

Tired.

I am tired, heart and feet Turn from busy mart and street; I am tired, rest is sweet. I am tired, I have played In the sunshine and the shade; I have seen the flowers fade. I am tired, I have had What has made my spirit glad, What has made my spirit sad. I am tired, Loss and gain Golden sheaves and scattered grain Day has not been spent in vain. I am tired, Eventide Bid me lay my cares aside, Bid me in my happy abode. I am tired, God is near, Let me sleep, without a fear, Let me die without a tear. I am tired, I would rest, As the bird within its nest; I am tired, Home is best.

THE LEFT SLIPPER.

"I thought fairies were obsolete, and Cinderellas nowhere," I exclaimed one morning, drawing out from under the sofa in my sitting-room a small slipper for a left foot; "but if ever there was a lady, be she a Cinderella or a Susannah, who had a smaller foot than this would it, I should like to see her, that's all." I sat down again to my coffee and began, and wondered how it could happen that Mrs. Pottle, my worthy and obsequious landlady, should have allowed the slipper to have been overlooked in the "thorough cleaning" she had assured me always took place between the exit and entrance of her different sets of boarders; yet here it was. The shining of the soft bronze-colored leather had attracted my eyes as the sun lit up the abyss beneath the sofa; and now what must I do with it? Perhaps, after all, it was Mrs. Pottle's own; but I laughed at the idea of Mrs. Pottle's elephantine foot finding entrance there; perhaps it belonged to a child or a grandchild; but it was not a probable interpretation of the mystery. It could surely not be kept under the sofa for ornament, and yet how should such a thing as one slipper not be missed if the owner possessed two feet.

However, the little innocent-looking slipper, fit to case a fairy's foot, lay there and destroyed my peace of mind as I looked at it. My readers may laugh at me as they choose; but I will frankly confess that while some men fall in love with a bunch of curls, a pair of eyes, a smile, a hand, a voice, I was, before breakfast was half over, head and ears in love with a slipper. It was folly—nonsense—of course, but so it was. Philosophers would say it was the form that my imagination conjured up as the real owner of the slipper itself. Such a pretty little thing it looked and felt as I turned it over in my hand, with its silken sandals and rosette of blue, and its neat lining of white silk; a dainty little article, indeed, perfumed with a soft sweet odor of roses, that all its long isolation from its sweet mistress had not wholly destroyed.

I heard Mrs. Pottle ascending the stairs with my letters, and hastily putting the slipper in my coat pocket. I had determined that I would be guilty of theft, if it were sooner than part with my new treasure. The landlady entered, "Letters, sir, if you please, please."

"Thank you," I answered, coolly, and let her go again; though I longed for the history of her previous lodgers. I thought she eyed me suspiciously, but, of course, I was mistaken; and I turned and finished my breakfast, and then broke open the envelopes of my letters.

"I heard the bell, Mrs. Pottle enters. I am sitting on the sofa reading the paper; but I just say, anxiously: "You have kept these lodgings some time, I suppose, Mrs. Pottle?"

"I am sure, sir," she answered, stopping short in the general gathering together of plates and dishes; "nigh upon twenty years. Through my poor samuel being taken off early, sir, I was obliged to begin at forty. Now I'm turned sixty, sir—though some do say, sir," said Mrs. Pottle with a smile, "that they hardly can think it's more than a few years ago I began—I'm so much the same."

"These you are right," I said, willing to propitiate Mrs. Pottle. "You might as well pass for fifty, and a young-looking woman at that. But, however, what sort of people do you mostly get here?—young men, like I am, in merchants' offices, or something of that kind?"

"Why, yes, sir. First and last I've had some scores of clerks and junior partners; but still, 'tisn't always so, but there was one young man—nearly the first I ever had—"

"I did not exactly want a twenty years' list of lodgers, so I interrupted the worthy soul by saying: "But who have you had lately, who was the last one, before I came?"

of the pauses of our discourse I incautiously pulled out my pocket handkerchief to wipe my forehead, and with it—horror of horrors!—the little bronze-colored slipper with its blue rosette. I shook it hastily from my lap into the straw beneath, but the old lady had seen it, and I felt aghast as I remembered that the story of that little slipper for the left foot of my pretty Cinderella would probably cost me five thousand pounds of my very discreet aunt's money.

Should I throw myself on the old lady's mercy at once—in the omnibus—by confessing the truth? But would she be likely to believe me if I did? I thought not. I should only have falsehood added to the black list already prepared. I doubted not, for presentation to my aunt. I knew the old lady would not go as far as I did, for she had already told me her destination; so I kept my own foot on one edge of the little slipper, determined to pick it up again, spite of all, at the first opportunity.

"I think you dropped something, sir," said my aunt's friend, coldly. "Nothing of consequence, I think, thank you," I replied. "I should rather think it was of great consequence," she remarked cruelly. "Doubtless the young lady wants her slipper mended or mended."

The young lady! What young lady? Ah, if I could only find this Cinderella! Deeply mortified, I said no more, and the old lady soon left me. I went into the office, carrying my handkerchief in a different pocket, that I might not draw out the slipper with it, and sat down to my writing; but my head was confused, and that little bronzed slipper danced over the page, over every line in my ledger, in each leaf of the memorandum book.

"If things go on like this," I exclaimed mentally, "I shall go mad about that slipper. I almost wish I had never seen it." Just then one of the partners came into the office.

"Haley," he said, "did you pick up an account written on a slip of paper of an order to be executed for Graylis?" "I did sir, and put it in my pocket-book, as I thought you had most likely dropped it."

"Thank you Haley. Just like you, I admire a young man who has his wits about him." I put my hand in for the pocket-book, and forgot all about the slipper for a moment in my pleasure at my employer's praise; but it had not forgotten me, and tumbled out. The sandals being entangled with the pocket-book, then the slipper fell upon the floor. All this happened much more quickly than I have written it. But a grave frown rested on my employer's face as I handed him the paper.

"Take care, Haley, don't resent it if I give you a fatherly word of warning. It is better a young man should not carry such things in his pocket; at least should not allow people to see them."

I looked up astonished. Mr. Arnold second partner in the firm, was fifty years of age, and a bachelor. What did he know about such things? "I think I could explain to your satisfaction, sir, that this is an accident, if you had time; and really involves nothing at all wrong."

"I quite believe you Haley, but every one won't be so merciful." Mr. Arnold went out and closed the door. I never thought—never guessed before what elaborate circumstances might depend upon a slipper; but when I got home I looked it away, determined to bring no more annoyance upon myself by keeping it so close at hand.

I had invited two or three young men a few days afterward to have a pall on the river, and then to sup with me. After a pleasant hour and a half we came back, hungry and exhilarated. I conducted my friends to my room; and while we chatted, Mrs. Pottle brought in supper. A discussion arose about a lecture of Ruskin's and his opinion of a certain picture of Turner's. "I can tell you exactly what he said," I exclaimed, pulling out my keys and opening my desk, "for I copied the paragraph into a note book."

I turned down the lid, and there in the sight of my three friends was—not only the note book, but the left slipper for that unknown, unseen foot. A roar of laughter recalled me to my senses.

"Is that a Chinese specimen, Haley?" I heard you'd bought one." "What a sly boy you are! Who is she, Haley?" "Brown, turned out with blue. Very tasty indeed, I should say."

sage talking to Mrs. Pottle; but I passed up without a close investigation. Just as I turned the corner of the staircase I heard these words in a pleasant voice: "I wish I could find it; it is such a ridiculous thing to lose. I am almost sure I left it in the parlor when I brought it down to show grandmamma, and I forgot to carry it away. I am sorry to have troubled you again, Mrs. Pottle, and it's of no very great consequence."

"Oh, oh! Of course if he had seen it, he would have given it to you. It wasn't he." And she laughed a girlish silver, merry laugh. I softly opened my room door and went in. Would she think me a thief, then? Who was she? The front door closed after a "Good evening, Mrs. Pottle," and I looked out of my window and watched her; then taking my hat again ran down stairs, obeying a sudden impulse, and following her.

Soon she turned into a wide street, then another, and then calling a cab she stepped into it; but I heard the address—No. 14 Victoria Terrace. So I called another and followed her. On we went until the Terrace was reached, and I stepped out, dismissed the cabman, and waited for Cinderella to alight. A serious incident occurred here. The horse took fright as the driver descended to open the door. The poor man fell on the pavement, and the young lady, whose foot was on the step, fell into my arms; but I could not help her receiving a bad sprain, though she acted bravely, like a true little heroine, and did not faint.

"You are hurt, I fear," I said, carefully lifting her in my arms, and slowly ascending the steps. Just then the door of number 14 opened; an old lady and gentleman and one or two servants appeared. The poor old gentleman began to cry. He was evidently childless.

"Look to the poor cab driver," I said to the servants as I passed. "Madame, where shall I carry the young lady?" "In here, sir, if you please. I am so very much obliged to you. It would have been the death of us both if anything ever happened to Katie."

The old lady led the way to a handsomely furnished room, and I laid Katie on the sofa. She opened a pair of mischievous brown eyes, and looked up into my face. "I am very much obliged to you sir; I'm afraid I'm very heavy. Where is that poor cabman? Will you see about him for me and don't let him wait for anything."

I promised to do so and come back at once and report to her, and hastened down. The driver was lying in his own cab to which another horse was being harnessed, while his own, rather badly wounded, was led off to the stables as he had requested the bystanders it should be. I got in beside the poor fellow and accompanied him to the hospital.

"I should like to see my wife," he said. "Of course you would," I replied. "I will go for her at once; where does she live?" He gave me her address, and I set off feeling I was fulfilling Cinderella's wishes. I told my tale to the cabman's wife, who was naturally thrown into much distress.

"You say I can go to him at once, sir?" "Yes, surely you can." "And stay the night with him?" "I really don't know about that; you must ask the matron. The young lady wished me to say that she hopes you will allow her to help you in every way she can." I then put a sovereign into her hand and left a card on which I had scribbled "14 Victoria Terrace."

She thanked me and so I left her. It was getting late, but I proceeded at once to Cinderella's abiding place. Outside the door I found a doctor's carriage, and my anxiety at once awakened. I rang the bell, and the servant who answered it told me that Miss Ayrton's foot was badly sprained, and that her papa, Dr. Ayrton had been sent for, and was now with her; but she expected Miss Kate would want to see me, for she had inquired more than once if the gentleman had brought any news of the poor cabman.

After a few minutes the girl came again, and requested me to follow her to the dining-room. Mrs. Ayrton was still lying where I left her, and the old gentleman and lady were at her side. "It is very kind of you, sir, to come again to-night. I have given you a great deal of trouble. This is my papa."

The doctor gave me his hand cordially. "I am very thankful to you, sir, for saving my poor little girl from what I feel sure would have happened to her but for your presence of mind." I fear I made an incoherent reply.

"And now," said Miss Ayrton with more animation, "sit down and tell me all about that poor cabman."

granddaughter, entreatingly; "of course, Mr. Haley can't have seen it. What a funny question to ask a gentleman!"

I looked confused, I suppose, and the doctor noticed it. "Come, come, Mr. Haley, there is a story behind this; let us hear it." I was in for it now, and protested; but bit by bit it was drawn from me by the amused little group round the supper-table. Miss Ayrton listened and laughed heartily, though her face was covered with blushes, too; and as I told of my aunt's friend in the omnibus Dr. Ayrton shook his sides with laughter. I thought I had certainly made myself foolish at last.

"When we withdrew, Miss Ayrton said, with a roguish twinkle in her eyes, "You will bring me that left slipper when you come again?" But I made no promises, and I never did return the "little bronze-colored slipper with the blue rosette." I have it still, locked away with my treasures in a private drawer from which even Cinderella herself would not venture to abstract her slipper.

The cabman is quite recovered, and is the owner of three cabs instead of one. My aunt's wrath never showed itself, if the story came to her; and if five thousand pounds should be subtracted from my legacy, it will, I am confident, only be done to confer it upon my son and heir, now lying asleep in Cinderella's arms.

The Queen of Italy's Necklace. Now, a word about the celebrated coral necklace of the Queen of Italy. It is a well known fact that she wears it continually, and even on occasions of grand toilette she carries it under a river of sparkling diamonds. The necklace has a history.

Five years ago, the Prince of Naples, her son, heir apparent to the throne of Italy, was strolling through a street in Venice, when his eye was attracted by the necklace in the show window of a jeweller shop. The idea at once struck him to buy it for his mother, the Queen. But the price was far beyond the capacity of his pocket money, and thought destined to be King Victor Emmanuel III, he was compelled to ask the jeweller for credit.

The bargain was that the prince should buy the necklace, pearl by pearl, according as he could save enough from his pocket money. On leaving the jeweller shop on the first occasion the prince carried away with him five pearls, which he carefully guarded. It was two years before he was able to buy the whole necklace. When the Queen afterward learned the secret of the purchase, she made a resolution to wear this charming exhibition of her son's love on all occasions, and hence she wears it every day, and gives it a place even when she wears her state jewels on great occasions.

How to Read Books. It is almost always worth while to read a thing twice over, to make sure that nothing has been missed or dropped or misread, or wrongly conceived or interpreted. And if the subject be serious, it is often well to let an interval elapse. Ideas, relations, statements of facts are not to be taken by storm. We have to steep them in the mind, in the hope of thus extracting their inmost essence and significance. If one lets an interval pass, and then returns, it is surprising how clear and ripe that has become which, when we left, seemed crude, obscure, and full of perplexity.

All this takes trouble, no doubt; but then, it will not do to deal with ideas that we find in books or elsewhere as if they were in the sand for the sun to hatch and chance to rear. People who follow this plan possess nothing better than ideas half hatched and convictions reared by accident. They are like a man who should pace up and down the world in the delusion that he is clad in sumptuous robes of purple and velvet, and when in truth he is only half covered by the rags and tatters of other people's castoff clothes.

Why Were They So Buried. In the small town of Leominster, in Herefordshire, England, the old Priory Church has been undergoing a thorough process of restoration, in the course of which it has been found necessary to lower the paths leading to the southern porch, as the floor of the church lies some three feet below the level of the surrounding church yard. In the course of excavations a number of skeletons have been turned up, more or less in a state of preservation. The remains thus exhumed were sufficient to fill two carts, and were all found lying face downward, and were full-grown skeletons. One reason ascribed for this peculiar phenomenon is that at one time the immediate neighborhood of the church was the scene of a great riot, and the bodies of the slain on that occasion were dragged there and buried. During the dispute between Charles I. and his parliament the town was taken from the royalists by Col. Birch, and held by him for the parliament, and a large mound near to where the remains were found is said to have been thrown up at that time to protect the road which runs through Leominster to Shrewsbury. There is a large hollow near at hand whence the earth forming the mound is said to have been carted. But all this does not explain the reason why all these bodies were buried face downwards.

A VERY little lady who lives in a suburb saw and heard a donkey for the first time the other day while out for a walk with her aunt. She talked about it continually after getting home. It was "such a booby!" and so on through all her small store of adjectives. When her father came home that night he heard the story over again, with a renewal of the adjectives.

"And so you liked the donkey, darling, did you?" he asked, taking the tiny lass on his knee. "Oh, yes, papa, I liked him. That is, I liked him pretty well, but I didn't like to hear him donk."

FASHION NOTES.

—An admixture of tints is to be decidedly fashionable this season. The black and dark tones are gradually giving way in England, where they have been so popular.

—Soft woolen stuffs are frequently made up with full bodices, the plaits or gathers crossing over the bosoms and joined to the skirt draperies in a looped sash or plastron drapery.

—A new bit of jewelry worn abroad, which we are longing to see imported to this side, is a ruby almond inclosed in a golden shell. The shell is half open, showing the glittering ruby inside.

—Black silk hose have white split feet, and a new make shows Balbriggan feet with the remaining portion in black silk. Silk thread and cotton hose have also the white split feet.

—Other desirable colors are navy, seal, dark red, gray, mode and olive. Plain colors are usually preferred, though in cotton, fine lines and checks are liked because they wear well.

—Chemisettes are largely imported of fine platted lawn, embroidery and needle-work. Some of the French chemisettes are neatly finished with blocks and rows of hem-stitching.

—Leather cord applied on an alpaca band for protecting the bottom of a dress skirt is so far superior to the braid so long in use that it will, without doubt, take the place of it altogether.

—New designs in silk show embroidery in delicate pale shades on a cream ground, with Valenciennes lace insertion; buds and flowers in the natural colors on flesh color, and flowers in silk and metal embroidery on black. Other silk hose have front pieces of lace, embroidered with silk, or the favorite ombre stripes in open work.

—Embroidered gauze is superseding the black lace which has been so much worn. It comes in all colors beautifully embroidered for different parts of the dress in graduating designs, while the pattern for the flounces may be large and floriated in design, that for the fichu and half-sleeves in small, delicate pattern of the same colors.

—The handsome plastrons made of bugles and long pendants of all colors are just as fashionable as one year ago, and there is no abatement in the popularity of the made fichu of jet, both glittering and lustreless; with these the set is often completed with collar, epaulettes and cuffs, so that one can at once change a very plain dress into something bright, pretty and stylish at a very few moments notice.

—Who can say there is nothing new in kids, when Parisians are raging over the new sand de boy color for gloves? And what is this new wonderful glove? Ox blood describes it to our American ears, and this, at best, an ugly dry red tint, with three broad stitchings on the back in black. Will they take with us? is another query. As the season advances the answer will be given. Impossible now. The broad stitching on the backs of kids is immensely popular, and will remain so for walking and driving gloves through the winter, but we cannot think them adapted to full dress. Long Swedish gloves are still extremely in vogue for evening. Some are trimmed with bands of ribbon in contrast neatly stitched upon them. Others, in the natural color of the kid, are beautifully hand-painted, not only on the back but on the long wrist often reaching to or above the elbow.

—Swees and glace kid are equally fashionable. Long, black mousquetaire gloves, with plain stitching, are much used, and nothing can be more becoming to the hand, though, in spite of the fact that they increase its apparent size, both undressed-kid and heavy stitching are also fashionable. New light shades, straw, biscuit and gray, fancy is for white undressed kid, but it is doubtful if they will obtain in this country, as the undressed kid is never quite as popular here as there. Six-button lengths are the most popular for street wear, and mousquetaire are still worn. Evening gloves are in twenty to thirty button lengths. The top is finished with a lace ruff, or a band of ribbon or velvet with a bow or buckle. Other specimens have the arm all of lace, with embroidery of silk, metal or beads. The warm Jersey gloves will be just as popular this winter as last for those who look for comfort more than fashion in their everyday attire.

—A right pretty hat for evening wear is of cream white felt, has the brim slightly rolling on one side, and is faced with moss-green velvet; on the left side are loops and ends of cream-tinted ribbon, lined with the green velvet, around them curving large green-colored ostrich plumes, merely covering the crown, and curling over the forehead. Breast feather and made wings for the feathers of different birds are largely used in millinery, but it would seem the cry out against the slaughter of the poor innocent birds has had its effect, and for a season at least they are allowed to chirp in peace. A little French princess bonnet shape, with Jersey cloth, tweed or camel's hair; indeed, any of the wool fabrics of the costumes may be used to cover these little frames, with the facings and high full tops of any contrasting shade of velvet as finish, the loopings, the same as last season, built high up on the crown. The evening shades for millinery will be moss-green, pale tints of mauve, beige blue, cream, cameo and pink. Pink for evening and reception wear is profusely trimmed with brilliant ornaments of jet, fine bones mingling with the jet ornaments. The ties are of velvet, picot-edged ribbon, with short half-inch ribbon lying inside of these. Again, pink velvet or plush and white satin beads, feathers tipped with white beads and lovely expensive agrettes will trim, and in this case the ties will be of white lace. A right pretty hat for a young lady is in a rich shade of Bordeaux velvet, adorned with red and black silk pom-poms; the crown is square, and the turned-up brim of velvet is trellised with jet hat beads.

HORSE NOTES.

—C. F. Emery has sold the 3-year-old gelding Hertzog for \$2000. —Patron will be trained and started for a fast record next season.

—Mr. Gordon is driving Clingstone on the road with William II. C. H. Page has purchased the b. g. Richellen, 2, 32, for a road horse.

—The young stallion, Kentucky Dictator, will be campaigned next season. —Walter Gratz has purchased of Walter Rollins, the trainer, the s. c. Racquet (2) by Reform, dam Waltz by Lexington.

—S. A. Tanner has purchased from R. O. Morris, Trevierville, Va., Dam Quicky, by Hawkwod, and a 2-year-old mare by Bellewood.

—The 2, 14, made by Harry Wilkes, is the best mile trotted in public this year. Little Mac's 2, 13, made at Detroit on July 23, was the best mile paced.

—Harry Johnson, the well-known pool seller, has leased his hotel on Market street above Eleventh, Philadelphia, and himself and family are stopping at the Bingham House.

—This has been a great year for trotting stallion transactions. Sultan and Director were shifted from California to Kentucky, and to preserve the balance Iowa got Nutwood, and New York has Cuyler and Pancoast. As a wind-up of the season John S. Clark, of New Brunswick, N. J., has sold Wedgewood to Major May Overton, of Nashville, Tenn.

—At the meeting of the Turf Congress, at Cincinnati, a communication was received from E. J. Baldwin, of California, complaining that he did not receive the \$2000 from the St. Louis Club, which it agreed to add to the match race between his horse, Volante, and Mr. Haggin's Tyrant, for which Volante walked over. It will be remembered that Volante was p-nalized five pounds at Chicago, for winning this match, the Washington Park authorities holding it to be a sweepstakes in view of the added money. Mr. Baldwin resisted in vain, and declared he would bring the matter before the congress to recover the money if he must carry penalties for it. The congress, however, decided it had no power in the matter.

—In an interview held with a reporter, Mr. R. C. Pate says his retirement from the turf is not permanent. To use his own words, he desires to take a rest next season and resume racing in 1888. He is very fond of the sport, but his health is very bad, and he thinks of going to California for the winter. "My stable," continued Mr. Pate, "was not as much of a success last season as I had expected. I anticipated a good season, and it was my own fault that I did not do well. I was so anxious to win races and worked my horses so hard in the early part of the season that they were all run out almost before the regular season opened. It is a mistake that many owners make. Mr. Corrigan has about the same experience that I have gone through. Although I don't think he has lost anything, he has not made very much. I started out in a remarkably satisfactory manner. At Nashville, Memphis, Latonia and St. Louis in the spring, I won my share of races, but by the time my horses got East their severe work at the above places began to tell on them, and they were of little use. I came out about even; but the season before, with the same horses, you will remember that my winnings amounted to about \$30,000. Monogram did the best of my stable last season. He won six of the seven races in which he started. The horses are now in pretty fair condition, and, with proper treatment, will be in splendid racing trim for the opening of next season. I will sell them all except Conking. He has been in pretty bad shape for some time, but is gradually coming around all right. I will keep him until spring, and will then probably sell him at private sale. If I go into the business again I will start out with a large stable."

—Daniel Switzer, of the Elmendorf Stud, Muirs, Ky., has purchased in England the stallion Kingcraft, a winner of the Derby in 1870. He is a bay, foaled in 1867, by King Tom, dam Woodcraft, by Voltiger. A correspondent says of the purchase: "That Mr. Switzer was in quest of a stallion was generally known, as the death of Virgil in September, followed by that of Prince Charlie a fortnight since, left him with Gleniel alone to cover some sixty or seventy mares at his stud. That he would purchase an English horse, too, seemed quite probable, as breeders generally seem to consider that imported horses do better with native mares. Mr. Switzer attended the recent sale of Mr. Lorillard, and it was expected he would buy, but Irquois went too high, and Pirro he thought rather dear for an untried stallion. He even expressed a desire for Mortimer, and we thought he would buy him of Mr. Withers, but it came to naught. That he should purchase so old a horse as Kingcraft strikes us as curious. Kingcraft is 20 years old next season, and by the time Mr. Switzer will be able to make him a popular sire here he will be 23 or 24, and his usefulness, in the course of nature, must be short. We should, therefore, think a younger horse, with many years before him, would be the more profitable to a public breeder. But there is a glamour to a Derby winner, let the attending circumstances be what they may. He is a sort of 'refined gold' among horses, and is an advertisement in himself. Besides, Mr. Switzer, no doubt had in mind the fact that, while the sons of King Tom have, as a rule, failed in England, they have been a pronounced success in America, seeming to nick nicely with our mares. Phaeton, for instance, sired King Alfonso, Ten Brock, St. Martin, Jack Hardy, Tolena, Phellis, etc. King Ernest sired Mikado, Kinglike, Favorite, Report, etc. King Ben sired Ben Fox, King Fox, Punter, Queen Ben, Rosary, etc. Great Tom, the full brother to Kingcraft, sired Tyrant, General Harding, Thackeray, Swift, Telle Doe, etc.