Poor Papa.

Who slaves all day with main and might And comes home weary, worn and white To walk a squalling babe all night? Poor Papa.

Who has to hear a tired wife Recount the petty woes and strift That constitute a woman's life? Poor Papa.

Who has to go without new clothes Foo keep his tots in shoes and hose And dress his daughters having beaux ? Poor Papa.

Who's tortured by the endless noise Of half a dozen romping boys That all his peace at home destroys? Poor Papa.

Who's told the coal and flour are out ; Who wishes he was, too, no doubt, And, when he tries, is put to rout? Poor Papa.

Who groans when bills come in to pay For some thing needed every day, Who can not lay a cent away? Poor Papa.

Who thinks he was a fool to wed, And who, if his dear wife was dead, Would get another quick instead? Poor Papa

Tho, if he hadn't married, would Be minus home and health so good And end his days in solitude? Poor Papa.

And Will and nave, when he gets old, Protecting arms of love to fold Around him-worth far more than gold? Rich Papa.

MONSIEUR LE CURE.

returning home from the wood, where let you go now. You must come in I had been sketching. The fine old and share my supper. Jeannette, lay man was standing on the doorstep of another cover." his presbytere, looking toward the sea, which at that moment was glorious be- | the girl. neath the setting sun. I bowed to him orsas I passed, for his presence had always inspired me with sympathy and respect, and I know how much this tribute from a foreigner would gratify a member of that class, which the Republican and sweet; the Chablis, cool and fra-Government is bringing into disrespect by constant persecutions.

kindly courtesy that I took the oppor- ver, the plate of peaches, the yellow tunity, which I had long desired, of speaking to him.

"A lovely sight, Monsieur le Cure," I said, pointing to the sea.

"It is, indeed, monsieur," he answered, without looking round.

And yet, I do not know; one has always the bitter certainty that very soon him enough attention to regret my prethe night will come, and all will be occupation. At another time his conark.

to laugh away his evident melancholy, the sordid bargainings of the Norman "if I do not get home soon the night peasants in their drawling and inharand her darkness will come most cer- monious patois. He had been speaking tainly; and its a breakneck path to my about the Oxford revival, and had house.

vaguely remember that he led me through a churchyard, where, by the grave of his predecessor, he pointed out the plot of ground where he was to rest himself; that he told me that the church was many hundred years old, and had been, dans le temps, the lodge of a company of Knights Templar, whose bodies lay shrouded in stone sepulchers in a reworld had the comedy, the tragedy was mote part of the cemetery. The church was very uninteresting to me in my preoccupation. There were some fine story? O, a common one. He was my died about two months ago. I saw his Louis XI. candlesticks in massive copbought them from a dealer in old metals, to whom an ignorant colleague had sold them at the rate of ninepence

more inexcusable."

I was examining these candlesticks when a peasant girl came up to us, and with many clumsy curtesies told M, le Cure that his supper had been served. She had a motherly tone with the old | if swear I might, that my loyalty to man, this girl of fifteen, and would not hear of his showing me the vestry.

wicked world, thought otherwise; and "That will be for another day," she wicked tongues went wagging. He said. "The important thing now is that M. le Cure should not let that was my best friend, and I loved him like a brother-and all the more dearly beautiful trout get cold. One has openthat he was her husband. Yet how ed a bottle of Chablis to drink with it, could 1 act otherwise than I did when and there will be an omelette aux fines one day, urged on by these wicked tonherbes and some peaches in the second gues, he rushed up to me on the bouleservice.'

vard and struck me in the face, calling "She seems a very intelligent child," me liar, traitor, coward. It was done said, as I accompanied the Cure to in the eyes of Paris, and I was hothis door. "Is she your servant?" blooded in those days. It was a provo-

"O, no," he answered, with a smile. 'That would not be allowed. My servant is ill in bed, and this girl is taking I met the Cure one evening as I was her place. But no, monsieur, I can not

point. I could not help myself. But "I did that in advance," answered O, the horror of that moment! The "When M. le Cure has visitartist who painted that portrait was one of those who took my Paul home. He

"He insists on their becoming his guests. You are right, and monsieur sees it."

went for many months a crazed man. The trout, perfectly cooked, was firm think it was my great uncle, the grant, with a faint scent of violets, me that, if any atonement for my crime gleamed like livid gold in my glass; there could be, it would be in the devo-He returned my salute with such the table was exquisitely laid; the siltion and service of a lifetime. I took his advice, for I was weary of the world, rose laid on the white cloth, were very passed through the ordeal of the novibeautiful to the eye; the Cure, with his ciate, and was ordained. My uncle melodious voice full of caressing notes, gave me this presbytere, and here I charmed my ear, as his anecdotes and have lived and worked for thirty years, wit delighted my mind. But all these humbly, obscurely, and penitently. I delights were powerless to distract my have not atoned-no, no, I have not After awhile he added: "It is such attention from the annoyance I had exatoned; but I sometimes think that Paul sights that reconcile one to this earth. perienced. My calm was marred. I knows all now, and—and, perhaps, has forgiven me. I never saw her again. I never heard of her. Is she dead? barely listened to my host, yet gave Did she marry again? Did she, as versation would have charmed me, who some say she intended to do, retire to a "And, an attendant," I said, trying for now many months had heard only convent? I do not know. I have never ceased to love her, as I did then, oyally and devoutly; not as the woman I had wanted to marry, but as the wife of my friend, as my dear Paul's wife." quoted the Pope's remarks on the Pusey-I said nothing. I felt sorry now to have called forth this confession. The

"But, monsieur," said the cure, ites, that like bell-ringers they invited "there is no hurry. I heard from the the world to come into Holy Church, village people that monsieur had ex- but themselves did not enter it, when, pressed the desire to visit our church. unable to contain myself any longer, I me the mystery of his ruined life was a There is, indeed, little to see, but if—" rudely interrupted him, saying: "But poignant sorrow to the eye and to the "I should be most delighted," I an- why vulgarize her glorious passion?

"Ah," he continued, "you look sur- woman, to humble herself as he had prised. One does not suppose any ro- humbled himself-yet lower, to leave mance can be shrined beneath the sou- the boudoir of the woman of the world tane of a village cure; and, perhaps, to for the kitchen of a village presbytere look at me, I appear the very last man - to put off the elegant tollet and to to have had a drama of so terrible a put on the peasant's gown, aye, and kind in my life. Yet, I am told, they more than all this, to live by his side, made a very good play of it at one of the boulevard theaters in Parls. The to the dead—it was sublime." A year later I visited P-- again

for me. It was just, quite just. My They told me that the old Cure had friend, and she, the lovely woman, was grave in the churchyard, but it was not per on one of the altars. The Cure had his wife. We had both paid court to in the spot he had laughingly pointed her, but he had won her. He was out to me when he had shown me the natty Princess of Wales caps of the richer than I, and in France, you know, church. I found it hidden away in a same fabric, the graceful visor in that is the first consideration of parents corner, from which a splendid view of front, which shades the eyes, being enin giving their daughter. Well, though the sea could be obtained. There was tirely covered with the tweed. There "Then you have some taste," I I loved her with all my heart, when she another grave by its side, adorned with are also London-made ulsters fitting thought. "But that only makes it became his wife I was loyal to her as to a simple white cross, on which was like a glove at the back, these formed him, as a gentleman and his friend. written the one word, "Mireille." I of rough-surfaced, zephyr-weight home-Of course I sought her society-it was had fashioned forth no untrue ronatural, was it not, that I should do so? mance.

UMBRELLA HISTORY.

One of These Useful

Protectors.

In Queen Anne's time it is mentioned both by Swift and Gay as employed by women, but up to the middle of the eighteenth century it appears never to have used in England by men, though Wolfe, the future conqueror of Quebec, wrote from Paris in 1752 describing it as in general use in that city, and, wondering that so convenient a practice had not

the famous traveler and philanthropist, who returned to England in 1750, is who carried an umbrella; and a Scotch | rials. footman named John McDonald, who had traveled with his master in France and Spain, mentions in his curious autobiography that he brought one to London in 1778 and persisted in carry-

ing it in wet weather, though a jeering crowd followed him, crying: "Frenchabout three months, he says, the annoy-Bishop of T-, who first suggested to ance almost ceased, and gradually a few foreigners and then some Englishmen followed his example. Defoe had de-

trivances of Robinson Crusoe, and um-

carried one in the streets of Bristol. A in a coffee-house to be lent out to customers, or in a private house to be taken out with the carriage and held over the heads of hadies as they got in or out; but for many years those who used umthe insults of the mob, and to the perthem with mud and lashed them furi- upon children's picturesque gowns. ously with their whips. But the mani-

fest convenience of the new fashion se-

FASHION NOTES.

-It is said that there is to be a deided revival of the old-fashioned iron glenadine made up in the old way over silk or satin. Certain it is that there have been far prettier dresses than were formerly made from these materials.

-Many of the stylish traveling suits of English summer tweed in fine shepherd's checks or stripes, made in severe tailor fashion, have en suite the spun, and designed for long journeys by rail or steamer.

-The autumn races are the occasion of new and beautiful toilets. Among others have been noticed the following: him and to her never, even in thought, The First Englishman Who Carried First, skirt of black and old gold striped slik, covered with a new fabric composed of stripes of black gauze and of black lace. This skirt slightly draped and looped up with ornaments of jet and gold passementerle. Jacket of black vigogne, with jet and gold passementerie ornaments over the back and front. Louis XV hat of black straw, turned up with black velvet and trimmed with a cluster of buttercups and a black aigrette.

> -Plaids would be perfectly insufferyet penetrated to England. Hanway, able in the making up of dresses if couturieres had not the skill and good taste to soften their too gaudy aspect said to have been the first Englishman by combination with self-colored mate-

> The first rules to be observed is that plaids, when large and strikingly defined, should never be used for a bodice. The beauty of the figure has nothing to gain by it. All horizontal lines tend to make it look shorter and stouter. Besides which, it is always man, why don't you get a coach?" In difficult to join the pattern at the seams so as to make it look perfect.

> -Black surah silks are steadily popular and rank among the staple goods. scribed an umbrella as one of the con- They are particularly useful, and are among the most satisfactory of dress brellas were in consequence at one time fabrics. Indeed, with the introduction called Robinsons. They were long of surahs has come new possibilities in looked on as a sign of extreme effe the resources of the average American ninacy, and they multiplied very slowly. woman. Surah answers for ordinary Dr. Jamieson, in 1782, is said to have wear and for fine use, according to been the first person who used one at quality. It is suitable alike for the Glasgow, and Southey's mother, who tiny child, the old lady and the mawas born in 1752, was accustomed to tron. It is a facing, lining or outside, say that she remembered the time when as the circumstances of the case or the any one would have been hooted who means of the purchaser dictate.

> -There are many kinds of sleeves in single coarse cotton one was often kept wear this season. The full bishop style, gathered into a velvet cuff, is growing in favor daily. The puffed sleeve appears upon many of the dainty summer gowns with insertions of lace between. A new leg-o'-mutton model brellas in the streets were exposed to has appeared, with bead or silk embroidery at the top and around the wrists. sistent and very natural animosity of The real Italian sleeve is much used the hackney-coachmen, who bespattered with artistic evening dress, and also

-Summer wraps, the more elaborate

HORSE NOTES.

-Harry Blaylock does not ride for Corrigan any more.

-The Hartford track was not a fast one at the late meeting.

-David L., the smallest trotter on the turf, now has a record of $2.19\frac{1}{2}$.

-The price paid for Warrington, recently purchased by Morris & Harwood, was \$2000.

-Dwyer Brothers have given the name of Overton to the yearling brother of Eole.

-The Bard is reported as slowly improving, but it is doubtful whether he will ever be the same horse that he was.

-The horses belonging to Mr. Haggin are quartered at Sheepshead Bay in the old Fairfax Stable, which Mr. Haggin now owns.

-In the big race at Hartford Fuller drove Patron; Crit Davis Prince Wilkes, Budd Doble Loretta F. and Frank Vanness Astral.

-H. B. Sire has purchased of Louis Snell the brown gelding Harry Mills (2.251), by Sweepstakes, dam by Eureka, to use on the road.

-Jesse Yerance has sold to Robert McMilian, of Milburn Stock Farm, Mercer county, Pa., the bay gelding Governor Hill, record 2.261, for \$5000. -If Fuller with Patron had "shut

out" the other horses as he had simed to do he would have received all of the purse (\$10,000) at Hartford. But he didn't.

-A. Newburger has sold to John Madden, of Bethlehem, Pa., the bay gelding Willett (2.27%), by Sweepstakes, dam Sallie Downs, by Edward Everett, for \$2500.

-W. L. Simmons, of Lexington, Ky., has sold to J. W. Bethel, of Danville, Va., the b. c. Charley Friar, by William L., dam Mother Lumps, by Pearsall, for \$2500.

-E. DeCernea, of New York, has sold his 5-year-old colt Victor W., by Black Damon, dam by Seely's American Star, to Dr. W. C. Otterson, of Brooklyn, for \$1000.

-The 2-year-old colt Repetition, that trotted at the Utica meeting, was bred by B. J. Tracy at Ashland Park, Ky .. and was sold to Pratt & Loughlin, of Utica N. Y., for \$4000.

-Many of those who attended the Albany Trotting meeting highly complimented Wood Martin for his good judgment and prompt action while officiating in the judges' stand.

-Dr. Aheron, of Junction, N. J .. has sold to D. D. Wagner & Co., of Easton, Pa., the b. s. Parnell, 4 years old, by Bayonne Prince, dam Lady Viletta, by Edward Everett, for \$4000.

-R. W. Walden has purchased of Dwyer Brothers the brown horse Barnes, foaled 1880, by Billet, dam Mercedes, by Melbourne Jr., and the horse will be taken to the Bowlingbrook Stud, in Maryland, where Mr. Walden has bred so many good ones.

-Messrs. Clay & Woodford, of the

swered.

fetch it.

The room was one of the poorest in point of decoration and furniture that I had seen in any house in the village; and yet there was one object which by | ring to. it great beauty compensated for all the unloveliness of the rest. It was the picture of a young woman, painted in fault, not mine." oils, and signed by a painter who about mit of his art. The girl represented that her face was one which had been this place, now twenty years ago. ly appeals to all that is noblest and son is the same as yours; but I could most manly in man.

I looked at it longer, the timidity, from | have it thus, and would take no contrabeing subjective merely, seemed to diction on this point." grow objective. It was not a timid girl, it was a girl afraid. Her eyes seemed to look with horror-for, on still closer observation, the fear grew strained sword would explain this fear into horror-on something that was not and make the tableau complete. It is were looking out of the plan, straight Bette if she had completed it in anover my head, who stood facing her, at other way. For instance, if she had the wall behind me? The picture was hung opposite those terrified eyes a by far too fine a work of art for one to picture of Delacroix or another classic. suppose that any attempt had been made to enchance its interest by an ex- ingly, the horror of a creation of rung the awful notes of a dying woman's traordinary and theatrical mise-en- Mscene, and I felt it would be an insult "You are severe on Delacroix," to the great painter to turn round and laughed the Cure. "In my time he see if anything was visible to explain the expression of those eyes. Moreover it was the expression that held me,

not the reason thereof. I am not of those who seek in every picture an illustration.

I had stood before it some time, sadly envious of the technique of the departed hand, and wondering what angelhand-the angel Raphael's, perhapshad guided the painter's fingers when he had mixed that color of sun-kissed auburn that sung-and colors singfrom those clustering curls of hair, room. I turned as I heard his step, and as I did so my eyes fell on the wall Sevres china statuet of a Watteau shep-herdess on this side of his Louis XV. timepiece has not on the yon side of it, fronting her, as pendant, a languishing only woman I have ever loved, and that Corrydon.

but little attention to all that the Cure, point is the blood of the only heart of

Why make her sublime fear paltry and "I will get the key," said he, leading ridiculous? One annoys the timidity me into his simple parlor, and bidding of children with blood-stained rapiers, me sit down whilst he went up-stairs to skulls, or chromos of 'Fox's Martyrs. They can not explain her terror. They only insult her."

The Cure smiled, and seemed at once to understand what it was I was refer-

'You are right, monsieur," he said, "It is in bad taste. But it is Bette's

"Bette," he continued, "is my old thirty years ago had been at the sum- servant, the one who is lying ill upstairs. She has been most faithful and was most lovely, and it seemed to me | devoted to me ever since she came to the model of many other artists as used to keep that rapier in my bedfamous as the one who had painted this room, but it was not long before she portrait. A royally feminine face, and found it out, and then she insisted on her clothed with that expression of tim- hanging it where you saw it. The aridity, blushing and afraid, which in rangement has always rather spoiled some women is so sweet and so strong- my pleasure in the picture, and my rea-

not find it in my heart to thwart the This was my first impression; but, as good old woman's wish. She would

"I suppose," I rejoined, "the good woman was vexed at the sight of the girl frightened at nothing. The blood-I____'

represented in the picture. How could natural in a peasant woman. But I Providence. Is there any thing you it be, seeing that those fear-full eyes should have been better pleased with want? It is disease of the heart. No enter. That would have explained, and charm-

> 18.11 was to us what Meissonier is to you to-day."

"May I ask, monsieur," I said, "if there is any connection between the picture and the weapon ?" "A terrible one," said the Cure.

His tone was so sad and there was such a sorrowful expression on his face as he answered me that I regretted my indiscretion and apologized to him for

"It is strange," he continued, after a pluse, "that you should ask me this today, for all this day my thoughts have when the Cure came back into the been going back to the most terrible to the room above. "It is her voice, is scene of my life. Nay, do not ask my it not?" pardon. I am glad to speak to you of on which my back had been turned. it. Silence does not kill a sorrow; it old peasant woman's? No, no, no! It Directly opposite the picture, and in nurses it-I know it. For thirty years was Mireille's. But-" Directly opposite the picture, and in nurses it-I know it. For thirty years the point of vision of its eyes, hung a I have never opened my mouth, and the rapier. As I looked closer I saw that wound in my heart has deepened all the point of this sword was black-of the more. Never, never be reserved in that ill-omened black that blood, long the troubles of your life. Rather cry since shed, does take. I almost felt them out aloud on the house-tops. angry. Blood-stained rapier, cr chro- Does not a cry relieve a bodily suffermolithograph of some hobgoblin, ghoul ing? Then why should not the same or specter, it annoyed me to think that relief be afforded in the same way to any one should have ventured, with the the tortures of conscience? Ask for most vulgar taste of melodramatic ef- sympathy, human sympathy, and, fect, to complete what was already so whether you get it or not, the mere asksublimely and perfectly complete. It ing will comfort you. I will tell you man that loves him, or has loved him, was the act of a bourgeois of the bour- about that rapier and that picture. My geois, uneasy and disturbed if the heart has been very full to-day." Sevres china statuet of a Watteau shep- Then, bending over the table to me, he said :

"That picture is the portrait of the rapier is the sword with which I killed My annoyance was so real that I paid my dearest friend. The blood on its all these years.

who had now greatly sunk in my es- man that ever beat in love and sym-teem, showed me and told me. I pathy with mine."

he sat with his hand covering his eyes. I fancy there were tears in them. We were sitting thus in silence in the darkening room when the little maid came running in.

quiet despair of this old man as he told

me the mystery of his ruined life was a

ear. When he had finished speaking

Ill-advised, O, ill-advised-nobody sees

that better than I do now. But I swear,

wavered an instant. The world, the

cation, a challenge, which I was forced,

as I thought then, to accept. We

fought next morning in the Bois des

Vincennes. It was an accident-yes,

that thrust of mine was an accident-I

shall always say so. He ran upon my

told me that she looked thus when she

saw him as I made him. As for me, I

"Monsieur le Cure, Monsieur le Cure!" she cried, "come quickly ! Old Bette is dying. She calls for you." "O! do not say that," cried the Cure,

starting to his feet. "Do not say that, My old Bette! My faithful old servant! No, it can not be that after twenty years of loyal service and sacrifice I am to lose her now."

"It is very certain, mon pere," said the trembling girl, "that old Bette is" dying. She says so herself, and I can see that she is right, for she looks just like la mere Manon did before she died. And she begs Monsieur le Cure to come to her without delay."

"I come, I come !" cried the old man in tones of the deepest anguish. "But a doctor, Jeannette, the doctor ! Run for him. O that is useless, of course. He lives ten miles away. What shall we do? What will become of us?"

"I have studied medicine," I said. "I may be able to be of some assistance. If Monsier le Cure will permit,

"Come, come !" he cried, clutching me by the arm. "It is the blessing of -then come, But first, Jeanette, run up-stairs and see whether monsieur can

The girl had turned to obey when through the silence of the house there voice.

"Raoul, Raoul ! where are you ? Je me meurs, mon ami."

It was the voice of a high-born lady, For what reason I know not I turned toward the picture. It seemed the cry that should come from those lips. The Cure had started like a man who is suddenly stabbed.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" he cried. "Whose voice is that ?"

And with this cry he turned toward the picture.

"Raoul, Raoul! You must come quickly or it will be too late."

"It is old Bette that is calling you, M. le Cure," said Jeaunette, pointing

"Bette's?" stammered the Cure, "the

"Meanwhile, Monsieur," said Jeannette, "the old woman dies."

"I go," said the Cure. I did not follow him; I had some

feeling that there would be something solemn-something sacred was to be reyealed in this last interview between the old Cure and his dying servant. I knew that, great as may be the devotion and self-sacrifice of the man, the self-sacrifice and the devotion of the wocan be immeasurably greater, and I believed that the Cure would find out tweeds, as they are called, are less that his lifelong penance had had even | weighty than many of the ginghams on this earth its passing great reward, and that the love of the woman he had and tufted cottons. Delicate women worshiped in his youth had been with him and around him, silent, watchful,

way home, "and one possible only in a washing

cured its ultimate triumph, and before and fancy in their style and composithe close of the century umbrellas had tion the better, are the order of the passed into general use.

In a Tuscan Villa.

style, these crossing each other just above the belt. The sleeve portion is To be welcomed in a villa overlooking frequently made of rich flouncing lace Florence by refined hosts of one's own of a width which will allow it to reach race, the "true heirs of all the ages," or, as Macaulay said with just pride, "the hereditary aristocracy of mankind," instead of having to abide in the city itself, in an uncongenial hotel, does not fall to everybody's lot, nor to tolds cross each other.

the lot of anyone always. But when it does, then Florence is visited in the It is yet too early to take much interest in the new fashions of making way it should be visited, if you are thoroughly to appreciate it and to ex- up the common fabrics. Skirts are to be tract from it all the delights it has to longer, barely clearing the ground; offer. Of course, your entertainers, there are indications of a revival of already very prominently forward in though English, and having English narrow plaitings. Draperies on some traditions, must not be insular Britons of the new models are much shorter, son Savile, who won the Goodwood or wish to transplant the arrangements while upon others they are very long, of an English country-house into a villa reaching quite to the bottom of the of a Tuscan hillside. Something of the lower skirt. Sleeves are in a transitory state, as many ladjes will not adopt the comeliness and even of the comfort of English ways are never out of place. full sleeve, and others quite prefer it; But an Italian garden is not an English there is every indication that both garden, and there should be no attempt styles will be in favor, as the American to make one resemble the other. I re- woman will have what is most becoming to her, and the majority of women member more than twenty years ago, seeing in the garden of my English like plain sleeves for that reason. neighbor near Florence a reproduction Nearly all ladies with shapely arms in May of the English budding out sys- prefer the close sleeve. The full sleeve tem in its worst and most aggravated is more desirable for ladies who are form as it reaches its maturity with us less favored by nature in that particuin August. The result was dazzling, lar.

-Black goods are to be more popubut lamentable. It is better, too, to take Italian servants more or less as lar than for several seasons past. you find them, whether in the garden, Among the favorite fabrics in wool are the stable, or the household. You will the Priestly Henrietta cloths, which never get them to work "to the pin of | can be confidently recommended as the the collar," and in attempting to do so best wearing fabrics in the market. you will only deprive them of their na- They hold their color perfectly, are detural virtues, which are many and use- lightfully smooth, drape in the most ful. In England we keep the machin- graceful fashion, and are indeed every ery of service as much as possible out way worthy of the patronage of the of sight. In Italy you must be content most fastidious people. It is said that to see it at work, and sometimes, ac- there is to be a most decided "boom" cording to English ideas, a little in- in black faille Francaise. Gros-grain efficiently at work. In England, every- silks are not at all popular in spite of thing is more or less finikin, and there the untiring efforts of certain branches is a constant attention to detail. In of the trade to revive former interests Italy things are large and broad and in them. They will pull on the warp, done in the manner of a scene painter and American women have become too who knows his business. The sky is well posted on good silks and too bigger, the atmosphere is more spa-cious, you are not cabined, cribbed, the faille Francaise weave to desire confined. Ease, liberty, and absence any repetition of the old trouble of of solicitude attend villa life in Tus- drawing in the seams and fraying at cany, and when these are accepted and the edges. -In the display of new tailor gowns

who know what is best in Italy, as well it is noted that great use is made of as what is best in England, then, I soft, silky India cashmere, combined think one sees life to the greatest ad- | with moire of a deeper and seldom of a constrasting shade. Also of the very flexible London diagonals, camel's-hair serges with threads of brilliant color intermingled, and of bourrettes, armures, fancy Belgravia and Lincolnshire sultings in green and gold, blue, brown and silver; olive, pale blue and Roman red; bronze, nasturtium yellow and black; terra-cotta, golden brown and beige, etc. Many of the costumes are combined with velvet. Others have the new stripes are plain, others richly | was well nigh invincible. shaded, and still others quadrilles. All "It would have been a splendid de-votion." I said to myself as I made my as the dautiest of cotton gowns before son's costuming.

(unnymede Stud, are considering advisability of importing an English stallion. Billet is now in his 23d year, day for dressy afternoon and evening and, although he is as sound and well wear. In many instances the fronts of as ever, his time, in the course of nathese mantels are of silk net, first laid ture is short, and Hindoo will be left in folds at the shoulders, in surplice alone.

-Judge N. M. Hubbard, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., is one of the latest acquisitions to the ranks of trotting-horse nearly the elbow, When made of black breeders. As a nucleus of his breeding lace and net the narrow back piece is stock he purchased at Highland Stock very often of beaded net, with epaulets Farm, Dubuque, 1a., the bay weanling of the same on the shoulders, and orna- colt Algon, by Nutwood, dam Alpha, ments of the jet on the front where the by Alcantara, for \$2500.

-It begins to look as if Hampton were the coming sire in England. With the success of his son, Merry Hampton, in the Derby, and Reve d'Or's 1000 Guineas and Oaks, he is the list of "winning sires," while his cup, will help him a great deal.

-The four-mile harness record of 11.06, made by Trustee at the old Union Course, Long Island, on June 13, 1846, remained as the best on record until August 12, when the Keokuk (Iowa) Association offhred \$250 as an inducement to have it reduced. The owner of Satellite entered his horse, and succeeded in lowering the figures over a half-mile track in 10.521. Satellite is by Temper, a son of Kearsarge.

-A large consignment of English thoroughbreds is about to be made to this country. It will consist of the well-known stallions Glen Arthur and Rossington, and a large number of blood-mares, some twenty in all, including the entire stud of a leading English breeder who is going to retire, and will send the mares as soon as their foals are weaned, reserving the foals for sale in England next season as yearlings.

-In the Raritan stakes, the first race which Hanover lost to Laggard, he gave the latter 17 pounds, he carrying 128 pounds to Laggard's 111, the track being very heavy. In the second race, when beaten by the same horse, he gave him 7 pounds. Both races were run on a heavy, muddy track, where weight tells most. In the Choice stakes Hanover gave Banburg 8 pounds, the track again being wet and heavy. That Hanover was not himself in any one of these races must be conceded. He had won all the previous contests in the most hollow style, conceding weight to it.

-For some cause or other Volante is an uncertain performer. He is so good at times that his owner is tempted to match him against anything on the turf, but by and by the son of Grinstead is unable to hold his own in company that could hardly be classed as mediocre. He was shamefully beaten by Royal Arch at Saratoga, and subsequently Hanover and Firenzi made a show of him in the Champion at Monmouth Park. It is safe to say striped velvet skirts with a mixture of that he has not displayed his best form the goods in monochrome. Some of since he came East. At Chicago he

-Another popular material is drap are exceptionally attractive, and tailor d'Alma. In the medium and firer but with less satisfactory results.

and children should wear all-wool goods in preference to cotton, and if the material be all wool and ever so light colored it can be cleaned once

enjoyed by English men and women vantage for there is the just combination of refinement with freedom.

-The new checked and striped wools are charming for tailor-made gowns, and so light are these fabrics in weight that even in the hotest weather they could be no more oppressive than veiling or albatross. Indeed, summer