of suspecting the folly of the old judge. One fine morning he saw descending the mountain a wagon laden with three barrels of Rivevir wine.

"This good Zacharias is the best man in the world. Go, Charlotte, and make for him a bouquet of the finest roses and jasmies in the garden, and when he comes give it to him yourself. God, what wine! What fire!"

Zacharias followed close upon the heels of his present, and felt himself more than repaid by the flowers which Charlotte hastened to give him, while the forester said cordially: "You must take supper with us and taste your wine, Monsieur Seller. My wife is right to call you our benefactor."

Zacharias, seated at the table in the open air, his fishing pole against the wall, Charlotte opposite him and the forester on the right, began to talk of his prospects for the future. He had a pretty fortune, well managed, and he wanted to buy 200 acres of woodland on the edge of the valley and build a forester's house on the hillside.

"Mother Christina came in in her turn and devised this thing and that, Charlotte appeared content and Zacharias imagined himself understood by these worthy people. And he went to his chamber that night full of the most blissful illusions, putting off till the next day his great declaration, doubting nothing as to the result. He held Charlotte's bouquet in his hand, and when he was alone he fell to kissing it with effusion, weeping like a child, and murmuring:

"Zacharias, Zacharias, you are going to be the happiest of men, and may I please God, you will renew your youth in a little Zacharias, or a little Charlotte who shall dance upon your knees and caress you with her rosy little hands." At this the good man seated himself, drunk with hope, his elbow on the window sill, his eyes wide open, and hearing as in a dream the frogs croaking under the moon in the silent valley.

Imagine to yourself that humble sitting room, with its ceilings streaked with brown girders, the round table in the midst with its dish of trout and plates of fruit and honey, yellow as gold, and worthy Papa Zacharias presenting each in turn to Charlotte, who dropped her eyes, astonished at the compliments and tender words of the old man.

"Poor, poor Zacharias," murmured the old judge. "Behold thy illusions flown!" And he went to bed sobbing, and covered his head with the bed covers so as not to be heard.

Toward 7 o'clock the next morning, having regained a little calm, he descended to the sitting room and found Yeri, his wife and daughter waiting breakfast for him.

"My friend," said he to the forester, "I have a favor to ask you. You know the son of the forester at Grindewald, do you not?" "Karl Imant, yes, Monsieur."

"He is a fine youth, and, I believe, of good conduct." "I believe it also, Monsieur Seller." "Is he properly qualified to succeed his father?"

"Yes; he is 20 years old, he understands the management of snares and nets, and he can read and write. But he must also have patronage." "Very well. I have influence in the administration of waters and forests, and in fifteen days Karl Imant shall be forester at Grindewald. Furthermore, I demand of you the hand of Charlotte for this handsome and worthy young man."

At this conclusion Charlotte, who at first had become very red, and who trembled like a leaf, fell with a cry into her mother's arms. The old forester turned and looked at her with a severe eye.

"What is this, Charlotte. Do you refuse?" "Oh, no, no, father!" "So much the better, for I have nothing to refuse to Monsieur Judge Zacharias. Come here and thank your benefactor."

Charlotte ran up to the old man, who kissed her with his eyes full of tears. Then, alleging the petition of Karl Imant which he was in a hurry to make, he set out for the city, taking only a crust of bread in his bag for breakfast.

Five days afterward Karl Imant received the brevet of forester at Grindewald, and eight days later married Charlotte. Monsieur Seller could not be at the wedding; he was indisposed that day, greatly to the regret of the worthy forester and his family. Since then the judge rarely goes fishing, and when he does it is at Brunnen, on the other side of the mountain.

"It has come to this in business," a merchant said recently, "that you can generally cheat a man worst by selling him the fair, square truth. He won't believe you, and in the end when he finds he's swindled, he has nobody to blame but himself." A story which we once heard a dog-fancier tell illustrates perfectly what the speaker meant.

"I had some dogs to sell," the dog owner remarked, "and among them was a very good-looking fellow that wasn't worth a pin. He was a handsome brute, but he hadn't been trained, and you couldn't train him. He had all the points, but he was worthless. Well, one day a fellow wanted to buy a dog, and I told him to take two or three out hunting with him and look them over and pick out one; he asked what the price was, and I said to him, 'I gave \$20 for that dog, but I tell you honestly it is not worth anything.' And I told him just how it was. What was the result? Why, he thought I wanted to keep that dog, and was lying to keep him from buying him, and have him he would. Two or three weeks afterward he offered me the dog for \$5, and finally he took him up the country and left him, because he was not worth bringing back. Everybody less now-a-days that a man never thinks you are telling the truth in a trade."

Any business man would be likely enough to be able to add instances of a similar nature. The truth is that trickery in trade has become so common as almost to be regarded as legitimate, and the old proverb has been practically to add trade to love and war in the category of things which excuse any and all means of gaining an end.

FASHION NOTES.

Dark blue of the shade known as the "Princess of Wales" blue is perhaps the most popular of all colors just now. The universal becomingness of this particular tone in blue renders it an unusual favorite, and then it is never obtrusive, it does not fade in silk or all-wool fabrics, and it is agreeably relieved in white, cream, ecru or red in certain shades.

French cashmeres are exquisitely fine and beautifully colored this season. The three popular shades are Suede, pale mauve and cream, and the novel way of using them is as linings to transparent embroideries on cream net, representing lace. Skirts made thus are exquisitely soft and pretty, the bodice composed of the cashmere, draped in surplice fashion, with folds of the embroidered net.

Plain velvets come in all new colors, also repped or epingle in cross stripes alternating with plain velvet. The novelty in the petite pois or peadotted velvets, with small spots embroidered on them in contrasting colors, such as currant red wrought on Salammbo blue, on navy blue, or on green, and also in tone upon tone, especially in brown shades, such as Suede dots on bois de rose, the new rose-wood shade.

Ladies who have had their hair cut short and desire to put it up again will find a double French twist desirable. This is rolled from each side to the middle of the back of the head, the rolls being perpendicular and ends tucked in very snugly. A much better effect is produced if the hair be naturally wavy or be slightly crimped, in which case if a lock escape it is not so unsightly as short, straight, stubby looking ends. Switches of crimped hair may be used to cover the natural hair if it be too short to do up in a twist.

A small portion in the back or on the crown of the head may be securely tied and the ends turned in as closely as possible. The crimped switch can then be arranged so as to conceal the tied portion, and the loose ends of the short hair drawn under it.

Black Turc satin has appeared among the list of novel elegancies, and a number of Parisian dinner-dresses of this costly material are made with sharp-pointed corsage front, with the skirt laid in very wide, double box plaits, the upper portion of each forming a panel, which is covered with a mass of jet embroideries. Between each is a wide stripe of black velvet, decorated with four handsome jet-baded pendants set one above another. The jet embroidery enriches the corsage and sleeves, and smaller jet motifs are set down each side of the front of the velvet vest. The back is in princess style, with a V of the jet embroidery inserted half its length.

In trained evening dresses, or bridal toilets, the graceful princess dress still meets with great favor. Sometimes the front alone has the princess effect, with corsage pointed at the back, and vice versa. There is a soft and intricate mingling of lace and silk or satins upon the fronts of these gowns, which is novel and very effective, with bouffants often being carried in and out among the silken folds in a manner impossible for any but an adept to copy. Some of the new black toilets made in this style, for dinners and receptions are of exceptional beauty and richness, made up in fabrics of velvet-brocaded etamine, silk, lace in the exquisite thread designs, and jet-embroidered tulle.

The front hair is not worn so low over the brows as heretofore, but in many styles is drawn back and sometimes brushed away from the temples altogether. The Pompadour roll has been adopted by some ladies to whose style it is suited. The front hair is slightly crimped and rolled over a light puff, the hair at the temples brought slightly forward and crimped, or small pin-curls are used to fill out the sides and relieve the plainness which is in such striking contrast to the heavily covered brows that have been so fashionable. False fronts in Pompadour style are very light and pretty. They are made in a net and rolled over with small curls at the sides and a delicate fringe of hair over the brow. For the Russian bang the natural hair is cut short like a boy's, in the front, and slightly curled by pressing it with the hands while it is damp. It is then brushed to a point in the middle of the forehead and well back from the temples. Ornaments for the hair are fashionable, but must be judiciously arranged to be effective. Fancy shell-pins, knots of ribbon and some fancy metal pins are used.

Demorest says there are indications of a change from the high styles of hair-dressing that have of late prevailed. At the moment a favorite fashion seems to be the rather large sized knob directly at the back, the coil or braid set rather loosely and standing out some distance from the head. It is becoming to certain people, but, like all other fashions, to be effective must be adapted to the person who is to wear it. The flat or "Dutch braids are worn, but the effect is patchy and not at all stylish. The French twist remains very popular, and if becoming is a very easy and stylish way of arranging the back hair. It is desirable that the twist should not be too bulky, and instead of rubbing the ends entirely into the twist, as some persons do, it is much better, especially if the hair be thick, to carry them to the crown of the head and dispose them in puffs or loops, adding whatever is necessary. In the way of false locks, figures and loops are always in favor, but the switches for them should always be of loosely crimped hair, else they will be too heavy looking, and the loops must not be too large. Small crimped switches run in weight from two to three ounces. Puffs, which are again quite popular, are preferably made of naturally crimped hair, as they are then much lighter, and a small amount of hair is required to make them. They are not large, three inches in length by one and one-half inches in diameter being a desirable size.

For elegant autumn toilets are displayed rich brocaded velvets on etamine grounds, and also very beautiful Persian-brocaded stripes on foundations of ecru canvas, and also dove-tailed. Long French poulaines will be made of the plain textures draped over displayed skirts of the same, which show an artistic intermingling of the plain and the striped stuffs. Bands of the stripe are often arranged horizontally on one side of the skirt, the bands set about two and one-half inches apart. On the other side they from belt to hem, with wide plaitings of the plain set each side.

Budd Dobie is talking of going to California with Oliver K., and Crawford is thinking of crossing the mountains with Charley Hilton. Bither would also like to spend the winter on the Pacific coast with Jay-Eye-See, and Frank Van Ness will spend the winter in California with Harry Wilkes.

HORSE NOTES.

Commotion, the great Australian race-horse has gone lame.

Phallas will very likely be located in Kentucky next season.

Harry Blylock, the jockey, has signed to ride for Ed Corrigan next season.

John Murphy drove Picard, by Abdallah Pilot, a half mile in 1.06 1/2, at Fleetwood, last week.

Dr. Bray, of Pittville, Philadelphia, has sold his 2-year-old Messenger Chief colt. Price, \$500.

Little Minch and Elgin, for whom George Hankins, of Chicago, paid \$11,000, have not won a race since leaving the East.

A. Loudon Snowden drove one of his horses, with another he was trying, a mile over Belmont Course in 2.27 1/2, to a top wagon.

J. K. Leavitt drove J. H. Gould and Bessie M. a mile to road wagon in 2.22 1/2, last quarter in 31 seconds, over the Belmont track.

W. S. Barnes, owner of Blue Wing and other race-horses, will, it is said, sell out and retire from the turf at the end of the present season.

Mr. Case says that Jay-Eye-See has been greatly benefited by the long let-up, and asserts that the little black will be as fast as ever next season.

Walter Gratz, of Philadelphia, has bought of D. O'Connor, the br. f. Juliet, foaled 1883, by Hyder Ali, dam Etta (Sally Red), by Star Davis.

Old Barnum has started thirty-five times this year, won nineteen races, been unplaced but four times, and has captured \$15,655 in gross earnings.

Oliver K. beat Harry Wilkes, Arab, Charley Hilton and Phyllis in straight heats at St. Louis. The time of the three heats was 2.16 1/2, 2.16 1/2, 2.17.

The g. m. Alice Medium, record 2.34, by Happy Medium, was run into and thrown down on the track at Elkton, Md., October 7, and subsequently died on the cars.

Milton Young, of the McGrathiana Stud, Lexington, Ky., has purchased of L. Duval, of Richmond, Mo., the brown horse Strathmore, foaled 1876, by Waverly, dam Brenna, by Knight of St. George. Strathmore will probably be used as a stallion at the McGrathiana Stud.

Major Eldridge McConkey, of Harrisburg, Secretary of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, recently returned from a short visit to Kentucky. While at Lexington, he saw the colt Wild Lake, the conqueror of Bermuda, Nutbreaker, etc., and paid a visit to Mr. H. C. Mock, at Danville, where were quartered a number of the produce of Messenger Chief during the past two seasons. He pronounces them exceedingly promising, and states that he has never seen a lot that for looks, speed and general thriftiness were their superiors, if equals, in any of his previous visits to the Blue Grass region.

The greatest sale of trotting stock ever held was that at Glenview, Ky., during the week ending October 16th, when 153 head of highly bred animals were sold at public auction for something over \$325,000, an average of about \$2100 per head. This sale shows the high estimate in which the well-bred trotting horse is held. Pantoast, a 9-year old bay stallion, brought \$25,000, which is the highest figure ever paid for a trotter at auction. The well-known Nutwood, half-brother to Maud S., sold for \$22,000. The Glenview Farm, which is the estate of the late J. C. McFerran, was purchased by J. I. Case, owner of Jay-Eye-See, and S. H. Wilson, of sewing machine fame, for \$72,403, an average of \$113.50 per acre. Pantoast was started at \$10,000. John H. Clark, of New Brunswick, N. J., was the principal bidder against J. H. Shultz, who finally got the horse. Robert Steel was the biggest buyer from Philadelphia.

The rupture between Mr. Haggin and the jockey Spellman has been healed, and the latter signed a new contract to ride for the California stable another season. The trouble arose through jealousy on Spellman's part, who says that the reduced rate of Hidalgo for the grand national handicap, at Jerome Park, and went to weigh out, dressed in the colors, when he was told he would have to "stand down," as Hayward was to ride the horse. Spellman demurred. He said he had understood when he engaged with Mr. Haggin that it was as first jockey, and he had been told to prepare to ride Hidalgo. Mr. Haggin explained that he had paid Hayward for a call on his services, and thought he might as well have some benefit from his money. Spellman replied that in that case Hayward could ride them all, and asked for his release. Mr. Haggin at first refused, but subsequently consented, and they settled and parted.

The chief prizes at Vienna (Austria), fall meeting, were won by the American importations, opposed to Russians. Blue Belle was beaten in her maiden race on Austrian soil, a 2400 metre dash, by Van Buren Girl, Gladys, Benedict and Silverleaf. In a 3600 metre dash which followed, the Blue Belle mare came out with flying colors, beating Gladys, Nabob, the Russian, Amelia C. and Ambler. On the second day, September 30th, the star race of the meeting took place. This was a race of mile heats for a purse of 4000 francs, under the following conditions: If a horse won the best two in three heats the race to be ended; if there was no winner of the majority of heats, then five heats were to be trotted, the horse ranking best to receive the first premium of 2500 francs. Judging from the summary all were out for the money, and they split the race up in good style. Amelia C. captured the first heat, Amber the second, and Gladys the third. As the summary stood, two more heats were necessary to declare the winner. Gladys won the fourth and Blue Belle the fifth, making the first named the winner of first premium. The last event was for teams, dash of 3600 metres, won by the Russians, Bedouin and Woron, beating Van Buren Girl and Russia Spy.