

New Every Morning.

Every day a fresh beginning. Every day is the world made new. You who are weary of sorrow and sinning, Here is a beautiful hope for you. A hope for me and a hope for you.

Something very unusual to quiet Talmley had happened, and Talmley was decidedly uncomfortable about it.

UNDER SUSPICION.

Of course everybody knew, as everybody knew everything in that delightful place, where each neighbor was a friend, each friend a brother; and what the village folk knew was this—the miller, old Harvey Jameson, had been robbed.

"A queer business, neighbor Greene," said the miller, shaking his dusty head solemnly, and telling the circumstance for the fiftieth time; "nobody knew I had the money but me. I can't suspect a single soul. I put the money into a tin box, and put that among a lot of other boxes in the cupboard, waitin' till I could go to the bank with it, an' lo' an' behold when I went to get it out yesterday, there warn't a single sign of box or money. I can't understand it."

"Neither do I, neighbor," said Greene, running a brawny hand over his shock of untidy hair; "neither can I. But I do think ye set too much store by that young man ye've took into your house, an' mebbe ye're mistook in him. He's a deal too fine about his clothes an' his hands, an' lo' an' he's not a flash that stole over Jameson's face, 'but mebbe I'm talkin' too fast; but it's mighty curious, an' one don't know what to think."

"One might try to think nothin' that weren't charitable," said the miller gravely; "an' I don't suspect the lad. It is more'n I'd like to lose, for it takes a time to earn it. But young Levoe didn't have nothin' to do with the stealin'—no more than you or me—an' I'd rather people wouldn't kinder hint he had."

the ten pounds, frowning as he did so. "I'll send that fellow packin' soon, whether I find him stealin' or not," he muttered. "It ain't none too comfortable a feelin' to know you've got to lock up every shilling you put in."

He ate his supper that evening in silence. Jennie and Dick chattering incessantly, and Mrs. Jameson took about every ache and pain that raked the woman she had been to visit.

But the miller could only wonder whether or not that frank, manly face and those cheery tones of his employe belonged to a knave and a scoundrel.

"An' Jennie and him seem to understand one another far too well," he soliloquized; "I used to like the lad, but now I'd as lief see my girl care for old blind Jack, the fiddler, as for this fine gentleman. As Greene says, he's too fancy about himself to be honest. I've often heard 'the greater the rascal the more genteel,' an' I guess I'll load the rifle."

He did load the rifle, and placed it near his bed, telling his wife that he "warn't goin' to lose any more money, but the first one that came for dishonest purposes would lose his life."

Mrs. Jameson was very nervous concerning the proximity of the rifle; she begged her husband to put it in his sleep, "an' make the thing go off," and probably kill her.

"I never move in my sleep, so you needn't be scared," he told her. "If I touch the gun, you can be sure it will go off; but I'll not touch it in my sleep; I sleep like an honest man, I do."

ploye, "I've been thinkin' ill of you for the last few days, an' I ask your pardon. If I ever can do you a good turn, call on me."

"I take you at your word, sir," said Dick cheerfully, going straight to Jennie and taking her hand. "I want your consent to my marryin' Jennie some day, when I have proved myself able to take care of her. We love each other, and I hope, sir, you'll not forget what love was to yourself once."

"No, I don't, lad," said the miller, with a tender glance toward his wife. "But a millhand gets but poor wages, an' you'll have to wait a while. I think you'll have to look up another mill-hand. Mr. Jameson, for I have another offer, and intend taking it. I wasn't brought up to labor, and was at college when my father died, leaving me, instead of the thousands I expected, nothing but my empty untrained hands. I left the college, and fate led me hither. If I have shown no talent as a miller, I have won the sweetest girl in the world to love me. Now a friend of my father offers me the post of book-keeper in his bank, at a salary of five hundred dollars."

The Persian soldier, even on State occasions, presents generally a rather ludicrous appearance, says an English paper. His uniform is of cotton cloth, and mostly of a deep, sepia color. It is made of what we call shirtings, and when new is very suitable clothing in a warm country.

But yet the Persian soldier does the best he can. Previous to a review or festive parade he may be seen carefully preparing a plume of white feathers, and binding them to a piece of stick. When this martial plume has attained the size of a lamp brush he triumphantly affixes it to a shako.

THE WILY COUNTRY EDITOR.

He Finally is Given a Railroad Pass by the Superintendent.

The editor of the Swampville *Cypress Knee* called on the superintendent of a railroad. "I have come," said he, "to ask a favor of you. I do considerable travelling over your road—have always paid my fare, and now I want you to give me a pass."

"You say that you have done considerable travelling?" "Yes, sir." "And have always paid your fare?" "I have."

"Because you are too valuable to lose. You are the only man along our line who hasn't a pass, and upon whom we mainly depend for our revenue. If you were never to ride I might give you a pass, but as it is I must refuse you."

"The editor, after a moment's reflection, replied: 'To tell the truth I have never been over your road but once. When I spoke I was thinking of another road.' 'Did you pay your fare?'"

"I mean your sworn circulation?" "Well about 1,000. I send at least one copy to every post-office in the State."

"You seem to be warm," said the superintendent. "William, hand the gentleman a fan."

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FASHION NOTES.

Circular cloaks are revived in London. They are made of materials of neutral tints, lined with some bright color.

Colored linings are in high vogue, striped and figured silks in bright colors being largely employed for that purpose.

Many of the handsome hats and bonnets are trimmed with loops of ribbon only; no feathers nor metal ornaments.

Parisians are wearing tartan plaids for the entire dress, or in combination with plain colors. The plaids, however, are small.

Hoods are noted upon long, elegant, Paris-made street wraps, and mantles, even to those formed of the most expensive seal skin.

The favorite colors for evening dresses are pink, mauve, maize, cream, purple, heliotrope, pale-blue and an exquisite tint of green.

Peculiar gowns for in-door wear are called "Carmelite" dresses. They are of brown woolen goods, open down the front over a plastron apron of white veiling.

One of the newest woolen suits made in Paris is of a soft article with a shaggy surface. The color is dark blue, but when the goods are examined closely the ground is of a reddish tinge.

Pelerines have not lost favor. This is owing to their being small and warm and to their not detracting from the general effect of a toilet. They have, however, one disadvantage; they do not suit all figures, and are often too long or too short, as a happy medium is difficult to hit.

Walking Dresses. The costumes that are most generally adopted for walking purposes are of rough fabrics trimmed with gallow applique in Muscovite style. The gallow is very pretty, and is used as fancy details.

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HORSE NOTES.

One hundred and forty trotter lowered their records in 1886, against 115 in 1885.

The purses to be given at the carnival trotting races at Hamilton will aggregate \$1150.

W. H. McCarty's brown mare Anniversary—record 2.54—died at Lexington, Ky., from pneumonia.

Connemara is now apparently all right. The reports of her sickness were exaggerated, Mr. O'Reilly says.

A 2-year-old brother to Ormonds will make his appearance this year at the Duke of Westminster's colors.

Fifty-ones of Longfellow's get is 1886 started in 413 races, winning 68 and \$77,116. The Bard leading with \$41,895.

The Rochester (N. Y.) Driving Park Association at its recent meeting elected George W. Archer President in place of Hon. Frederick Cook, who declined re-election.

John Porter, the English trainer, has forty-eight horses in training, including two belonging to the Prince of Wales, fifteen to the Duke of Westminster, thirteen to Lord Alington and Sir F. Johnstone, and the remainder the property of the Earl of Portsmouth, Colonel Williams, John Gretton, Captain C. Bowling, W. Low and J. T. Mackenzie.

The English brood mare Vex was recently the victim of a singular accident. While in the stable a large elm tree fell on her box, and the mare was killed. Vex was an owner sister to Galopin, the Derby winner of 1875.

Charity and Florence Fonso joined James McCormick's string at Brighton the other day, and it is said that W. L. Scott will continue to send some of his best to be handled by this able young trainer. Mr. Scott will allow Wanderer to remain in Kentucky, and has taken him to the Kenny Farm, near Lexington, Ky., where he already has eighty-eight head of stock.

The following stringent rule has been made by the Queensland (Australia) Turf Club: "If any horse be scratched within four clear days of the running of any race in which he is engaged the stewards or committee may call upon the owner for an explanation of or reasons for such scratching; and if such explanations or reasons be deemed not satisfactory by the stewards or committee they shall have power to disqualify the horse or the owner, or both, for such period as they may think fit, and to fine the owner in any sum not exceeding the value of the stake out of which his horse has been struck."

The California State Agricultural Society opened a stake for foals of 1886, to be trotted for as yearlings, and has up to date twenty-one entries. The society has not established a precedent, but is following an experiment which, in the East, has invariably proved a failure. Here the very few yearling stakes were for half-mile heats, while the Sacramento event is to be a mile dash, a still harder task upon the tender baby trotters. We cannot congratulate the California State Agricultural Society upon the number of entries for its yearling stakes.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard is endeavoring to sell Hancock. It seems incredible to those who remember his former love for the place; but it is true, nevertheless. Mr. Withers told us last autumn that Mr. Lorillard had offered him the farm for a sum which we are not at liberty to state, as it was an offer to an old friend and associate, and was much less than Mr. Lorillard would take from any one else. But when Mr. Withers declined we thought we had heard the last of it, and that one day the historic trial ground of Parole, Iroquois, Pontiac, Wanda and Dewdrop might revive its former glories. But Mr. Lorillard has no use for it now. He has no stock, and the place is an enormous one, and probably the most perfectly appointed in the world. It is estimated that he has spent \$500,000 upon it in buildings, drainage, etc. As he is neither breeding nor racing now, it is a while elephant on his hands. There is little probability of any one in this country wishing it, and Mr. L. has given it into the hands of an agent, who will endeavor to make a sale in England, where, it is said, there is some prospect of a syndicate being formed to take the farm and stock it with fashionably-bred English blood and hold annual sales of yearlings.