

Little By Little.

Step by step the Alpine climber presses upward sure and slow, till his feet are firmly planted in the realm of endless snow.

A DOG STORY.

The battle had lasted all day, and night had set in. The sound of firearms might still be heard in the distance. The wood was held by a battalion of French marines, who had received orders to cover the retreat.

Outside the village extended the large, open courtyard of a farm which, although it stood alone, has also become a prey to the devouring element.

Suddenly the mad howl of a powerful watch dog broke the stillness of the gloom. The wail did the poor beast wrench on the chain that trotted him and howl at his approaching fate.

The dog was a large white dog, with woolly coat, long tail and pointed ears. It started to follow the stranger, but, on reaching the dead man at the farmyard, it drew near slowly, timidly, sniffed the lifeless body, and began to whine.

One day, a fearful battle was fought. The soldiers were gathered round their camp kettles, the dog crouched at his friend's feet and looked up at him. The Pole offered the now well nigh famished animal the rind of a piece of cheese which had long been stowed away in the depths of his pocket.

One evening, the sergeant of his squad said to the landwehrman: "What are you going to do with that beast?" "Take it home with me," replied the Pole; "I need a watch dog and cannot hope to meet with a better one."

At last the armistice was concluded and peace proclaimed. The landwehrmen looked at each other with joyful eyes and clasped their hands in silent tokens of better days. At the first town they reached, the whole battalion was bundled into a train which steamed off in the direction of Fotherland.

One only the dog rose from the dark corner in which he crouched sulkily. It was at a station in the north of Germany. A convoy of French prisoners arrived just as the landwehrmen's train

entered the place. The brave hound rushed to the window and barked and howled at the cheers and songs which rose from the dense throng of men with blue coats and red trousers, as they filed off into captivity, closely guarded by the Prussian sentinels.

At Posen the landwehrman was discharged and sent home to his village. Volnizki set out with his bag at his side, a stick in his hand and followed by his dog. He left the high road and took a short cut across the country.

For two days he travelled through an undulating region intersected by pretty streams and fertile hills; the lark sang merrily above, and the plowman drove his furrow through the hardened glebe. On every side sprouted fair and green the promise of germs which had been sown in the winter season.

The dog went and came about the place, ran from one room to another with sparkling eyes and quivering limbs, like one who had taken leave of the old man, barking, jumping, or wagging the tail, to lick his hand; and finally crouched down panting at his feet, the poor beast's large, red, feverish tongue lolling out between the corner of the mouth and the fore teeth.

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"My friends," said he, "the reason is obvious. The poor brute doesn't understand your tongue."

"Well, now, that beats everything!" exclaimed Volnizki. "Why, of course; what confidence can he have in people whose tongue is foreign to him?" continued the old veteran of Napoleon.

"Wait a bit," said the old man, as he turned toward the animal, whose eyes were attentively fixed on his own. He began to speak to the dog in good French vernacular: "You don't understand a word they have to say, do you, my friend? On that account they call you a wicked dog; but you are a brave brute, I know, and will be most obedient when spoken to in your own decent language, won't you?"

The dog pricked his ears, beat the floor with his tail, and his whole frame thrilled with conscious pleasure at the sound of the old man's voice. Suddenly, as if unable to withstand so direct an appeal, the dog whined, bounded forward and leaped up to the old man's neck, barking with all his might.

"See whether I am not right," exclaimed the veteran warrior, "whether he understands me or not." The dog went and came about the place, ran from one room to another with sparkling eyes and quivering limbs, like one who had taken leave of the old man, barking, jumping, or wagging the tail, to lick his hand; and finally crouched down panting at his feet, the poor beast's large, red, feverish tongue lolling out between the corner of the mouth and the fore teeth.

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A STORY OF STEPHEN GIRARD.

How he Tested a Laborer's Faithfulness by Routine Work.

It is known that Stephen Girard admired industry as much as he despised sloth and there never was, it is related, an instance where he refused to furnish employment or money to an industrious and worthy man in distress.

Early one morning, while Mr. Girard was walking around the square, John Smith, who had worked on buildings as a laborer and whom Girard had noticed for his unusual activity, applied to him for help, when something like the following dialogue took place: "Help—work—ha? You want to work?"

"Yes, sir; it's a long time since I had anything to do." "Ver' well. I shall give you some. You see dem stone yondare?" "Yes, sir." "Ver' well. You shall fetch and put him in zis place. You see?" "Yes, sir." "When you got him done come to me at my bank."

Smith diligently performed his task, which he finished about 1 o'clock, when he repaired to Mr. Girard and asked if he would give him some more work. "Ah, ha! oul you want some more work? Ver, well. You sall go place dem stone where you got him. You see? You take him back."

"Yes, sir." "Ver, well. How much money sall I give you?" "One dollar, sir." "Dat is bones'. You not take advantage. Dare is your dollar." "Can I do anything else for you?" "Oul. Come here when you get up to-morrow. Here sall have some work."

Next morning on calling Smith was not a little astonished when told that he must "take dem stone back again," nor was his astonishment diminished when the order was repeated for the fourth time. However, he was one of the happy class who mind their own business, and he went serenely about his job.

"Ah, Monsieur Smith, you sall be my man. You mind your own business; you do what is told you. You ask no question; you no interfere. You got vife?" "Yes, sir." "Ah, zat is bad. Vife is bad. Any delittle sick?" "Yes, sir; five living." "Five? Zat is good; I like five; I like you; you like to work; you mind your business. Now I do something for your five little sick. Dare, take these five piece paper for your five little sick. You sall mind your business and your little sick sall never want. Good bye."

The dog went and came about the place, ran from one room to another with sparkling eyes and quivering limbs, like one who had taken leave of the old man, barking, jumping, or wagging the tail, to lick his hand; and finally crouched down panting at his feet, the poor beast's large, red, feverish tongue lolling out between the corner of the mouth and the fore teeth.

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FASHION NOTES.

Another cream dress was trimmed with a deep tone of bright yellow, after the time of Louis XV; straps of the color crossing the bodice from beneath the arm and fastening in the centre with buckles, the skirt describing a wide diagonal cascade in front.

A cream crepe de chine fell apparently where it would about the skirt, but always gracefully, while the bodice was crossed from the left shoulder by a breadth of the stuff, which seemed to lose itself in the side folds. The sleeves formed a series of puffs to the elbow, clinging to the arm.

A delicate celadon moire had a straight fowing train, raised into a little additional fullness at the back of the waist, the front having a ruch at the hem beneath a panel of pearl embroidery, with many pendent drops and an admixture of satin of the same tone.

Velvet veid with the moires in point of fashion; but, of course, with matrons only. One gown of brilliant geranium tone had a jet panel down the centre, and a terra-cotta velvet gown had a panel of brocade. Still more lovely was a heliotrope velvet with a panel of fine steel work.

A great many dresses were trimmed with fur. A white velveteen was trimmed with chinchilla, and a green and coral shot moire with beaver in very broad bands. A cream sicilienne was trimmed with an arrangement of Impian feathers, the metallic greens, blues and golds displayed individually and collectively.

India cashmeres and other woolsens that under new names closely resemble camel-hair and etamine are used by French modistes in combination with soft silks that have stripes or pliable surahs that are platted in dull, old-fashioned colors.

The new house jackets of armored pliot cloth, made in rich, dark colors, whether zouave, Russian or Hungarian in style, are trimmed in military fashion, with epaulets, high collar and revers, these covered with handsome gold or silver passementeries in fine arabesque designs, or formed of the rich silk-cord ornaments—plaques, gretots, pendeloques and like garnitures.

A very stately looking dress was a rich, red peach satin, the back, in simple straight folds, composed of the same satin, scattered over with gold brocaded bouquets. The effect of the gold on this beautiful tone of peach was beyond all description. A small piece of the same peeped out in front between the plain satin, which was carried down on one side and then reversed, then forming a double panel. The bodice was made entirely of the brocade.

Balls and receptions being now in order, the women who wish to outshine their neighbors will be anxious to know what is really to be worn. Moire seems to be the material of all materials for handsome gowns for both old and young. Not the watered silk that goes by that name, but the real moire. This grand material is also finding favor for wedding gowns. The shot moires are rather the most sought after at present.

It is hard to describe the drapery of gowns this season, as there seems to be no particular style. At a recent display the following attracted much attention. A light pink sicilienne was a mere succession of graceful folds, no edge anywhere, opening just in the front to show a narrow panel of a fine reproduction of an antique Pompeiian brocade, the ground in cream, the flowers large and subdued in tint, but wonderfully true to nature. This was bordered by squares of ribbon matching the ruching at the feet.

HORSE NOTES.

Sam French always welcomes horseman at Woodtown, N. J. The Sire Brothers horses will winter at Morristown, N. J.

Only four or five of the 150 horses at New Orleans are ailing. John Crocker has gone into winter quarters, at Brighton Beach. John Madden, the trotting horseman has returned to Philadelphia. Sir Dixon is the most popular candidate for the next Kentucky Derby.

Mr. Wooley, of Philadelphia, has purchased the 4 year old gelding Chester Chief. Pool-seller Frank Herdle will go to Canada to take in ice races in January. "Knapsack" McCarthy has left Texas for California, taking eight horses with him.

The New York Driving Club is to put up a toboggan slide and hold a Canadian carnival. The Coney Island straightaway track is to be completed in time for the Futurity stakes, next September. Wells Fargo, D. G., record 2.17, by George M. Patchen, Jr., has been purchased by General Egan, of Australia, at San Francisco.

Mr. Haggin is said to have offered Jockey Garrison \$13,000 as a retainer for next season, and \$25 additional for each winning and \$10 for each losing mount. The well known horse Sandoval died at the farm of E. T. Cooke, Barry, Ill., on October 11. He was a foal of 1881, and was by Springbok, dam Emma Sanson.

Kellar Thomas, North Middletown, Ky., has sold to a Canadian party the 3 year old colt Dr. Carver, by New York Dictator, out of the dam of Nannie Talbot, for \$3500. The St. Louis Fair Association cleared \$42,643.22 at its recent running meeting, and has decided to hang up \$45,000 in stakes and purses for ten days racing at the spring meeting of 1888.

The English Jockey Club has received intimation that the Queen's Plates have been abolished, and that the money will be applied in another form for the improvement of horse-breeding. Joe Farquhar, of Gloucester City, N. J., has purchased the g. g. Grey Chief, 8 years old, by Lancelwood, from Cooper Hatch, of Camden, for \$400. Grey Chief has the reputation of being a good pole horse.

David Nicholls recently drove his team, Tempest and mate, a mile in 2.47 over the Gentlemen's Driving Course, James Cooper did not go so fast with his team; neither did Captain Bailey with his. General C. I. Paine, Arthur Hunnewell, D. A. Blanchard, Ralph Black, A. A. Gardner, J. R. Hazeltine, Frank Seabury and Frank Peabody, Jr., are agitating the subject of organizing a jockey club at Boston.

In Australia trotters are handicapped as are foot-racers in this country. There are not enough trotters to afford good speed if divided up into classes. A 2.30 horse is worth twice as much money in Australia as in America. The brown yearling filly Norlane, foaled February 15, 1886, reduced the yearling trotting record to 2.31 at Bay District Course, California, on Saturday, November 12. Norlane was bred at Palo Alto, got by Norval, dam Elaine by Messenger Duroc, out of Green Mountain Maid. The quarters were made as follows: .384, 1.15, 1.53, 2.31. It beats the yearling record of Hinda Rose by 5 seconds, and is 4 1/2 seconds better than the Kentucky filly Suddle D's time.

The news that the great Victorian Derby, run at Melbourne on October 29, was won by Mr. Cannon's brown colt Australian Peer is an event of more than ordinary importance, especially to Americans, as the race is the greatest 3-year-old event in Australia, and the winner is a son of Mr. J. B. Haggin's stallion Darebin, which he imported to California from Australia in September, 1886, at a large figure, and many of his best mares, including Miss Woodford, are now in foal to the champion of Australia.

Hon. August Belmont has purchased from Messrs. Appleby & Johnson the bay gelding Racedand. As the latter only recently bought him for \$17,500 it is safe to assume his new owner paid a price which will make Racedand the highest-priced thoroughbred gelding ever sold in this country, the price previously realized having just equaled the \$17,500 paid for Drake Carter. With Racedand, George Oyster, Magnetizer, Prince Royal and Belinda in the Belmont stable should be heard from next season. The Duke of Westminster has determined upon retiring Ormond from the turf. Although not a pronounced "roarer," he is "troubled in his wind," and was during all the past season, but treatment by electricity enable his trainer to keep him going. As every one knows, he has an unbeaten record. He started three times as a 2-year-old, winning the Post and Criterion stakes and the Dewhurst Place, worth \$3008. As a 3-year-old he won the 3000 guineas Derby, St. Leger, the St. Leger at Newmarket, Great Foal, St. James, Palace, Hardwicke, Champion and Private stakes and a free handicap at Newmarket, ten races in all, valued at \$21,552; and this year, as a 4-year-old, he won the Rous Memorial, the Hardwicke stakes and the Imperial Gold cup, of a total value of \$3905. His runs for the three years number sixteen, and reckoning £1 as the equivalent of \$5, his earnings in American money foot up \$142,325. G. Barrett rode him in the 3000 guineas and Hardwicke stakes in 1886, Cannon in his three races this year, and Fred Archer in all of his other engagements. His highest weight as a 2-year-old was 125 pounds; as a 3-year-old, 134 pounds, and as a 4-year-old, 139 pounds.