

Love and Laughter.

Laugh and the world laughs with you; Weep, and you weep alone; This grand old earth must borrow its mirth, It has troubles enough of its own.

CISSY'S LOVER.

It was an ordinary picture—a pretty, slender young girl seated under an ivy-wreathed porch, darning stockings; but Philip Staunton's eyes brightened as they rested upon it, and a strange thrill stirred his unusually unsusceptible heart.

"Have I traversed the wide world over, and gone unscathed all these years," he asked himself, "only to fall in love, at first sight, with a rustic divinity out in the wilds of Yorkshire?"

At the sound of his footsteps the girl looked up, with a startled air, the lovely peach-bloom color deepening and brightening in her velvety cheeks.

What Cissy Moreland saw was a tall, dark young man of eight and twenty, with a somewhat listless expression upon his fine, handsome face. He wore a tourist's dress of gray tweed, and carried a small knapsack slung across his broad shoulders.

"May I trouble you for a drink of water?" he asked, in a low, musical voice that made the young girl stare, its refined accents were so different from the rough speech to which she was accustomed.

Before Cissy could comply with the request the kitchen door swung suddenly open, and a hard, strong featured face, with beetling black brows and fiery eyes peeped out.

Mrs. Moreland, Cissy's stepmother. "Don't come in here!" she cried, in a shrill, acid voice, glowering angrily at the astonished young man. "You have nothing I want in that thing. I never deal with tramps."

"Oh, mother!" cried Cissy, in dismay. "I'm sure this man is no peddler." "He's something worse, then, and had better go about his business."

Mrs. Moreland was about to slam the door, when, by an amusing coincidence, a peddler's cart drove into the yard. She was one of those women who make "distinctions." Though unable to abide one who carried his pack on his own back, she had a weakness for peddlers who had arrived at the distinction of driving a cart.

You've only been a burden to me ever since your father died. Go up into the garret and bring down the rest of them rags."

Cissy fitted away, a painful flush suffusing her face. But she had not seen the last of the handsome artist.

That evening, as she stood dejectedly at the garden gate, wearied out with the labors of the day, and trying to escape for a few moments from her stepmother's shrewish tongue, he came whistling along the lane, and passed beside her.

"You have been crying," he exclaimed abruptly, looking into her pretty forget-me-not eyes. "Yes," she admitted; "it was very foolish of me."

"That dreadful woman has been scolding you again?" "I deserved it, no doubt. I am not strong, and cannot accomplish much," Philip muttered something under his breath.

"Why don't you leave her? Have you no relatives to whom you could go?" Cissy shook her pretty head. "There is only the great aunt, of whom I spoke this morning, and I don't even know where to find her."

"Suppose you go away with me?" The girl stared at him, her cheeks flushed, her lips apart. "I don't—understand what you mean, sir," she stammered.

"There is no occasion to look so frightened, little one, though it is very sudden. But I took a liking to you at once, and I cannot bear to see you abused. I want you for my wife, darling."

Cissy had had lovers before, but never one for whom she cared. A thrill of tingling sweetness shot through her veins. She felt the spell of those magnetic dark eyes, but Philip was a stranger, and she dared not yield to it.

"No, no, you cannot realize what you are saying, or else you are laughing at me," she cried, running away and hiding herself, with emotions singularly blended of rapture and alarm.

Two weeks went on. Cissy saw no more of the handsome artist, but she was continually dreaming or thinking of him. One morning she unexpectedly received a letter. It fell first into her stepmother's hands, who, in the exercise of a privilege she arrogated to herself, immediately tore it open and possessed herself of its contents. It ran thus:

"I do not expect to feel proud of a grand-niece brought up in the wilds of Yorkshire, but it is time you saw something of the world. You can come to me for a six weeks' visit, if you like. But don't expect to become my heiress. My will is already made, and does not give you a shilling."

"Bless me!" Mrs. Moreland exclaimed, startled out of her senses. "It is from that miserly old woman, your great aunt. How did she learn your address, I wonder? And she has actually sent a check for fifty pounds to buy a new outfit and defray expenses. Well, I never!"

Cissy's heart beat high with hope and expectation. "I may go?" she cried, in an eager pleading tone. Mrs. Moreland frowned. "I don't know how to spare you, just as harvest is coming on, but that crabbed old maid would be angry if I refused to let you go. She lives in London, it appears. Ten pounds will take you there, and leave some money in your pocket, and you'll want fifteen more for new clothes. That will leave twenty-five for me and my daughter Sarah. Yes, you might as well begin to get ready."

When Cissy's preparations were all made, and she was about setting out upon her journey, Mrs. Moreland said: "Now, I want you to speak a good word for Sarah. She ain't no relation of Miss Durrant's, to be sure, but the old miser might send her a few dresses and jewels, and never miss 'em. Take everything that's offered you, Cissy, and when you come back I'll divide the things between you two girls."

Cissy was quite startled by the magnificence of the grand house where her grand aunt resided. Her grand aunt, a wrinkled old crone in black velvet and lace, welcomed her with a kiss. "You have your mother's face my dear. I am glad of that."

"Oh," cried Cissy, eagerly, "do you remember my mother?" "Certainly. I used to wish she was a boy, that I might leave her my money. But girls are not of so much consequence in this world, I had lost all trace of poor Cicely. And so Robert is dead? He was a good man, but sadly wanting in energy."

"Whenever you think I had better go, dear Aunt." Two or three great drops fell down the girl's pretty face. She wiped them surreptitiously away, but not before the cunning old woman had seen them.

"Cissy," she cried abruptly, "what if I were to ask you to remain?" The girl sprang toward her with an impulsive little cry. "Will you, Aunt. Oh, I would be so glad!"

"You can stay upon one condition. I have learned to love you, but my will is made, as I wrote you. It cannot be altered, even to please you. The bulk of my fortune goes to my half-sister's son, a very worthy young man. Cissy you can remain as his wife if I have communicated with him, and he is willing to consent to the arrangement."

Cissy grew very pale. Consent to marry a man she had never seen? No, that would be impossible, even if Philip's image did not fill her heart. "I must go," she said sadly. There is no other way."

"Wait until you have met my heir. You may change your mind." "Never!" Poor Cissy dropped floods of tears into the box with the new clothes Miss Durrant's generosity had provided.

At last, when the good-bye's had been spoken, she groped her way blindly down stairs. A gentleman stood near the drawing-room door. As she looked up a startled cry broke from her lips. Philip Staunton!

"You here? How very strange!" She blushed furiously, but as the young man opened his arms, Cissy leaned her head upon his shoulder with a weary sigh. "Are you glad to see me darling?" he whispered.

"Oh, very glad!" "Then you do love me a little?" "Yes," she answered, unable to keep back the truth. Just then Cissy heard a low laugh, and looking up, saw Miss Durrant standing upon the landing, her kind old face beaming with delight.

"You might as well ring for the maid to take your wraps, my dear," she said. Cissy glanced bewilderedly from the smiling woman to the handsome lover. "What does she mean?"

"That you are never going back to be abused by your shrewish stepmother," Philip replied. "Forgive me for trying you so sorely, but it was my aunt Amy's wish. I am her heir. One week later Mrs. Moreland received a large box of clothing and knickknacks, but she had seen the last of Cissy herself."

Maine's Ice Industry. Ice, which was once a luxury, is now a necessity, in every well-regulated household. Maine don't worry itself much about the luxuries, but it comes in heavy on the necessities of life—that is to say, it came in to the extent of 1,180,400 tons of ice last winter.

Maine has a commendable weakness for making money; that's why it freezes to a big ice crop every winter. To be sure the profits vary, but the general average makes it a paying industry. The Kennebec river does the bulk of the business, and Gardiner is the head centre on the Kennebec. The scores of ice houses that line its shores from Augusta to Brunswick, do not improve the scenery, but they swell the bank balances; and what is picturesque scenery to a plethoric bank account?

Last winter's crop in Maine was divided as follows: Kennebec river, 578,500 tons; Penobscot river, 176,000; Canteen river, 20,600; along the coast, 414,000, total, as above stated. At the present time there is a stock on hand of about 185,000 tons. Before the next crop comes in this will be reduced by about one-half. Usually at the end of the season there are about 100,000 tons left over. The larger part of the Maine ice goes to Philadelphia, Washington, and points South along the Atlantic coast. During the gathering of the crop not less than 5,000 men are employed on the Kennebec, with about double that number in the whole State.

The best year the ice companies ever had was in 1870, when they were paid as high as \$10 a ton for a part of their crop. The profits they must have made can be estimated when I tell you that \$1 a ton is considered a paying price at the present time; and one can now make contracts for as many tons as he wants, and pay for any number of years ahead, at that figure.

Postal Savings Banks. In 1871 Postmaster-General Creswell recommended the establishment of postal savings depositories in connection with the United States post-offices, and two years later he discussed the subject very fully in his annual report. Several of his successors have renewed his recommendation with great earnestness. Hon. Thomas L. James, after referring to and highly approving of these recommendations, said: "It is my earnest conviction that a system of this description, if adopted, would insure, more than almost any other measure of public importance, to the working people of the United States."

In 1873 Hon. Horace Maynard brought before Congress a bill to establish a National Savings Depository, but no action was taken. Since then a number of efforts have been made to induce Congress to enact the necessary legislation. The latest of these efforts was made in 1882, under the leadership of Mr. Lacey, whose report from the Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads contains valuable information and suggestions on the subject. The bill which Mr. Lacey introduced, and which has recently been strongly indorsed by the State Charities Aid Association of New York, and other advocates of postal savings banks, provided that none but money order offices should receive deposits; that no single deposit should be less than ten cents or more than one hundred dollars; that no one person should deposit more than one hundred dollars within thirty days, or have at any time more than five hundred dollars to his credit; and that interest at two per cent. should be paid on all sums over three dollars and multiples of one dollar, beginning the first of the month following the deposit, and stopping the last of the month preceding.

BATHS OF HAKONE.

Scenes at a Noted Japanese Health Resort. Ter. M. Uyeno, a Japanese sends the following letter from Hakone, Japan. Hakone is a generic name given to a range of mountains some fifty miles away from Tokio, and it is one of the summer resorts for the people of the capital.

These mountains divide the island of Nippon into two parts, and there is a steep path over them, connecting one part with the other. The length of this path is some twenty-five miles from end to end, and is supposed to be the most difficult of the mountain passes in the country. On top of these mountains, and about the midway of the path, there used to stand, in old feudal times, a strong gate, where every passer by was required to identify himself before the officers in charge.

On whatever business he might be, should he fail to satisfy the officers, he was not allowed to pass through. How such a law could have successfully been carried out is simply a matter of story to the ideas of the present generation. Be it as it may, along the spot where the old feudal gate used to stand there is a large lake, and on one of the islands in the lake an imperial summer palace has of recent years, been built. From this fact alone the reader may at once conclude that Hakone must be a nice and cool summer resort. The waters of the lake run down the mountains on all sides forming several little rapids. On and near one of these rapids there are tens of hot springs scattered about.

As you walk down from the lake, on the eastern side of the mountains, through a narrow path (not the wide traveling road), you will find village after village. Some of the buildings are so large and fine that you will be sure to think that they are something more than the houses of peasants. These are the "hot spring towns" of Hakone. Formerly there were seven of these places and they are called the "seven hot springs" of Hakone. But, of late, new hot spring beds have been discovered and a number of new towns started. This is not all. In some of the towns you find springs of cold mineral water as well. Some towns are built on plateaus, while others are at the bottom of valleys. The scenery must of necessity be various.

I am now writing this letter in a valley village where I have specially come down for the purpose of enjoying the moonlight. It is full moon this evening and she is so clear and beautiful that the locust is singing and the crow is crying. Right in front of the window where I am writing there are a couple of small waterfalls, and the waters of these falls rustling against the rocks and those of the rapids dashing against the stones add grandeur and sublimity to the beauty of the evening. Last evening I engaged a couple of fishermen and they and I jumped from stone to stone, crossed and recrossed the rapids. In an hour or so we caught a number of fish by netting.

Now to return to the hot spring concern. The hotels of these hot springs villages are run in nearly the same style, and a brief description of one is sufficient for all. You travel on foot or take the pago, a very simple arrangement. The kago is a framework made of bamboo; at the bottom a few bamboos are framed up like a tray and in front and rear a few more bamboos are framed up. On top you have a bamboo roof, and a great big wooden pole passes through the arrangement lengthwise, right under the roof. You enter from the side. The size is only as much as is necessary—about two feet wide, three feet long and three feet high. It is very comfortable to sit in it, however, after you have entered it. Two men, unless you specially require a third, come before and after the kago and carry you with the pole on their shoulders.

As you arrive at a hotel you are greeted by the proprietor, his wife, sons, daughters, bookkeepers, porters, boys, chambermaids and all. Some of them will help you to take your shoes off and show you the way to your room. One neat looking girl brings you a cup of tea and a tray of sweets; another will bring you a Japanese gown. You change your clothing for the gown; then clap your hands and some one will answer you and show you down the way to the bath room. Most of the hotels have many bath rooms, to meet the requirements of visitors. The hot springs are usually located at the side of valleys, and long bamboo pipes carry the water into the towns. Some bath rooms have the waters falling over your head; others are made to rush out from the bottom of the bath. Some bath rooms have arrangements of cold water baths as well as the hot. I have visited several of the origins of these hot springs. They all rush out from crevices of rocks, and they are so hot that you cannot put your finger in it without burning it.

They have all been chemically analyzed by competent men and by them pronounced as of great medical service to all sorts of diseases.

Oxalic Acid in Tomatoes. The principal acid of the tomato is malic; but there is also a trace of oxalic acid which would be dangerous if it existed in large quantities. The oxalic acid acts on the tin in the cans and produces a dangerous compound. The malic acid does not act so strongly. If glass is used there can be no danger and the flavor of the fruit will be much better retained.

Another very tasteful dress for a married lady was of Louis XVI style. A blue satin skirt was covered with a skirt of richly embroidered gauze; in the upper part a sort of drapery of the gauze was caught up with loops of moss green moire, Louis XVI redingote of blue satin, brocaded with velvet bouquets of exquisite coloring. Upon the right side a scarf of embroidered gauze formed a small panel, coming down along the panel and finishing into a point. Gauze frons coquettishly draped over the front of bodice; a sash of moss-green moire ribbon was crossed at the waist over the sash and tied in a bow on the left side.

FASHION NOTES.

As we are often asked to advise as to the choice of bridesmaid's dresses we give the description of the following lovely bridal toilet:—Striped and brocaded velvet will be much employed this season for dressy toilets. It will be combined with silk rep, plain fallie and corded silk.

Mantles are made of two colors, trimmed with beads of harmonizing shades. These mantles are worn with toilets which are in keeping and are not intended for utility purposes. Shoes with broad flaps and ornamented with buckles are exceedingly comfortable and may be worn by persons who cannot wear the ordinary low shoes on account of taking cold. The flap protects the instep from cold.

Wide sleeves simulating those of an outer garment, are worn over the ordinary dress sleeve, giving the wearer a mediaeval appearance. It will, of course, be understood that this style of sleeve is only adapted to rich fabrics. Felt and velvet bonnets will be the leading features of autumn and winter millinery. Importations at this early date show a preponderance of smooth-bound felts, with a suggestion that brush felts will be used later in the winter.

Gobelin is another name given to the Salammbô blue tints. Suede, salmon, corn and rose are the pale shades most seen, while there are various shades of green—chartreuse, pistache and moss—with dull views rouge and other more vivid red shades already noted. Elaborate designs of embroidery are not now used as much as simpler rows of feather and brier stitching done in white or red on blue wool, or blue on white, for the collars, cuffs, vest and borders of morning dress for the house, and also for children's dresses and cloaks.

Pale, dull, terra cotta fallie silks are made up charmingly with full plastron waistcoats and sashes of plaided soft surah or taffeta for young girls under 14. The plaided silks reproduce the full terra cotta shade of the fallie with brown, yellow, bright red and pale-blue lilies. Bodices have a great tendency to become more and more long-waisted, with a peak in front and sometimes at the back. Draperies are still worn but very short, sometimes merely a limp puffing round the waist; in other cases the drapery is rather longer at the back.

The dress was of rose-colored surah, the whole front of which was veiled over with two lace flounces caught up with rose-colored ribbon. The bodice and short tunic were of rose-colored china crape, with satin streaks forming a diamond pattern; bodice trimmed with draperies of crape and lace, and bow of ribbon upon the left shoulder. Toquet of rose-colored crape, with velvet border and aigrette.

Here is another toilet, rather more simple but which might also serve for the same purpose: It is of heliotrope fallie; the skirt is plaited and the tunic draped; the bodice is tight-fitting, with a white crape plastron finely plaited and puffed sleeves. Large Gainsborough hat of fine straw, lined with heliotrope velvet, turned up on the left side and trimmed with a cluster of mauve feathers.

A matronly toilet of great elegance taken note of at the same wedding was of vanilla-colored Genoise velvet and strawberry-red China crape. The plain skirt was of Genoa velvet. On the left side one-half of the tablier and one side were covered with a drapery of crape, with a handsome fringe and tassels of silk to match. Velvet bodice with plaited plastron of the China crape.

The redingote is also a favorite model; it is generally made of some self-colored material and worn with a plaid, checked or brocaded skirt. This skirt is made quite plain, either gathered or plaited, sometimes with a narrow fluting put on inside so as to show just beyond the edge. Large plaid patterns are fashionable just now in skirts for traveling costumes, but are scarcely likely to remain so for town toilets this winter.

A style of toilet which is also very much the fashion is that of the skirt arranged in flat plaits in front and very fully gathered at the sides and back; at the sides the front plaits are fastened up twice or thrice so as to form a sort of puffing, and at the back the skirt is loosely draped; the lower part of the bodice is quite plain and deeply-peaked in the shape of a corset, while the upper part is gathered and puffed so as to simulate a plastron or chemise.

Some of the velvets have narrow fringe stripes of old gold, about an inch apart, in greens, grays and cardinal, while the rich corded poult de soies show wide stripes in several tones of the same color—say, brown intermixed with a lighter brown, part plush and part frise. For trimmings and panels stripes of self-colored plush are used, alternating with sets of narrow stripes of completely contrasting colors, such as blue and gold on green. Other velvets show brilliant plaid-like stripes in mixtures of red and yellow, on sombre brown and black grounds. These are called velevours B. roses.

In plain materials fallie, benegaline and veloutines are still worn. The mantle-stuffs are wonderful. In Paris the one idea would seem to be to imitate skins of animals, monkeys more commonly than anything else, not disdaining the more conspicuous leopard. These fabrics have plenty of visible hairs on the surface, and one of the favorite cloths of the season in Paris has been made to imitate pig's hide. Wonderful are the vagaries of fashion. More to be recommended are some fine specially woven plushes in seal-brown, golden-brown and black, and other plushes on the surface of which is thrown a shot effect, the object of which is said to be to reproduce the rippling of the wind on a corn-field. In brocades and in mantles the novelty lies in camaleu effects on a corded ground, shaped, striped, rolled and then shaved off. The wide-barred plushes, even in such colors as chardon and heliotrope, are to be used this winter for carriage wraps.

HORSE NOTES.

Fitzpatrick will ride for the Fairfax stable next season. Elvira, although some blind, brought \$3050 at the Glenview sale. Mortimer, cost Mr. Lorillard \$23,000, and he was sold for \$2500. The horse is 21 years old.

W. S. Barnes will sell his string of twenty racers at Louisville about the middle of December. Mr. Haggin, the California turfman, now has over 200 thoroughbred broodmares and seven stallions. Blaylock will not be retained by the Preakness stable next year, but will ride for Edward Corrigan.

Patron will probably be kept in training with a view to making an attempt to lower the 4-year-old record. Eddie West, the light-weight jockey, has signed a contract to ride for "Lucky" Baldwin next season at a salary of \$5000 per year.

There is talk of a match between Prince Napoleon, owned by Mr. Jordan, of York, Pa., and a horse called Limerick for \$1000 a side. The black gelding La Grange, 223, by Sultan, dam Georgiana, by Overland, died at San Francisco, on October 10, of heart disease.

Ed Bither will have charge of Mr. Case's trotting string at Glenview. Jay-Eye-See will probably be wintered in Kentucky. And so will Phallos. "Lucky" Baldwin has won about \$100,000 on the turf this season, against \$55,000 last year. The Baldwin stable next season will be stronger than ever.

James Murphy, of New York, has bought of J. C. Waddell, of Marion, O., the blk. g. Little Sam, pacer (record, 2:29), by Copperbottom, dam by Sam Hazard, for \$1500. A. C. Westervelt, of Newark, N. J., has sold to W. C. France, the blk. m. Mary Powell, 2:22, by DeWitt Clay, son of Sayers' Harry Clay, dam by Cardinal, son of imp. Cardinal.

The Bard, Mr. A. J. Cassett's crack, has started fifteen times this year, won nine races, been second four times and unplaced but once. His gross winnings thus far are \$35,935. James Murphy, who is successfully trained the Haggin string this season, is said to have been offered \$12,500 by Mr. Haggin for his services next season. He has not yet accepted the offer.

Seven years ago Messrs. Baer & Harrigan sold Pancoast to Mr. McFerran for \$2000, and the horse has since then earned a small fortune, besides selling for \$23,000 when offered for sale. The brood mare Optima, died at Mr. Swiger's of Elmendorf, St. Louis, Mo., recently. She was a bay, foaled in 1862, and was a daughter of Knight of St. George, dam Glenluce, by Glencoe.

At the Glenview sale, sixty animals, the get of Nutwood (many of them weanlings), brought \$100,700, an average of \$1679.25. Eleven, the get of Pancoast (all young), brought \$21,250, an average of \$1923. The once-famous thoroughbred Local, died at Wayne Stud Farm, near Wooster, O., on October 11, the property of S. B. Stout. He was a chestnut, foaled 1863, by Lightning, dam Maroon, by imp. Glencoe.

Mr. E. B. Edwards, President of the Ridge Avenue Passenger Railway Company, Philadelphia, lost one of his gray horses, recently, by death. It was a favorite team with Mr. Edwards, who has driven it quite a number of years on the road. John S. Clark, acting, it is said, for C. F. Emory, of Cleveland, offered \$27,500 for Pancoast, but Mr. Shultz, of Brooklyn, went \$5000 higher and got the horse. Mr. Shultz also outbid every one for Beatrice, the dam of Patron, and got her for \$4850.

Maggie B., winner of the 2:30 class at Suffolk, is 6 years old, by Dr. Herr, and was purchased by Frank Bower, her present owner, from B. Kendig, of York, Pa., last spring, for a road mare. She showed so much speed that Mr. Bower decided to let Wash Woodruff train her. The Suffolk race was Maggie B.'s fifth, she having started and won at Lancaster, Williamsport and Doylestown, and got second money at Pottstown.

A STANDARD BRED TROTTER.—In order to define what constitutes a trotting bred horse and to establish a breed of trotters on a more intelligent basis the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders has adopted the following rules to control admission to the records or pedigrees. When an animal meets the requirements of admission, and is duly registered, it shall be accepted as a standard trotting animal.

First. Any stallion that has himself a record of two minutes and thirty seconds (2:30) or better, provided any of his get has a record of 2:40 or better, or provided his sire or his dam, his grand sire or his grand dam is already a standard animal.

Second. Any mare or gelding that has a record of 2:30 or better. Third. Any horse that is the sire of two animals with a record of 2:30 or better.

Fourth. Any horse that is the sire of one animal with a record of 2:30 or better, provided he has either of the following qualifications: 1. Record himself of 2:30 or better. 2. Is the sire of the two other animals with a record of 2:40 or better. 3. Has a sire or dam, grand sire or grand-dam that is already a standard animal.

Fifth. Any mare that has produced an animal with a record of 2:30 or better. Sixth. The progeny of a standard horse when out of a standard mare. Seventh. The progeny of a standard horse out of a mare by a standard horse. Eighth. The progeny of a standard horse when out of a mare whose dam is a standard mare.

Ninth. Any mare that has a record of 2:40 or better, and whose sire or dam, grand sire or granddam is a standard animal. Tenth. A record to wagon of 2:35 or better, shall be regarded as equal to a 2:30 record.