Armfuls of leaves which had been bright Like painters' tints six months before, All faded new, a ghastly sight Dusty and coloniess, she bore, And knelt and piled them on the fire As men lay faggots on a pyre.

Watching the crackle and the blaze, Idly I smiled and idly said:
"Good by, dead leaves, go dead leaves ways, Next year there will be more as red." The woman turned from the fire

Looked up as from a funeral pyre. saw my idle words had been Far crueler than I could know, And made an old wound bleed again. "These are not leaves" she whispered

"That I am burning in the fire, But days-it is a funeral pyre.

WICKED "RED DAN."

"Oh, my bird! my poor Danny, come back to me!"

The appeal is made by a young girl is, with large, lustrous, gray eyes, frank, somewhat childish countenance that bears the mark of close confinement makers and furnishing goods manufac- he reaches down after the bird. turers. Not a companion has Susie circumstances, with brother Jack at little farther away.

the door of the cage falls open and Red movement of the daring youth. She chair in alarm.

there.

But the robin, with a glad chirp, spreads his wings and is gone out into the sunny air that is fast becoming day. And there in the window stood roof of a sharp gable at least sixty feet distant.

"Hello! What's the trouble, Susie?" her window and is looking upward. "My bird, Danny," articulates she,

spointing across the way and upward. The young man seems to understand. He disappears, and in a little time stands beside Susie, who is calling to feathered songster's attention; but and one of the teachers looks over at mysteriously?" back to his prison. He is now free, seems in such sore distress. He plumes himself, and gazes about without Red Dan for a companion.

"Dear, dear, murmured the girl. How provoking you are, Danny, to understand," says the man. leave me so. You are lost now, and Susie realizes that it will says the says says t will never come back !"

strong-limbed youth at her side. "Wait," he says, "Permit one to try

my persuasive powers on Red Dan. think he remembers my voice." Leaning far out and forming a tunnel

of his hands, he calls gently, coaxingly, the name of the obstinate robin. First low and soft, then, perceiving that this has no effect, raising his voice to a higher, less musical key. The bird is feels will loosen his cling to the slates. not to be coaxed or wheedled. He hops along the ridge of the steep slate roof, feet are shoeless, and this fact alone and seems to mock at the grief of his has thus far deferred his doom; but he

poor little mistress. "Oh, Dan, Dan, my poor fellow!"

red steals into his smooth, sunbrowned is forgotten now. There is no help, no cheeks. His brown eyes, honest and hope. Such is the pale youth's thought, full of frank light, regard the bowed yet he hugs that expanse of slate with little figure, and his broad chest heaves, the desperate energy of despair. A avenue, madam."

Once that expression had been uttered regarding himself, and then it sounded so strange, coming from the lips of downward, pressing against the steep sweet Susie Slavne.

slender form, and bending low, says ing downward! suddenly: "Don't cry for the naughty robin, Susie, I will get him for you."

speeds from the room. Dan is a skill- but a matter of a few minutes only. ful climber, and he has formed a des- At any moment, too, he may touch perate resolve. Brushing aside her upon a smooth surface (the slates have tears Susle leans her pretty face on her thus far been rough) and find himself hand and watches the movement of the precipitated suddenly into the abyss bird. Occasionally she calls his name, but he continued to remain oblivious of | To the bursting brain of Dan Hurlock the girl's presence, cunning fellow. The roof opposite is after the gothic, and very steep, much higher than the block that Susie occupies. It covers "Cling, Dan, cling!" the main building of a boy's school, and the sewing girl has often watched the movements in the rooms opposite of his own rashness. There is nothing and wondered if she would ever be able musical in her voice, but rather the to complete the education begun in the | wail of one in despair. Dan does ching, village school years before.

Suddenly she starts and lifts her pretty chin from her palm. She sees the bare head of a man; it is not thrown | Slowly he moves. Ha! a smooth spot! to her vision from the school-room, but He is going down, down to his doom! from one of the many rooms to the left | Susie utters a wild cry and sinks to her of the sharp, slate covering of the semi- knees, with an awful sense of horror in mary. She watches the moving man her heart. Even then a noosed rope is of the small cravat pin, and is worn with an intensity that is absolutely flung over the sharp roof, but it comes generally with the severe tailor-made painful. He is now crossing the roof too late, too late! Susie's blue eyes are costumes, and is in harmony with the of a large block that is only separated covered she wants the awful sound of plainness of the effect.

from the seminary building by a nar- the death-fall, waits and still waits. It row lane. In his hand is a coiled rope. does not come. What will he do with this? Susie is

not held long in suspense. Once, twice, thrice he hurls a noose awful abyss, is the doomed youth. at the sight. After a minute a curly like tenacity. brown head comes to view above the reach.

"Oh, dear !" with startling suddenness rises to his rible moment of bitter suspense. feet. A thrill shoots through his breast ings in the vicinity; a vast, airy expanse about him, the world in minia- Dan Hurlo ture below. That thrill of conscious he can not obey. He dare not utter a who stands in the open window of a danger sends the blood from the brown word, even to attempt it would hurl four-story building overlooking a nar- cheek, and fills the frank brown eyes him to eternity he believes. The rope row court. A flaxen-haired beauty she | with a scared look not pleasant to see. | slides against the youth's head as the

bird !" and unceasing toil. A white apron voice of Susie, He means to capture limbs, His hands are blistered; they covers the front of a neat-fitting print his obstinate namesake if possible, are becoming moist, and begin to lose dress, with no ornament at throat or Sinking back the youth calls gently the their tenaclous grip-they are slipping! wrists, since Susan Slayne is only a name of the robin. The bird darts in- He moves! he is going over; he is lost! sewing girl, and it requires all her to the air, flutters a moment over the A touch against his cheek. He opens capabilities to make both ends meet young man's head, then settles within his lips to utter a gasping cry; somewithout indulging herself in luxuries six feet of him on the slate below-just thing fills them-the rope! His teeth that most women's hearts regard as beyond reach. Hurlock lies flat and close about the hempen cord; his jaws necessaries of life. Day in and day out begins to slide down the steep descent. have not been weakened. As the weak, Little Susie toils at her machine for the At length he clings to the ridge with moist hand slip away, Dan Hurlock great firm of Grind & Keep, shirt- one hand above, while with the other hangs swaying, with a firm clasp of the

save Red Dan, the wild robin her beyond his grasp. It, too, is clinging an arm through the noose that quickly brother Jack gave her two years before for a foothold. Again Hurlock calls, closes about it at the shoulder, tightenshe left her country home to seek her but Red Dan only tips his head with an ing with a biting grip; then all strength fortune in the great city. Orphaned at expression of extreme wisdom, seems forsakes the young climber; the world sixteen; driven from home by adverse to listen a moment, then hop just a is swept away in black unconscious-

sea, Susie sought employment and The young climber makes one more the court. found it where, by practicing the ut- supreme effort to seize the bird, and dred feet below! A moment thus, then as an owl. "No, no; Danny must not go out a dead, awful silence that is more terrible than the crash of ten thousand

cannon. down the steep roof of the seminary is shock of that ten minutes' awful expercrisp with the near close of the autumn | Dan Hurlock, lying flat, clinging, yet | ience. Red Dan goes back into his moving slowly, an inch a second to the cage, and an hour later, when the poor Susie, wringing her pink hands, awful doom that awaits him below! teacher from the opposite window asin an attitude of complete despair. Be- The horrors of that moment no pen can sures her that Dan is alive and doing low sounded a step. The girl does not describe. She can not see his face, well, though yet very weak, Susie smiles heed the sound. She is oblivious to consequently is spared the ghastly hor- and assures herself that she is happy. every thing but the bird, which has ror depicted there. And then, with a It was an awful experience, however, found a perch across the court, on the meek and humble twitter, as if peni- one that will always be remembered roof of a sharp gable at least sixty feet tent for a sin, Red Dan files in at the with a shudder. The lover's quarrel window and perches on his mistress' that had separated Dan Hurlock and shoulder. But the bird is nothing now. Susle weeks before, happily terminated At sound of this voice the girl glances With dilating eyes, heaving boson and with Red Dan's escapade, and the readdownward to see a stalwart youth cross- almost pulseless heart, Susie watches er may be sure the quarrel was never ing the court. He has passed under the man who is slowly yet surely slid- renewed. ing to an awful doom. Far out she leans, as if by inspiration, as she sees a man's face at the window opposite, she screams loudly :

"Help! Help! Help!" Each cry is louder than the proceedthe bird in a vain effort to attract the ing one. The opposite window opens, master robin refuses to be beguiled the wild-eyed, white-faced girl, who

with the air of one fully aware of the rope is on the other side! Go up that truth. Poor Susie calls in vain. Ah! way and save him !" screams Susie in a poor heart! she will be indeed lonely voice husky with the horror that con-

sumes her. "On the roof? The rope? I do not

Susie realizes that it will soon be too stables?' late, that any movement to save Dan There is a sob in the poor girl's voice Hurlock must be made at once. This that seems to touch the heart of the thought cools her blood like ice, and she tells the trouble in swift, calm words that can not be mistaken. The man leaves the window, and once more the eyes of Susie are fixed on the clinging youth opposite.

"Courage, Dan. Cling! Cling! Help is coming! The voice of the girl reaches his ear, but he can say nothing ; even speech he

His clothes are coarse and rough, his justice court ?" feels all support giving way, slowly yet street, no circus bills just pasted up surely he is going to the verge of an anywhere, no woman walking a tight "Oh, Dan, Dan, my poor fellow!" surely ne is going to the deet from moans the girl, still wringing her pretawful abyss. It is a hundred feet from rope?" the projecting eaves to the court below. "Not a one." Her companion starts, and a bit of Red Dan, the cause of all the mischief, vast, spotted expanse stretches under his blurred vision, as his face is pressed against the cold slate. His hands are with such force as to almost burst the Dan Hurlock straightens his rather skin; and yet, inch by inch he is mov-

How soon he will reach the verge he has no means of knowing, but even at He waits not for further converse but the present rate of progress it can be below. Awful moment! Awful thought! it seems as though all the world is dancing a mad jig about his perch on

> "Cling, Dan, cling!" The voice of Susie is wafted to the strained senses of the slipping victim but his arms ache, his limbs are racked, tremulous and sore-the roar of some invisible storm penetrates his brain.

Once more she dares to look. On the verge, his feet dangling above the at one of the great chimneys. The man's face appears above the ridge full third throw secures a hold, and then he thirty feet distant, and his hand is climbing, going up, up until the roof a large noose. This goes down, down, one seems to see the daring youth save with slow precision, and finally touches the girl at the window-she watches the brown curls of Hurlock. His hands and waits with an intensity of feeling | clinch the last row of slate; he hangs that is painful, wondering and alarmed | half over the eaves, clinging with death-

That moment Dan Hurlock suffered ridge of the seminary roof. Susie stands ten thousand deaths. An awful sense breathless as a brown hand moves along of the great height masters him, and toward the fugitive robin, and then | drops of sweat almost like heart's blood the bird is gone! With a deflant, wick- oozes from his clammy face. And then ed little twitter, master robin spreads the touch of the rope thrills to his marhis wings and alights on the peak of a row. He realizes that one is above, narrow gable far out of the climber's come to his recue, and yet it can be of no avail.

If he releases one hand to seize the It was a natural exclamation of girl- rope, that instant he will go over into ish petulence and disappointment. Dan space. He is barely able with both Hurlock does not mean to give up so. hands to cling to his perch, and oh, He draws himself to the ridgepole, and how weak and faint he feels in that ter-

"The rope-can you not grasp it? as he towers thus above all the build- No? Well, raise your head, and I will

Dan Hurlock hears the words, but "Go back, Dan, you can not get the man above urges action. Ah! to lift his face an inch would seal Dan Hur-But Hurlock heeds not the warning lock's fate. How tired his arms, his teeth in the rope, and this alone saves The provoking little redbreast is just him. Not long thus, then he thrusts

ness. A long, quivering cry from across Susie Slayne has witnessed all, and most economy, she manages to keep | then his hold on the ridge relaxes-he | when she realizes that Dan Hurlock is soul and body together and retain Red is lost! A cry of horror falls from the safe, she sinks speechless to a low chair. Dan by her for company. By accident lips of Susie, who has watched every The touch of a tiny point against her cheek rouses her. Susie turns her face, Dan takes advantage of the situation closes her eyes as the sound of a sliding and there, on the back of her chair, sits to hop to the window-sill. Susie sees body grates on her senses—the next Red Dan, his head bent aside, one eye the movement and springs from her sound will be that awful thud one hun- half closed, looking as wise and solemn

"Oh, you wicked bird!" Up springs Susie, abustle with new life and activity, although it will be Susie ventures to look. Half way many days before she recovers from the

She Knew His Habits.

"Seen anything of my husband?" demanded a woman one day this week of an officer in front of the postoffice. "No, ma'am; has he disappeared

"Naw! he came down town the same as usual this morning, but dinner has "He is on the roof! Quick! The been ready a nour and it's all getting cold and he isn't back vet.' "You have been to this office, I sup-

"No, sir, I haven't. I've no time to fool away looking for him there. Say, is there a sick horse at any of the livery

"Not that I know of." "Been any dog-fights around lately?"
"Haven't heard of any."

"Any ten-cent show or target gun in town ? "All gone, madam." "Any man in a wagon selling brass jewelry ?"

"Guess not." "No fire anywhere in town?" "No pools being sold anywhere on

some horse race, or trial going on in "Not any." "No man selling medicine on the

"Well, that's peculiar-I can't see where John can be." "There's a couple of Frenchmen with

tame cinnamon bear down on the "That's it, that's it-I didn't think to ask about tame bears! While the potatoes are getting cold as a stone he is down there making up a purse of seventy-five cents to see the bear climb a telegraph pole! I'll go right downyou watch and see if he isn't up to the hou e inside of ten minutes !"

England's Poets Laureate.

The following are the names of the poets laureate of England and the time they occupied that office: Edmund Spencer, 1591-1599. Samuel Daniel, 1599-1619. Ben Johnson, 1619-1637. William Davenant, 1637-1668, Interregnum. John Dryden, 1670-1689. Thomas Shadwell, 1689-1692, Nahum Tate, 1692-1715. Nicholas Rowe, 1715-1718. Lawrence Eusben, 1718-1730. Colley Cibber, 1730-1757. William Whitehead, 1757-1785. Thomas Wharton, 1785-1790. Henry James Pye, 1790-1813. Robert Southey, 1813-1843. William Wordsworth, 1843-1850. Alfred Tennyson, 1850.

-The brooch has taken the place

Wonderful Hunting Trophies of the Maharajah of Kuch Behar.

The maharajah of Kuch Behar, who has come to England to compliment the queen on her jubilee, has brought a collection of hunting trophies from his of the new dresses; these trimmings own dominions. It will be remembered that the mimic Indian jungle which and they match the color of the dress. excited so much interest at the last great exhibition at South Kensington was contributed by his royal highness, who still speaks with pleasure of its popularity here. The tigers from that scene now form part of a tropical group, with trees, long grass, and everything complete in the maharajah's palace. The collection which he has now in this country includes the remains of tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, leopards and bears, all shot by the maharajah, who is a mighty hunter, and always ready to welcome English sportsmen. When at home he can show visitors fine sport, particularly with the rhinoceros, which is frequently found in Kuch Behar. One of trophies alluded to was the

skin of a tiger measuring eleven feet still another costume. The French two inches from the nose to the tip of tailor dresses are quite elaborately emthe tail. It is the largest ever secured in Kuch Behar, if not in the whole of India. The animal, while in the act of | cloth. The edge of the overskirt is charging, was killed by his Highness finished in this way. The underskirt with a single shot. The elephant's and sometimes a line of feather-stitchskull and tusks in the collection are exceptional, inasmuch as they belonged bodice is then finished with a shirt vest not to a wild beast, but to a tame one. It had, however, become "musty"-a condition feared in the case of the late down another elephant attacked a keeper. Fortunately the man escaped larity is the feature of all the French broken by his head.

There are also the head and horns of a wild buffalo or Arnee bull, which achieved distinction just before his fancy that no two dresses seem to be death. Having taken up his quarters near a village, he was visited by several and the less expensive Spanish and natives, whereupon he returned the compliment by killing two of them. Then the maharajah arrived, and the bull lost forever his chance for further glory. All the trophies are in the hands of Mr. Rowland Ward Piccadilly, who has with great skill prepared them for ornamental and useful purposes in the maharajah's palace. Out of the rhinoceros hide he has by a process of his own manufactured some beautiful tables, whips, letter racks, card trays, inkstands and so on. They are semitransparent, of the color of amber, and, while taking a brilliant polish, show, in some cases, the grain of the skin through the smooth, level surface.

A Rumpus Among the Jewelry.

Scene: A jewelry store - Time: Midnight. The stillness is suddenly broken by a music box striking up a A couple of bronze ively waltz. statues on a shelf, inspired by the music commenced to waltz. "Don't tread on my corn," cried a gilded Ceres, drawing away her horn of plenty, provoking a retort from one of the dancers to he effect that they had had a plenty of that horn.

"Can't we ring in ?" shouts a box of finger ornaments, all together. A Louis Quartorze Clock on a shelf holds its hands in front of its face to hide its blushes and cries "Watch!" A watch responds that if it was fixed to strike like the clock is he would soon stop such goings on. "Hush that racket," comes from a delicate piece of jewelry in a case, "it makes my ear-ring." Its can-dleous, so it is," cried a golden candlesticks, "and the proprietor ought to be informed of it." "Broach the subject to him then," said a Maud S. scarf pin in the form of a horse-shoe. "Won't somebody take that music box and locket?" cried a watch seal. "Wish a burglar would come in and goblet," snapped a bright-eyed diamond that was playing solitaire in a velvet case. "Or caster into the cellar," put in a necklace. "Pitcher into the alley," snapped a gold collar button.

Just before coming to the wind-up the music box ran down, the waltz concluded and silence resumed command.

The English Royal Plate.

The royal plate, which is probably the finest in the world, is used at the state banquets. It is usually kept in two strong rooms at Windsor castle, and is valued at £2,000,000. The gold service, which was purchased by George IV. from Rundell & Bridge, dines 130 persons, and the silver wine cooler, which he bought about the same time, holds two men, who could sit in it comfortably. It is inclosed with plate glass, and the splendid chasing occupied two years.

There are some quaint old pieces in the royal collection which belonged to Queen Elizabeth, having been taken from the Spanish armada, and others were brought from India, Burmah and China, and there is one cup which belonged to Charles XII of Sweden. The vases, cups, candelabra and fancy pieces boards at each end of the table of St. takes place. There is a peacock of preclous stones valued at £40,000. The body and tail are composed of solid diamonds, rubies and emeralds. The tiger's head, known as Tippoo's footstool, is formed of silver gilt, with eyes of rock crystal and a tongue of solid gold. These two trophies of oriental extravagance were taken at Seringapatam, and presented subsequently to George III. There are an immense number of gold shields, some of which are richly ornamented. One of these __Sleeve was formed of snuff boxes under the direction of George IV, and is valued at £10,000. There are thirty dozen of plates, which were bought by that sovereign at a cost of £11,000.

To prevent haystacks firing, scatter a few handfuls of common sait between each layer. The salt, by absorbing the humidity of the hay, not only prevents its fermentation and consequent heating, but it also adds a salty taste to this forage, which all cattle like; besides, it stimulates their appetite and assists their digestion, and so preserves them from many diseases.

-Silk and wool, velvet and wool, and solid woo'en are all used by French dressmakers for church and promenade dress. Elaborate passementerie trimmings are seen on many are longer than any before imported, A stylish cashmere dress of heliotrope plaid in huge blocks of broken lines was combined with plain cashmere. Reversing the usual order, the pland was used in the basque and full long drapery, while the skirt was of plain goods laid in large side plaits. A large, slender point of silk cord passemen. waist at the back, and a similar point formed the rest. Large passementerie ornaments with many hanging cords a panel where the drapery parted. A stylish dress of that purplish shade of cashmere called crushed strawberry was trimmed with a fancy-striped silk of moire and satin. Brown wool, combined with a brocade of old rose, was broidered with lines of feather-stitching in white silk on brown or blue ing is placed up the dart seams. The of white surah extending from the colso woven together by the dressmaker's tween them will be a close one. alike. Costumes of black Chantilly French laces are extensively used over inexpensive satin, either black or heliotrope. White lace dresses over heliotrope are also shown; these are looped up with long clusters of heliotrope ribbon and finished with peasant waists of heliotrope satin, full lace guimps and

play its part. A gray dress is relieved by a red hat or bonnet, with a red para-There are some charming French closely stitched down. The cotton dresses now are noted for their simple, good style. Ecru aid red stripes are much worn, and the skirts are made with broad box-plaits over foundations well petticoated beneath, in which lies half the secret of their good appearance. To the uninitiated the skirts of the day might have no foundation at all; but this is far from being the case; there are plenty of plaitings and underplaitings which keep them well in Checks require much cleverform. ness of arrangement. A blue-andtufts on the surface was adraped in such a way that all the checks fell diagonally. Stone and liue form a happy mixture which finds favor now, and some pretty dresses in stripes of that tone are to be seen in most fashionable gatherings.

lace sleeves.

-Black lace is still much the fashkinds is the Marguerte, the fortunate greatest number of heats went to the manufacturer of which realized a considerable sum. The pattern consists of Brown. graduated Marguerte blossoms, in perpendicular lines; x is well wrought, fine and silky. This lice is draped over black, but the necessary touches of color are given by thee bands of ribbon carried beneath the lace across the front, forming points on one side and bows on the other. The new Gobelines blue had been chosen, and the stylish bodice had a 7-shaped piece of velvet of the same tone introduced back and front, with ribbon velvet braces covered with ace, a high standing collar of the vewet, and sleeves, with trimmings of lace on the outside, and a sort of cap to the elbow formed of the black lace.

follow the lead of their more solld to be doing finely at present." rivals in the matter of ornament tion, and show every conceivable vari ety of loom and hand-wrought emirodery, close or open designs, and not unfrequently combining botu in one piece of goods.

-The "Beatrice" driving coat is a new model in utility wraps, designed are usually displayed on the huge side- by an English house in Paris, and Besides, look at the time, 2.14-that's highly popular in Ameria. The coat is George's hall when a state banquet of exquisitely fine cloth in invisible checks or stripes, and is made in single or double-breasted styles, the seams of the coat double-stitched and lapping of the stallion: "Well, I had followed gold, profusely studded with pearls, on the outside. Large English pockets are placed on either side and on the left breast, and good-sized buttons of old silver and enamel are set down the front. One model made of dark- I saw Uncas as a yearling, at Alexanblue cloth barred with Japanese red is ander's farm, and made up my mind accompanied by a red silk vest, fast- to buy him. When the time came for ened with dark-blue buttons. hood at the back is lined with the same | Kentucky for that purpose, and stopped

-Sleeves are wonderfully improved and much more becoming than those of last season. A particularly pretty style appeared on a dinner gown; it came to the elbow with revers of embroidery inside the arm, outside there the road and landed us in Versailles. of magnificent embroidery, row upon ea-sized beads, each row of a different metallic tinge.

HORSE NOTES.

-Astral, the mare that lowered her record to 2.18 at Cleveland, is a very large bay, 16.2, by August Belmont, dam by Mambrino Patchen.

-The French mutuels proved a failure at Saratoga, as they did most everywhere in the West, and after two days they were discontinued. -Major B. G. Thomas, of the Dixi-

ana Stud, Kentucky, who was not expected to live, was convalescing at last accounts. This will be pleasing news to his many friends.

-The McLeod that has been doing so well through the West is a chestnut terie extended from the collar to the stallion, 15.1 hands, weighing 950 pounds, 8 years old, by Saturn, son of Satelite, dam Madge by Rob Roy. This is his second year on the turf. were placed on the underskirt to form | He is owned by Harry Chamberlain, of Arapahoe, Neb. and was bred by Hon. George W. Dorsey, of Fremont.

-F. Garry, of New York city, has bought from the estate of Alden Goldsmith, Washingtonville, N. Y., the gelding Walnut, 2.191, fealed in 1875. brown, by Florida, dam Relief, for \$2325. W. Burgess, of Woodstock, Ontario, Canada, has bought from the same estate the stallion Tom Carlyle, foaled in 1883, by Volunteer, dam Nora, by reacemaker, for \$1625. -J. G. Coster and Major Dickinson,

of New York, have made a wager of \$5000 each on the relative positions of lar to the waist line, or with a short Garnet and Prince Wilkes at the close vest reaching only to the top of the of the great \$10,000 race to be trotted amented Jumbo-and after knocking darts, and finished by a square of dark at Hartford next month, the former velvet the shade of the dress. Irregu- gentleman backing Garnet. This is especially interesting, as naming two of the elephant's tusks, but his ribs were draperies, which, while they are very the probable starters in the great trotfull and long, are very eccentric; the ting event of the year. If both come two materials used in the costumes are to the wire in good shape the race be-

-We met Mr. Henry B. Sire, the owner of Harry Wilkes, a few days ago. When asked what he thought about the recent trot between Patron and Harry Wilkes he said: "Harry Wilkes was defeated. The little horse, as you well know, has been shipped around a great deal, and has traveled from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic and partly back again within the last six months, and, naturally he was stale -In this weather red seems a hot when he met Patron and had lost his color to be worn, and yet there is speed, and that was just what ailed hardly a toilet in which red does not him. Frank Van Ness has telegraphed Mr. Sire that he will let up on Harry for about two weeks and he will not trot him at Buffalo; then if Patron or gowns which are notable for three any other trorting horse, mare or geldgoffered flounces at the hem, replacing ing wants to make a match they can be the ordinary kilting, and the drapery, accommodated, but Mr. Sire would like which forms folds at the waist, being nothing better than to have Wilkes try conclusions with Patron again.

-The special prizes at the Cleveland meeting were distributed as follows; Silver wine set, offered by J. L. Hudson, for animal winning the race of the greatest number of heats, to the brown mare Jennie Lind; silver ice pitcher, offered by E. M. McGillin & Co., went to the chestnut stallion Mc-Leod, as the winner of the fastest fifth heat as compared with the first track harness, offered by W. A. King, went to Clara, she winning "fifth money" in the 2.25 stake race; silver cup offered white-checked cotton, with standing by P. L. Miles, for the handsomest winner, was awarded to the bay mare Belle Hamlin by the committee, composed of J. B. Perkins, David Bonner and L. Broadhead; the antique bronze urn offered by James Morlarty for the Ohio bred horse trotting the best race went to Faro, the silver cup (and it was a beauty) offered by the Kennard on for dresses and the of the newest House for the driver winning the popular and ever-pleasant Horace

-Bob Allen, E. J. Baldwin's assistant trainer, has this to say of Miss Ford: "That filly is a puzzle to all of We can't account for her tantrums except on the ground of downright meanness. In fact, she is as mean and sulky as she can be, and runs good and kind only when she feels like it. In her race in California she was the same way, and she has more than once taken a sulking fit in a race, losing a lot of ground, and then, coming with s tremendous rush on the stretch won after all. But it is a risky business to back her, because you can't tell when she will be in the mood to give you a run for your money. When she ran -Challie in solid colors striped, dot- against Hanover she made a bad imted, floral or foliated, seems to partake pression, but the fact of it was she in the general improvement noticeable sulked, and that settled it, but after in other light wool, veilings, canvas sulking, and apparently going to lose goods, and the like. Nun's feiling can second money, she took it into her now be had in such a variety of colors, head to go along about her business qualities and combinations that the and landed second money easily enough infinity of even French caprice can As to being loff, there is nothing in find wherewithal to gratify its chang-ing moods. Muslins and lawns also she ever was. Volante, too, appears

-D. D. Withers, owner of the colt Laggard that beat Hanover, says: "He is a sluggish colt that needs a lot of riding, and can rate along over a distance very weil, but he hasn't speed enough to beat good ones. Why, just see, he had seventeen minutes the best of Hanover-that's no credit to him. no race. Hanover's amiss. A horse must have a limit; he's been kept at it too long." Laggard is by Uncas, and Mr. Withers thus relates how he got hold Uncas for years, hoping to get him. ou see, I always liked the colt, I had seen his brother Wanderer run, and knew the family was a first-class one. The the Woodburn sale of 1877 I went to at Keene Richards'. Mr. Richards and Mr. Robert Johnson accompanied fell a graceful rounded lappet piece of We were six miles from Woodburn, and lace and ribbon, which, throwing the the time before the sale was short. arm in shadow, gave it much rounded When we reached there the sale had grace. This gown, which was of the begun, and I found that I had lost Unvieux rose tone, was remarkable for a cas. Mr. Lorillard had bought him distinct train, and slanted at the end for \$3100. I watched his career closely. so as to form a point. It had a panel He was a splendid race horse. I al-of magnificent embroidery, row upon ways wanted him, and when Mr. Lorrow of metallic guipure, bordered with lilard offered him for sale I got him at last. He reminds me more of Lexington than any of Lexington's sonn,"