My heart was captured by her face;
I loved her at first sight;
"Sweet maid," I whispered, "let me be Your own true chosen knight.

And then I tried to find my queen, I sought her near and far; Her pictured face shone on my path And was my guiding star.

But oh, how can I tell the grief, The bitter grief to me, When I found out, beyond a doubt, There was n't any she!

For this sweet picture that I loved (Kind reader, do not laugh!) Turned out to be a very good Composite photograph I

Had made my pulses stir, Did not exist, or rather there Were forty-nine of her! One woman's face was in my mind-How could I then divine

And the fair girl whose pensive eyes

That I, while faithful to one love, Was true to forty-nine? O Science! You have done this thing, On you I lay the guilt; You've made my honest love appear

Like any crazy-quilt! And this one thing I ask of you,-Can you, with all your art, Unite these forty-nine poor bits And give me back my heart!

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

Philander Darby entered the reading-room of the club. At the granite thres-hold of the building he had hesitated, but the power of habit is strong, and for five years it had been his habit to spend from one to three hours daily in the luxurious apartments set apart for the choice spirits composing the club.

He had hesitated on this occasion, not because he had ever failed in being a welcome accession to the groups of young men usually to be found engaged in the occupations of the place, but without doubt, because the unusual circumstance environing his own person-

morning of Darby's marriage day. That evening the multiform benefactions of the gods to him were to be ural that the bridegroom-elect should Darby. the topic naturally suggested by the un- loveliest of them all.

They were highbred young bloods, was at her side in a moment. those of the Jockey Club. The courtesy "Come with me awhile, ca displayed admirable finesse in setting all of les convenances."

parties at ease. "We have just been discussing the put her hand within his arm. freak of fate which has victimized poor Darrow," he said, addressing Darby.

'Darrow-what of him ?' "Man alive! Have you not heard? Why, the morning papers are full of to be where our moon-flower is openthe shocking occurrence.

gaged," stammered Darby. Hardin nodded.

"I understand. Well, Darrow, poor palp tant. So this explained the diplo-

6 o'clock, and when I parted from him he told me he was going directly home."

ment. It was an awful story to have light. heard on his bridal morning. How the lives of the happy and wretched

The flippancy of Bret Cosby jarred upon his mood: 'It strikes me that's about the style Death's adopted these latter days," commented that young fashionable, breaking the silence. "He's an illbreaking the silence.

to destruction with a fellow, as he's done with Darrow." "Fata viam invenient," muttered Grantley. "There were Giles, Fleming and Hoyt as well as Darrow.'

There was an uncomfortable pause. The tragic deaths which had befallen the quartette of their members in the past eighteen months were not enliven-

ing events to revert to. 'The mare that broke Fleming's neck had been landed but a week in the shivered through all its foliage. One country from Arabia," said Bret Cosby; "one would think she had crossed continents and seas, spurred of the three fateful hags, so speedily did she accomplish Fleming's doom on her arrival.

"The fate that overtook Tom Giles was not less strange," commented Hardin; "it was a chance in a thou-

a feeble smile. The subject was one that struck uncomfortably upon the nerves of the group.

Golden shook himself together. "It would be the splitting of a hair to me," he said, cynically, "to make choice be her eyes dewy and her voice tremulous, ning of his hand to rouse the suspended every Wednesday.

tween the bolt of iron and the bolt of by a charge of lightning when there

was not a cloud in the sky." "Hoyt had been warned not to touch the battery wires," interposed Hairs- gather life and beauty anew."

Grantley shrugged his shoulders. "I believe you had also warned Jack bian ; had you not, Hardin ?" Harden assented.

"The Fates lead the willing and drag the unwilling," quoted Grantley. "Who was there to warn Giles or Darrow ?"

"For the matter of that," flippantly leaves the Mæcenas?"

away from the group and was leaving vously agitated, was using her woman- knowing, turned again to mark the efthe room. He heard the idle words ly arts to reassure him. Cosby had spoken. He went on as though he had not heard. The baize doors swung shut after him.

doom to which one goes, you see, was. Ah! Signor Cosby," laughed Hardin. "What hap-Oh, Phil—what-" pier destiny could a poor devil of a like Carolyn Lomax."

events," said Hardin. "The floral bell to the bridegroom's heart. is swinging already in the hall of the Lomax house ready for his wedding

a pleasing omen for his bride.."

commission. A few hours later a brilliant company crowned by the gift of a wife of his own | Paul Lomax. They had gathered there | fact that the poison was being abated heart's choosing. Under these circum- for the celebration of the marriage of in the veins of his whilom pupit, restances, therefore, it was, perhaps, nat- his daughter and heiress to Philander | vealed to him, besides, a fleck of blood have hesitated to brave the attention might balk the most sacred plans of the hand over which he had been gloating. his presence was sure to call forth in bridegroom's life? Still Fortune's The blood, he knew, was from a wound the rooms of the club. Luckily when favorite, he had already received at the in his own lip. His strong teeth had he entered there were not half a dozen altar, consecrated by the high priest, nearly met through it as he lay in hidfellows present, and these were in a Love her most gracious boon, in the ing there beyond the fern mound. group at one of the tables, evidently en- conjugal vows of the woman he adored, grossed in the discussion of some sub- and, among her bridal guests his young her veins into his was as the wine of ject calculated to divide interest with wife was moving, the stateliest and life to him in comparison with the ven- of the tarantula.

frankly met his devouring gaze. He lovers, revelling in their stolen bliss.

"Come with me awhile, can you not, of their greeting to Darby may have Carolyn?" he eagerly whispered. "It "There remains, Signor Darby, but the been a trille more pronounced than is a mad mockery to me, this phantas- drop of poison taken up by the blood usual, that was all. Not the lift of an magoria of lights, flowers and nodding eyelid, as they made room for him, be- and bobbing puppets, forever interposthey knew to be imminent for him. His may be entitled to a quarter of an antidote?" best man expectant, Hardin Golden, hour's emancipation from the shackles She smiled, and, humoring his fancy,

"Where will you take me? There are lights and people everywhere.

He looked down upon her, smiling. "The moon's rays only have a right ing its blossoms. Dunbrek had had "The papers I have neglected to look less an artist's eye had he failed to see into; I-I have been otherwise en- the peculiar fitness of that alcove for the shy charms of our lunar plant." She moved at his side, roseate and

fellow, met an awful death last even- macy he had used in inducing the old gardener to move some of his choicest "It can't be possible! Why, I walked plants from the retired alcove to give with him on Carleton Terrace as late as | place to the heavily foliaged plant sent | up from Sartini's. He had meant that only the moonbeams should be there 'Yes. Yet it was not two blocks before herself and him to see the faint distant from the terrace where he was pink blossoms open their hearts of per- mercy. Had he asked for the heart in tripped by the trailing loop of a tele- fume. Much of the conservatory was his bosom he would not have wished to graph wire. As fate would have it, at in a blaze of light, as the balance of the say him nay. Fragile of build though the same moment there was a train house was; but, by a detour, Darby running at full speed upon the elevated succeeded in introducing himself and road above; the buffer caught on the his bride into the alcove unseen. In wire, and the locomotive rushed on, this transverse section, where the fern athlete, back to the glare and languordragging the coils in which Darrow, mounds ended, they found, as anticipoor devil, was being tossed like a shut pated; their seclusion invaded only by tlecock. Over and over he was whirl- the half light from the outer conservaped into an obscure street, mangled that was flooding the new plant. They bent together over their floral treasure. Darby shivered, and made no com- The bride uttered a little cry of de-

"See, Phil, it has five or six blooms

lovelier?" "Yes," he answered with gravity; 'yes, my Carolyn, I have seen some thing lovelier."

She bowed her veiled head lower over the pretty flowers. A strong arm was passed about the slender figure. "Oh, my beloved !" was whispered

mannered monster that's not got the in her ear, "these blossoms are but inpoliteness of a French dancing master sensate things, at best; don't waste when he pounces upon and waltzes off your caresses upon them. I am consumed of envy of my own gifts to you.' She was yielding to his touch, expanding into new beauty as the plant was doing in the embrace of the moon's

> mound, to one side of the absorbed lovers, a face, livid, sharpened, contorted, glanced for a second. The bride's veil caught in the calyx of one of the half-opened buds. The moon-plant of its stems snapped sharply, and Car-olyn drew back with one of the buds entangled in the mesh of her veil.

"Ah, the pity of it !" she cried, taking the despoiled bud into her jeweled fingers and gazing upon it regretfully. So intently was she looking at the Graces. Her face was the frozen one broken flower, and so intently was he of the doomed Iphigenia. Upon the the evening of July 5, with the followgazing at her in her wistful beauty, sand. To be struck, at a distance of fifty feet, by a pin from a passing locomotive, is to me the very 'irony of fate.''

The attempt at pleasantry evoked but a distance of that neither of them saw what the pair wrought like magic. The wedding guests swayed hither and thither in grotesque mimicry of the dream-dancer upon the polished floor. The breeze of the foom the feether that neither of them saw what the pair wrought like magic. The wedding guests swayed hither and thither in grotesque mimicry of the dream-dancer upon the polished floor. The breeze of that neither of them saw what the pair guests swayed hither and thither in grotesque mimicry of the dream-dancer upon the polished floor. The breeze of the floom the feether that neither of them saw what the pair guests swayed hither and thither in grotesque mimicry of the dream-dancer upon the polished floor. The breeze of the floom the feether that neither of them saw what the pair guests swayed hither and thither in grotesque mimicry of the dream-dancer upon the polished floor. The breeze of the floom the feether that neither of them saw what the pair guests swayed hither and thither in grotesque mimicry of the dream-dancer upon the polished floor. The breeze of the floom the feether that neither of them saw what the pair grotesque mimicry of the dream-dancer upon the polished floor. The breeze of the floom the feether that neither of them saw what the pair grotesque mimicry of the dream-dancer upon the polished floor. The breeze of the floom the feether that neither of them saw what the pair grotesque mimicry of the dream-dancer upon the polished floor. The breeze of the floom the feether that neither of them saw what the pair grotesque mimicry of the dream-dancer upon the floor that neither of them saw whether the floor that neither the floor t plant. Alert upon one of the broad leaves it stood until the quivering foliage settled into stillness, then it crouch-

ed, waiting. "Ah! Phil," murmured the bride,

"what if we should, find our wedded faculties of his beloved pupil. electricity that killed Hoyt. It was happiness to be no more than this heavy lids veiling her vision were slowhard for a fellow to be done to death moon-flower, lovely to look upon, but ly raised; surrounding objects were to be broken by the first rough usage. once more photographed upon the retina See! I cannot make even this small of the eyes; the tinge of life was returnbud attach itself again where it may ing to lip and cheek; her movements

She bent forward making a pretty It were as though the shackles of flesh pretence of reuniting the plant and its | were being again riveted upon the free severed blossom; but instantly she movement of the spirit. The statue Fleming not to back that beastly Ara- started back, making a vain effort to had waked to life, though another than suppress the exclamation of pain or Pygmalion should reap the kisses of terror that sharply broke the stillness of | those divinely parted lips. the conservatory. Her cry was shrilly Louder and louder swelled the waltz echoed on the instant from the clump | melodies of the forgotten musician. of ferns close by, which, violently agita- One who casually glanced toward him ted, gave sudden egress to the figure of saw that he was contorted, and that

returned Cosby, "who can warn against the doom that may be lurking in ambush for the first of us fellows that of his former pupil he now darted. folds of the sea-monster. Darby was still clasping her in his Rendered restless by the turn the con- arms, and was questioning her in an master hand informed of the genius of versation had taken, Darby had moved agony of apprehension, while she, ner- a deathless will, and the observer, un-

"I is nothing, Phil-a mere scratch -a sting. A great spider, I think. The creature nipped me and leaped "After all, it may not be a pittless away before I could well see what it was. Ah! Signor Bardinelli, is it you?

Pale and terrified, she lay in the arms Mæcenas bachelor find awaiting him of her husband, who, livid as death, than the wifely embraces of a woman only held her closely, making no effort corsage trembled like sentient creatures to restrain the Italian, who had, with- filled with a passion of joy in her living "There's many a slip," quoted Cosby. out ceremony, seized upon the bride's "Fortune has a trick of smiling on hand, upon one finger of which was apout ceremony, seized upon the bride's Darby, I know, but she's a fickle bel- pearing a faint line of discoloration, dame at best, and may play him false marking the course of the envenomed when he least expects it." "I'd take Phil's chance for the prize spoken, as he applied his lips in suction he's to draw from her to-night, at all to the wound, had sent a deadly chill

"Tarantula !" No other word was spoken. Darby chimes. Ha! speaking of the decor- knew what meant the drop or two of ations, that reminds me. Sartini, the greenish, viscous liquid which the Italflorist, told me he had just received an | ian once or twice ejected from his lips, importation of Italian plants, and I each time returning in mad haste to promised Darby I'd call by and tell him his task of peril. Darby's bride knew, to send up one of those superb moon- too, what signified Bardinelli's desperflowers for Miss Lomax. Sartini is ate earnestness, as well as she comprecertain he has one that will put out its hended the threatening of danger to blossoms just about the time of the herself in the vertigo and shivering almarriage. Darby thinks that would be ready creeping over her. But neither of these thought of the risk Bardinelli He returned his paper to the file and | was hazarding; Bardinelli himself did ality. For, the fact is, it was the at once took his leave to attend to the not give a thought to the matter till the possible results of his daring came to him in a flash of consciousness. An I may never hope to repay," was assembled in the parlors of the Hon. eager glance, convincing him of the What fate was there now which close to the puncture in the dainty

But the virus that was creeping from om of jealousy that had maddened him conscious self-consciousness of the new In a pause in the dance her eyes as he lay there watching the wedded

"It is done," he said, presently, lifting a flushed face from his odd work. before I could get to her. "The drop or two taken up by her cry broke from her lips and she turned

trayed cognizance of the happy destiny ing between you and me. Surely we blood? Heaven of mercy, is there no to her husband: "There is one, but that may be im-

possible. "Speak, man! there must be no impossible here." "There shall be no impossible here, Signor, if Bardinelli's strength faint not," the Italian quietly said, "for tarantism, in my land, there are tarantella

"I know-I remember," cried Darby. 'It is music, music she must have; and you-you Bardinelli-'

"I know the music-yes. When the poison works in her nerves and brain she will move; and I-I will play the death dance for her. Come, Signor Darby, let me carry her; I can best place her so that the faintest notes may stir her numbed senses.

Half frantic with agony Darby made no protest, but yielded her to the Italian. Was not the priceless life at his he was, Bardinelli caught up the lovely burden surrendered to him and bore her, with the strength and speed of an

ous perfumes of the ball-room. "Her life is mine, her life is mine!" he muttered in his half delirious joy as ed, till the wire broke, and he was drop- tory and the splender of the moonlight he felt the pulsations of her heart answering to the wild throbbings of the poison-charged arteries of his breast.

Awe-stricken, the wedding revellers cleared the floor of the dance hall. There were rapid questionings and agimight a mortal bribe fate who rode as on it already, and there are other buds tated replies; there were groans here in the car of Juggernaut, grinding out opening. Did you ever see anything and there and sobs half repressed. Then there was a silence as of the sepulchre in the garish house. Through this silence stole the first weird notes of Bardinelli's "Dance of Death."

No one looked at the musician; every eye was fastened on the bride. She lay of the pair. The day came, the guests upon the wine-velvet of the divan, white and rigid; about her trailed the satin and lace and orange flowers of her bridal attire.

Bardinelli's violin was giving forth quicker strains. So fantastic were the chords, new plaintive and imploring, now full of a mad energy, anon dropping into fathomless depths of pathos, t seemed as though the player were Out from the shadows of a fern improvising the airs, telling to the still upon this splendid idea myself, and figure upon the couch the tale of a life noble in its dreams and aspirations, tragic in its failures. Yet through the they could and send them to me. wondrous harmony dropped ever, clear and pure as a shower of pearls, the notes of the rhythmic tarantella waltz.

The call to movement reached the speaking the horrified bridegroom dart-ed from the room and took the next locked senses of the dreamer. She moved; she arose to her feet; she glided over the floor. Her movements were train for Paris. as rhythmic as were the strains of Bardinelli's violin; they were those of the silence of the room the Italian's medley ing officers: President, Colonel H. out through the open casements, and bore them past wondering wayfarers upward to the empyrean to sweep the confines of other realms of mystery.

Bardinelli was lending all the cunnet of the hand to rough the confines of the new organization to hold matines of the hand to rough the confines of the new organization to hold matines of the hand to rough the cunnet the cunnet of the new organization to hold matines of the hand to rough the cunnet the cunnet of the new organization to hold matines or the new organization to ho HORSE NOTES.

-Three sisters and one brother to Maud S. are gray. -Harry Wilkes and J. Q. have been

had less of grace and more of energy.

the veins in his forehead were purple

chords, tensely drawn. So might have

Not the less surely, however, was the

would not have stirred the down of a

thistle puff. Her white bosom rose and

warmth and loveliness.

and take her into his embrace.

for some one.

For whom?

chords, then silence.

"To Bardinelli?"

"Bardinelli !"

ng the taut bow.

for mine, Phil.'

sician.

She turned in her gracious beauty

He did not rise to meet her. He was

sitting bending forward, and his face

was averted as from a sight distressing

grasp and was resting against his knee,

two of its strings broken and snarled.

Wise Birds.

While a party was out fishing at Loch-

looa a short time since a large alli-

tom and remained there till it died.

When the carcass came to the surface

ple, however, that they could not keep

a foothold on the body of the 'gator, as

it turned and floated with every wave.

The Florida buzzard is a shrewd bird,

as his reasoning powers are much

greater than he ever gained credit for.

Baffled by the wind and waves, and

hungry from fruitless efforts to anchor

the 'alligator, the birds held a consulta-

tion. As a result, two of them flew at

the 'gator, and fastening their talons

on the body they spread their wings

song and story like the American eagle.

shown that kindness or consideration

accorded more favored birds, but when

it comes down to good, hard mule

sense, and practical and calculating in-

genuity he can discount all his kin,

notwithstanding his well-known repu-

Strange Wedding Scene in Italy.

he asked: "Where did you get these?"

"And you suppose," coldly said the

Marquis, "that I can take you to my

arms with that murderer's dress about

The Marquis Cantino, of Italy, re-

tation for dulness and stupidity.

and moved toward the place of the mu-

shipped to Detroit. -Terra Cotta has a couple of en-

gagements at Saratoga. -A match race between Harry Wilkes and Clingstone is not improba-

-Ethan Allen's skeleton has been disinterred and will be placed in the State University of Kansas.

-The half-mile track at Yonkers, N. Y., will probably be made over into a mile track before another season. -Captain William Williamson,

Mobile, Ala., has purchased from Ed. Seven, by Enquirer, dam by Rebel, for

-The Chicago running meeting was fects of his power upon her, who, like a great success, the receipts on Derby day and on the Fourth were sufficient Eurydice, was being lured back from the world of mystery and shadow by to pay the expenses of the entire meethis Orphic enchantments. Suddenly she stood still. The throng of spectators gazed at her. Their united breath

-Mr. Haggin's Firenzi appears to be the queen of the Eastern 3-year-old fillies. She has only been defeated once fell. The orange blossoms looping her this year, and then by the phenomenal Hanover. -Baldwin's horses have been shipped

East. Volante, Goliah and a few Her eyes roved anxiously over the exothers were sent to Saratoga, while pectant assemblage. She was looking Miss Ford, Los Angeles and the rest went to Monmouth. -New York is to have another race She smiled a dazzling smile of recog-

track, and Mr. Jerome is likely to be nition, and joyously stretched forth her at the head of it, The new track will arms. Her bridegroom hurried to meet probably have a straight finish of at For the first time there was a discord least half a mile, in the music. No one noticed it. There -A. J. Alexander, of Woodburn

was a break, a pause, then a crash of Stock Farm, has sold to J. D. Cashman, of Mason county, Ky., Pilot Rus-"It was you who drew me back sell, a gray stallion, 2 years old, full among the living, Phil," murmured brother to Maud S., for a big price. the bride at rest on the heart of her -Six 2.30 pacers have loweref their

husband. "Not the bands of death records this season-Billy F. from 2.232 could hold me from you yet, dear. It was the yearning of my spirit that spoke to 2.201, Flora Temple from 2.272 to 2.271, Gray Harry from 2.241 to 2.221 to you through the music of Bardinelli's L. C. Lee from 2.25% to 2.17%, Little Ida from 3.27% to 2.22% and Puritan "Then, O my beloved!" he answered in the abnegation of an humble grati- from 2.201 to 2.181. tude, "it is to Bardinelli I owe the debt -A. A. Bonner, of New York, has

sold to J. R. Laney, of Amherst, N. S., the blk. m. Lyra (2.284), by Antenor (son of Messenger Duroc), dam Morning Star by Peacemaker, with her bay colt at foot by Nutwood.

-The Hudson River Driving Park Association will hold a meeting on September 6, 7, 8, and 9, the week folto him. His violin slipped from his owing the Grand Circuit meeting at harter Oak Park. Purses to the mount of \$18,500 will be offered. She laid upon his shoulder the hand

-Mr. Coster had Garnet at Charter from which he had extracted the venom Oak Park on the 16th of July ready to trot against Queen Wilkes, but the mare, Her voice had never before appealed being lame, did not appear, and forfeit was collected by the owner of Garnet. to him in vain. Now he gave it no As this forfeit was \$5000 Mr. Coster heed. She bent over him, her bridal veil blending with the long hair floating over his shoulders. Her gentle returned to New York in a smiling mood.

clasp closed upon the fingers still hold--In a race at Marshalltown, Pa., on with white embroidery all over have June 30 there was a collision between great charms in the sunshine of 2 hot the trotters Bob M. and Western Path. day. The style of work on these is the "He is dead! He has given his life M., had six teeth knocked out and was Western Pathfinder had his ribs broken and the horse had his leg broken.

-The following records were made at the New York Driving Park meet-

gator was shot, which sank to the bot-2.25 Star 2.25 %
Sir Walter, Jr., ch. h., by Sir Walter 2.25 %
Skylight Pilot, b. m., by Strathmore 2.25 %
Vernette, b. m., by Manchester 2.22 %
Western Beile b. m., by Comet 2.25 % the buzzard soon discovered it, and they swarmed about in large numbers. The breeze kept the lake in such a rip-

-The plethora of race horses makes the fields of starters very large these days, and on the narrow Brighton track it is frequently exceedingly dangerous to ride. It costs owners nothing to enter, and many of them start horses just for work, with stable boys in the saddle. The association should by all means charge an entrance fee.

-Speaking of Hanover Trainer James Lee said the other day: "I dare sail-fashion, and piloted the carcass to say it will be a case of Luke Blacknot a pretty bird, nor is he known in Blackburn did. They'll back out and let him walk over instead of fighting His name brings up suggestions of bad | him, and even when he gets stale he'll odors, and he is never made a pet of or | win races he has no business to win."

-The Keystone Stable has been very successful with Himalaya since his purchase from the Preakness Stable for \$1500, having won two races and been second three times, On the 16th the "cast-off" met the Peakness Stable's "crack," Rupert, and easily disposed of him, running the mile in 1.44, equal to about 1.42 on the Sheepshead Bay

-It is whispered about at Moncently fell in love with a young English mouth, that the Dwyers are nibbling at millionaire, Miss Ada Rutland, and arrangements were made for the marriage reached as to price he will soen wear were all gathered, the clergyman was a plausible story. The Dwyers recogready. All at once the bride appeared. nize that, next to Hanover, Kingston A thrill of excitement, mingled with is the best 3-year-old out, and when he admiration, ran through the party. The shall be thoroughly fit Hanover may white dress wore by the lady was seen have to race a bit to beat him. By to be decorated with garlands of white purchasing Kingston it would clear the field and give them all the 3-year-old doves too numerous to be counted. The face of the Marquis darkened as stakes. They could give Hanover a rest, let Kingston run for the summer "Oh," was the quick response, "I hit stakes, then revive Hanover in the autumn and sweep all the mile and gave instructions to the farmers on my three-quarter and two-mile stakes. English estates to catch all the doves -Libbie S. was purchased at Bewl-

ing Green, Ky., four years ago, by C. C. Sanborn, of Gainsville, Tex. She was then 5 years old, and had quite a reputation as a combined saddle and you? Never! I despise you!" Thus buggy mare. She had won numerous premiums in the fair ring, and the price paid for her was \$750. The pedigree given in the bill of sale by J. A. McEiwain was by Drennon, dam by -The Hartford Gentlemen's Driving Club was regularly organized on Mr. Sanborn used Libbie S, as a family mare. She ran in the yard like a pet dog, and the women and the children drove her. She is a roan, stands 15.1 on short legs, and has the power to take weight. She is a hearty feeder, and unless restrained gets gross and sluggish. When she was put to trotting she surprised all who knew her. The campaign did not tell upon her, and she rapidly improved in speed. She will go through the Grand Circuit,

FASHION NOTES.

-Fancy cloth, in small checky, is employed for jackets for cool days; the lining is plaid silk or shot surah.

-Mantles are still made with a velvet foundation, almost hidden by the most costly jet work. They all fit at the back, have ends more or less long in front, and well up in the neck, with plenty of lace and jet fringe trimming. Sometimes figured gauze with velvet stripes are used.

-The chief points in parasols are seft gathered coverings of Indian silk edged with cord, the same underneath. The ribs are often covered with ribbon and the parasol not lined. The Mikado is a flat shape, which suits the high hats and bonnets, and some of these Wiley the 3-year-old colt Eight to are covered inside and out with flouncings of silk lace.

-Pretty dresses for young girls are made of plain cashmeres and plaid silk. The fish-wife tunic has the turned up portion trimmed with velvet ribbon to match. The bodice is of the plain cashmere, with blouse vest of the plate. These are in blue and brown plaids. A dress of softest fawn-colored cashmere has a facing on the kilts and tunic of red silk. Above these skirts is a jacket of plain cashmere, with full plaited waistcoat of the silk, finished by a belt of red leather.

-Many of the stylish traveling suits of English summer tweed in fine shepherds' checks or stripes, made in severe tailor fashion, have en suite natty Princess os Wales caps of the same fabric, the graceful visor in front, which shades the eyes, being entirely covered with tweed. There are also London-made ulsters fitting like a glove at the back, these formed of rough-surfaced zephyr-weight homespun, and designed for long fourneys by rail or steamer. These also have the jockey cap en suite, this being the real name of the close, trim little headcovering which royalty has smiled upon.

-Under the head of dresses there is much worth telling. Especially is this the case in regard to Jerseys. They are made now to fit like wax. Some take the form of plain or striped close-fitting bodices, with revers. A new make, which will be popular, has a plain silk back with basque, a striped front and a Senorita sleveless jacket over. For yachting there is the elastic silk and wool, embroidered all over with anchors in contrasting colors. Another pretty style of jersey has a beaded yoke with a full walst below. There is also the Norfolk blouse and the blouse Garibaldi. Many are made with belts and buckles, and some have velvet collar and cufffs. -The materials for summer dresses

are most tempting. Switzerland has

displayed unusual activity, and lawns

in all colors-light blue, deep bright

heliotrope and pink -are covered with

white embroidery, forming the principal

part of the dress. Faint tints of ecru,

finder, and E. F. Geers, driver of Bob raised satin stitch, mostly such as branches of coral, or small florets; and otherwise injured, while the driver of there is another beautiful class of work wrought on a thin flax cloth, which is eventually cut away, so that nothing but the embroidery remains. At first sight it might be taken for the finest Irish point,, and would make exceedingly handsome dresses over white or a color. Bands of these in white and solid colors, and a combination of color, are to be had, and many of such trimming are made in what is called lappeting, viz., with both edges worked, so that it can be laid on like a galloon. Nets are embroidered also after the order of Edelweiss net, and lisse in silk with Pompadour bouquets. Embroidery is the most marked feature of the best summer dresses this year. Soft surah silks in twelve-yard lengths are now to be had in all colors, and make pretty dresses. Mousseline de soie is also dyed in a long range of coloring. If a serviceable gown be wanted that can pay frequent visits to the shore of the lake, where the flock burn's year over again, Hanover will the washtub uninjured, Tussore lawn made a hearty meal. The buzzard is get all the owners frightened just as is to be recommended. It is silk, and looks like silk, and can be employed for underclothing as well as for dresses. Foulard in Paris is perhaps the most fashionable material of the hour, and the thick old make has been revived, smooth, firm and durable, combining all the capabilities for draping for which the stuff is famous, and it is printed in many classes of designsfloral, geometric and Japanese. Crepe de chine has been lowered in price and improved in quality. One of its many charms is that it takes such a depth of color so pure in tone. The new hunting red in crepe de chine makes up into beautiful dinner gowns. For every-day wear there is the even-useful Kingston, and if an agreement can be nun's veiling, with quite a new faceseveral new faces, in fact. The plain the red jacket of Brooklyn. It is quite is frequently now combined with the same tone, having broad interwoven satin stripes of velvet brocade, or, perhaps the newest of all, tartan colored stripes in velvet. The newest stuffs for lawn tennis gowns are the Scotch woolen stripes in pretty tones. Indian cashmere has been brought out this year with Pompadour stripes. The leading noveltles in cottons are the check lawns, accentuated by firm interwoven cords; Swiss cambrics, with open-work stripes and the Ecossais or tartan stripes made up with ribbons of all the combined tones. French batistes have open-work checks, which are very pretty to look at.

-In the list of summer elegances for brides and bridesmaids are Pompadour toilets of cream-grounded satin, brocaded with pink and silver flowers, draped in Watteau fashion over round skirts of plain corded silk, finished at Whirlwind, thoroughbred. The Dren-non stock is saddle stock. In Texas silk. There are also imported quaint and artistic dresses of old-fashioned watered silk, made up in conjunction with tinted crepe lisse, or with Pomps dour lace flouncing and net. moire forms a low-cut bodice, with guimpe and sleeves of lisse or net. There are full undraped breadths of the silk in the back, with immense sash above, with a wonderful jabot of rich lace cascaded to show between the loops and ends of the sash from belt to