On An Intaglio Head of Minerva.

The couning hand that carved this face A little helmeted Minerva-The hand, I say, ere P idias wrought, Had lost its subtle skill and fervor.

Who was he? Was he glad or sad, Who knew to carve in such a fashion? Perchance he shaped this dainty head For some brown girl that scorned his passion.

But he is dust; we may not know His happy or unhappy story; Nameless and dead these thousand years, His work outlives him-there's his glory!

Both man and jewel lay in earth Beneath a lava-buried city; The thousand summers came and went, With neither haste nor hate nor pity.

The years wiped out the man, but left The jewel fresh as any blossom, Till some visconti dug it up-To rise and fall on Mabel's bosom!

O Roman brotheri ses how Time Your gracious handiwork has guarded, See how your loving, patient art Has come, at last, to be rewarded!

Who would not suffer slights of men, And paugs of hopeless passion also, To have this carven agate-stone On such a bosom rise and fall so!

## THE EMMA-JANE VERBENA.

Mrs. Pease was fond of flowers. She liked them in masses in a cracked white pitcher, and she admired what she called a "set bouquet"-such as her son Orrin carried on Sunday evenings to them growing in her garden.

The garden was a tangle of color and sweetness. Roses crowded up against in a black walnut frame adorned the the little brown house, and peeped boldly in at the windows. Morning-glories climbed to the low roof. Petunias and of them, saying. mignouette flourished in their humble way; and tiger-lilies, sweet peas, phlox and hollyhocks mingled with cocks- pearances." Then comb, canterbury bells, nasturtiums passage and called. and poppies in gay confusion.

Mrs. Pease spent hours over them, weeding, training, clipping and watering unweariedly. Her bent figure could be seen all summer long moving lovingly about the narrow paths, hanging patiently over the brilliant beds. The flowers repaid her in many ways. They filled the air with sweetness, they seemed to smile and nod to her through storm and sunshine, they seemed quite human in their silent grace. She called them all by name, often in grateful memory of some friend, generally for the giver of the plant or precious slip from which the blossoms sprang so thriftlly.

Her son, too, felt an interest in the garden. He shared her pride in the lusty roses and geraniums, he liked to see his mother's sun-bonnet bobbing among the bushes, or bending intently to the ground. He was interested in the welfare of the "Liddy Ann pink," and solicitous as to the growth of the "Amandy chrysanthemum."

"I do declare," said Mrs. Pease, one summer evening, "that Marthy lily does held the vase. Above the flowers he look dreadful peaked, just like the Ponds. I kinder hated to call it after one of 'em, but I see she was goin' to badly if 1 didn't, and so I did. Now look at it, all yeller and droppin'. Seems as if there was a sort o' sympathy atween 'em." Orrin was a youth of few words. He looked interested, but said nothing. tinued his mother, walking slowly down floor. He was kneeling in a moment and that gal you, it's my Orrin. Why, the path, "how it does grow! Great, strappin' thing. Every time I look at him. They gathered all silently, and it, a-standin' up so peart and sassy, I laid them on the table. think of Betsey Bangs in her red jersey. "How's the verbena, mother?" said Orrin. "The Emma-Jane?" said Mrs. Pease, stooping over a plan whose little fingers, spread in all directions, promised He said some inart culate words; then to cover a large space with pure blos- kissed her gently on her forehead, where girl's shoulder, and looked at her besoms. "It's a growin' beautiful," and the pretty locks were parted-for Abby she sighed. Her son looked serious for a moment, then straightened up to his full height buy you a dozen chiny vases. I'd give of six feet, a handsome, stalwart young you all the world, Abby, if I could." fellow in his shirt sleeves, with his sunburned face freshly shaved.

Abby was different, all spirit and change, one minute wild with merrithe next, quiet, inscrutable, ment: "mad," perhaps.

"'Twill take more than a garden to satisfy her, I guess," he thought, half amused, half tender. "God bless her!" he added reverently.

She was watching for him, with all her soul in her great dark eyes. She was thinking, with a pang, how late he was; then a fear flashed over her-perhaps he might not come at all! Suddenly her heart leaped; a dimness clouded her sight. She tried to still, with one hand, that beating in her breast. He was coming! Ah, she would know him among ten thousand, with his broad shoulders, and his springing step. She learned against the window frame, and watched him with kindling eyes.

When he opened the gate she was in the kitchen; by the time he reached the door she had gained the woodshed. Deacon Swift answered his knock.

"Good evenin," he said politely. "Good evenin'," said Orrin. "Is

Abby to home?" "Guess likely. Step in." And the Deacon opened the parlor door invitingly.

Orrin walked in over the rag-carpeted "entry" into the dark and sacred "best room." An indescribable odor, musty, herby, close, pervaded it, an

odor pecul ar to New England village parlors. The haircloth chairs and sofa stood stifly on the red and yellow in grain covering of the floor; the marbletopped center table bore a lamp and a his sweetheart, Miss Abby Swift, over few cherished books; the mantelpiece in the "Center." Best of all she loved was loaded with shells, daguerreotypes and wax flowers. A row of family photographs and a wedding certificate

walls, and green paper shades covered the windows. The deacon tied up one

"The wimmen folks hain't ben in here lately, I guess, to jedge from ap-pearances." Then he went into the "Abby! Abby!"

Abby appeared, demure and calm. "Good evenin', Orrin," she said; 'nice evenin'."

"Yes. I walked over, seein' 'twas so pleasant. I've brought you some flowers, Abby.

"O, ain't they pretty! Your mother does have the handsomest flowers of any one I know," she said so admiringly that her lover blushed with pleasure.

"I'm glad you like 'em, Abby." "How is your mother?" she next asked him, as she put her bouquet in a china vase painted with red and yellow

roses. "She's well," he replied, watching her lift the vase to its place on the

whatnot. "That's too heavy for you," he cried, jumping up and trying to help her. They stood close together. He could see the flus, deepening on her soft cheek; he could almost touch the little ring of hair about her pretty ear; how long her eye-lashes were! They both

gazed at her. "Abby, look up," he whispered. A tremulous smile hovered about her red lips, she bit them angrily, and turn-

"I'll go to Deacon Swift's patch first," she decided. "The best and sweetest always grow there."

In the field the sun lay warm on sweet fern and on vines. A scent, born of ripening fruit, and wildwood green things basking in the warmth, filled all the air. The apple trees stood each in a little "pool of shade." The summer's spicy breeze swept over weeds and grasses with a languid sigh of pleasure. Mrs. Pease bent above the loaded bushes, a patient, homely figure. The hard, black huckleberries rattled like hail into the tin receptacle, and while her fingers moved, she thought.

"'Taint much use after all. That Abby Swift, she's at the bottom of it with her triflin' ways. I'd like to give her a piece of my mind."

With the thought a shadow fell across the grass, and a slim young figure stood beside her, a girl in a white sun bonnet and a black gingham gown, a girl un-mistakably erect and trim. The pink and white bonnets confronted each other, Two kindly dim eyes peered out from the one, two sorrowful dark ones from the other. Mrs. Pease had turned with anger in her heart; when she saw the girl's pale cheeks and alter-

ed look, she softened. "Why, Abby, child, for the land's sake, where did you drop from?"

"I come down to pick berries for tea. "How's your mother?" and the good

woman put on her spectacles for a closer look at her companion.

"She's tolerable well," said Abby listlessly.

"Father well?" continued Mrs. Pease, regarding the girl sharply.

"Pretty well." "And how are you, child? Seems to me you ain't a-lookin' very peart.

"I'm all right," said Miss Swift promptly. "Huckleberries plenty this year," she added.

"Orrin ain't right well jest now," said the old lady after a pause. The girl's hand trembled; half the

berries she held fell on the ground. "What's the matter with him?" she

said in a low voice. "I hain't seen him lately," she added defiantly.

"No, I know you hain't," said Mrs. Pease with decision. "Whose fault Pease with decision. is't?"

"'Tain't mine," said Abby, twitching a bush toward her.

"'Tain't his I know for certam," said the mother, rattling her tin pail. "He's the most sot in his feelings of anybody I ever see. There ain't no change in him. The gal that gets Orrin Pease 'ill get a dreadful good busband. And the gal that trifles with him 'ill live to repent it. He ain't one to be took off an' on like an old shoe, I can tell you, Abby Swift; and the time may come when he can't be got back noways."

"Who wants him back?" cried Abby, her face in a blaze. "Not I, for one," and she burst into tears. Between her sobs she managed to say, "You thinkhe ain't-the-triffin'-kind. I know -better. He's been-a-keepin' company with me-and all-the time-he -cares-for-another-girl. He's

good's said-so!" "Land o' Goshen?" exclaimed Mrs. Pease, nearly dropp her pail. hain't never heard of no such a girl. What be you a-thinkin' of, Abby Swift? It's you, and nobody else, he's been afollerin' after these two years. Ef ever fell, dashing to a hundred pieces on the a man was dead sot on havin' a gal, he'll smile jest to see your pa's old white horse a-comin' down the road-he's fairly tickled to death to see that critter amblin' along. There, child, for the land's sake don't get no such foolish notion in your head. Only be good to him-I beg and pray of ye to be good to him. He's dreadful tender-hearted and faithful, Orrin is," and the old lady put her worn, thin hand on the With a cry Abby flung her arms around her neck and kissed her.

You wear her flowers. You think they're too fine for me. You\_" "Yes, I do love her flowers. I'll

show you why I love them. Come," and he drew her hand through his arm and held it there.

Still she resisted him. He stopped short, clasping her reluctant hand firmly, and said in a voice that shook,

"I swear to you, my love, I've never cared for any girl but you, only just you, Abby."

"Then why?\_" "Come, trust me, and I'll show you

why." They walked along through the soft evening light. The hills lay bathed in sunset splendor; above them shone a strip of palest amber sky. Everything seemed strangely hushed and peaceful.

Even the village graveyard wore a sweet, restful aspect as they passed through its gateway. Over the quiet sleepers the grass waved gently, field flowers nestled lovingly about the headstones, and wild strawberry vines clasped the graves with clinging fingers. In a distant corner a hemlock tree sighed above a little green bed, on whose small slab was

EMMA JANE.

abundant locks, Suffer little children to come unto me . .

wandered, like an exquisitely embroidered pall, the starry blossoms of a white verbena.

Orrin took off his hat and stood beside the grave. You see," he said in a low tone, "Emma Jane and me was great friends. I played with her. I made her boats and whistles. I took flowers to her when she was sick and dyin'. She'd hold 'em in her little hands and smile and thank me, poor little girl! She come to our house once the heads of animals and birds. when you was away to school-like en-

warn't here long. Mother took care of her. She was my cousin Lucindy's child, left all alone without a home, and mother took her. We loved her like she'd been always with us. And we called the plant we've got to home

Abby was crying softly. He put his arm around her.

when you was a-kissin' the flower, vary the linings to suit the toilets or 'twarn't a lucky thing for you to do,

seemed as if 'twas a bad sign when we was makin' promises for life, my love." of the very fashionable dress fabrics The girl in her impulsive way sank the coming season. Samples of new down by the little grave. She flung Parisian dyes and textures just forwarded to importers show exquisite on the white, radiant blossoms. Orrin shades of beige, golden bronze, helio-

moss-green crossed with lines of Roeach other again, Abby?" he whispered. man red, dark blue figured with silver, and many beautiful dyes in monoch-

division the mine was sprung: It was a magnificent spectacle, and as the mass of earth went up into the air, carrying

with it men, guns, carriages and timber, and spread out like an immense cloud as it reached its altitude, so close were the Union lines that the mass appeared as if it would descend immediately upon the troops waiting to make the charge. This caused them to break is covered with a panel of handsome and scatter to the rear, and about ten minutes were consumed in reforming for the attack. Not much was lost by this delay, however, as it took nearly that time for the cloud of dust to pass off. The order was then given for the advance. As no part of the Union line of breastworks had been removed (which would have been an arduous as well as a hazardous undertaking), the troops clambered over them as best as they could. This in itself broke the ranks, and they did not stop to reform, but pushed ahead toward the crater, about 130 yards distant, the debris from the explosion having covered up the abatis and the chevaux de frise in

## FASHION NOTES.

-Stringless bonnets and hats are

folds loosely at the belt. Frequently

there are no sleeves, just an arm-hole

-A new soft, flexible silk is among the novelties of the fall season.

-Plaids, associated with plain dress goods, retain their well-deserved popularity.

-Fur shoulder-capes, lace capes lined with plush or soft fur, are carried

to throw about the shoulders. -There is a gigantic effort making to fight against the coming short waists

and full round skirts en attendant this odious revival.

-Elaborate costumes for children are no longer considered good form. The sensible English fashion now prevails among the best people. -Few women can appropriately

wear the hair in Greek style. To be in with, the locks should be very abundant; secondly, the features should be classic in outline; and lastly, the face should be beautiful, or at least attractive enough to bear the test of this severe style of colffure. And to band down the waves of hair (for full-dress occasions) with a filet of velvet or sil-

AGED FOUR YEARS AND ONE MONTH.

for of such is the kingdon of heaven. fastened on the head with all sorts of And over the tiny mound spread and ornamental pins, gold and silver-headed, and set with imitation and real jewels,

cat's eyes, tiger's eyes, Cairngorm stones, or Scotch pebbles, and imitations of these and carnelian, coral, jet, ivory and other stones in celluloid and other substances. Some of these bonnet and coiffure pins are veritable works of art, representing not only balls and pear-shaped ornaments but swords, lances, spears and shields, and

-Large black foulard, dark green or ough you never heard about her. She puce surah cloaks are used for driving -a sort of cache poussiere is absolutely indispensable for mail-coaching parties. Sometimes they are shirred back and front under a velvet yoke, the latter coming down in points below the walst. A silken and gold girdle gathers in the

the Emma-Jane verbena, cause she was fond of it."

cut out and encircled with velvet. Sometimes the yoke is made of silken open-work embroidery, and a maid can of colic ever seen. The horse rolled "I thought," he said, "that night

fancy of the wearer. seein' she drooped and died so easy. It -Silk-warp French cashmeres in exquisitely fine qualities will compose one

her arm across it, and her tears fell fast

knelt beside her, and tried to draw her trope striped with white or silver, dark | imported Nellie James, toward him. "We shan't never misunderstand

"No, Orrin, never!"

The Petersburg Crater.

hues never before seen and impossible horse each time to win a good round Just as I arrived in rear of the First to describle. -In ladies' toilets light fabrics are

being exchanged for thicker textures. The silks most in vogue this autumn are French faille and moire. The latter e very elegant costumes which

-Majolica (2.15) has been fired and

HORSE NOTES.

blistered on the right foreleg. -Sunrise Patchen, owned by Dr. Day, is suffering from pinkeye.

-L. E. Herr, son of Dr. L. Herr, the well-known breeder of trotting stock died at his home, near Lexington, Ky.

-Harry Wilkes and Atlantic are under engagement to trot at Dallas, Tex. Both horses went from St. Louis to Kansas City.

-It is said that Mike Wilkes (2.152), Gossip, Jr. (2.14), Resaline Wilkes (2.181), and Harry Wilkes (2.131) will winter in California.

-John McClelland, the trainer of E. J. Baldwin's Santa Anita Stable, is seriously ill at Brooklyn with malarial fever.

-D. A. Honig has purchased of R. W. Walton the br. f. Omaba, 2 years, by Tom Ochiltree, dam Jenny McKinney, by Planet, for \$3000.

-Messrs. Gray & Co., have purchased of P. Corrigan, for \$2500, the b. ver is a style that is rarely becoming. c. Free Knight, 4 years, by 1 en Broeck, The women of Greece adopted this dam Belle Knight by Knighthood. fashion to keep in place their over--At Indianapolis, Ind., an associa-

tion has been formed, with a capital of

\$75,000, for the purpose of building a

-It has become a sharp practice

among jockeys to intentionally get left

at the post for the purpose of affecting

the betting in subsequent races in

which the same horse has been en-

-Samuel Coleson, of Montreal, P.

Q., has bought from Angus Sinclair,

Esq., of Roslyn Stock Farm, Chatham,

Ont., the chestnut colt Wilkes Chief,

by Red Wilkes, dam Maud Muller by

-The American Jockey Club has re-

moved the ban against M. J. Daly rac-

ing at Jerome Park, the latter having

satisfied the stewards that the running

of Neptunus at Clifton was without his

-The morning after his race for the

Grand National handicap Eurus was

seized with one of the most vielent fits

around like mad, suffering the greatest

agonies, and at one time he thought he

Hearts. that was sold early in the year

to a breeding company of Canada, died

shortly after his arrival at the North-

western ranch. He was a bay, foaled

1878; got by imported Ill-Used, dam

-R. Tucker purchased Monocrat

from a selling race at Louisville, pay-

ing for him a little over \$1800. Since

then the new owner has won the horse

out three times over, as he captured no

less than four races, having backed the

-The Bard has been shipped from

Jerome Park to his home at Chester-

brook, and will be jogged during the

winter. He has recovered completely

7-121

-The great little horse Jack of

mile track north of the city, and hav-

ing it ready for racing next season.

tered.

Clark Chief.

would die.

sum.

knowledge or sanction.

"I guess I'll go over to the Center," he said.

"So soon!" exclaimed his mother with a wistful look.

He went into the house silently; and the good woman picking a dead cinna-

ough for him, and not one of your eyes to his, then kissed the little blosflighty kind. I s'pose she'll like a bou- som tenderly. And then with care, if not quet." with skill, the kind soul gathered a large bunch of the different flowers and how I don't like you to- I-" wrapped a bit of newspaper around

their stems. When Orrin appeared in his best clothes, he thanked her warmly, picked a blossom of the white verbena for his buttonhole, and blithely strode away. She watched him through the dusk as long she could see. He and the flowers your house, I hope?" were all she had to love; sometimes it evening-hard to know that a fair face devotion and companionship of years. "He's better than the common run," it 'a' been?"

she thought with pride, "more quiet The summer glowed and deepe behaved and faithful. He's been a It reached its height—then waned. good son to me. He'll be a dreadful indulgent husband. Ef she ain't good to him-",

She turned away from the gate and shook her head as if words failed to express her feelings. At each side of the path the blossoms leaned towards her. filling the air with their sweet breath, as if reminding her: "We are always here. We never leave you."

then she picked a bit of the white verbena.

"Sweet creetur," she whispered, "jest as innercent and sweet as Emma Jane herself."

Meanwhile, through the scented evening walked Orrin with his big bouquet. knowing his fondness for the real thing His honest heart was full of tender anyard, watching - watching for him? pushed away his plate and sighed. Would she smile with the look in her eyes he loved to see there? Or would she be unaccountably shy and cool, seem surprised to see him, and take his hain't no effect, offering indifferently? There was no berry shortcake."

telling about girls. Somehow he fancistraightforward and easy to understand. | arm, and started for the berry pasture. |

ed her head away. "Abby, dear, look at me." And he put one hand over hers as it rested on the gay china. She tore it away. His grasp on the vase loosened; down it

picking them up, and she was beside Then they looked at each other. His

eyes were full of mischief. Hers brimming with tears,-the shock, the reaction, something, she knew not what, had brought them there.

Instantly his arm was around her. didn't wear a bang.

"Don't cry," he whispered. 41711 The tears were rolling fast down her round cheeks now.

"Will you come and live in the little house with me, Abby? Will you be

my wife? Say, Abby, will you?" As he stooped to hear her answer the

white flower in his coat fell out, It smote the girl's heart, then dropped to mon rose to pieces, said in a low voice. the carpet. She stooped and lifted it "I hope to mercy she'll be good en- without a word, raised her shy, happy

"Oh, don't, Abby, don't do that. 'Twas Emma Jane's you see. Some-

"Emma Jane's!" she said slowly, with the radiance dying from her eyes.

"Yes, I think a heap of it for her sake, you know; but-" And at this moment Mrs. Swift walk-

ed in with civil greetings. "Good evenin', Orrin. All well to

He went home slowly with a puzzled was hard to have him leave her of an expression upon his manly face. "I could 'a' swore she almost took me," had such power to win him from the was his thought. "What was it changed her so all in a minute? What could

The summer glowed and deepened.

The birds carolled madly in the elm trees-by August they had changed their song. The crickets piped with ominous distinctness through the long hot afternoons. The locust uttered its heartless shrill cry from the stone wall and hedge. A sense of sadness and of change lay on the hills and pastures.

In Orrin's heart winter had come already. His mother now had no need "No more you do," said the simple woman, understanding them. And He was more silent than ever; and she wondered and asked no questions. She tried to cheer him up in every way she knew. She made as many different kinds of pies as possible-lemon, custard, berry and apple. She even concocted an imitation mince turnover-

-but it was useless. He tasted them ticipations. Would she be out in the all with an absent look In his blue eyes,

"It does beat all," she concluded "I've done my best. Doughnuts won't rouse him up, and blackberry puddin' hain't no effect, "I'll try a huckle-

So she put on a pink calico sunboned that his mother had always been net, hung a two-quart tin pail over her

"Good to him!" she said brokenly. "O Lord, good to him!" and then she

turned and fled as fast as she could go. At 6 o'clock the huckleberry shortcake lay smoking, and liberally sprinkled with sugar, on Mrs. Pease's tea table. Orrin helped his mother to a large slice. As he handed it to her she said

"I picked them berries over in Deacon Swift's pasture. Abby was there a-pickin' too."

Orrin looked up sharply. "Was she?" he said.

"She looks dreadful peaked," declared his mother.

"Sick, mother?"

"Yes, real sick. I don't know, Orrin, why she thinks so, but she's got an idea that there's another girl you're a-keepin' company with. I done my to find himself wriggling in the air; best to prove to her there warn't. I think likely you'd better kind o' ex- himself descending, and soon lost plain to her yourself."

"Another girl!" cried Orrin frown-"O mother!"

ing. "O mother:" "There, eat your supper, and then go over to the Center. 'Taint best to let such things spile your appetite." "Save my supper, mother, I'm off

now." "But, Orrin, a leetle more shortcake, do. Bless my heart, how dread-

ful foolish young folks is!" The Swifts were all at table, the deacon, his wife, Abby, her brother and my stomach and don't just figure that's the hired man. They looked up sur- going to get along well with it. Do you prised when Orrin knocked. There mind changing it for a bit of gin?" was no bouquet in his hand this time determined look on his face.

me," he said, gently, yet so firmly that from the top and fall on the floor. Afshe never thought of disobeying. With- ter drinking he smacked his lips and out another word they left the house, walked down the silent street past the few shut-up houses, and out to where lator of stomach washes, "you didn't there was space and solitude. Then he pay me for that gin." stopped and looked at her gravely. "Tell me," he said, "did you think

I ever cared for anyone but you?" Her face drooped before his gaze. At

last she nodded sadly. "For heaven's sake, who ?" he de-

manded. "Emma Jane!" came the answer.

There was a moment's silence between them.

"O Abby, he cried, "come and see Emma Jane with me. Come now," The girl shrank away. "No, no," she faltered. "I couldn't

front of the enemy's works. Little did those men anticipate what they would see upon arriving there; an enormous hole in the ground, about 30 feet deep, 50 feet wide and 170 feet long, filled with dust, filled with dust, great blocks of clay, guns, broken carriages, projecting timoers and men buried in various ways-some up to their necks, others to their waists, and some from the earth. One of these near me was pulled out, and he proved to be a second lieutenant of the battery which had been blown up. The fresh air revived him, and he was soon able to walk and talk. He was very grateful, and said that he was asleep when the explosion took place, and only awoke then, a few seconds afterward, he felt

consciousness. It Didn't Work.

An old colored wreck recently limped into a certain bar room and requested the bartender to give him a trifle of corn juice. After turning out some three or four fingers he stood a few minutes before hiding it from sight, as if in deep thought. Finally he said:

The bartender replied that he wasn't as he waited in the dim, close parlor. in the habit of taking back goods in his As Abby came slowly in he met her, a line, but anything for business. The old man turned out his gin to the ex-"Get your hat and take a walk with tent that a match would easily float off started on his way.

"Hold on, Uncle," says the manipu-

"That's all right," said the old man. "I swapped the whiskey for the gin."

litigation, but the old gentleman was induced to compromise at 100 cents on the dollar.

There is time enough for everything in the course of a day, if you do but one thing at once.

require but little trimming. They are made very simple, with semi-trained sairts, the front or side piece of which guipure or blonde to match; all the rest is platted in full round platts. The high bodice is only just opened a little in a point in front over a chemisette of plaited crape, or an embroidered vest to match. The moire dress is useful for all occasions that do not require full dress but an elegant costume. Old gold, heliotrope, leather color, bronze and old copper are favorite tints.

rome. For evening wear is a list of

pale, delicate tints too numerous to

refer to here, and also of new artistic

- Thoroughly made and really tailormade gowns are calculated to wear well and stand the knocking about which they are apt to get, even in ordihave when used for traveling. Some excellent new cloths are being made up not too thick, but perfectly close interwoven pattern, sometimes in distinct colors, sometimes in self tones. The Echo cloak for example, is made | horse started there. of the red tone, with a geometric design in lighter and darker shades combined, It has dark relvet collar and cuffs. It entirely covers the dress and with only their feet and legs protruding fits the figure at the back, being cut in a point round which the fullness of the skirt is gathered. It has a hood lined with dark silk to match the velvet, and is loose in front. But the distinctive novelty is bell sleeves about twelve inches wide, bordered with velvet. A great comfort this, as the sleeves of the dress do not suffer by being too closely compressed, as was the case with fashionable ulsters for a while. A most excellent coat, which finds favor with American as well as English women, is made in dark blue beaver cloth, the

same as that used for men's best overcoats; it fits the figure exactly, and enrious. The horse stumbled at the is full in the skirt, and handsomely start and fell on his head, throwing braided in knots with tubular braid, Littlefield who was picked up unconhaving Astrakhan collar and cuffs and scious, and, although no bones were a strip down the front. It is a gar- broken, the lad did not recover his senment that would last for years, 18 ses for forty-eight hours, and whether equally fitted for town or country wear, he is injured internally time alone can and always looks well. The shape of coat tell. Just how the stumble occurred which Mr. Dore has had the honor of no one can tell. Donohue's fall from making for the Princess Louise 18 also Rupert on the 11th was a singular coinmuch in favor. It has a loose double cidence, following so close upon the front and a cape, is sufficiently long to cover the dress, and is made of the unlike the latter case, Donohue was most durable materials. Another new mantle, made in thrck self-colored interwoven check cloth, shows a still more important change in sleeves; they start from the back seam, and are bone. He says it was caused by some sufficiently wide and long for the of the other horses closing in upon points to reach to the hem. Many so- him. Donohue has certainly some reacalled circular cloaks are made in tar- son to complain at fate, for he has had tans, which are much the fashien now. more accidents than has fallen to the This make rather supersedes the circulars, and can hardly be said to come under the same class. It fits at the back, is all round and develops the fig- him out of the saddles for a long Perhaps, however, there is no time. ure. kind of serviceable wrap coat that is so generally appreciated as the Derby coat, with sling sleeves, made in good

checked cloth. A new shape, in green the back of the colffure. bright-faced brocaded cloth, fits the figure back and front, and has long, dress somewhat.

from his recent illness so far as can ascertained, and will be trained next season, as Mr. Huggins says he has no reason to think the horse has been permanently injured, and the attempt will be made at all events.

-Previous to her winning the selling race at Jerome Park, Ed Garrison purchased the filly Nellie Van, 4 years, by Enquirer-Orphan Girl, for \$1200; but when she was put up for sale he had to pay \$1950 to retain her, Mr. Jennings, the owner of Armstrong. who ran sec-ond, bidding her up. As she was entered to be sold for \$1000 she cost Garrison \$2150.

-W. H. Hamilton made a bet of \$100 that his bay mare Western Belle nary country wear, and are sure to would beat her record (2.251) by one second. John Murphy drove between heats during the New York meeting; for traveling cloaks; they are firm and and she trotted the mile in 2.241, and won the wager. This is now her recwoven, having a twill ground and an ord. The mare has shown more miles over Fleetwood track in better than 2.30 than any other mare gelding or

> -T. J. Middagh, owner of Myrtella G. and other well-known trotters, was thrown from his sulky during the recent Port Royal, Pa., meeting and had both legs broken. Mr. Middagh will be unable to get out for some time, and, having a stable of horses on his hands, has concluded to dispose of them. The lot comprises the chestnut mare Myrtella G., 2.28; the black gelding Dick Organ, 2.94; the roan mare Kitty Wood, 2.241 the roan mare Blanche, 2.30; the bay gelding Mack, 2,34, and the roan mare Etta.

-The accident to Fred. Littlefield, the young jockey who fell from Rupert at the post in the race for the Manhatten handicap at Jerome Park, was very same horse throwing Littlefield. But, thrown just as they entered the stretch in the run home. The horse was sud-denly thrown, and Donohue was pitched headlong breaking his collar bone. He says it was caused by some fate of any jockey in America. Only a year ago he received a broken leg and other injuries at Brooklyn that kept

-Small, short curls are again worn on the back hair, sometimes with a coil or a Psyche knot, and again forming all

The French are experimenting with hanging sleeves; so that, being trim- a new ride, designed for infantry use, med with beaver, it recalls the Polish which is said to discharge three projectiles at a time.

"Yes, but you didn't pay me for the whiskey," was the reply. "Why the debbil should I? I didn't

take the whiskey." There was some little chance for

"I've a right smart attack of gripe in