

A Hammock Story.

My lady dreams with unshut eyes, Under the apple boughs I see, Where, on her breeze-blown couch she lies, The fairest thing beneath the skies— Ah! dare I hope she dreams of me?

WHEN YOU ARE THIRTY.

His name was James, not Ganymede. It was a closely clipped lawn upon which he trod, instead of the divine heights of Mt. Olympus. Neither were those gods and goddesses—those four athletic figures, clad in white and red flannel, disporting themselves upon a portion of the lawn marked off with lime, and wrangling in tones high and heated, James never wrangled. He scorned it. As he approached the group, bearing his tray so skillfully that the ice scarcely tinkled in the pitcher, the expression of his countenance bordered upon the sublime.

and I appeal to you. Did I say anything ungentlemanly?" "Ned," observed Mr. West, turning to his patient partner, "you're no lady. Then to Edith, 'go on, my child, it's your serve. Anyone would think you and Eric were two years old.'" Edith began to serve. She played in wrath and silence, and she played well. Game after game was won. Eric looked almost meek, but neither he nor Edith spoke.

"Set!" at last gasped Edith, breathlessly triumphant, and the four players moved toward the water pitcher. "Miss West," her father said, as he handed her a glass of water, "allow me to present to you Mr. Allen." A smile crept into the gray eyes under the scarlet cap and twinkled at the corners of the sweet red mouth.

"I'm happy to meet you, Mr. Allen," a small hand was placed in a large brown one and was clasped tightly, while Mr. Allen mentally called himself a boor. Peace and politeness reigned upon the tennis court during the next two sets, and enthusiasm waned.

"I've heard enough," said Mr. West. "I've heard enough," echoed his daughter. "There's nothing that fatigues me so much as to have Eric lose his temper." That young gentleman looked unutterable things—some of them were nice—but wisely held his tongue.

There is lemonade in the dining-room," Miss West announced as they strolled toward the house, "and gingerbread." "I don't care much for lemonade," Eric said as the two young men and Edith sat in the cool and darkened room. "It doesn't quench my thirst"—filling his glass for the third time. "This gingerbread is bang-up though. Got any candy?" Silence from Miss West, whose mouth was full.

"Don't be more of a goose than you can help," advised Miss West. "Edith," interrupted Bess Allen, standing tall and graceful before her, "when are you going driving with me in my cart?" "Why, I don't know, dear—to-morrow, if you want me to."

"Come, Edith. Good-bye, girls," called Mr. West, and whatever it was Eric had to say was said to Ned Whitney and the girls. "To-morrow, then," shrieked Bess after the retreating buckboard, and Edith waved a towel in reply.

Mrs. Allen's afternoon nap in the veranda hammock was disturbed by Edith's fresh, young voice saying, "Whoa, Countess," and as she drowsily opened her eyes she saw that damsel, dressed in white, looking as daintily as the bunnet of sweet peas in her belt, just stepping from her cart, while the faultless Peter stood at Countess' head.

"I'll draw the line! That's adding insult to injury. Make me have my hair cut and lend me the money to do it with. You grieve me sorely. And you appear to forget that you're only twenty-two while I'm thirty-six."

"I don't see what that has to do with it. No one would ever imagine it, anyway. You know papa said this morning you acted as though you were about two."

more of this anon, I tell you I take back what I said about Sir Galahad. And to-night, when we are walking on your veranda he may chew my coat-tails into shreds. Now, what more can I say? Look at me, Edith. Think how long I have known and—"

"Very well," said Edith, turning the full glory of her smile upon him. "I'll forgive you this time. Here's the barber shop. Get out, Eric."

"I'm afraid he isn't," replied Mr. West, mysteriously, and became so absorbed in his paper that he did not have to reply to his wife's shocked exclamation. Mr. West liked Eric, but Edith was the apple of his eye.

Up and down, up and down on the veranda walked two figures—one tall and dark, and one that gleamed white in the starlight. Up and down, up and down, trailing silently behind them—Sir Galahad. Edith hummed a tune. Eric was silent. So was Sir Galahad. The atmosphere seemed charged.

"Say something, Eric," commanded the girl upon his arm, and then, half frightened, wished she had not. Eric turned and faced her. His face was gray and his eyes burned.

FASHION NOTES.

A pretty combination jewel is a diamond crescent with a star in the center. A double star set alternately with rubies and sapphires is a charming pattern for a brooch. A brooch consisting of an oxidized silver sun has a large eagle of bright gold flying toward it.

A large opal sun, the rays of which are set with alternate pearls and diamonds, makes a handsome pin. White and wood violets are leading designs for bonnet pins. Hairpins of twisted silver wire are now occasionally set with garnets.

A novelty of the season is chevron gowns. It is a pretty plaid batiste, with spiked patterns in open-work all over it. Frettier still is rayon, a new open-work thread tissue-like lace-work in all shades of gray, blue, Havana beige and buff, and also in black.

Chinese and Japanese eat everything that comes out of the season. All the fishes are good to their taste, and are caught with great skill. Seafoods of several sorts are sent far into the interior to be used in thickening soups, gravies and puddings and are highly prized because they give a relishing flavor of salt, which is a luxury beyond the reach of most Chinese peasants.

HORSE NOTES.

The pacers McClintock and Cyclone were burned in a stable fire out West recently. The 2.18 pacing race at Hampden Park did not fill. There are 98 entries to the other races.

The 2.18 class pacing race at Utica was another "skin." Argyle or Jennie Lind should have won. Flora Huff and Cora Bell, S. N. Dickinson's double team, trotted a mile in 2.32 at New York a few days ago.

The dam Rosalind Wilkes, 2.18 1/2 is Cigarette, by Zilcadi Goldust. Cigarette was bred on shares with Mrs. Harbison, of Shelby county, Ky., and was sold when 3 years old to Dr. R. H. Pearce, of Louisville, Ky., who used her in his practice. She is the only mare by Zilcadi Goldust whose produce has ever been handled for speed.

A diamond dragon-fly makes a handsome ornament for ladies' neckwear. A miniature turtle, enameled in colors true to nature, with diamond eyes, is a pleasing novelty in brooches.