

To a White Rose.

Oh, queenly rose from Tempe's bowers! In thy frail beauty dressed, Thou art, indeed, of flowers The loveliest.

Thy snow white bloom Has pressed what brow? Thy sweet perfume, What souvenir of sacred vows! Love needs thee in her gentle art; For Venus' shrine was incomplete; Till thou with thy imperial sweet Didst joy impart.

But never dost thou seem so fair, And never half so much in place— If beauty truly doth beauty grace— As when 'mong' tresses brown you twine, Or hers, that blue eyed maid of mine, Who lull thee on her heaving breast; To dreamy sleep and trembling rest; Or, when thy glowing petals press Her ivory neck.

'Tis then sweet rose, I must confess, All other flowers are lovely less, By far than thou.

TURNING A CORNER.

Peter Duke, of the firm of Duke & Co.—his only son, Philip, was the company—a busy and prosperous man. The firm was making money very fast in the soap line, and desired to make more. He was a plain, honest and hard-working man, apt to boast that he had started business with only a hundred dollars in cash, and now had multiplied the original capital by thousands.

He spent little time in boasting, however, being too busy in his effort to make the whole world was itself clean with Duke's Kimolia, as he called his soap, and to force every laundress to use his Konia, a powder whose detergent qualities were well known. Peter did not know the meaning of these words, but they sounded well. He had paid a literary Bohemian ten dollars to invent him something sonorous. The latter had turned to a Greek-English Dictionary, and found these under the head of "soap." Peter was pleased, and so was the Bohemian—with the ten dollars and a dozen cakes of the soap thrown in.

The soap itself was good. The aim of an expert soap-maker is to reconcile solidity of structure with a large volume of enclosed water. Some of them increase the weight of the compound by the addition of extraneous matter, but Peter was honest, and left out the dirt. His sale of Kimolia was great, and so was the profit. Besides a son, Peter had a fair daughter, and, next to his soap factory and his shekels, he loved her. And Millicent—her mother, now dead and gone, had picked up the name from an English society novel—was quite a lovely person. She was good looking, fairly educated, and put on a good style.

Through her school acquaintances and her father's money, she went into a very respectable set, and, as she looked well, dressed well and talked well, had plenty of pocket money and a prospective portion of some size, and a present tongue of her own, if needed, they forbore to turn up their noses at soap. At first, those who were poor and proud—and proud poverty is frequently insolent—undertook to snub her a little; but she gave snub for snub, and then, leaning against the valuable pile of soap bars, defied them. Whether because of her manners or her father's money, she had many masculine admirers.

you. Do you mean to give up millions for nothing? "Not quite nothing, papa. Frank has over twenty-two thousand dollars." "Twenty-two thousand fiddledsticks! Why, Van Stoppel could settle a hundred thousand dollars on you for pin money, and never miss it. You must send Moore about his business."

"What! You wouldn't be married without my consent?" "Oh, no, papa! I never will; but when I am married I intend to have my own consent. I have to live with the man, you know, and you don't. As for Van Stoppel—well, a woman may not marry with her grandfather!" "Grandfather! What are you talking about? Van is only forty. Younger than I am, and I am in the prime of life."

"Excuse me, but he is too old for me." "You are an ungrateful, disobedient." "No, indeed, I'm not, papa. I shall not wed with any one against your will—not even Frank. So, don't scold, your dear old bear. Just consider—Mrs. Livingston, she 'gives a treat'—a grand party next month, and I have to go. And I declare I haven't a dress that I haven't worn a half dozen times—almost."

"That means you want a check. How much is it now?" "Oh! I'll be so economical, papa. Two hundred and fifty will do." "Two-hundred—and-fifty. That's economy, is it? Well, you shall have the money. I'll send Moore with it. No! I won't. He must keep away. You shall have the money, but not Moore. When he can settle a hundred thousand on you I'll give my consent, and not before; and I mean to tell him so. I'll have a serious talk with that young man."

"You are not angry with him, papa, because he has fallen in love with me?" "No, that shows good taste; but he must have that hundred thousand dollars." "I think, papa, I would like that hundred thousand dollars and Moore," she added, archly. "Fph!" said her father, explosively, and wended out to the office. When Moore came in with a glowing account of a large sale of Konia, he cut him short.

profits will be more. If you were to put ten thousand dollars or more into the transaction, it would be different. Then a responsible broker, able to carry the amount, either by his own means or through credit, would treat the stock, which has kept uniform price so long, as favorably as he would a dividend paying stock, and give you a contract at 5, and possibly at 3 per cent. With your small amount, buy the stock outright. I'll recommend you to a responsible broker; but he is one I never do business with—a good and honorable man, though; but you must promise that you won't tell him or any one else that I sent you."

"I promise that I won't breathe it—not even to father." Millicent played the piano for him—she played fairly; and sung for him—she sang well. Van Stoppel was in the seventh heaven, and was on the verge of proposing right then and there, but he lacked courage. He felt, however, in an ecstasy of delight, but it did not last long. He was meditating one of his great strokes of finance and that soon resumed possession of him to the exclusion of everything else.

The next day, while the elder Duke was at the factory, Frank was at the house, a note having brought him. Milly met him, beaming. "Frank," she cried, "do you want a \$100,000?" "Do I, Milly? Don't I, the worst kind." And he told her what her father had said. "He said the same to me, Frank. Can you realize on that mortgage of yours?" "No, I can't, because I have. It was all paid up last week, and I'm looking around for a new investment in one lump if I can."

A long conversation ensued, and Milly gave her views with great energy and decision. Frank demurred, but finally gave way. "Has any one given you any information that makes you so confident?" "I promised not to tell." "May be old Van Stoppel—" "Ask me no more questions after all. Suppose it were to keep going down?" "I've written on this paper what you are to do to them. In fact, here are your whole directions."

"But how do you know—how did you learn?" "Ask me no more questions." "Well, but—" "Don't but me, Frank. We're not married, and I'm your master now. Take two hundred and fifty from me, and put it in the pool." The Barfield, St. Barnaby and Waukeesaw was one of those railroads begun when everything was at a paper value, that ran from Barfield, which was next to nowhere, to Waukeesaw, which was about the same kind of place, with a branch to St. Barnaby, an out of the way spot. It was a hundred miles long with its branch. Other railways fought it and refused connection; it was heavily mortgaged; its expense a little overbalanced its receipts at times, and it had stood at 9, nominal at that, for two years. Nobody wanted it, in fact, at any price. That it would ever rise seemed improbable if not impossible, and two days after Moore had secured a contract at 5 per cent., and bought at 9, buyer ten days, the stock figured at 8. Some one had found out the purchase and was bearing. He had to fill up and he grew frightened. He couldn't sleep well. Milly, whose little balance of fifty was drawn on, as she insisted it should be, was anguine. She did not believe in Van Stoppel as a lover, but she had great confidence in him as an operator in stocks.

FASHION NOTES.

Under-petticoats of silk in dark and light colors, white and black, are made with gathered pinked flounces. Three sizes of buttons are used in costumes—large for skirts, medium for jackets and small for closing bodies. Black wooden beads, sequins and other pendants adorn galleons and edging braids used on mourning dresses. Wide braids, bands of applique galloon and other border trimmings are used on the bottom of the skirt as well as to form panels on frocks of cloth, wool fabric, Sicilienne, and even plain silk when made up for demitotes.

Slender gold threads are frequently seen crossing each other at right angles in the new indefinite plaids of the richer kinds that are formed of bars of cut and uncut velvet or plush on ground wool serge, diagonal, chevron or herring-bone stripes. Red remains in favor and is shown in a variety of shades, terra cotta, brick, poppy, ruby, cherry and cardinal being a few of the darker shades. Rose-pink, plush, salmon and shrimp, are the evening tints, and strawberry and raspberry are again seen.

A capote of brown plush is trimmed with old-gold tulle Russe, which is laid in folds about the brim. Two large bows of tulle and an aigrette of gold-colored feathers are arranged a little to the left of the front. Wide strings of the tulle complete the trimming. Redingotes slightly varied in cut are to continue in vogue. Some of them will be trimmed with beaded ornaments and passementerie, and will have the plaits lined with corded silk. They will also be embroidered and have the backs and fronts differing from each other.

A black figured cloth mantle has the designs outlined with jet. It is of rounded shape, scarcely longer in front than at the back. It is bordered with two rows of wide lace beaded with passementerie. The cape sleeves (beginning at the waist-line) and the high collar are trimmed to correspond. It is becoming a custom with some of the leading modistes, when executing a large order, to place a dainty pincushion in the box which carries the bonnets to their destination. When the millinery is to be worn at a wedding the materials used in the fabrication of the cushion are a replica of those which enter into the headgear of the bridesmaids.

There is quite a distinction between fans used in the summer and those that appear in winter. The former are usually light and simple. Feathers do not seem appropriate for day use. But as fans are seldom used at this season of the year except for evening, feathers are not only appropriate but also beautiful. This year the stiff quills of the swan have been dyed to suit the color of the dress, and consequently are very popular. But the new fans, destined especially for the use of young ladies, are provided in guise to match the color of the toilet, and besprinkled all over the surface or in a series of lines with spangles of silver, steel or moonlight, according to the taste of the purchaser. For the wealthy there are no lack of the costly lace fans, in which diamonds are introduced as monograms. Some of the newest transparent black lace fans have a cascade of black lace on the outer rib, fastened here and there with diamond brooches, so that, if possible, they are rather prettier closed than when open.

This seems to be the season when tea gowns are in request. Many wear them for home dinners. Why they should be called tea gowns it is impossible to conceive. A bed gown would be more appropriate when you take into consideration the loose, falling-to-pieces look they give to the wearer. However, the people will wear them, and consequently they must be written about. A new one just from Paris is of chaudron plush with a pinky tinge in the red. It was rather long waisted at the back, with heavy gathers, three large buttons marking the waist. It had a jacket basque at the side, with more large buttons, the whole of the front consisting of a drapery of lace caught down here and there with loops of ribbons and long bows. The lace was arranged over soft silk of a lighter tone. It was lined with blue, and a narrow plating of the blue just showed occasionally when the wearer moved. This lace was the new Aquitaine point, the pattern thick and heavy. A dark-green satin had the edge of the pointed bodice outlined with cord; the front was pink, but the green satin down the sides had handsome galleons of green beads, and puffs of pink appeared at the edge of the basque. A less cashmere, with a deep puff to the elbow of the sleeves, the rest of the arm covered with black velvet; a collar of the velvet and mitered straps of the same to keep the fullness in its place at the back and front. A petunia plush had a front of light-peach silk, veiled with black esprit lace, curving in tiny plaits from the waist and allowed to flow. The tea gown which most resembled an ordinary dress was a golden brown terry ottoman, fitting the figure closely, velvet covering the front breadth. A tea gown made in cream, opened over a soft porcelain silk, the sleeves cut on the cross. A Watteau plait appeared at the back, which was part and parcel of the ruff, the same piece forming also the revers in front. A girdle of metal chain-work confined the fullness of the waist. A very exquisite brocade of a large Venetian pattern in gold and white was made with a Watteau plait, so arranged that it could be dropped to the waist and there simply added to the drapery, and the back of the bodice was complete without it. The fullness of the front drapery was so planned that bodice and skirt were in one, the material uncut falling in indescribable criss-way folds.

HORSE NOTES.

Wagner has Phyllis, 2.15, on a campaign down South. Edwin Hart, the well-known livery stable-keeper is quite ill. E. S. Strader has been engaged by J. I. Case to manage Glenview. Mayfly, dam of Benita, 2.18, has grown barren, as also has Maid of Clay, dam of four in the 5.30 list.

A driving association with \$10,000 cash capital, has been organized at Atlanta, Ga. A mile track will be built. E. J. Baldwin's California stable ranks second to the Dwyers' in winnings for the year with about \$90,000 to its credit. Captain T. S. Moore, of Shawlans, Ky., has sold the 2-year-old colt Victor Wilkes to W. J. Howes, of Troy, N. Y., for \$5000.

Jerome Whelpley is working Nathan Strauss' string, which includes Majella, Fanny Temple, St. Just and one or two others. Seven of Green Mountain Maid's produce brought \$46,530 to the Stony Ford farm. Among them were Electioneer, Dame trot, Prospero, Elaine and Storm.

Mayflower, dam of Wildflower and Manzanita (the holders of the 2 and 4-year-old records), has been bred to Ansel, he by Electioneer, from a thoroughbred mare. The race between Guy Wilkes, Manzanita, Arab, Adair, Charley Hill-ton and Harry Wilkes will be trotted at the Bay District Course, Cal., on November 27. It is for a \$5000 purse.

The value of tried stallions in England is enormous. Hermit stands at 250 guineas (\$1250). Petrarch and Galopin at 150 guineas each, and Robert the Devil at 100 guineas. Fifty guineas is a common fee. Phil Thompson, g. g., record 2.16, has been sent to Crit Davis, at Harrodsburg, Ky. Crit first brought Phil Thompson out and gave him the fastest 3-year-old record at that time—2:21. He also gave him his present record—2:16.

The celebrated Australian mare Sandral, died recently at Adelphi. Her case was a serious one, puzzling the veterinarians not a little. She had been perfectly well, to all appearances, and while at exercise was seized with a sudden attack and died almost immediately. A post-mortem examination revealed the fact that the cause of death was stricture of the intestines.

The thoroughbred bay mare The Banshee, foaled 1905, by Lexington, dam Ballou, by imported Yorkshire, out of Heraldry, by imported Herald, died at F. O. O'Reilly's Oakwood Stock Farm, Orange, N. J., on November 11, from inflammation of the bowels. She was one of the best race mares of her day, and was the dam of Krupp Gun and Brigand Belle. She was purchased at the Ranococas sale in October last, being at that time blind and generally debilitated. At the time of her death she was carrying a living foal by imported Mortimer.

In Prince Charley's death, Danie, Swigert, of the Elmendorf stud, sustained a serious loss. The horse was imported from England in September 1883. He was very badly shaken up, but came around all right and entered the stud at Elmendorf in 1884, covering some twenty mares. The first batch of his yearlings, nine in number, four colts and five fillies, brought \$11,130 at the Elmendorf sale last May, an average of \$1236.66. Mr. Baldwin, of California, buying a majority of them. Prince Charley was undoubtedly the speediest horse of the generation, but he could not go far. As a 4-year-old in England he was conceded to be the fastest horse since Bay Middleton's time.

The Dwyer Brothers, Philip J. and Michael F., owners of the Brooklyn stable, in spite of numerous failures and disappointments, came out of the racing season just closed the most successful turfmen of the year. The gross earnings of the thirty-three horses comprising their racing string was \$208,103.18, by far the largest sum ever earned in a season by a single stable in this country. The entrance money paid the different tracks and associations amounted to \$15,367.50, thus leaving \$192,735.68 as the stable's net earnings. The Dwyers' expenses of the season were something enormous. The purchases made at the Lorillard sale turned out badly. They paid \$70,000 for five head, and the gross earnings of the lot amounted to only \$42,230. Dewdrop, for which they paid \$29,000; Pontiac cost them \$8000, and they sold him for \$2550; Pontiac, a \$17,500 purchase, only earned a trifle over \$5000. Daruna didn't earn a cent, but Winfred, the fifth horse, won \$7920. The Dwyers are very philosophical, and in discussing their Ranococas purchases and the small returns one of them said "that in buying them we did not have to beat them in other stables; other buyers were no worse off, and that Mr. Lorillard was fortunate in selling, instead of having to pay stable and racing expenses for them." Tremont and Inspector B. were the mainstays of the stable, earning between them \$78,815.

The Dwyers had three trainers; Frank McCabe had the main lot, Matt Byrne those bought at the Ranococas sale, and K. K. Alcock remained at the home stables at Sheephead Bay, gradually developing the 3-year olds. Of the horses represented in the stable Dewdrop and Elmendorf are dead, and Richmond, Brambleton, Pontiac, Bellevue, Buffalo, Roundsman, Esquire, Fulton, Portland, Bankrupt and Quincy have been sold. The stable took part in 304 races, was 88 times first, 50 times second and 43 times third. McLaughlin rode 176 times for the Dwyers and won 72 races. In 1883 the Dwyers ran 19 horses, which made 176 starts, of which 48 were wins, 34 seconds, 30 thirds, with a gross total of \$88,897, of which they paid out in entrance money \$13,670. In 1884 they had 92 horses, which made 156 starts, with 33 wins, 29 seconds, 17 thirds, with a gross earning of \$63,300.

Ancient Seigneuries.

The diet of the French Canadians is extremely simple, and consists principally of soup and vegetables, though meat and poultry are very cheap in the country districts, costing somewhat less than half the price paid by the English laborer for the same articles of diet. The French Canadian farmer is a strict conservator of ancient habits and customs, and is strongly opposed to any progressive principles. The soil in some parts of the Province of Quebec has therefore been so systematically starved by long habits of neglect, handed down from father to son, that a bare existence is all that has been gained from the land. However, if the same farm has come into the possession of an enterprising Scotch or English farmer with liberal ideas of progress and advancement, the result has been striking; and in the course of a few years the old, decaying buildings have disappeared, a new farmhouse and substantial barn have been erected, and the estate has recovered all the appearance of prosperity. This is not an uncommon occurrence. The old seigneuries on the St. Lawrence have lost but little of their ancient character. In many cases even the venerable manor houses still stand on the river banks, surrounded by prim, old-fashioned gardens and approached by straight avenues of poplar. These seigneuries were, in old times, usually granted by the government to persons of distinction or to court favorites, and consisted of immense tracts of land (in some instances three leagues in breadth by the same in depth), extending for miles from the river shore back into the primeval forest. The seigneur, or lord of the manor, parceled this land out into small fiefs, which were frequently again subdivided by families into almost infinitesimal proportions. The fee-holders made a small annual payment to the seigneurs, who had also certain feudal claims, the principal of which was a considerable proportion of the amount payable on the sale or transfer of land.

A Curious Piece of Jeweler's Work.

A woman from Cleveland, O., had rather a peculiar piece of work done last week at a Union Squarer jeweler's shop. Then years ago she was a willow blonde, whose figure was as lithe as Sarah Bernhardt's. At this time she allowed a bracelet to be locked on her slender arm, and made a promise that it never would be removed. The donor of the golden band died, and the pretty blonde married a young society man. Time has not dealt quite fairly with her, for the beautifully-modeled figure is now almost too pronounced in its curves for beauty. The white arm is just as fair as ever, but it, too, is more rounded than formerly. The bracelet, alone, had not until a few days ago increased in size. In fact, it had become so tight as to cut into the flesh, and when its owner was in evening dress, it created remark. So she came on to New York, and her case was put before a skilled workman. He thought it over, and finally told her that, if she would spend three days in his work-room he thought he could enlarge the bracelet and yet not take it from her arm or break the circle. A cast was taken of the closely woven links, and three new ones, exact facsimiles of the old one, were made. Then the fair arm was stretched out on a shelf, and the new gold was caught into the old by fine wires. Two of the old links were cut out and the new ones slowly and carefully substituted for them, the improvised wire links keeping the bracelet a unit, as it were, all the time. The woman spent, in all, eighteen hours in the place and a lot of money. As it is said that all her family grow stout, she will perhaps have to have the ornament enlarged several times.

How a Spider Takes Off His Old Dress.

When a spider is preparing to molt it stops eating for several days and fastens itself by a short line of web to one of the main lines of its snare, which holds it firmly while it proceeds to undress. The skin cracks all around the thorax and is held only by the front edge. Next the abdomen is uncovered. Now it works and kicks vigorously, and seems to have very hard work. But continued perseverance of about fifteen minutes brings it out of the old dress, and it seems almost lifeless, and is limp and helpless for several minutes, but gradually comes back to life and looks brighter and prettier than before. To young people, and even to little children, it is an operation of extreme interest. My little nephew watched the molting of a nearly full grown pet spider, and ran to his mother saying: "Mamma, my spider undressed and hunc his dress on a line."