

### Wanted, a Map.

Another map, an please you, sir!  
For why, we can not understand,  
In all your great geography  
There is no map of Fairyland.

Another map, an please you, sir!  
And, afterward, describe in full  
How Fairyland is famed for pearls,  
And fleeces made from golden wool,  
And prancing, gold-shod, milk-white  
steeds

With bridles set with jewel-eyes:  
Tell how the Fairy rivers run,  
And where the Fairy mountains rise,  
And of the Fairy-folk, their ways  
And customs—An it please you, sir;  
Then, of the journey there, how long  
For any speedy traveler.

Another map, an please you, sir!  
And would you kindly not delay;  
Sister, and I would dearly like  
To learn our lesson there, to-day!

### AVARICE DEFEATED.

Joel Bennet sat in his office, looking out at the snow which had been driven all day before a piercing blast. His face was drawn, and seemed much older than his forty years would have made it. A shrewd observer might see that this was an unhappy man, though he knew nothing of his past record or his present mode of life. The physiognomist making such a moral diagnosis of his case would perhaps be told that Mr. Bennet had all the requisites of contentment. His business was prosperous, and he occupied the top seat of eminence in the little city of about ten thousand inhabitants in which he dwelt.

While he sat intently gazing at the storm, biting intently at the end of his cigar, a clerk entered.

"Mr. Bennet, your brother was here this morning to see you."

"Humph!" muttered the other, indifferently.

"He says he must have some assistance, or his little ones will starve and freeze."

The clerk narrowly watched the effect of his words. Mr. Bennet did not seem to have heard him. There was no change in his face as he blew a cloud of smoke about him and said:

"Has Mr. Poore paid his rent yet?"

"No. Two of his children have been very sick with a fever, and he has lost time. He had to advance some money for medical attendance, but he thinks—"

"Have you given him a notice?" interrupted Mr. Bennet.

"No. I didn't know but you would make an exception to your rule in this case."

"You will give him a three day's notice to-morrow. You will hereafter follow the rules I lay down without hesitation or criticism, or you will lose your place. Your philanthropy would be a good endowment feature in a charitable institution, but will not mix with business to any profit."

At this juncture the door opened, and Mr. Richard Bennet entered. This was, as Joel termed him, his "mendicant brother." As he came in Joel turned his back to him, and put his feet up on the window sill.

"A terrible storm, Joel," said Richard, dashing the snow off his cap, and hovering over the hearth.

Receiving no reply, he continued:

"It catches a good many in this town without the necessities of life, just as it has caught me. No coal—no flour. A cheerless home with crying children; that's the picture. Why, it's enough to make a man get down and crawl. Yes, Joel, I am here to tell the truth. I am down, clear down."

He drew a chair in front of his opulent kinsman, and leaned forward to look in his face. He saw nothing there. Joel's mouth was puckered, and his eyes were on the storm outside, and he kept paid little heed, and dashed away. The broken roads near the town encouraged him, and he was just congratulating himself on his good fortune when the lane where he was to diverge from the highway came before his eyes—a vast, smooth, up-piled stretch of drifts as far as he could see. No thoroughfare here, and he drove on, thinking to cut a fence and drive across fields. This he did, but found only a very labored and circuitous route.

Frigid fogs soon enveloped the sun, and the wind commenced booming through the trees. It cut the snow loose, and tossed it high. It moved upward and onward, like great pillars, and filled the whole atmosphere with its swift flight.

He drove on through the fields, the horses floundering through the crusty snow, and the sleigh tilting here and there like a bark in a heavy sea. He could see nothing before him, for they were set in the very teeth of the gale, and the pelting of the snow filled his eyes, and obscured the air within the circle of a hundred yards.

This manner of traveling was very disagreeable, and it was painfully cold. His progress was slow, and the poor beasts almost refused to proceed at times. However, Mr. Bennet's will was indomitable. He thought he knew the ground, and he could not be more than three miles from Mr. Paxton's place. He felt a little numb, but he could drive the rest of the distance without the necessity of a halt. Then the hard journey would be over, and he would wait until the wind fell before going home.

He continued his course with positive convictions as to its correctness. He even relapsed into thoughts of the trade he was going to make with Paxton. He forgot the world was in white mail, and so disguised as to be unrecognizable. Still, after a time, the pain of intense cold obtruded itself on him. He arose to his feet and surveyed the situation. There seemed to be thousands of demoniac voices howling in the gale, and snow in his face, and took his breath away.

The horses became unmanageable, rearing and turning about to avoid the beating of the pitiless tempest. He could do nothing toward compelling them any longer to obey him. All directions were alike now. He realized that he was lost, and cared only to find shelter. They would soon reach some farmhouse. There seemed really nothing to apprehend, though he was shiver-

ing, his feet were numb, and the ice gathered on his beard.

The sleigh suddenly came in contact with a large rock. Joel felt himself poised in the air a moment, the next he struck the ground with great force. Before he could recover himself the team had disappeared.

Here indeed was a catastrophe. What should he do? He ascended the steep bank and started away to find a house. The effort gave him acute pangs in his side and breast. He gasped with pain. No matter; he must either find a shelter or freeze to death. His injuries were but secondary now. On he went, dragging his weight like some crippled animal, and every step seemed to be his last. Would he never again see the abode of man? Must he perish on this bleak field? True, life was not of much worth, but in it there were possibilities.

He wandered on, borne up against his pain, his sickness, his dread, by the most dominant passion of the human mind. It was only when his last effort was made, and his limbs, seemingly fettered, refused to move, that he fell on his knees and resigned himself to immediate death. He tore open his coat, his vest, his shirt, to thrust his hands against the deadly pains he felt inside.

Bowed thus, he waited and gave up hope. No, not quite. The convulsive agony passed, and he cried for help. A dozen times his cries were borne away by the raging storm. Effort seemed fruitless. Should he pray? Uncertainly he apologized to God, who knew all. He knew that his life was bad; but he was tried by adversity, sinned against, betrayed, wronged, insulted. He implored God to remember him as weak and human, and to accept his deep penitence. Such was Joel's prayer when death seemed inevitable—when he felt his dewy freezing on his brow and stiffening his limbs.

But hark—a cry! Some one was approaching. The poorly clad form of a man knelt beside him. He recognized his wronged brother. He heard, as in a dream, the broken exclamations of Richard. They were words of pity, of sorrow, of forgiveness. He called him by the sacred name of brother, and reproached himself that he had ever been unkind. And now he wept with joy when he found that Joel still lived.

"Courage, Joel! I will be back in a moment. Your team stopped at our house, and it is only a short distance from here."

He soon returned, and lifted Joel tenderly into the sleigh. When they arrived at the house, he was properly cared for by the two ladies there. He was placed on a lounge and wheeled to a warm corner. Brandy was administered, and the camphor brought into requisition.

Joel said little, but his eyes were busy. He thought he never saw such a lovely creature as Miss Burns, Mrs. Bennet's maiden sister. Her touch was so soft, her face so good and pretty, her words so soothing. A fancy crept into his mind. If he had a wife like Miss Burns, gentle, mild, affectionate, with a smile like June sunshine, there would be more pleasure to be had in one little cottage than in all his fine houses.

Joel was soon attacked by violent spasms of agony, and it is evident that if he did not have medical and surgical aid he would die. It was several miles to town, and the storm was still raging. But Richard hesitated not one moment in risking his life to save that of his brother. Joel, in an intermission of distress, remonstrated, and told him not to think of going out. As he thought of the fierce and deadly cold and the howling wind, he deemed such an attempt suicidal. He clutched Richard by the arm.

"No, you can't go. The roads are blocked. You would die on the way. I shall do well enough. Don't throw away your life for me, who has wronged you. I tell you I am not in danger, I can walk about."

Sure enough he could; but he tottered, and would have fallen if Richard had not caught him. They laid his limp form on the lounge again, and Richard rushed forth on his perilous journey.

The sick man lay delirious, groaning and tossing about in the heat of fever. But who can depict the anxiety of the loving wife? Her thoughts were bitter and harrowing. She felt that her mind surely was unbalanced long before morning if her husband did not return.

Between the hours he did return, and with him was Doctor Grady. Everything assumed another color to the ladies. The doctor was infallible—a great medical magician. He could almost bring back the inanimate dead.

So Joel Bennet was saved. The good doctor attended him zealously, and the ladies nursed him back to vigorous life. The snow melted, and the turf was green by the roadside. The violets opened their blue eyes under the hedges, and the birds sang tit wile in the budding branches.

Richard Bennet still lived at his old homestead. Joel had made no disposition of the place. He had torn up the note and mortgage before their eyes, and when they saw that their old title remained good, Joel was a changed man.

"That knock on the head," said Mrs. Bennet's maiden sister, "seems to have reduced his organ of acquisitiveness."

This jocose remark was not made in disrespect. On the contrary, the ladies had a high regard for the poor sick man. While he was under their care, and when he was growing strong, they found very many things in his disposition to surprise and please them. He had lost all his dignified starchiness, and so melted under the genial light of their friendly warmth, that he was quite another person. He obeyed them like a child, and watched them with delight. When he was quite well, he became "charmingly social." This is what they agreed on, although Miss Burns was the more positive admirer. He smiled, talked modestly, had a great regard for their opinions, especially for Miss Burns.

Beside this, every act bespoke his affection. He bought the farm adjoining for them, and the large tract of open land in front, on which he came so near perishing in the wintry storm. All this caused his visits to become very frequent, though it was evident

the visits were not entirely of a business nature. Miss Burns, who had long been placed on the old maid's list, knew better. The truth is, the fancy that crept into his mind on the memorable night when he was called back to life, was destined to become a reality.

### Floral Superstition.

Two ladies hurriedly entered the New Haven and Hartford waiting room of the Grand Central Depot, New York City. "How soon does the train leave?" anxiously inquired one of them.

"In five minutes," the guard answered. "You get the tickets please," the younger lady said to her companion. "I must have some flowers," she answered.

"You will miss the train if you go after them now, Maud," her friend answered.

"I would rather miss it than go on it without some flowers. I will tell you why when I return," she answered as she darted away.

She came back with lilies of the valley in her hand and offered half of them to her friend.

"No, no; I will not rob you of them after you risked missing the train to procure them," the lady said.

"You take them, please. I am somewhat superstitious about it. You know I rode a good deal on the trains for some time, and from school. The conductor of the train was a great big man of middle age, with hair tinged with gray. No matter what the season, summer or winter, he always wore a flower on the lapel of his coat. One day I plucked up courage to ask him why he did so.

"Well, you see, Miss, I have got a little wife up at home that thinks a great deal of me. No one would ever get very badly mixed up in a railroad accident who wore a flower about them. She pinned the first flower to my coat that I ever wore on a railroad train, and now I'd rather go without my dinner on a trip than go abroad without a flower," he said.

"Were you ever on a train when an accident occurred?" I asked him.

"Yes, I was once," he said, "and I was almost the only one on the car who did not get badly hurt. When the crash came I did not get a scratch; and do you know, Miss, I still think it was the flower my wife pinned on my coat and her prayers that kept me safe that night."

"Since the conductor told me that story I must confess that I have been afflicted with the same superstition, if you have a mind to call it so; but it is a harmless one at all events."

### The Smiths.

Mythology gives the highest place in its pantheon to Vulcan, the god of fire. For notwithstanding he is represented as bearded, covered with dust and soot, blowing the fires of his forges and surrounded by his chief ministers, the Cyclops, he is given Venus to wife and made the father of Cupid. Among the Scythians the iron sword was a god.

When Jerusalem was taken by the Babylonians, they made captives of all the smiths and other craftsmen of the city—a more grievous act than the tribute levied upon France by Germany at the close of the war in 1870. For to be deprived of the use of iron is to be relegated to a state of barbarism.

The vulgar accounted for the keenness of the first sword-blades on the score of magic, and the praises of the smiths who forged were sung with the chiefs of chivalry who wielded them. So highly was this mysterious power regarded by Tancred, the crusader, that in return for the present of King Arthur's sword, Excalibur, by Richard the Lionheart, he was to be made a knight of the Order of the Garter.

England in the early time. "In the royal court of Wales he sat with the King and Queen, and was entitled to a draught of every kind of liquor served." His person was sacred; his calling placed him above the law. He was necessary to the feudal state; he forged swords "on the temper of which life, honor and victory in battle depended." The smith, after the Norman invasion, gained in importance in England. He was the chief man of the village and the most cunning workman of the time. His name descended to more families than that of any other profession—for the origin of the name Smith is the hot, dusty, smoky smithy, and however it is disguised in the spelling, it is entitled to the proud distinction which its representatives sometimes seek to conceal.

### Tea as a Beverage.

Use a china or porcelain pot. If you use metal, let it be tin, new, bright and clean; never use it when the tin is worn out and the iron exposed. If you do you are playing chemist and forming a tannate or tea-ate of iron.

Use black tea. Green tea, when good, is kept at home. What goes abroad is bad, very bad and horrible. Besides containing the 203 adulterations the Chinese philanthropist puts up for the outside barbarian, it is always pervaded by copper dust from the dirty curing pans of the growers. Infuse your tea. Don't boil it! Place one teaspoonful of tea in the pot and pour over it 1½ cups of boiling water, that is, water really boiling. If your tea is poor, use more. It is cheaper though, to buy good tea at the outset. Put your pot on the back part of the stove, carefully covered, so that it shall not lose its heat, and the tea is bouquet. Let it remain there five minutes, then drink it.

Narrow vests reacting to the extremity of the point and growing narrower as they descend are still popular, and specially favored when the material is to be used without fullness. A full vest requires more breadth, but is quite narrow. There are Mohere effects in both vests and plastrons, and this frequently is the only part made of a different material.

That cheerfulness is the weather of the heart.

### FASHION NOTES.

—Scotch tartan plaids have again made their appearance among the variety of new materials for the forthcoming season; and seem likely to have considerable influence on summer fashions in stuffs as well as ribbons, the size of the pattern varying from clan tartans to innumerable small and pretty checks.

—Some hats are made in sections of straw, bound together somewhat like a jockey cap, and have their pointed brims turned up with bows which extend as far as the crown. There are also examples in which the centre of a turned-back brim is removed, and fan bows of ribbon veiled in lace are placed in the crevice and also above the forehead.

—Black and white, one of the favorite color combinations of the day, be it in large plaid or merely striped material, is now as a special novelty made up in two different sorts of stuffs for one toilet. An original combination consists of white voile with black velvet back breadth and short pannier drapery, with which the waistcoat-like fronts of the long jacket bodice agreeably harmonize. Black velvet bows for the hair, sleeves and shoulders are an indispensable finish to this toilet.

—Lace takes a prominent position on the bonnets lately imported from Paris, and is quite frequently seen in white as in black. The borderings of many consist of wreaths of flowers, while butterfly bows, flowers of feathers and ospreys contribute largely to others. A mixture of colors is apparent—pink and reseda, blue and lilac, can de Nil and buttercup are among the combinations—the conflicting shade being in each instance toned to harmonize with the contrast placed beside it. A bonnet made upon a gilt frame had among its high tufts of lace a bow of velvet and ospreys in eau de Nil, while its entire bordering was of Persian lilacs. Another, much in the same style, was made of black lace and bordered with lilies of the valley.

—A bonnet of which the rim is raised to a point has the space filled in with blossoms of the cleander and the same flowers are laid flatly upon the crown. The veillings of lace which fall over the centre are held in place by sides of jet, and a high standing bow of reseda ribbon is apparent at one side. Another had yellow roses veiled in black lace, and its butterfly bow was of turquoise blue. One having a full velvet crown of heliotrope had all the remainder of the bonnet in Parma violets, the flowers raised into a high cluster in front. Gray lace, a wreath of silver balls, ospreys of steel and a harmonizing plume of feathers are the component parts of another beautiful bonnet. The folds of cream-colored velvet upon one model are made to stand high in front and bordered with pearls, while a crevice in the centre of the brim is filled with plumes of the ostrich.

—Peculiar indefinable colors characterize the newest dress materials, and a skillful union of several colors is no easy task for persons of good taste. Next to delicate white, which combined with black, will doubtless be the triumph of the season, maize with its golden shine is again coming into the foreground. The various tones shading from violet into red are also much favored, especially for bows and hat trimmings. Hebe pink, old rose, Hortensia pink and primrose bloom are the poetic names for these dainty colors, while a delicate light lilac, going from hyacinth to violet and dark heliotrope down to the darkest shade, is entitled "Opheia." Brown and beige tones are as much liked as ever; first among them comes tortoise-shell brown and old copper. A pretty blue gray is called ray of light, and a light grayish green, early shoots, young sprouts. A fiery, somewhat bluish red is called red cactus, while amaranth and old Bordeaux are included among the most fashionable dark reds.

—The Fracillon jacket is a new model much in vogue just now. In the upper part it is cut square and open, below the bosom it is fastened close and tight-fitting, and is finished with a round plaited basque, a little open in front; the sleeves are finished at the elbow with a deep lace frilling, a gathered or plaited chemisette of silk, crape or etamine is worn with this pretty jacket. It is made of velvet, silk or very fine cloth, and with a plaited skirt of light fancy woolen fabric makes up a very elegant indoor toilet. The model we were shown was of purple velvet, with the chemisette and skirt of finely plaited heliotrope silk. It was a morning reception dress, and the coiffure was a tiny cap of gold brocade, embroidered with colored beads, and edged with gold lace. It was perched very high on the top of the head. This toilet can be made more simply of cream-colored lines, with the Fracillon jacket of blue or mauve cashmere, piped with silk.

—Skirts plaited surplice fashion will be very fashionable during the coming summer, and dresses of light woolen material—such as veiling, barege, etamine and very fine French cashmere—are made thus, the plaited skirt falling over an under one of some light silk, taffetas or foulard. It is pretty to have a tight-fitting jacket made of the silk, and opening with square facing over a chemisette plaited like the upper skirt, and of the same material. But if a bodice of the fancy woolen fabric be preferred it should be lined with silk, and made entirely plain, with the exception of the front part, which is plaited in the shape of a plastron. To make the skirt look less plaited it is sometimes caught up so as to form a bow of ribbon in place at the side, at the waist-line, and another below the plaiting, with flowing ends. This model, however, does not suit all figures. Another style is the tunic, just draped at the side over the plaited skirt. The bodice is lengthened into a short drape, caught up with a bow or passementerie agrafe, it looks more dressy and is more generally coming than the mere plaited skirt without any drapery.

### HORSE NOTES.

—Crit Davis writes that Prince Wilkes is looking and acting well.

—Will Robinson sold to Charles Raley, for New York parties, a handsome gray 4-year-old filly by Messenger Chief. Price, \$300.

—Captain Bailey's team went a mile recently in 2:35 over the half-mile track. It will be in the double-team race on the 16th instant.

—The well-known colt Volcano died at Nashville on May 21, from the effects of a collision with Union Jack while galloping on the track.

—H. S. Henry, of Penn Valley Stud, Morrisville, Pa., has bought Mill Girl, b. m. record 2:22, by Jay Gould, for \$2000. She will be bred.

—Last Tuesday May 23, John Murphy, grove Robert Bonner's b. g. Pickard a half mile, to top road-wagon, in 1:03, making the quarter in 34.

—Savanna, who last year finished third for the Suburban, pulled up large at Washington on Monday May 24, and will be retired from the turf to the stud.

—The Board of Stewards of the Grand Central circuit will meet at Rochester, N. Y., on or about May 23. The date is set later than usual to await final action of the Pool bill.

—The 3-year-old colt Del Norte, winner of the Winters Stakes and Spirit of the Times Stakes at the recent Blood-Horse Association meeting at San Francisco, was sold on April 23 for \$2000. He is a bay, by Flood, dam Esther. B. C. Holly is his new owner.

—Alice Gray, the dam of Jim Gray, dropped full sister to the latter on April 10. Since the bay colt Jim Gray was foaled, in 1883, Alice Gray has had three chestnut colts to the cover with Monarchist, Gleneg and Intruder. Bred again to Ten Broeck, she produces a bay.

—A. J. Cassatt announces that he is willing to match The Bard against any horse in the country, barring Tremont, at a mile and a quarter for any amount up to \$20,000. In regard to Tremont Mr. Cassatt says he is willing to match The Bard against the unbeaten black colt at a distance of one mile and a half, or over.

—Nathan Straus and J. H. Temple have deposited \$500 each with the New York Sportsman as earnest of a match for \$1500 a side between Maljoca and Arab. The match will include all added money obtained from the association over whose track the race shall be trotted, date and place to be agreed upon by principals. The balance of the money is to be posted by 12 M. the day of the race.

—The trotter Felix, record 2:18 1/2 in "Knapsack" McCarthy's string, died at Terre Haute, Ind., on Thursday May 5th of inflammation of the lungs. Felix was by Nutwood, dam by Abdallah Chief. He was 12 years old, and made his record last July over the Pittsburg track. He was a famous figure in the first class races on all tracks for years past, having the reputation of being a great second money horse. He was valued at \$10,000.

—The East for the first time in 7 years has beaten the West in contributing the first member to the yearly 2:30 list. May 31 at Point Breeze course, the blk. g. Jer Almont won the 2:30 race, beating eight others; best time, 2:27 1/2. The b. g. Jesse won the first heat in 2:28 1/2. On May 4th, Ida Bell, b. m., by Major Miller, won in the 2:35 class, and got a match with 2:29 1/2. Lady of Ly-on and a match with Argyle, took the second and third heats in 2:28 and 2:28 1/2. The b. g. by Black Bonner won the 2:35 class race, in 2:34, 2:27 1/2, 2:30, making five additions to the 2:30 trotting list.

—Woodburn Farm recently lost two trotting brood mares by death. Hermosa, by Edwin Forrest, was the dam of Hermes, 2:27; Mossa, dam of Muskova, 2:28; Heptagon, and nine others. She was foaled in 1861, trotted a trial in 2:26 1/2, and was produced by Black Rose, the dam of Darkness, 2:27; Rosco Malmalson (dam of Malice, trial in 2:10 1/2; and Manetta, trial in 2:16 1/2) and Primrose, the dam of Princeps. Judith was foaled in 1861, got by Mambrino Chief, dam by Zenith, son of American Eclipse. Judith produced Hartford, 2:25, to the cover of Harold, and nine other foals.

—On Monday, May 16th at the Gen. Clemons' Driving Course, Mr. Fred. Walton will give prizes for road horses, consisting of a set of harness, a lap robe, a blanket and a whip. There will be three races—first, for trotters to road wagons with records not better than 2:40; second, for pacers to road wagons with no better record than 2:40 third, free for all double teams. Entrance fee, \$10 to each race. The horses in each race except the double-team race must be driven by the owner or a non-professional driver. It will be quite a treat for those who like good trotting and pacing, as each owner will be anxious to win, regardless of the prize. The spectators will have the advantage of seeing the horses pass the stand twice, as the track is a half-mile one. There are excellent accommodations at the club-house for ladies and families.

—Cracked heels are usually produced by exposure to wet and cold, and in bad cases the entire leg is affected. One stage of the treatment is to keep the parts dry. The trainer of Tremont is a firm believer in water for the legs. He insisted on using it on Tremont, and so Dr. Parsons has found it a little difficult to cure the great son of Virgil of the scratches. There is nothing else the matter with the horse, but anything that interferes with regular work must necessarily lead to the canceling of early engagements. It takes an entire season to cure some cases of scratches. When Mr. McIntyre had Voltaire he tried persistently to get rid of cracked heels, and finally resorted to the practice of poulticing them the night before a race. This opened the cracks and made the parched skin pliable, and the horse acted 100 per cent. better than with the heels dry. The probabilities are that Tremont will get over the scratches before the end of May. He is now moving well for a horse troubled with cracked heels.