With words of former tenderness We strive to mock our fears, But we are changed. We are not ene, As we were once of old. Oh, would to God that we had died Before our love grew cold !

We've struggled hard against our fate, Our hearts still warm to keep, As wayworn men strive with the cold That numbs them into sleep. We have not let one unkind word The bitter truth reveal-

The world knows not, must never know What both of us now feel, That we are changed. We are not one.
As we were once of old.
Oh, would to God that we had died Before our love grew cold !

Bound, like the felon bound of yore, Unto the lifeless clay, Linked to a love long dead, that shows Each moment more decay, In secret we must hug our bonds.

Till death will set us free. I weep, my wife, to think that I Have forged these chains for thee; For we are changed. We are not one, As we were once of old.
Ob, would to God that we had died

Before our love grew cold !

"UNDER THE STUMP," or; Samson Kepper's Courtship

Any shrewd observer of men or manters would have immortalized his name by explaining, clearly and satisfactorily, the reason why Mr. Samson Kep-per remained a bachelor at two score. Samson Kepper, Esq., at five-andtwenty, was looked upon as a prize by all the marriageable young ladies. Possessed of good looks, an excellent farm, agreeable manners, and a large comfortable house, a pair of whiskers, and two pair of oxen, Samson could have taken his pick among the maidens of Grassborough. He was a kind hearted fellow, and I have often heard him described as having a distinguished fondness for gooseberry pies, nice chickens and fine horses. At this very delightful age Samson did actually betray an inclination for connubial haptitude of beauties-would make him encouragingly on her old lover. People of sitting still. an excellent wife. Now, Samson waited began to talk again. on Lucretia, courted her, as Grassborough gossips termed it, for five years; and it was well known to Samson's friends that more than fifty times he was on the point of offering her his hand. But Samson did not make such an offer for reasons, which Grassborapproach of lazy-paced Hymen, but ing such responsibility as the matrimowhich had the effect of a chilling nial station occupied by the late lashower-bath on the ardor of Mr. Kep- mented Brooks. per. He avoided Lucretia's society for day night, as in former days. To his sometimes dissatisfied with your present astonishment he found her occupying | mode of living." the small parlor in company with Mr. Brooks, a wealthy widower of thirtyfive. Mr. Brooks and Lucretia sat together in the chimney corner, and Samson sank into a seat opposite.

"Fine evening," said Samson, in an unsteady voice. "Nay," said Lucretia, changing color rapidly, and looking at the back log. It was snowing and blowing outside at a frightful rate. The settled his chin in his neck cloth with else." a pompous air, and tried to look unconcerned, Lucretia coughed, and blushed, and moved about in her chair, as if she had eaten something which had distressed her, while Mr. Kepper glanced uneasily from his hat to the door, and played with his thumbs like any timid young man, who, intending to go to a champagne supper, should penetrate the sanctimonious lence of a Quaker meeting by mistake

Hem! thought I'd call in and see how you were," observed Samson, after a long pause, turning in his chair and crossing his limbs with an attempt to appear at ease.

"Thank you. Hope you will—you'll come again," faltered Lucretia, And not another word was spoken for half an hour. At length Samson, after a series of preliminary hems, and thrown his vest on the ground, and anyious glances at his hat, summoned rolled up his sleeves, Mr. Kepper comanxious glances at his hat, summoned courage to say:

"Guess I'll be going," with a movement toward the door. "What's your hurry?" asked Lucretia in a feeble tone. "Nothing in particular-mess though

I had better be going. God night." "Good night, if you must go,"

per took his departure, leaving Lucretia with the widower, in a regular courting attitude. "Nice young man," observed the

widower, glancing at Lucretia and laying his arm on the back of her "Nay," said Lucretia, stopping to put a stick on the andirons.

"Used to be pretty neighborly, I understand." "Yes-yes-quite!" Lucretia was

"Nothing but a friend, I suppose?" "'Oh, no,"

"Hem! and if I should—that is, if any one else should wish to marry you, he wouldn't be in the way." "I don't know why he should," faltered Lucretia.

The widower's arm slipped from the back of the chair, and fell somehow, around her waist; and the widower being an absent-minded person, neglected to put it back again.
"And would anything else be in the

way, my dear?" That's according" (how the fire did glow in Lucretia's face) "to who Derson is,"

"Ah! hem! and if—it was me?" "You? ha! there's no danger of that, I guess," said Lucretia, trying to laugh

it off. Another movement of the arm and Lucretia's head lay on the widower's shoulder. "But I am in earnest," exclaimed

Mr. Brooks. "Oh, I didn't suppose-if that's the case," stammered Lucretia, pretending to struggle a little. This afforded the widower an opportunity for clasping her waist still closer. He laid his whiskers against her wet cheeks, to the

eminent peril of Samson Kepper's happiness, and the smoothness of his own Sunday dickey, then you might have heard a kiss,

"There! nowosay you'll have me," exclaimed the widower.

"If you-want me to." Lucretia thought of Samson and hesitated. Samson was certainly a desirable man, but Lucretia was the hole, and they both ran to the spot. twenty-three. It would be sweet-to "Good Lord!" cried Symes, "here's become Mrs. Kepper, but it was awful his jacket-there's his axe-I vow, he's to think of becoming an old maid. The | a goner." widower's affection at that moment struck Lucretia as a happy medium— aroused Mr. Kepper. He looked through the bushes and held his breath. promised no uncommon happiness; and she murmured:

"I will." And this is the manner in which Samson, through a habit of too much caution and indecision, lost the fairest maiden in Grassborough, after courting

her for five years. Mr. Brooks took his new bride home, to fill the place of mother to his three children, and Samson, who had a marrled sister with a small family, in poor circumstances, resolved to give his poor relations a home in his house, and live with them an old bachelor to the end

of his days. On losing Lucretia, Sansom, in despair, had made a vow never to marry. Eight years afterwards, however, Mr. Kepper had occasion to reconsider his say that such a state of things looked vow. Mr. Brooks died suddenly, leaving Lucretia the mother of three children and the stepmother of as many more, Samson was fond of children, and Lucretia was more of an angel in his eyes than ever. He visited her, carried her children presents, and did all piness. He commenced paying his in his power to console her in her afficaddresses to the amiable Miss Lucretia tion, and the young widow dried her tears, planted some flowers on the grave could not conceal, and Mr. Kepper it was said by everybody, except a mul- of the lamented Brooks, and smiled thought he would try the experiment tractive it is the sooner the girl gets

"Samson and Lucretia are going to be married now, after all," said the gossips. But two years passed; everybody was puzzled; and the fact that Mr. Kepper was a bachelor at forty, was a mystery. To marry the mother of six children, and take her and them ough would have been glad to know. home-for Samuel could never make The Lanes lost patience with the heir up his mind to settle on the Brooks said was at his disposal; but they could of his sister's family. Besides, Jane, So we may as well make certain that he see no sense in requiring years to make this sister, and Mr. Bunker, his brothering the before we begin," is there before we begin, "There! to be sure he's lute mind that chided him for assumbring the shovels," exception of the shovels, and Mr. Bunker, his brothering is there before we begin, the shovels is the shovels.

a month. At the end of that time, and happy, dear," Mrs. Bunker would try it." convinced of the impossibility of living say, "for notwithstanding all our affecwithout her, he called on her on Sun- tion for you, I am afraid you are

"Oh, I assure you again, sister," Samson would reply, "I appreciate your

attentions," "And I am sure we delight in doing for you. Still, if you desire to marry, take somebody worthy of you, and nothing would please me better. Mrs. Brooks, a widow with six children! I beg of you, if you value your peace of mind, don't marry another widower man's family. Look for somebody

Jane could safely give him this advice, for she well knew he would never marry any one but Lucretia. So Samson hesitated. Although he sighed for the widow, he felt that he would be ungrateful to marry against the wishes of those who did everything to make him happy; who were so kind and disinterested in furnishing to his comfort; and who thought so little of the property which would fall to them, provided that he died a bachelor, that they were perfectly willing-amost anxious that he should marry anybody but a

widow with six children. Such was the state of affairs, when Samson went one day to cut a saw log out of the trunk of a large maple, which the wind had torn up by the roots, not far from the house. Having menced chopping off the log, about eight feet from the butt. It was a hard job, Samson afterwards said, and as the sun came pouring down upon him, he was quite exhausted and heated. Leaving the main portion of the trunk hanging by a chip, in order that blocks might be placed under it to keep it Stumbling over a chair in his en-deavor to appear unconcerned, and stuck his axe into the log and began to "Coul buttoning the right hand lappel of his look for a shady place to sit down. son. surtout to the left hand tassel of his Near by stood a stately basswood from dress coat, an error which he did not the roots of which sprung up a luxudiscover until he had reached the snow banks before his own door, Mr. Kep- the parent tree. Reflecting that these would not only shade him from the sun, but also serve as a protection dear brother. Oh, save him, Joseph. against the swarm of flies, he determined to find a resting place among them. Mr. Kepper found a comfort-able spot where he was quite concealed from the sun and flies, and there leaning against the ancient basswood, indulged in a reverie, in which a nice widow, a delightful family of children, cider in the evening, and gooseberry pie for dinner, were charmingly mixed ogether. Mr. Kepper was startled from his pleasant reverie by a dull cracking sound in the direction of the tree on which he had been chopping, and pushing aside the pushes, he saw the chip breaking, by which he had left the log hanging to the stumps. "There goes the log to the ground," he mutgoes the log to the ground," he muttered with some impatience. No sooner had he spoken than the trunk dropped off, and instantly the huge mass of roots and earth overbalancing the stump, no longer attached to the tree, turned slowly back and fell with a heavy report into its original had. "The heavy report, into its original bed. "The dogs!,, muttered Samson, "it is pretty lucky I wasn't in that hole." And he shuddered to think what a horrid death

The clasp of the arm about her waist to be crushed under an avalanche of roots and clay. Mr. Kepper, however, sat still, and was soen lost in another reverie, from which he was aroused by an extraordinary occurrence. It afterwards appeared that Joe Symes, the hired man, who was at work repairing a fence near by, had twice or thrice cast his eyes in the direction of the fallen tree. Hearing the sound of Mr. Kepper's axe no longer, Joe saw the worthy man in the hole, under the roots of the tree; and in a little while, startled by a smothered concussion, he looked again, and beheld the stump

turned back. At that moment Mr. Bunker apthe stump, and seeing nobody, Joe suddenly exclaimed:

"I bet Kepper has been ketched under the butt of that tree." Mr. Bunker thought that it could not be; but Joe assuring him that the last time he saw Mr. Kepper he was in "Good Lord! ' cried Symes, "here's

This was the exclamation which

"Impossible!" said Mr. Bunker, ner-"Can't be." vously. "Where's Mr. Kepper, then?" de-

manded Symes. "Why, he's walked off, I suppose," "Walked off in a bilin' sun without his hat? look here."

Symes picked up the old bachelor's hat close by the basswood bushes, where Mr. Kepper had dropped it on going into his retreat.

"I declare, that looks bad," muttered Mr, Kepper was on the very point of showing himself, to end the joke and have a grand laugh over it, when Mr.

Bunker made the above remark: Now Mr. Kepper could not have the least objection to having any man bad. He himself would be deeply impressed with the conviction that it looked bad, had he been under the stump." Yet the manner in which Mr. Bunker made the remark, according to Kepper's way of thinking, looked bad in itself. To be brief, Mr. Bunker's countenance and the tone of voice expressed a satisfaction which he

"Looks bad-guess it does!" cried Kepper wasn't under the sump, he was, and that was a kind of a duty they owed the old fellow, to dig him out.

"Dig him out! 'twould take an age," muttered Mr. Brunker, rubbing his hands, probably to keep the flies off. "Tell you what, Joe, if he's there he's killed, and it is'nt as though a lit- \$75. estate, would be to disturb the peace tle digging would save a man's life.

> "There! to be sure he's there. I'll bring the shovels," exclaimed Joe.

"Don't you think the oxen could pull

ing way to the momentary fancy that stockings, fans, ribbons, etc., which he was in the bad predicament supposed, "if you stand there, you'll never get me out. Why don't you go to digging. Bunker walked around the stump, endeavoring to look under it, where the ends of the roots protruded, and finally exclaimed, loud enough for

his brother to hear: "Buried sure as guns!. Ho! here comes Jane. I wonder what she'll say?" Mrs. Bunker came running to the spot, in a terrible state of excitement. "Dear me," she gasped, "Joe says Sam is under the stump."

"Well," said Bunker, "I s'pose he

"S'pose he is?" groaned Samson. "Oh, what shall we do?" cried Jane, greatly agitated, "gracious how horrid. Can he be got out? How long has he

"Long enough," whispered Bunker. "The old devil must be stone dead, Of course its horrid, but then we ought | figures, thus: to be thankful that he has made his

"Oh, yes; Samson was a cautious man. He was prepared," cried Jane. "And if he was to be snatched from us, we ought to be thankful that he didn't marry first." "Well, he was a good boy, if he did

"Was 1?" growled Samson in the bushes. "The widow Brooks may go to the devil now," said Bunker, with a grim

have his faults."

smile and a long breath, "Oh, she may, eh?" thought Sam-"That odious match isoff my mind,"

sighed Jane. "Well, its probably for the best. He couldn't have lived many years, you "Couldn't! we'll see," muttered Sam

"And its some consolation," added Jane more calmly, "to know that, although we have lost Samson, our children are provided for. There comes Joe with the oxen. My poor

"Possibly," whispered Samson, "Quick, Banker, help me with this log chain round the top of the stump,"

"Fudgel they can't pull it," said Bunker. "There's no use if they can," growled samson, stepping from the bushes.

don't die so easy. "Good Lord! here he is," cried Symes, dropping the log chain.
"The devil!," muttered Bunker, changing countenance. "Oh, my dear Samson, he added, recovering his self sion, "you rejoice my heart, I thought you were under the but still I felt anxious."

"My will, I know it," said Samson,

walking off. "But where are you going?" asked the anxious Bunker. "To inform Mrs. Brooks that she

has permission to go to the devil." "My dear brother, I meant-"You mean to consign her to me, to be sure. You called me an old devil. I am glad my noble minded sister, that the odious match is off your mind. But it happens to be in my mind, as you supposed this cursed stump was on my

Jane sobbed on his neck, but Samson

pushed her away. "You consoled yourself with the peared, and inquired for his brother-in-law. Both looked in the direction of thought I was dead," he muttered. "And now that I am alive, you are inconsolable. Here, Joe Symes," he cried to the wandering laborer, "here's Throw my hand. I'll remember you. that log chain around Bunker, and shake him into the middle of next July,

and you'll do me a service." And he strode away, leaving Jane weeping hysterically, Bunker gnawing his nether lip, and Joe Symes laughing his own. so that he could hardly stand.

Samson Kepper never entered his own house again, until the Bunkers had moved out of it, which event was of speedy occurrence, and then he did take possession, accompanied by the widow, now Mrs. Kepper, and all the little Brookses. And now Samson was very happy, for he had but three things to repent—that he had not married Lucretia fifteen years ago, instead of allowing another to enjoy her freshest bloom-and that the years during which he had been feeding the selfishness of others, had not been years of blissful married life,-and that all the dear little Brookses were not dear little Kep-

WHAT FINERY COSTS.

Some Dollar-Marks Showing Miss Fluff's Unfitness to Become a Wife.

Said I to a much experienced mamma: "First tell me about clothes. I mean those dresses that are actually required by a girl who intends to go everywhere and look smart?"

"Well," said mamma, "I've not been extravagant with my girls, yet you know they have all been well dressed. This is the outfit I allow for a first winter, and I find the more atmarried. A cloth costume for the street, tailor made, with a toque to Symes, and he swore by George that if match, \$125. A silk and woolen dress for church and afternoon wear, including a jacket, \$140, and bonnet, \$18. A reception dress of dark velvet, trimmed with fur, with hat and muff, \$200. An evening costume of black silk and jet, with a mantelet and bonnet to match, \$200. A tea gown,

"Good heavens, you haven't mentioned ball gowns yet?" "I'm just going to. A simple gauze elaborate one of satin and tulle, \$125. And a third for very smart occasions, \$175. Two or three pairs of walking shoes at \$11, and say four pairs of

are dear to the girl's heart." "But do you mean to say that all these things are necessary?" "I should be sorry to think that one

of my girls had been without them," was the proud maternal reply. "Can you give me any idea of what

a debutante's tea cost?" 1 ventured to remark.

"Easily. First, 2000 cards at \$1.50 Johnson charges \$3 a a hundred. hundred to deliver them. He charges \$25 an afternoon for calling carriages and other services at the door, which sum also includes the use of an awning and drugget on the sidewalk. The confectioner's bill for cakes, ices and so on is not much, say \$50, although some people attempt to serve an elaborate menu."

During all this talk I had been jotting down items, and now found myself confronted with a pretty array of

Cloth costume..... Silk and woolen costume and Velvet reception dress complete. Evening costume..... A satin and tulle ball dress A still better one..... Sealskin sacque..... Gloves, stockings, shoes, etc Sortie de bal...... Tea, everything included.....

Grand total \$1,698 "This is what I make it," said I, handing ever the slip of paper. "Is that what it actually costs to bring out a girl?"

"Rather under than over the rule. And, mind you, this is only a beginning—the cost of the first step."
"Well, good-day, Mrs. Bountiful.
So sorry your daughter is not at home. I had no idea she was so expensive."

Binding the Ancient Liar.

"Had you."

Not long since a gentleman, then a wrote to a publisher in Boston for a copy of that popular singing book entitled:
"The Ancient Lyre." In his communication he used the following language: Please send me the Ancient Liar well bound." The publisher replied: "My Dear Sir—I do not doubt but that the Ancient Liar, he who has been 'a liar from the beginning,' has been, and still is, in Boston, but it will be difficult to comply with your request, for the reason that Boston influence is so strongly in his favor, it will be impossible to nd him."

Fifty-four horses, the get of imported Glenelg, started in 723 races in 1884, winning 137 races and \$112,868 in stakes and purses. The get of imp. Billet that ran in 1886 numbered 43. They started 612 times; won 113 races and \$82,405. Firenzl, with \$13,015, heads Glenelg's winners, and Miss. Woodford, with \$21,680, is first among HORSE NOTES.

-A mile race-track is to be built at Niagara Falls.

-Bob Johnson, 2.221, has been shipped to Germany. -Pancoast will be given a chance to

beat 2.20 next season. -P. F. Foy has decided to sell Dick Organ; record, 2.241.

-There are 303 entries for the English Eclipse stakes for 1887. -Dan Pfiffer gave John Murphy his

first lessons in horsemanship. -J. I. Case has purchased one-fourth interest in the stallion Sultan for \$5000. -The horses of the Locust stable

will hereafter be entered in the name of Mrs. George L. Lorillard. -The Coney Island Futurity stakes | and much less costly. of 1889 has received 810 nominations,

and a few more are expected. -W. G. O'Brien, Jr., who last season managed Walter Gratz's stable of

-Robert Steel has purchased from C. S. Caffrey the r. m. Daisy Miller, all the fashionable shades. by Electioneer, dam, Daisy C., by The

-James Golden, of Boston, has sold to James Humes, of Merrimac, Mass., the brown gelding Bijou, 2.252, Farmer's Glory. -Robert Steel has sold Merry

Thought, b. m., 2.224, by Happy Medium, dam Four lines, by Blackwood, to J. B. Barnaby, of Providence, R. I., who will drive her on the road. -Shamrock, by Buccaneer, Fernleaf, by Flaxtail, the colt that

beat the 2-year-old trotting record at San Francisco on December 18, doing the mile in 2.25, is in John A. Goldsmith's stable. -Cremorne, b. c., foaled 1885, by

Great Tom, dam Charity, and the ch. f. Goldwire, foaled 1885, by Great gold may be wrought in by yellow pearl Tom, dam Alaska, have died, the beading, yellow velvet sashes, yellow property of S. S. Brown, owner of Troubadour.

purchase of Connemara, but did not ings to match, are very stylish and are buy when they found that Mr. Reilly's worn with gauze dresses that have price was \$15,000 for the running qual- scalloped hand-embroidered flounces. ities of the filly.

-Mr. McCabe's filly by Orange Blossom, dam Hecla. and Mr. Holton's bay filly by Blossom, dam by General Knox, are matched to trot mile heats, three in five, owners to drive, for a supper for folds. The long, full train hangs ten persons at \$10 a plate at Baltimore, in the spring.

-Grand Sentinel, accounted "the best stallion in Michigan," died at Ka amazoo, on the 9th of January, of blood-poisoning. He was 12 years old, and had sired several colts which trot in 2,20. His owners had twice refused to sell him for \$20,000.

-In England, during the year 1886, dinner or ball gown costs \$90. A more | 238 colts and 232 fillies, in all 470 foals, \$501,475. The 8 colts and 7 fillies by Sterling, son of Oxford, brought \$76,-900, an average of \$5126. The second "I should like to see you married and happy, dear," Mrs. Bunker would say, "for notwithstanding all our affective say, and a variety of handkerchiefs, silk of his get, a colt and a filly, were of-\$8500. The 5 colts and 6 fillies by Her- | ferred. mit, son of Newminster, averaged

has magnificent shoulders, good body, back, hip and loins. He was a winner at 2 years old, and won both the Withers and Belmont stakes at Jerome Park, having been sold after the Withers for

-Ed. Corrigan, in a letter to the Wilkes' Spirit, says: "I always prefer running for stakes in preference to purse The sort of stakes that I said I would not enter and run for are those \$400 and \$500 stakes, where they require owners to pay \$50 to start, or \$25 forfeit, etc. When it comes to that sort of stakes I do object, and will not enter for them. That reminds me too much of when I had trotters and paid ten per cent. to enter, and some places it required six to fill and four to start, or no race. The first horse would get they used to call it the 'gang'—to keep from being run over or fouled in some way. At that time I used to drive my own horses, and know just how it was, Well, I quit that to do better, and hope that I won't have to quit this business to do better; but if I do, it won't be because they give good, big stakes, even if the entry is a little steep. I think that I make nearly as many stake entries as any one each year, and anywhere suits me to run, either East or West, I don't think I deserve the name of coward. I did tell some reporter, and more than one, that I was opposed to those cheap stake races, and pre-ferred to run for purses from \$500 to \$750, such as they gave at the Brook-lyn track, Long Branch, Coney Island, etc.; that if the clubs couldn't afford to give more than \$400 or \$500, they should call it a purse, or put two such stakes together and call it a decent sized purse, such as they give at Monmouth Park. Don't you believe it; I am not afraid of a penalty if I have anything for it, but I don't want the penalty without getting my money. The worst of it is that right where they have been giving stakes as low as \$350, and ask owners to pay from \$25 to \$50 entrance, they expect to sell yearling colts and filties to turfmen at any sort of price from \$100 to \$5000, and then let the new owners try where colts or filly can draw that \$350 prize. I say this is worse than trotting for your

FASHION NOTES.

-Veiling and various laces are used for young lad.es' dancing dresses. They are invariably made to clear the floor, and are considered far more stylish and appropriate than trains for the ball-room.

-The fashion of veiling flowers in tulle has now spread to jeweis. Pearl and precious stone necklets are to be worn under the guimpes or chemisettes of high dresses, and for low bodices the necklaces will be veiled in tulle.

-Another dress had a front made of a single flounce of point lace over a front of satin, with body and long train of gold brocade. In more simple dresses there are very artistic designs in plain faille or satin, with overdress of plain or fancy tulle, very desirable

-Some charming, inexpensive dresses are made of delicate tints of cashmere, veiling and various thin fabrics. They are made up with lace or by themselves. Some pretty combinations are made with fronts of light-colored velvet brocade, which may be had in

-Young ladies wear delicate crapes and crepe de chine, with lace, for dancing dresses. There are also some charming styles in light-colored fallle, with lace-trimmed skirts and basques of bright colored-plush, with bead garniture. A pretty dress of this sort has a skirt of pink and white striped satin, with a basque of Nile-green plush. This is particular becoming to a delicate blonde with a rose-leaf complexion.

-Bridesmaids usually wear some transparent material mounted on a silk or satin foundation. Large-meshed silk net or tulle, with chenille pompons, or gauze, is a favorite for these fluffy dresses. When color is introduced in bridesmaids' dresses it is added to white, as white and gold, white and Suede, white with brown, etc.; the roses or gilded sticks to the fans; white gloves accompany such toilets. The -The Dwyer Brothers have been new Suede passementeries, with tan negotiating with Mr. Reilly for the Suede gloves, Suede shoes and stock-

-The bodice of the bridal dress is frequently made with a waistcoat of crossed folds, which may be gauze or point d'esprit net or silk mull, the high-standing collar matching the straight from the bouffant tournure, the panel is either of two or three lace flounces or of pearl-embroidered galloon, or of clusters of pearl flower ornaments; the skirt is edged with a pinked-out ruche of either silk or satin. A single spray of natural orange flowers is now worn in the hair, and the lace or tulle veil, falling back from the face, is fastened with some ornaments; real blossoms are also worn on the bodice. The gloves are undressed white the progeny of 125 stallions, sold for kid, and the shoes are either white kid or the material of the dress; ivory white satin or colored silk, with a satin lustre, are the chioce materials. fered. The sum paid for them was rich, simple web of one material is pre-

-In children's millinery there is an \$4180. Twelve of the get of Foxhall, 7 endless variety. New shapes do not colts and 5 fillies, passed under the seem to have crowded out the old; but hammer, and the average price was the old are all here, with the new ones added. One of the most welcome re--John T. Stewart, of Council Bluffs, turns is the Normandy bonnet, which Ia., has purchased, for stud purposes, wore out its welcome two or three seathe ch. s. Panique, foaled 1881, by sons ago. It is a far more sensible Alarm, dam Maggie B. B., the dam of covering for a little child's head than a Harold, Iroquois, etc., by Imp. Aushat or bonnet which would leave the tralian. Maggie B. B., Panique's dam, ears and face entirely unprotected from produced Iroquois, the only American the intense cold of this climate, and, breed horse that ever won the English made as they are of the softest plush Derby, and the only horse that ever and velvet, they are as elegant as the lived that won the three events—the most exacting could desire. A beauti-Prince of Wales stakes, the Derby and ful creation is of golden-brown plush, St. Leger. Panique stands 151 hands, with a full plaited front to shade the face. This is filled in with frills of soft neat head, neck and ear, and excellent white lace, with an intermingling of pale-pink ribbon. The crown of the bonnet is very full and high. On the outside, brown ribbon of a shade corresponding with the plush is massed against the front of the crown. Six dollars was the modest price mentioned by the young saleswoman when the writer inquired the price of the little

-It would seem that the extreme point of magnificence had been reached in evening dresses. They show marvels of handiwork in beads and embroidery, in riehness of materials and in the elaborate garnitures that embellish them. There are new designs in embroidered fronts for full dress toilets. These show beads of rock crystal, gold and trridescent tints, and are wrought with infinite pains and skill, flowers one-half the purse, and perhaps his owner would have to give up one-half his share ta the mob, I would call it—his share ta the mob, I would call ing dresses are cut in rich satin grounds, with lace brocade and plush in cut and uncut velvet figures. There are also heavy satin fabrics with a single stripe of brocading through the middle of the breadth; cloth of gold, with satin and silver brocades of fabulous beauty and high cost. All of these materials can be used by themselves, or with plain plush faille, satin duchesse or plain satin. There are various fashions combining these fabrics. In some cases they are used with lace or as a side panel, or front breadth; in others the body and train are of the fancy goods, with petticoat of plain goods, or the reverse. An elegant evening toilet recently ordered was of cream-white plush and duchesse lace. The petticoat was of plush, richly wrought with fine crystal beads that looked like dew-drops. The pattern extended around the front and sides of the skirt to the back breadths and covered the entire front, which was princess cut, the embroidery continuing to the top the embroidery continuing to the top of the low corsage. There was a long train of plush, plain and full. An overdress of duchesse lace was attached by its short sleeves to the shoulders of the dress, covered the sides and back of the body, fitting smoothly over it, and falling below the waist, where it was caught and looped on either side with bead ornaments, thence draped to the back of the dress over the train.