

A Short and Long Poem.

My wife is small,
And I am tall;
And whenever she looks at me, you see—
For I am tall,
And she is small—
She must always "turn up her nose" at me.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

The sun's rays beat down with scorching ardor from the dark blue sky, but a rising sea breeze refreshes the atmosphere impregnated with fragrance wafted from the orange trees, growing in terraces along the hillsides of Upper Mustapha.

At the head of the bay, where the waves breaking monotonously on the sandy beach, line the shore with a silvery crescent of foam, are laid out the drill grounds, toward which a swelling crowd in cosmopolitan array are wending their way.

Algers has assumed a holiday appearance. The brilliantly colored lanterns, swinging from every arch between Bab-Azoun and Bab-el-Oued, illuminate the streets, making them light as day. In the Government

square a military band is discoursing sweet music, a grateful relief after the singing of the muezzin, chanting the four points of the compass from the roof of the grand mosque. At the right hand corner, facing the sea, stands the Cafe de la Perle, where the better class of citizens are accustomed to meet.

With these words Raoul snatched off the emblem and threw it upon the table. The insult was too public for those around to remain quiet. Everybody arose and awaited in great agitation the answer of the spahi.

Just before dawn the next morning a sentry, posted in the lower Mustapha quarter, saw several bodies of horsemen, civilians as well as military men, riding in the direction of the Maison Carree.

The drama began. The two horsemen, sword in hand, rushed together, and a furious fight began. In a moment Raoul's blade flashed like lightning above the head of the caid, who, by a dexterous use of his spurs, caused his horse to rear up and receive the intended blow.

Five years go by. The booming cannon is still belching flame and thunder upon Sabastopol, whose heroic resistance is daily growing feebler. A long train of ambulances, freighted with wounded or sick soldiers, is descending the heights which overlook the devastated plains of Inkerman.

At last they glide into the calmer waters of the Bosphorus, regaining their wonted spirits as nature seems to present a more smiling face. At dusk, in rough wagons drawn by oxen, they are joined up the abrupt slopes of Pera. Military nurses await them at the doors of the hospital, and the weak, fainting soldiers are carried to beds where, too often, nightmares and insomnia are rendered more frightful by the groans and death rattle of the dying.

flickering flames of the night lamps, only when, like guardian angels, hovering over the sufferer's couch, the Sisters of Charity with their great white, wing-like bonnets, move noiselessly from one bed to another, on their mission of mercy.

To the dying come tender memories of their native land, an inexpressible consolation in their last moments; to the living a future prospect of a return to their distant homes is opened as they gaze upon the placid features of these holy daughters of mercy.

All day the simoon had blown continuously. The house surgeon of the hospital, calling on Sister Theresa, inquired: "What news, sister?"

At dusk Sister Theresa, lantern in hand, directed her steps to the officers' pavilion. As she entered the light fell full on the wounded man's face, furrowed by lines of suffering.

Then Sister Theresa, mastering her feelings and banishing the thoughts that were torture to her soul, went to the bedside of the dying man, and placing her hand upon his fevered brow, said in a soft whisper: "Die in peace; I shall pray for you."

Educating the Chinese.

The Chinese government, under the liberalizing influence of the new regime of the young emperor, has adopted a curious and significant scheme of getting at the bottom facts about civilization outside the flowery empire.

A Room Lined with Amber.

Most smokers are proud to own a real amber mousetrap. What would they say to a room 75 or 100 feet square, lined on all sides with amber clear to the ceiling? That is what we saw at Tsarskoe Selo, an imperial summer palace near St. Petersburg.

PHARAOH'S HOUSE.

Ruins of a Palace Referred to by the Prophet Jeremiah.

Another very curious and interesting discovery has been made in the loneliest and dreariest corner of the delta plain of lower Egypt. In the land where the monuments of an extinct faith and the graves of a dead nation.

The building was at first a stronghold—quadrangular, lofty, massive like a castle keep. It contained sixteen square rooms on each floor, both the outer and partition walls being of enormous strength.

The kitchen of Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes is a big room, with recesses in the thickness of the wall which served for dressers. There were fourteen large jars and two flat dishes standing unharmed in their places.

In other chambers were found numbers of early Greek vases, ranging from 500 B. C. to 600 B. C., some very finely painted with harpies, sphinxes, dancers and the like; nearly all, however, were broken, but some can be mended.

Mr. Petrie has looked diligently for the stones which Jeremiah hid among the brick work, and some unheaven stones have been dug out from below the surface, but to identify them positively, would, of course, be impossible.

The philosopher spends in becoming a man the time which the ambitious man spends in becoming a personage. So vital a necessity to all living men is truth, that the vilest traitor feels amazed and wronged—feels the pillars of the world shaken—when treason recalls on himself.

FASHION NOTES.

Autumn mantles are made very long, mostly in the redingote shape, with cape or hood, or both. The materials are mohair or light cloth, sometimes trimmed with broad or galloon, but oftener with no trimming at all.

Then we have this autumn the Tenebreuse capote of dark-colored tulle, with veil to match. This capote is slightly peaked in front, and just laid over the hair; it is very short over the ears, and forms a light drapery at the back; dark blue and brown are favorite colors, and the dark tulle looks especially well over fair golden hair.

What are to be the fashionable models next winter has yet to be proved; for the present the favorite model borrows its name from a certain General much talked of both in and out of France; it is the Boulanger hat, and has really very much the appearance of a General's hat, very little modified to suit a lady's head.

The white starched collar has completely disappeared from female toilets, dresses are now trimmed round the neck with a variety of ruches and frillings or plain bands of silk, tulle or crape folded double, and embroidered with beads, chenille or gold thread.

What the fashionable color is to be has not yet been finally decided, but dark blue, mauve and a light shade of green are much in favor. Plaids are rapidly getting out of fashion, we have had enough of them.

A beautiful dress lately worn at a reception by the chateleine of a well-known chateau not far from Paris was of the pretty redingote style called mardouille, of black and white striped faille. The dress opened in front over a skirt front of white faille, veiled over with flounces of Chantilly lace put on lengthways and forming quillings; at the back the dress formed a swallow-tail shaped train.

This winter velvet promises to be more worn than it has been for many years. The plain tinted Lyons velvets have been brought out in a great many additional colors, and the woven velvets are particularly tempting. The most decided novelty is the watered velvet; this is used as panels and vests on velvet, silk and woolen dresses, and also extensively for mantles, some being already ordered for the Irish drawing-rooms.

This is the time of year when fresh and handsome tea gowns are in request. Some of the handsomest recently imported from Paris are worth a description. One of two shades of rich Herculene or vivid petunia pout de soie fitted the figure closely.

Pierre Lorillard says he has no notion of returning to the turf at present. Should he ever return it would be on very different principles. He would keep about a dozen first-class mares that came from the dam of winners and had shown high form on the turf themselves, and send to England and buy a stallion of the Lord Clifton or Hermit stock.

He says Katrine was the highest tried mare he ever owned, and that Falsetto, Iroquois and Katrine were the best horses he ever owned. In the spring of 1885 seven horses were tried at Hancock's good enough to beat the world. They were Pontiac, Emperor, Katrine, Wanda, Cyclops, Savanac and Dewdrop—all first class. But misfortune came. The first day at Sheephead Bay they were in great form. Emperor and Heva won their races, and Pontiac won the Suburban. Then all his horses took the epidemic, and the magnificent racing team couldn't win a selling race. Cyclops came near dying, and Katrine was never again near it.

HORSE NOTES.

The new half-mile track at Baltimore has become very popular. The chute at Louisville was not used at all during the last meeting. Lady Barefoot and Lady Thistle are being driven as a team at New York.

There will be more horses at New Orleans next winter than were ever there before. Huggins, the trainer, says that Eolian could hold The Bard for a mile with the latter at his best.

Billy Walker has purchased of F. B. Harper the 3-year-old King Ban colt Brac-a-Ban for \$1500.

George Oyster is proving himself a consistent performer. His owner has just refused a big offer for him. Elkwood, Eurus, Eole, the four largest winners of the get of Eolus, are all out of mares of different blood.

The Sire Bros., of New York, have purchased from C. E. Bennett, of Jackson, Mich., the bay gelding Feetsteps, by Fisk's Mambrino Chief, dam by Magna Charta.

Raceland has been in great demand by turfmen. Appleby & Johnson offered \$15,000 for him, and the Dwyer Brothers were told that they could have him for \$25,000.

Negotiations have been pending between Messrs. Honig and Jennings to match their 2-year-olds, Leo. II. and George Oyster to run a match of five furlongs for \$5000 a side.

If the trotting meeting at Atlanta and Macon shall prove a success this fall a trotting circuit will be formed, taking in Birmingham, Chattanooga, Savannah, Macon and Atlanta.

The ch. g. H. M. Strong, alias Joe Daniels, alias Little Joe, is said to have a record of 2.25, and is trotting in slow class in Pennsylvania. H. M. D. Van Horn is campaigning him.

C. G. Moser, Parkville Farm, has purchased from Joseph Bowler, Greenpoint, L. I., the chestnut mare Middletown Maid, 2.42, by Middletown, dam Lady Horri, by Mambrino Pilot.

Twenty six yearlings, the property of the Dwyer Bros., and representing an investment of about \$60,000, are in Kentucky under the care of John Harrington. All are reported doing well.

Mr. William H. Gregg has sent for his b. m. Felle (record 2.27), and will drive her on the road. Mr. Gregg says he would not take \$1500 for the 4-year-old gelding by Messenger Chief which he recently purchased.

A 16-year-old brother to Jockey West, who died from injuries received at the Saratoga meeting, wants to lead to be a jockey. The lad will get his schooling with the Baldwin Stable, in the service of which his brother met his death.

Ferona will be returned by the Dwyer Bros., to Mr. Swigert at the close of the present season. Ferona does not belong to the Dwyers, she having only been leased for her racing qualities. She was the last foal of La Henderson, who died while nursing her, and as she was a full sister to Ferida and Aalia and her dam a full sister to Parole's dam, Mr. Swigert, who, like all observing breeders, is a great stickler for "winning families" refused to sell Ferona outright, as he desired to retain her as a brood mare.

Three of the noted brood mares of the Belle Meade Stud, Nashville, Tenn., have died during the year from old age, each having been barren for several years. One was Benevola, a chestnut mare, foaled 1854, by Jack Malone, dam Albion by imported Albion, one of Noty Price by Cost Johnston. She was the dam of Bombast, Bayard, Banter, Bonnie Lawn, all by Bonnie Scotland; of Tallyrand and Tally Ho, by Great Tom, and of Elocure, by Enquirer. The second was the black mare Nubia, foaled 1850, by Albion, dam Corset, by Epsillon, out of imported Bustle, by Whalebone. She was the dam of Helmet, by Lexington; Mariposa (she the dam of Battitude, Boulevard, Bliss, Swift and Miss Baldwin), by Jack Malone; Variella and Valerian (the latter the dam of Belle of the Highlands, Boatman and Brambleton), by Vandal; Jennie L., by Brown Dick, and Bombazine, by Bonnie Scotland. The other was the brown mare Vesperlight, foaled 1850, by Child Harold, dam Bidelight, by Glencoe, out of Gaslight, by Leviathan. She produced Nellie Ransom (the dam of Ferncliff and Frederick the Great), Ethel Sprague (dam of Cridge and Babcock), Vandalite (one of the best racers of the day and the dam of Hiawassa and Housatonic), Skylight, (dam of Moonshine and Harry Lamar) and Emperor, by Enquirer.

Pierre Lorillard says he has no notion of returning to the turf at present. Should he ever return it would be on very different principles. He would keep about a dozen first-class mares that came from the dam of winners and had shown high form on the turf themselves, and send to England and buy a stallion of the Lord Clifton or Hermit stock. Of his racing stable he says: "I should keep that down to small proportions also and endeavor to make it pay expenses. I would go in for the big 2 and 3-year-old stakes. I have found that the only way to do is to keep your good colts 'dark,' enter them in big stakes, and back them well, and, if they win, sell them immediately, because their form is 'exposed,' and you can never get any odds against them again. Moreover, they will bring more money than later when they get penalized and gone." He says Katrine was the highest tried mare he ever owned, and that Falsetto, Iroquois and Katrine were the best horses he ever owned. In the spring of 1885 seven horses were tried at Hancock's good enough to beat the world. They were Pontiac, Emperor, Katrine, Wanda, Cyclops, Savanac and Dewdrop—all first class. But misfortune came. The first day at Sheephead Bay they were in great form. Emperor and Heva won their races, and Pontiac won the Suburban. Then all his horses took the epidemic, and the magnificent racing team couldn't win a selling race. Cyclops came near dying, and Katrine was never again near it.