To a Maid Demure.

Often when the night is come, With its quiet group at home, While they broider, knit, or sew, Read, or chat in voices low. Suddenly you lift your eyes With an earnest look, and wise; But I cannot read their lore-Tell me less, or tell me more.

Like a picture in a book, Pure and peaceful is your look; Quietly you waik your ways, Steadfast duty fills the days Neither tears nor fierce delights, Feverish days nor tossing nights, Any troublous dreams confess-Tell me more, or tell me less,

Swift the weeks are on the wing ; Years are brief, and love a thing Blooming, fading, like a flower; Wake and seize the little hour, Give me welcome or farewell; Quick! I wait! And who can tell What to-morrow may befall-Love me more or not at all,

MY STRANGE VISITOR.

BY FRANK CLAIRINGTON.

Some distance from the town of Land on one of the roads running through it, stands an old vacant house. It is a rambling old structure of yellow stone, with high narrow windows, heavy oaken doors, wide, dark entries, and barn-like rooms. It is surrounded by a grove of fir and pine trees, which give it a gloomy appearance.

This is the Yellow Mansion, and as I pass it I shudder, for in one of its upper rooms I met with an adventure will never forget as long as I draw breath

Soon after graduating from the medi-be years before I became popularpeople do not like young doctors-so I thought it would be better for me 'o take a place with a small rent,

The only place that suited me in this respect was the Yellow Mansion; it had been unoccupied for years and I got it for a mere song. I fitted up a neat room as an office and made it very comfortable, the only drawback to me was the loneliness of my place of business.

However, I only noticed this at night, and soon drove it off by reading. Frequently I would get interested in a newspaper or book, and find it long past midnight when I would lie it down.

One cold December night, while I sat thus occupied on a volume of travel. I heard the large front door slam and the sound of footsteps in the hall. I glanced at my watch, half past eleven, and then I wondered who the stranger could be, for every one of my patients were doing nicely, and all in L--knew my office hours were 7 to 9.

I arose to my feet and glanced out. It was a fearful night, the wind moaned dismally around the house, rattling the shrunken doors and sashes, and sent the snow sifting across the window like sand. I felt a cold chill pass over me. I was by no means nervous or superstitious, but I could not repress a feeling that something unpleasant was

Theodora Oxgata

light feet pattered over the carpet of

autumn leaves in the pathway she sang

a snatch of some good old-fashioned

"My goodness alive! What's that?"

from the low wooden bench under the

"Yes, Joanna Elfied. What then?

"You know I didn't mean that, Jo-

"Would you like something to eat?"

Like an arrow, Dora Oxgate sped

back into the house, where her mother

was just setting the teapot on the table.

"Then let her stay cold and hungry.

Joanna Elfield is no associate for either

Have I fallen so low that I am no long-

er worthy to sit beneath the old apple

For, as the words thrilled from her

miniature magic lantern.

"Joanna Elfield?"

'are you hungry ?"

"I don't beg."

next to it, I suppose."

"Wait a minute, Joanna."

hymn.

well

the closed door, the walls, the bottles Dreary and chilly, a dying year, and yet the windows of Mrs. Oxgate's old of medicine on the shelves, and just then my eye fell upon something that brown farm-house hung out their cheery would render assistance-my galvanic signals behind the fringed cotton curbattery. The handle of it resembled tains, and when the kitchen door cups, and this gave me an idea. opened you could see the blazing logs,

"Say, old fellow," I said, quite friendly, and in a careless way, "don't you think that death by pc son would be better than that?"

must die by his bullet. I glanced at

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I have a deadly poison herea powerful drug," (I said this grandly) empty celar pail in her hand. As her and it will kill instantly. See how fine it will be for you to say you poisoned me, and tell it to Minnie.' "Not so bad," he exclaimed, lower-

ing the weapon and shoving it back in his pocket.

"I thought you would agree," I re-plied, stepping over to the battery. "Now, you stand here, hold these two apple-tree whose boughs overhung the cups, one in each hand, and you pass them quickly to me, and I will drink their contents."

He came forward seemingly delighted, and I placed the handles in his hands. | Dora." "Now for the drug," I said, placing my hand on the lever.

It was a frightful moment. I trembled violently-he began to suspect-he looked toward me-he turned and was tree? If so, tell me so at once, and I'll about to dash the handles to the floor, quit." but too late! My hand seized the lever. I drew it out and the hollow roar of anna," electricity broke the stillness. "It's

Saved! Thank Heaven! My faithful servant would do its work till my foe dropped dead from exhaustion.

I went over to the window-a desire to call for assistance seized me. Piac- well." ing my mouth to the aperture made by the key, I gave a loud shout, and to my surprise and delight some person answered me. Above the noise made by the storm, I could hear the sound of volces, and of footsteps which seemed to be approaching. Some one was coming to my assistance. Nearer and nearer came the sounds, and I heard them in the entry.

"Burst open the door," I called.

This was done and three men entered. Fresh baked waffles steamed on one They were all dressed in blue uniform | slde and hot biscuit was piled in drifts and on their caps were in gilt letters of snow on the other. For Mrs. Deathe words Riverville Asylum. They con Peabody and her daughter Comfort were attendants. I shut off the current and my visitor was bound securely. a housekeeper to be excelled by none.

"You have had a thrilling adventure," said one of them, who was ad- ter," said Mrs. Oxgate, "and shut the dressed as Vabman, to me.

"I have, indeed," I replied.

"Well," he continued, with a smile, you may be glad you managed him so easily. We are attendants at the asy- and hungry, and-" lum, and as soon as we learned he escaped, we set out. He was nowhere in lines of stone. Miss Comfort Peabody the town when we arrived, so we took drew her skirts close around her with a run around on the outskirts, and an involuntary movement, and Mrs. while thus occupied we heard your Peabody looked hard into the bowl of call.

"Is he dangerous?" I inquired. Vabman looked at the others, and all laughed.

you or me, Dora. She ran away from "One of the worst patients in the home and acted with common, strolling institution, and you may know he is play-actors-she has sung at low conpretty rough when three of us had to certs instead of keeping that fine voice be sent after him. He said something of hers for the temple of the Lord, and people do say that she has taken to about you marrying his girl, didn't be?" drinking. And you expect me to open I laughed and answered in the affir- my doors to such as her?"

was My Strange Visitor.

Barefooted Boys in Gray.

dier, "you would have thought there

were 10,000 elephants let loose in the

gates hung creaking; sunny pasture lands were neglected; grass meadows had toppled over with their own weight

of harvest, "The carriage with them grand people that has bought Glenwood Place. A gentleman dressed like the Prince of Wales, and a lady whose diamonds the figures coming and going like a flashed fit to blind one. Look! the carriage is stopping ! Sure's I live, the It was Dora Oxgate that opened it lady's coming back, trailing her purple came flitting out to the well with a silk dress in the dust like it was domesscarlet shawl over her head and an | tic gingham."

She gave her apron a twitch and tried to settle her scant skirts over her poor, useless feet as the tall, stately figure swept up to the door.

"This is the Oxgate Place, is it not?" the lady asked, in a deep, sweet voice, that betrayed her at once. Dora an-

tongue, a tall, dark figure had arisen swered promptly: "This is the Oxgate Place, and you are Joanna Elfield!"

"Not Joanna Elfield now, but Joanna "Don't be alarmed," said a deep, Avenel," she rejoined, smiling. "Here

> years ago lifted me out of the darkness and set me in the right place."

heart, yet. I knew then that one hu- Ky. man creature had faith in me still, and it renewed the fountain of life within me. Dora, yeu were my guardian an-

"It's hard to tell what people mean gel! God bless you for it !" or don't mean nowadays," said Joanna, People wondered much why the Avepicking at the fringe of her frayed rag nels had Dora Oxgate so much with of a shawl. "I was tired. I wanted a them, to say nothing of that tiresome, drink of water; so I came to the old prosing old bore, her mother. But Mrs. Avenel was a great lady, and could "Joanna," said Dora, hesitatingly, of course, be excused for having her whim-one of which was always to "Hungry? No. There's a sort of wear a thread-like chain of gold around craving, though, on my stomach, which her neck, with a heart-shaped locket

hanging from it. And Dora Oxgate, although she had settled into a solitary, hard-working old maid, knew that her life had not been

I was sitting on a train about to leave Richmond, Va., for Petersburg, were come to tea, and Mrs. Oxgate was when a bridal party came on, and one of the bridesmaids occupied the vacant "Come, Dora, quick with that wa-, seat by my side. The coach was crowded, and her special escort could not find a seat, but contented himself "Mother," said Dora, speaking in a by standing in the aisle at her side. slightly embarrassed tone, "Joanna Effield is out by the well. She is cold conversing about the events of the day. It became dark, and I then closed the book which I had been reading. Noth-Mrs. Oxgate's face hardened into ing was farther from my thoughts than

> event it proved to be; for in the dark. ened twilight the absorbed couple, sup- E 11. Echer, of Kansas City, has enposing me to be asleep, settled into gased to train for Mr. Wilson. love's low tone," each word of

HORSE NOTES.

-Patsy Clinker, pacing record of 2.20, has taken to trotting.

-For once winter racing is likely to prove profitable at New Orleans.

-James Pettit will train Charles McFadden's horse the coming season.

den Goldsmith will be sold on March visite sleeves. 1 and 2.

since October 8, 1886.

\$27,500, being \$550 an acre.

-W. J. Leys has purchased the 3year-old gray filly Venetia, by Bis-marck, dam Estella Gray.

-The get of imp. Mortemer won \$41,100 in 1886. Winfred heading the list with \$7920. There were 37 starters, navy blue. The frents are fastened sweet contralto, with a scornful into-is my husband. George, this is the list with \$7920. There were 37 starters, nation in its sound. "It's only me, friend I told you of, whose hand ten participating in 449 races and winning

> -The broodmare Bertha, by Harold, the turning point in my life. Seel I 2.30), by Melbourne Jr., died recently ornament of duil passementerie, also have your little gold chain with the at Bellaire Stock Farm, Woodlake, navy blue. In consequence the right

> > -On Thursday and Friday, March 3 and 4, at London, Eng., the Messrs. Tattersall will sell the entire stud of the late John Grout, of Woodbridge, Suffolk.

-Ten Broeck's get, thirty-nine of which were on the turf in 1886, won 52 races out of 315 starts and captured \$46,563, of which Jim Gray contributed \$17.060.

-C. H. Nelson, of Waterville, Me., wood, Jr., by Wedgewood, dam by Howe's Bismarck.

tor of the Middletown Stock Farm, has small bandeaux or small clusters of sold to R. R. Ross, of Canada, the bay | curls over the temples. stallion Volunteer Clay, by Harry Clay, dam Voluntary (dam of Blackwood Prince, 2.231), by Volunteer, for \$8000.

-John S. Campbell has established a neck, and fitted to the waist like a night school and employed a teacher | jersey; it is open on each side from the by paying a small weekly fee.

-W. H. Wilson, Abdallah Park, Cynthiana, Ky, states that his sales for the year 1886 amounted to \$38,000, to be an eavesdropper, but so in the closing with the sale of one-fourth interest in Sultan at \$5000 to J. P. Case.

--- The subject of the sale of Connewhich struck upon my ear clear as a mara came up again during the week. bell, for in his earnestness he leaned on .Dwyer Bros., ever on the alert for a the back of the seat in front of us, his good thing, offered Mr. O'Reilly \$14,- perfectly and should be made just as face, as you can picture for yourself, 000 for the filly. That was before her forming with the lady's ear and mine late attack of lung fever, which, of ments in this style of dress are calculaan equilateral triangle. In free course, set at rest all stories concern- ted to keep up the character for America and on a public conveyance, I ing her sale. But now that she has re- simplicity. No silk, satin or velvet did not think it necessary to remind covered the subject is revived. It may enters into to their composition, but them of my presence. Presently he be merely idle gossip, but one of the the materials are good, soft and rich. leaned closer and whispered: "You most prominent jockeys is the author. At present the chief demand for this must know by this time what my at- ity for the statement that the Messrs. description of dress, says a leading will take her, subject to trial, and if, very sorry, but I am afraid our paths when she is galloped, she shows no ef- drapery, and when made from the un-He expostulated of course; then, roaring or whistling. etc., they will or sea, besides being of great durability. pay Mr. O'Reilly his price. -R. P. Depper has sold to P. L. Silvers, Tecumseh, Mich., Bulletin, bay colt, foaled 1882, by Onward, dam Tecumseh, Mich., Bulletin, Mistress, by Hamlin's Almont Jr., to Mr. Bidwell, Tecumseh, Mich., Aragon, bay colt, foaled 1884, by Madrid, dam Mistress, by Hamlin's Almont Jr., to J. G. Ladd, Beatrice, Neb. Plutus, bay colt, foaled 1883, by Onward, dam Flushing Girl, by Scott's Thomas, 2.21; also a bay coit, foaied 1886, by has successfully introduced rid, dam Extract, by Woodford Abdallab. -The Montgomery, Berks and Chester Counties Agricultural and Horticultural Society, located at Pottstown, Pa., recently held its annual meeting and re.elected the entire old Board of officers. The society is in a flourishing condition, having earned 30 per cent. on its capital stock last year. A 10 per cent. dividend was declared, the balance being spent in improvements on Thomas, a young man of 25 was ob- the property. Since this society was orserved to be closely regarding a solid-looking old gent of 50 who had come been spent in permanent improvethrough from Chicago. Finally the ments. The buildings have been erected in the most substantial manner and compare favorably with any of the kind in the country. The mile track is one of the best. Pipes have been laid and water conveyed throughout the entire grounds. One hundred and sixty boxstalls have been built for trotting and exhibition horses. Two trotting meetings are given yearly, in the spring and fall. The managers hope to make their exhibitions rival those of the Great Mount Holly Fair, and with her superior grounds and railroad facilities the Jerseymen will have to look to their laurels. -The following 2.30 trotters died in 1886.Maxey Cobb, by Happy Medium 2.13 Lucy Fry, by Blue Bull...... 2.20 McMahon, by Administrator... 2.21 General Butler, by Smith Burr 2.21 Fides, by General Stanton..... Rose of Washington, by Green's 2.214 Bashaw..... Capitola, by Gilbreth Knox..... 2 22/ Lady Turpin, by Bell Morgan. Flora P., by Mambrino Sample. 2.23 2,234 St. Dennis, by Blue Bull 2 23: La Grange by Sultan..... 2.234 Belle Oakley, by Garibaldi 2.241 Almont General, by Almont Jr .. 2.24 (?) Clover, by Young Hindoo ... 2.254 Kate Campbell, by Scott's Hiatoga..... 2.251 Kismet, by Sultan..... 2 234 Motion, by Daniel Lambert, ... 2.29

FASHION NOTES.

- Waterproofs have now become quite elegant and ornamental mantles. They are of silk, lined with India-rubber; the silk, is either self-colored, in soft tints of gray, beige or brown, or else it is striped or plaided in various shades or color. The newest models are -The trotting stock of the late Al- made in the shape of redingotes, with

-The Marie-Antoinette coiffure 13 -W. P. Balch, of Boston, claims to also much in vogue. For this coiffure have sold \$93,000 worth of horseflesh | the hair is arranged in a rouleau; it is not brushed straight off from the face -A syndicate has purchased the and fastened straight down, but merely Riverside Driving Park at Buffalo, for rolled off and attached with pins, but so as to remain loose. This style does not suit all faces, but is very becoming to ladies who have a low, broad fore

-By way of redingote, the following is a very new model: The material is thick-ribbed woolen serge, dark straight down from the neck; then the right side one is rounded off and crossed over the left hip, where it is dam Jean Wood (dam of Clermont finished in three full plaits under an side lapel of the redingote remains a little shorter than the left-side one: a strip of passementerie braid, simulat ting a thick plait, follows the edge of both fronts from the neck to the foot Jewess sleeve, widely open in the lower part, lined with navy blue silk and trimmed with a plaited braid.

-Tortoise-shell combs and pins for the coiffure are also extremely fashionable. Coiffures are still worn very high, the hair being brushed up from the roots and arranged in loops on the has sold to Dr. O. G. Ciley, of Boston, top of the head; these loops are the brown 3-year-old stallion Wedge- fastened with the tortoise-shell pins. while the small comb is placed a little on one side! In front the hair is parted -J. D. Willis, of Brooklyn, proprie- in the middle and arranged in very

> -Another style of redingote, very elegant and unique, is of iron gray fancy armure cloth. The front is made like a cuirass bodice, clinging from the

for the benefit of his jockeys and the shoulder to the edge of the skirt, to other boys of his stable at New Or- show a panel of gray velvet. This leans. Boys from other stables will panel is gored and very narrow from have the privilege of joining the class the shoulder to the waist, but gradually enlarged from the waist to the foot. A fringe of small silk passementerie acorns edges both sides of the mantle, touching the velvet. A handsome border of dull passementerie passes across the waist and is rounded off at the foot of the mantle on each

side. Turned-up collar and coat

sleeve. -A cloth dress should be what is called "tailor-made." It should fit plain as possible. The latest achieve-Dwyer and O'Reilly have come to an London journal, is in fine vicuna cloth. understanding and that the Dwyers The material is soft and light that it answers both for foundation, skirt and fects of her late illness in the shape of dyed wool runs no risk either from sun If, however, any special shade or color be desired this can only be obtained by means of dye, when, of course the cloth becomes subject to the uncertainty of all artificial tints. For the ornamentation of these dresses b. alding answers better than anything else, and the designs can be brightened by having a thread of gold or silver woven into the braid. -A leading dressmaker in London an Madrid, dam Dream, by Administra- innovation in the ordinary wedtor; to J. B. Ross, Madison, Ind., Ad- ding gowns, and it is so unique venturer, bay filly, foaled 1885, by Pre- and pretty that we give not only a tender, dam Zest, by Woodford Abdal- description of it but of the entire lab (sire of Kenilworth, 2.192); also a trousseau. The wedding dress was of bay filly, foaled 1886, by Margin (son of the softest, finest French cashmere of Almont), dam Ingenue, by Egbert; to a creamy hue over white silk. It was A. Rightmyer, Saugerties, N. Y., Bar- bordered with marabout, and plaitings celona, bay colt, foaled 1884, by Mad- of merveilleux were carried up on one side, bunches of orange flowers forming a panel; the marabout was used for the upright collar to the dress, and was carried around the long sleeves of the high bodice, looking warm and comfortable even in the cold weather we are now having. The cashmere blended well with the fine old lace vell. There were many beautiful gowns in the trousseau, such as sapphire blue velvet for dinner wear, made with a long train en princesse, the bodice square, draped with lace. Its perfection was the simplicity of its arrangement. There was a cream-colored satin which could be worn on these full-dress occasions when a wedding-gown 1s expected to be donned; it was cut three-quarter length and had a round bodice and an epaulette of old lace on the shouldera style which cannot find too many adherents. The upper portion of the arm, which is now much too freely shown, is rarely "a thing of beauty," but these epaulettes just veil it sufficiently, and a stomacher of the same lace covered the front of the boduce, folds of talle resting on the neck. A stylish afternoon visiting dress was a combination of dark electric-blue silk and Havana-brown cashmere, draped with a bordering of sable, matching the out-door jacket. The silk appeared as the foundation of the vest and side panels, the rest was a study of skilful drapery. A teagown was made of prune velvet, with a long falling front of merveilleux to match, and plenty of 2.213 valenciennes lace intermixed. A terra cotta brocaded silk was intermixed with mousse cashmere, and worn with a bonnet of the mousse tone, trimmed with gold chrysanthemume. A great deal of cashmere is being used for evening gowns, the bodices being draped with soft silk, showing no tucker, the slik forming a sash drapery across the front of the bodice. Two fancy dresses were most successful; Spring, in white tulle, the skirt trimmed with ribbon bows and snowdrops, an epaulette of the same on one shoulder; the other a Tudor Queen, made in a rich peacock brocade, with pink roses, interwoven; the front of both bodice and skirt was a mass of Wade Hampton, by Amboy.... 2.29} both bodice and skirt payton Belle, by Blue Bull.... 2 295 magnificent embroidery.

in vain. A Proposal on the Rail.

"Dora." she added, "that night was

about to happen

The sound of footsteps drew nearer; and presently the door opened and a middle aged man entered. He was . tall, slender and well dressed and fine looking, but he seemed frightened and

wild as he looked at me and said: 'Are you Dr. Bracefame?"

"I am," I replied. "What do you wish?"

"Ah, yes," he said absently, "ah, what do I wish! I must explain to this man my errand. I came here to have out my revenge.'

"Your revenge? Why, my dear fellow, I never raet you before." 1) laughed as I spoke, for I thought that one of L---- 's practical jokers was trying to spring a new trick on me.)

The stranger turned his jet black eyes toward me. "I have journeyed miles to see you, and at last-at last, I have found you. You shall suffer.

As he spoke he dashed to the door, locked it, then giving the key a jerk sent it spinning through the window. Then the terrible truth flashed across

my mind-he was a madman. "Hah, hah," he cried, "you are the by stealing The half-starved and half-frozen men man who ruined me

Minnie. I loved Minnie, oh, so dearly, and she would have been mine but for you-it was you that won her affections, by your smooth tongue and polished manners, and now she is the broken. hearted little wife of a scoundrel.

I feit my heart give a great bound of terror. Alone with a lunatic in an old deserted house. It was appalling. I could not call for assistance, he would, no doubt, become violent; and even if off the cows' back-were used for shoe- me?" I did, it would do no good, for it was making. A soldier would plant his very seldom that a traveler passed foot on the hairy side of the hide and Yellow Mansion at that hour. My the shoemaker would cut out a round only course seemed to be to humor him, piece of skin, slit it in various direc-'My friend," I said pleasantly, "I tions, and with a coarse twine gather

am afraid I am the wrong person. I up the ends and literally sew the foot do not know Minnie."

"You lie," he shouted, angrily; "you lie, wretch. You know, well enough, who the girl is.

This was strange talk to a man who prided himself in being called a bache-

"Well, tell me who she is," I said, trying to make the matter a joke,

"Ab, you wish to throw me off the and I scuffled around and got a ticket. he answered, "Minnie, the I went to the theatre bareheaded and scent.' giri I speak of, 18 Minnie Warbrane, barefooted and in my shirt sleeves. I Those lovely brown eyes, that soft thought it was the best show I ever black hair, falling like a cloud on her saw. After the performance an old shoulders, have haunted me. Well do man carried me home with him and I remember the beautiful young girl gave me a long-tailed coat, a hat and a tripping so gayly across the meadows, pair of shoes. When I got back to the so cheerful, so bright-just eighteen; and she would have been mine, as I said before, but for you, villain. But, I will have my revenge."

Revenge! revenge!" he shrieked. and the room rang with his crazy laughter, and then to my consternation he drew a revoiver from his pocket.

He handled the weapon for a mo- box-plaits, which extend to the bottom ment, then beleveled it at my head say- of the short basque, and are laid in so that they touch at the waist, making a ing: jaunty postilion below the belt. In

'This is the way I settle old scores. A new way of paying old debts-you front there are two box-plaits on each pay your debt with your life. I will side. The jersey is dark blue; the yoke days!" give you two minutes and then blow is red, and is trimmed with coarse your brains out."

All was, over with me now. 1 felt my heart beat against my side with its ing collar and spreading apart toward steady thump, thump, sending the the bottom of the joke, showing the "What is it, mamma?" Dora asked, the bottom of the sleeves are trimmed coming to the door.

I looked around the department in with red jersey cloth and black braid despair. Yes, there was no escape, I to match.

.5

"But, mamma," faltered Dora, half "Well, that's the way he tackles all affrighted by her own boldness, "don't strangers. Odd, too, for he never had you remember that He came to call, any love trouble, they say. So now, sir, not the righteous, but sinners, to repentance?" we will bid you good-bye.

door."

her teacup

"How do you dare quote the Scrip-In a few weeks I moved from the old mansion into a pleasant little office in tures to mel" cried Mrs. Oxgate, her the town- Strangely enough, the poor brow clouding darkly. "Bring in that fellow regained reason and is now one pail of water at once, and let us have of the most prominent business men of ino more discussion.

Thus rebuffed, Theodora Oxgate ---- Little does he suspect that he gave me such a fright and that he once crept back again into the frosty twilight, dejected and empty-handed. "Ah," said Joanna Elfield,

147 thought how it would be. Everybody's doors are shut against me. "If you had been around just after "Is it true, Joanna?" whispered the rout at Nashvilla," said an old sol-

Dora, coming close up to her.

"Is what true?" "That you drink?"

country. The ground was covered with "Of course it's true. You would snow, and, as you may imagine, the air drink if you were driven as I am! There was eager and nipping. The routed Confederates put down the snow-covare times when you could sell your soul for a chance to forget! And that chance ered pikes, making for Corinth and is only to be found in-drink." thence to Mobile, 240 miles distant.

"Oh, Joanna, I am so sorry for you." We were clothed with nothing but "Sorry! Say that again, lass! Peoshirts and breeches, comparatively few

ple have mostly left off being sorry for owning old hats, and here and there a me." fortunate man with a pair of shoes.

"But listen, Jeanna. Won't you try to do different?" wrapped their feet in old sacks and any

"I am not so bad as folks think me, sort of rags they could get until the except for the craving for drink. I tracks they made were great round have been nothing worse than wild and holes in the snow like the tracks of wilful. Only when a girl gets on the elephants. Gen. Lowery-God bless down-hill, every man or woman thinks his soul-tried to do something for us. it a duty to give her a push."

He had some shoemakers, and at night "Then will you try and retrieve your would make the soldiers report at his old self ?" headquarters, where the shoeshop would

"How can I? What is there left for be located. Green hides-not an hour

"Your superb voice, Joanna." "You would have mesing myself into respectability, eh? And in the mean-

time I should starve." "You need not starve, Joanna. Here!"

Quick as lightning she drew a small up in the raw hide with the skin side gold chain, with a gold locket shaped inward. The shoes were good for about like a heart dangling at its end, from 24 hours' use and then they would draw her neck. our feet and we would have to cast

"Dear Joanna, take this. It is worth them aside and go back to the bagging. money for your needs." When I got to Mobile with a lot of the

"Are you in earnest, Dora?" fellows we took quarters in a ware-"Of course I am. Hush! Mother is

house. Theodore Hamilton was playcalling me. I must go." ing 'The Wife' at the Mobile Theatre, "God bless you for this," said Joanna

huskily. "And, Dora, one word more -let me kiss you just once---

By way of answer, Theodora Oxgate threw her arms around the tall girl's neck and pressed her soft, red lips close to the other's cold mouth. And as she did so, something plashed on her cheek ware-house the boys tore the tails off -a hot tear.

The next minute Joanna Elfield had the coat, but she was a double-breasted disappeared into the world of shadows fellow and I stuck to her. I looked like a jaybird with his tail pulled out." that was hovering over the autumn landscape. And as she went, she murmured to herself :

-A new style of jersey has a round "Some one believes in me yet! It's a yoke extending to the shoulders, to strange sensation, and yet-it gives one which the back is attached in three something to live for, after all l"

> "Dora! Theodora! Why don't you answer? But no one thinks it worth while to pay any attention to me nowa-

It was Mrs, Oxgate's shrill, piping black soutache; the rows placed quite voice, as, helpless from paralysis, she closely together at the top of the standsat in her cushioned chair by the door-

sadly to decay. Fences had fallen ; sociation.

tentions to you mean. May I hope that I may claim you as mine?"

After a little pause she said, "I am through life will have to diverge.'

heaving a deep sigh, walked away. The twilight deepened, and I still rested my eyes. After awhile the disconsolate lover returned, and renewed his suit, saying: "I have spent fifteen wretched minutes. Can you give me no hope?"

Her voice in the gloaming sounded like music to him, I have no doubt, as she answered: "I have been thinking over what I told you. No one knows what may be in the future, and perhaps our paths may converge.'

Just then the whistle blew for my station, and gathering up my possessions, I was preparing to depart, when he exclaimed joyfully: "Do you get off here? Allow me to help you with these." And with shining eyes he took my satchel and parcels and helped me off, even controlling himself so far as to bow respectfully as I left.

On looking back I could see the lady in my seat by the window, and the happy lover sitting by her side. The whistle blew, the train started andthe curtain fell.

Curious Coincidence.

The other day, while a Michigan Central train was waiting at St. young man stepped up and inqured: "Isn't this Mr. B ----, of Chicago?"

"Yes, sir." "I am Mr. J---, formerly of the same place, but now of Toronto. Do

you remember me?"

"Really, I do not."

"I was a clerk in you pork house. aspired to the hand of your daughter. You drove me hence because I had no ducats "

"Oh, yes, it seems as if I do recall something of the sort," "Well, sir, I want you to understand

that you made a mistake. I am now worth \$18,000, and could give your daughter every luxury."

"Eighteen thousand dollars, eh? That's quite a sum." "Yes, sir, and I'm the man you

drove hence." "Eighteen thousand dollars," mused the old gent. "What a curious coin-

must jot this coincidence down."

tle, and then he went hence some more.

-A. A. Bonner and C. H. Chatfield certify that Colonel L. Kip's team, Ethel Medium and Birdle C., trotted for a wager to beat 2.25 at the New York Driving Park, June 14th, 1883, and were given a record of 2.24, being The Oxgate farm house had drifted driven by John Murphy, according to the rules of the National Trotting As-

cidence! That's exactly the sum my daughter's husband gave her the other day to buy summer pug dogs with! I Somebody held the young man up

until the weakness left his knees a lit-