In the Garden.

Was it thou, Mignonette?

For while the South Wind stills his low complaints

To bear the censer of thy rich perfume, I read, upon a terrace warm with bloom, Flower-stories of the Virgin and the Saints, I read that Mary, passing through a field, Her heart oppressed with that mysterious

gloom Which ever falls on those whom Heaven had sealed

For glory's crown-and doom-Stooped often, in her meditative walk,

To pluck some favored blossom from its stalk,

Some happy flower, which bowed its beau-teous head

And Summer's odorous benediction shed. But one poor fragile weed, Nor beautiful nor sweet,

Which she would never heed

But that it clung so close about her feet,

With tender touch she gathered; to her great confusion of the guilty one. breast

turn.

once more.

operations.

on his arm.

Already!"

*

He allowed himself three days' time

Mr. Mathias was getting impatient

as the third day drew to a close. He

waited until the cemetery clock struck

11, the hour he had chosen to begin

His plans had all been well laid. The

wall of the graveyard bounded his prop-

erty. He had on hand a complete suit

of black clothes in which to array him-

self as a phantom druggist. In the

graveyard only would he wear his

shroud, to be in keep ng with the pre-

Mr. Mathias dressed himself, and,

over the marble slab covering the vault,

climbed up into the mortuary chapel,

unfolded the ample shroud and tried to

cast it around his shoulders. But the

sheet was quite heavy, and he failed in

his attempt. Just as he was about to

try it over he heard a voice behind him

"Hold on! I will give you a hand."

Not to realize what a disagreeable

surprise this was, would be a certain

The voice that had addressed Mr.

well known in all the neighboring

Mr. Mathias full in the face, exclaimed:

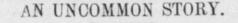
Mr. Mathias, not a little embarrassed,

And to her lips the slighted floweret pressed Because so frail, so hopeless, loved the best.

Oh, then the pale weed strove To whisper forth its rapture and its love; And while it mutely trembled and adored Like praise of spirit risen,

A tide of fragrance from its hears was

poured! For once in all the ages has it sighed For beauty's coronal of brilliant hue, Red of the rose, or violet's winsome blue. By that one kiss of pity glorified. The garden's lowly, well-beloved flower, A miracle of sweetness from that hour-Mignonette, was it thou?



dominating color of the locality. Once Everybody in the little town of Lyresur-Ys was astonished when it became his wife's apartment. Then the fun known that Mr. Mathias was dead. would begin!

He was barely forty-five years of age and was a robust man, as straight as an arrow. About three years before he had become the husband of a young girl of twenty, a niece of the tax collector, and whom he had loved with frenzy.

Of course, once dead, Mr. Mathias was credited with having been during his lifetime the possessor of every virtue. It would have gone hard with the one who should have dared to speak of him as having been a usurer or miser, as people termed him while living.

No man would have dreamed of pub- say lishing anew the account of that celebrated marriage, which certainly did him honor, and which would have brought back to mind the remembrance proof that one had never been at midhow all had feared that tall, artful night in a graveyard, trying to put on avaricious and rich man whom people one's shroud, supposed to o c upy his spare moments in concocting poisons with which he Mathias came from the sexton of the experimented on dogs. It was no time graveyard, Old Grimbot, and odd fish, to talk about that then. He was dead. Peace to his ashes!

After all, in thinking the matter over, was there anything so very extraordi-nary in this death? It was plain that Mr. Mathias had had forebodings of its approach, for had he not but a short kept on trying to wind his shroud about time before sent to Paris for workmen him, hoping that a goatly appearance to erect in the cemetery the mortuary would rid him of his inopportune comprowled about his house as if fearing it so that the folds fell gracefully.

the catastrophe. Mr. Mathias, and column. The night before last I had a perhaps he was not far wrong, was con- call from Mme. Claudin, a mighty fine vinced that his wife hated him. From looking woman, I tell you. I am a this conviction to the belief that she good fellow. I let them walk about at was deceiving him, there was but one night and chat with them; but as to step. Ever tormented by this sus-picion, he became a monomaniac. "His another thing." wife never put her foot out of doors,

Mr. Mathias began to feel uncomforand nobody came to see her. Still, Mr. table. And no wonder, for Grimbot Mathias imagined that the reason he spoke with perfect composure, like a did not catch his wife wrong-doing was | functionary who understood the responon account of his awkwardness, and in sibilities of his office.

He was a medium-sized, thick-set his own mind he voted himself an ass. It was then that a bright idea struck man, with hands like a gorilla's. His had parted from my father in anger him. He would pretend that he was eyes were black and glistening. A over some trifling thing, and I bitterly is no trimming round the ed going on a journey, not to Versailles or shiver ran through Mr. Mathias's frame regretted now that I had not begged only a bow of ribbon in front. Havre, as do comedy husbands, but on as the idea struck him that the man his forgiveness.

a long, long journey, from which it was crazy. would seem very difficult for him to re- Yes; that Yes; that must be it. He must be a visionary fellow who believed his grave-

And then, some night, he would come back as much alive as ever, to the a fantastic world, the creation of a drunkard's brain.

Mr. Mathias began talking, pleading, promising, supplicating. Why, how promising, supplicating. Why, how moved away to London and married could he, the good, kind, intelligent Grimbot, make such a mistake as to the old housekeeper, Mrs. Brimmer. and he was quite pleased with himself as he thought of all this, in stretching himself out comfortably in his coffin take him for a dead man, and he burst into a laugh.

"Here!" said Grimbot curtly; "enough of this! so long as you won't behave reasonably, you will have to go in again."

'Go in again! go in where?" "Into your home, of course! At the corner of the third division."

"Into a tomb! Never!"

"You won't! Once! Twice!"

Mr. Mathias looked at the enormous hands. Overcome with terror, he glanced around, looking for an opening returned from college. It seemed I reto escape through. There was Grimbot, over the wall he would hie straight to propped up against it! Anyhow, he had to pass, cast what it may! So he rushed forward with a scream.

Grimbot quietly put forward his open everything being all right, he tilted hand, into which the throat of his assailant fitted closely. Mr. Mathias hiccoughed and tried to struggle. The hand closed more tightly. Mr. Mathias opened the door and walked out into slid down to the floor, kicked about for the graveyard with his winding sheet a little while and then remained motion-As soon as he got into the alley he

Grimbot, like one used to occurrences of this kind, picked him up, and, walk- India. ing with the dignified step of a man In a few minutes her French maid, conscious of having done his duty, he with a simper, bowed me into the boucarried him up back to the tomb, where doir, and in this temple of luxury I he cast him into the crypt. He then awaited an interview. It was hung kicked the slab back into its place, closed the grated door and resumed his walk among the tombs, muttering: "Did you ever see the like? Wanted to get out, ch! And me lose my situation! Not much.' This is why Mr. Mathias' widow was pose.

able, shortly after, to marry the one she always loved.

Brothers of the Misericordia.

taverns. He drew near, and, looking One of the most impressive sights of Florence is the appearance in the streets and I felt the glitter of her deep blue "Hello! is that you, Mr. Mathias? of a procession of veiled figures, clothed in black, carrying a corpse to its burial. The figures are men, members of the Brothers of the Misericordia, a society founded in the thirteenth century by a chapel that was at that moment waiting panion. It did not. however. On the plous porter. Pietro Borsie, the porto receive his mortal remains? Besides, contrary, Grimbot kindly assisted him ter, one day conceived the happy it had been noticed that of late he had in putting on the sheet, and arranged thought of reforming their vices and employing the idle moments of his fel-

A MYSTERIOUS RING. Marian, the Beautiful Countess-The

Murder of a Father Avenged.

I was in India when the terrible news reached me that my father had been

shoes.

I arrived at Avondals Castle to find myself disinherited and in favor of my

many of our quarrels. Marian, after my father's death, had

As I was going to bed on the evening of my arrival Mrs. Brimmer approach-

"If you please, sir, I found this the day after the dear master's death in a closet of his room," and she handed me a ring of twisted gold wire. "It was close by the blood-stained hammer," added the old lady, as she went out of the room bidding me good night.

Where had I seen it before? My mind by simulated pocket laps. membered a face that loved me; that I me. It was Marian's!

announce her ladyship's cousin from

with pink silk and paneled with mir-The rarest statuary and gems of rors. art met my eye, while the warm breath of flowers from an adjoining conservatory, and the splash of falling waters, lulled my senses into a momentary re-

cousin Marian.

her greeting. "Marian!" I screamed, as I seized

der my father?" Her blue eyes dilated with a kind of waist trimming and apron of the rst into a strange and horrible laugh. "Have you returned a maniac, Cousin "No, no - would to God I had, Marian! But your maid, Honorine, has been arrested for passing notes stolen the night my father died. She has confessed she took them from your cabinet."

FASHION NOTES.

-The capote has not been very strikingly modified; it is however, rather larger, so as to fit the head and nings. chignon.

-Low heels are seen even on very fine, dressy; fashionable boots and The Louis Quinze heel is a thing of the past.

-Very pretty pelerines, or short capes, are worn of plain velvet, velveteen, or cloth, lined with silk; there five pounds. is no trimming round the edge, but

-A neat little frock is in Indian

cashmere, with yoke, Swiss belt and Ivy City course on the 6th. cuffs in Indian embroidery, worked in colored silks. The skirt is tucked and the sleeves full.

-A very pretty little frock for a tot days ago, but only made 2.25. of 4 years is of red vigogne, with cream surah revers, embroidered with red butterflies. Pompadour front tied down with sash of Ottoman ribbon.

-With round waists and belts buckles have come into fashion again; they are mostly of a long, narrow shape, or else oval. Pearl, in soft, rich colors, lin a old-silver, or nickel, are favorite styles. faio. -For a child of 3 a cream fannel frock, with Irish crochet collar and cuffs, lined with bright colored silk. The frock is plaited back and front, and at the waist a sash of cream Otto-

-Hats have greatly changed in shape since the summer. The crown, 2.192. instead of being high, is now quite low, and the brim is very broad and slanting in front, while at the back it is very narrow, and slightly curled up land, having won five races and made a at the edge.

-New winter mantles are mostly in the shape of the redingote, with visite | Hearst, of San Francisco, has bought sleeves. They are made of velvet, cloth or velveteen. Those of velvet are made quite plain, excepting collar and revers of moire or gross-grain silk. The others are trimmed with braiding or with bands of fur.

-Besides redingotes and visites lackets of various descriptions are still fashionable and much worn, especially by young ladies. The short pelerine mantles, with doubled-up sleeves, is also suitable for young ladies. It is made this season chiefly of fancy checked cloth, in dark or neutral colors, with a flow of loops of ribbon at the back and a narrow velvet collar.

-Another is of heliotrope Ottoman I started up spasmodically, and stood foule, the underskirt, vest and revers as one in a delicious dream, for before of dark and light heliotrope plaid. The me, transcendently beautiful, stood my sash is of plaid, with fringed ends. This dress is of brown cashmere. The underskirt is trimmed with three bands of Oriental embroidery. The yoke and cuffs are of the same. The waistband, My voice sounded strange and husky loops and ends are of picot-edged rib-

-Another suit for a miss is made of plain and polka-spotted goods. The her round, white arm, "did you mur- body, skirt, sleeves and back drapery man. are of the plain goods; cuffs, collar,

paralyzed terror, her lips paled, and she spotted material. Skirt of plaid suitlower por

HORSE NOTES.

-The bay filly Formosa, for which \$12,000 were refused when she was a 2 nings.

-There are four claimants for the name Volunteer, which, it is hoped, will bring as good luck to a horse as to the yacht.

-Jessie Jones, an English boy jockey who rode his first race for the Nickall cup at Surbiton, weighs only thirty-

-W. C. Blunt's yearling bay colt Seymour, by Stratford, out of Imelda, run a quarter in 241 seconds on the

-Maiden, a Palo Alto 3 year old, by Electioneer, out of May Queen, tried to beat 2.19; at Bay District a few

-Mr. Logan Swope, of Independence, Mo., has sold to L. C. Garrett, of Kansas City, a pair of 3 year old Messenger Chief fillies. Price paid, \$1200. -John Madden, of Philadelphia, was one of the judges at C. J. Hamlin's great feat in driving Bell Hamlin and Justina a mile in 2.18 at Buf-

-D. B. Herrington drove the roan pacing mare Ulster Belle a mile with running mate in 2.10 at the Hudson River Driving Park on November 1.

-Mambrino Dudley in trotting to beat 2.201 at Narragansett Park, Providence, recently made 2.191, his quarters being, 35, 1.104, 1.444 and

-Harry Wilkes, owned by James S. Bazard, of Newport, R. I., was the boss pacer of the season in New Engrecord of 2.20.

-Ex-United States Senator George eight thoroughbred yearlings from Theodore Winters, of Sacramento. He paid \$15,000 for them.

-Thomas Morgan, the well-known horse boot maker, has presented Crit Davis with a pair of patent quarter boots. Mr. Morgan has trade marked them Prince Wilkes.

-John Madden has sent to Crit Davis, Harrodsburg, Ky., a 2 year old colt by Mambrino Startle dam by Enfield. This colt trotted a mile in 2.441 over the Danville track.

-L. C. Lee paced three heats in 2.15%, 2.15, 2.18, at the Bay District track recently, beating the record and making the fastest consecutive heats ever paced by a stallion.

-The St. Louis Fair Association cleared \$42,643, 22 at its recent show, and has decided to hang up \$45,000 in stakes and purses for ten days racing at the spring meeting of 1888.

-Frederick Cook, who has just been re-elected Secretary of State of New York, having defeated Colonel Fred Grant, is the President of the Rochester Driving Park and a devoted horse-

-The mares Daisy Hamilton and Bertha, which had never seen each other before, were driven a mile, hooked double to a top road-wag New York on the 8th, and made it in 2.28 without a skip. -Kitty Pease is said to have beaten the five furlong records by half a second at Dallas, Texas., having made the distance in just a minute. Nevalla and Jim Renmick had previously made 1.001 in 1882 and 1883. -Tredent, the great Australian 4 year old racer, has been beaten by Australian Peer, a 3 year old colt, by three lengths. The colt carried 97 pounds to Trident's 126. The winner is by Darebin, out of Stockdrove. -Sable Wilkes, who beat the record for 3 year olds by trotting a mile in 2.18 at San Francisco a few days ago, was driven by John A. Goldsmith, who on the homestretch found it necessary to cheer the colt a bit and touch him with the whip. -The American Racing Congress, now in convention at Lexington, Ky., will probably pass a rule compelling managers and trainers of stables running as a firm to report to the judges the name or names of the individual owners of each horse. -King Puzzler, the chestnut colt that died from a broken blood vessel at Kansas City a few days ago, cost his owner, Ed. Corrigan, \$5500 as a yearling, and was very promising. He was by King Ben, dam Puzzle. -Emeline, now dead, and Green Mountain Maid each has six of her produce in the 2 30 list. Adele Gould, the fastest of Emelire's daughters, has made a mile in 2.19 while Green Mountain Maid's Elaine and Prospero each has a record of 2.20. -The National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders has decided to open two classes of stakes for 1888, one class for 2, 3 and 4 year olds bred outside of Kentucky and California, and which have no records, and the other class for 2, 3 and 4 year olds of the highest standard. -Goshen (N. Y.) horsemen are excited over a 4 year old that went a quarter mile there in 36% recently drawing a heavy road cart. James McKee, who saw the performance, paid \$1000 for the colt at once. and now says he wouldn't take \$5000 for him. -Australian horses have been beating the records of the far-away coundecorated with an elaborately engraved try recently. Spondulix, a steeple chaser, cleared a hurdle 6 feet and 2 of an inch high without touching, and Lizette, a mare, cleared a few fiches oves 35 feet in a jump. The English record is 37 feet, made by Chandler. -The Dwyer Brothers ran 17 horses plaits and other perpendicular effects in the season just closing, captured 54 which fashion still favors are peculiarly adapted to this style of matrial. earnings were \$89,772,50, and Kingfish A Parisian gown made in regular was second, with \$31,640. Other earn-A Paristan gown made in regular tailor style is fashioned with a per-fectly plain skirt, untrummed in front, and davoid of even that tiny French Ballston and Bessie June, about \$3000 each. -Colonel E. W. Conover, former owner of Adele Gould, Ray Gould, and nificent quality. The bodice is simply pointed in front, ending in a short jabot-postilion at the back. There are epaulets of beading upon the shoulders, and a band of the same garniture on State Fair, the Colonel has suffered

found cruelly murdered in his bed. Who had committed the crime was not known, but I registered a solemn. oath that night in my tent that when I arrived in England I would devote my life to hunting the murderer down. 1

counsin Marian, beautiful Marian, yard peopled with ghosts. He lived in whom my father always wanted me to marry, and the immediate cause of

moved away to London and married

ed me and said very mysteriously.

I looked at the ring and shuddered. man ribbon, held in place at each side went back to the days when I had first

remembered a hand, white and dimpled, that had wore such a ring. All at once the startling truth burst upon

The very next evening found me at the Earl of Ardleigh's mansion.

My dress was disordered, my face pale and haggard, and the powdered footman regarded me with grave distrust. I gave him no time for reflection, but ordered him peremptorily to

I trembled as she touched my hand, eves, dazzling in light, fixed upon me. as I murmured something in reply to bon.

mysterious robbers. He sequestered his wife and closed himself up for weeks Mr. Mathias in a hollow voice. at a time in his laboratory, the chimney of which seemed in a blaze every night. "All these were the premonitory symptoms of a brain trouble!" had said Dr. Labarre, who had decided that death

had resulted from apoplexy. Mr. Mathias had had a splendid funeral. One-third of the population of the town had followed his remains said that there were a few misty eyes or two go by." when the oaken coffin was lowered into the crypt of the chapel, a real monument in itself, where two men of his ing: size might have slept at their ease.

The mourners returned from the funeral wondering what the widow would do.

Now, the truth of the matter is that Mr. Mathias was not dead.

Two hours after the ceremony, any one who might have been in the vault swer. He soon perceived, through the waking. Through a grating in the key." ceiling a little light entered. Mr. Mathias stood up, slowly rubbing his slightly benumbed knees.

Taking all in all, he felt comfortable, quite comfortable. The dose of the narcotic, which he had carefully measured himself before taking, had had the exact effect he desired. People had bot, "or else I shall knock you on the supposed him dead and buried him; so head. I have no objection to your much the better.

Since a long while Mr. Mathias had made his preparations. The vault had been fitted up with great care. In it were suitable clothing, food, and a few bottles of good wine. As nothing stimulates the appetite more than a funeral, even if it is oue's own, Mr. Mathias seated himself comfortably on his coffin, broke his fast and drank gook luck to the future.

It is about time to say why, of his along and take a drink with me." own free will, Mr. Mathias was at that moment six feet below the surface of the ground.

up in the matter. Unmoved by femin- ground floor. ine charms until the age of 40, Mr. Piedefer, the niece of the tax-gatherer at Lyre-sur-Ys. He had bluntly proposed to the young girl, who had just Mathias, in consequence of which he did not count up right, the unfortunate was at this moment that Mr. Mathias | against the door. appeared in the guise of a savior, and Mathias.

She soon felt all the consequences of bor, Rabel, the one that has the broken wurch the riche, suns are adapted.

"I have just left my tomb," began low porters.

"So I see," said Grimbot, interrupting him. "You seem to be in a much

greater hurry than the others." Mr. Mathias did not listen to him. He was now taking long strides, walking on tiptoe, just like a ghost. Grimbot kept up with him, and con-

tinued: "The idea does not come to the others to the graveyard, and it may even be so soon. They generally let a month

> Mr. Mathias suddenly turned toward him, and extended both arms, exclaim-

"Begone, profane man! Begone!" "Tush ! Tush !" said Grimbot, in a fatherly tone. "Don't mind me-after all, I suppose you want only to take an airing like the other fellows."

Mr. Mathias kept on straight ahead, not deeming it worth his while to an-

where the coffin rested, would have cer- darkness, the gate of the cemetery. tified to the truth of this statement. Being always prepared for the worst, Two sharp clicks, like the snap of a he had a few louis in his pocket. stretching his limbs like a man just time in talk. Here! let me have the

Grimbot stepped back, exclaiming: "What! the key! you want to go out!

That's a funny notion! But, I say, none of that!" "I will give you four louis!" groaned

Mr. Mathias. "Say now, stop that," replied Grim-

leaving your tomb and walking about. The others do so too.'

"The others! what others?"

Grimbot gave a wide sweep around with his hand, as he replied:

"Why, the dead, of course!"

"The dead who is talk-ing to you about the dead? Why, man, I am alive, still living, don't you see?" "Phew! that is an awful joke; but, see here, I am a good fellow. Come

Like a pair of pincers, his hand grasped Mr. Mathias' wrist. He dragged him to a small building, where he lived,

Mr. Mathias was literally dumfound-Mathias, formely an apothecary who ed. After closing the door, Grimbot had made a fortune with anti-spasm got a bottle from the shelf, and filling pills, fell in love with pretty Annie two glasses, he took one and held it up, saying:

"Here's to you, Mr. Mathias."

"Listen to me, good man," said Mr. as bluntly refused to become Mrs. Mathias. "You want to have your little joke at my expense. Well and fell in love like a fool. I beg pardon! good. But there is a time for all keep them." 1 should say like a man of 40, who al-lows himself to fall in love. Not being only; I have allowed myself to be

While he was speaking Grimbot had buckle. man was seriously considering the ad- slowly walked around the table and

Their idleness, while waiting in the public square for some one to hire Edward?" she said.

them, had no tendency to make them virtuous. Gn the contrary, they quarreled with each other and swore fearful oaths.

Pietro persuaded them to agree to the imposition of a fine each time they were profane. The idea pleased the rough fellows, and they adopted Pietro's suggestion to buy litters with the money thus collected and to lend a hand in carrying the sick and wounded to the hospital and the dead to their burial.

In those warlike days and in such a quarrelsome city as Florence the street frays gave them occupation enough. The organization grew until it became the popular Brothers of the Misericordia, and numbered among its members

prince. When the services of the brothers are needed the bell calls them, and those you will." whose turn it is to serve appear on the street clothed in a black dress and in a spring, resounded, and the coffin open- "Come," said he, offering a couple of hood which covers head and face. The ed like a closet. Mr. Mathias sat up, gold pieces to Grimbot, "let's waste no dress is not, as some have thought, a sign of shame for crimes and sins, but a shuddered. Could she realize the fearprecaution against recognition.

Their rule forbids a brother from receiving anything from a patient, except her crime. The next day all London a cup of cold water. The hoods con- was startled with the news that the ceal the brothers' faces and thus prevents any grateful patient from re- dead in her boudoir. A bottle of pruswarding them, and take away from sic acid told the story of her suicide. themselves the temptation to trade on their services.

Now the Burglars Know the Snap.

I heard a curious story about Mrs. Paran Stevens the other day, which was extremely characteristic. A friend calling was shown up into her boudoir and took the first chair. They conversed for a while, or rather he listened with interest to her caustic comments an entire mistake, for his wardrobe beon men and things, until she said sud- came the perquisite of his pages, and it denly:

get up this minute!"

As usual, there was a woman mixed and made him enter a room on the noticed when he sat down, let slip, the most splendid gems.

"I keep them in brown paper," she explained, "to deceive the burglars. They'd never think of looking in a brown paper bag, lying about anywhere on a shelf or in a drawer, for some \$75,000 worth of jewels. There have been two attempts to steal them within a year, and I hit on this good way to

-A dress for a miss of 10 or 12 is of of an over-honest nature, he had woven buried. Now, business of great im- red merino; the revers and front of such a subtle web about the tax gath- portance requires my presence outside. skirt of red tweed, with a narrow yelerer, that, in less than a year's time, Let me go, and, I assure you, I shall low stripe; the waistband is of red picot ribbon, fastened with a steel

-More now than at any previous visability of committing suicide. It taken a position, standing, his back time the style of a dress is made to depend on the material of which it is "You are a good talker," sneered he, composed. The rich sliken stuffs with made his terms. The niece offered her- "So you are alive, eh? Well, you are velvet stripes and gay Pompadour gar-self up as a sacrifice to save an uncle not the first that has told me that. lands, and the handsome failies and who had been a father to her, although You see, I hear such strange stories. other soft corded silks, are employed her affections were already pledged to a I am quite fond of my subordinates. for straight skirts that are almost clerk in the office of a notary in a neigh- Every night one or two of them come, destitute of drapery or looping. On boring town. As a sad victim on the without ceremony, to take a drink with the other hand, the Bengalines, foulaltar of duty, Annie became Mme. me. Last night it was the notary. ards, India tissues and sindred soft You know whom I mean; your neigh- si ks demand to to'ds and loopings for

The countess trembled.

"And if she did?" I held up the twisted ring before her

"Where was this found, Marian?" I said.

A deep gasp, a groan, and Marian fainted for the first tim : in her life. Unwilling to call the servants, I restored her senses by some pungent

essences I found in a bottle near me. "It is true. Edward," she said, faintall classess from the artisan to the ly; "I did commit the deed. I hated vou-more because I loved you once. Leave me to-night; to-morrow do what

> The roll of carriages announced the arrival of guests, and I left.

After I left that luxurious room and thought of the change to Newgate I ful fate before her?

She never lived to pay the penalty of Countess of Ardleigh had been found

The Wardrobes of Kings.

The wardrobe of the late king of Bavaria has been sold at Munich, and the proceeds are to be applied toward the payments of his debts. The St. James' following of the precedent set in Engwas sold by them for their own exclu-"Oh, you're setting on my diamonds; sive benefit. This was a monstrous job, as the wardrobe fetched an immense On examination he found that a little sum, and the public, who originally crumpled brown paper parcel on the paid for it, ought to have obtained the seat of the chair, which he had not proceeds. George IV left every coat he had bought for fifty years, 800 canes when he picked it up, a perfect river of and whips, every description of uniform, the state costumes of all his orders and magnificent furs and pelisses, some of which had been sent to him by the emperors of Russia and

> -Wells Fargo made a record of 2.17 a few days ago at San Francisco.

-At Louisville the new association

during the year.

stable has been denied. -An offer of \$10,000 has ison re

-August Belmont has secured the

State Fair at Dallas last week.

ing, long draperies, plain tion; double-breasted jacket of cloth, with plush collar, cuffs and vest in cardinal.

- The most novel style of trimmings for bonnets consists of plush flowers of the most exquisite tints of pink, rose and heliotrope, also pale yellow shaded to deep orange. The foliage is not of plush, but is very soft and velvety. At a late wedding in high life were noticed several bonnets of tulle and crape, trimmed with a spray of plush flowers;

the strings were of tulle and crape. -A stylish Parislan model has a bodice of ocean-gray cashmere, with Hungarian drapery of the same over a

skirt of gray surah, plaited with Roman red and green velvet. The plaited vest is of red surah, with deep revers each side of the plant. A dinner dress of Venetian bronze corded silk has a petticoat and vest of deep orange silk, striped broadly with bronze-brown velvet of exquisite shade and texture.

-Hand work is favored upon underwear. Hand made trimmings of all descriptions are sought for, and many pretty designs are seen, which furnish work for odd moments and produce garnitures that are comparatively inexpensive, and quite as beautiful and more durable than anything the stores furnish. Tucks are often held in place, and the spaces between them are ornamented by rows of fancy stitching.

-In many of the very handsome cloaks which are just beginning to arrive in London the figured or embroidered part is used only for the sleeves and skirt, with the front and back of the bodice left plain in a shape which ends in a long point at the waist. A Gazette alludes to this transaction as a lovely one in this style was of white cloth, worked all over in large brown land, when George IV died, but this is leaves in silk. This embroidering was evidently done after the coat had been made, and its outline shaped the figure beautifully.

-Silver belts, also leather belts with silver buckles, are more fashionable than ever, being a convenient as well as attractive accessory to the presnt style of dress bodice. Quite new, and especially desirable, are the flexible ventilated belts, made of loosely woven silver threads. An attractive belt seen recently consisted of a series of oblong medallions, one-half of which were quite plain, the alternate ones being design.

-Heavy qualities of faille Francaise are imported for handsome church, visiting and carriage dresses. These elegant textiles do not admit of intricate draperies, and the straight panels, and devoid of even the tiny French foot-ruche, but plaited extremely fall in the back. The dress in this instance is made of pale cafe au lait faille of magand a band of the same garniture on collar and sleeves, and added to this a girdle or rope of beads loosely encirc-ling the waist.

Austria.

now forming, will have eight meetings

-The report that Congressman William L. Scott intends to sell his

services of James Rowe, the ex-trainer for the Dwyer Brothers.

record on the Cleveland track by going

-The Grand Jury at Washington, D. C., has indicted a local bookmaker.

fused for the pacer Arrow, and he is said to be held at \$15,000.

-Harry Wilkes trotted three miles in 2.181, 2.191 and 2.17 at the Texas

-Protection beat the road-wagon

a mile in 2.262 recently.