#### The Watcher.

The sheep are smothered in the snow; The child-eyed stars are cleaving keen The frezen air; and, sailing slow, The white moon stares across the scene.

She waits beside the fading fire, The gasping taper flickers low, And drooping down, and rising highes Her shadow wavers to and fro.

No foot disturbs the sleeping floor, No motion save the wintry breath That, stealing through the crannled door, Creeps coldly as a thought of death.

It chills her with its airy stream, O cold, O careless midnight blast! It wakes her as her fevered dream Hath skimmed the sweetness of the past.

She stirs not yet. The night has drawn Its silent stream of stars away, And now the infant streaks of dawn Begin to prophesy the day.

She stirs not yet. Within her eye The half-crushed tear-drop lingers still; She stirs not, and the smothered sigh Breaks wave-like on the rock of will.

O heart that will unheeding prove, O beart that must unbeeding break, How strong the hope, how deep the love, That burn for faithless folly's sake!

### TRIED BY FIRE.

"Marry Mr. Dysart? That old man? Mamma, you are jesting!"

She stood at the open window of the shabby little sitting-room - a tall, straight young figure in a clinging black gown. A girl with a fair, sweet at sight of whom Stuart involuntarily face, brown eyes, and golden hair- halted. Lucia Denelle.

At the other window-both of which opened upon great, straggling, unkept grounds-a delicate looking woman was bending over a huge basket of darning.

All sorts and conditions of garments, all of a diminutive size bespoke the occupation of the weary, toil-worn name before?" mother of small children.

Mrs. Denelle glanced up, with a pair of tiny, dilipidated socks in her hand, and her tired face grew more careworn, Dysart?" as she suppressed a weary sight.

"Daughter, the very thought of your being forced into a loveless marriage breaks my heart. If you do not-cannot-learn to care for Mr. Dysart"\_\_\_ Lucia shrugged her graceful shoulders disdainfully-"then I will say no more. Mr. Stuart Harland, I understand that But he is good and kind. He offers to you are a struggling young artist, poor settle a handsome income upon me, so and proud. Oh, you need not get anthat the children can be properly edu-cated. He offers to lift the mortgage speaking for your good. I will make from this place, and secure it to me free you this proposition; I agree to pay all of all incumbrance; also to refurnish your expenses to Italy where you can and beautify the house. Really, my perfect yourself in your art. I will do dear, Woodland would be a lovely more. I will make your name famous; place, with some necessary improve- for, no matter how fine an artist you ments, and with means sufficient to may be, the world will never believe it keep the grounds in order. And when | until some rich and influential man says I reflect upon our forlorn condition since your poor father's death, and make you the richest and most famous glance about me at the six little ones- | artist of the day upon one condition." all younger than you, to be fed and clothed and educated upon the mere pittance which is left me from your loves you. His elegant home is near do you say?" enough, so that I would not have to Trembling like a leaf, pale as mar-

softly. I have spoken to the mother. I wished to prepare her for your intended interview to-morrow; but, Stuart, it is quite useless—quite. She will never consent to our marriage; and—I cannot blame her, poor little mother! the golden head went down upon his shoulder, and the sweet voice broke into sobs and tears-"I cannot give you up!"

"And you shall not," he murmured "We will wait, dear love." tenderly. "I shall be old and gray and ugly,"

she was beginning. But he stooped and kissed the sweet red lips.

"You may be as old as Methuselah, and gray as a badger-ugly you never can be under any circumstance, little woman!-but you shall be my wife just the same. I will never give you up." And so their troth was pledged anew:

and Stuart Harland went home through the silvery moonlight with a tender smile upon his lips, and his dark eyes shining with a happy light.

"I wonder who this fellow can be of whom Lucia told me to night," he queried, as he walked along. "It is a new arrival here, who has purchased Beechwood - grand old place - and Lucia says she met him last summer while she was away in the West teaching school. A rich western merchant, and—by Jovel who is that?"

A tall, dark form loomed up before him in the moonlight; an elderly man,

"Mr. Harland, is it not?" began the stranger, quietly. "I would like a few words with you, sir, if you please." Stuart bowed.

"As many as you like, Mr.-

"Dysart. My name is Mark Dysart. Stuart Harland, did you ever hear that

"Never, to my knowledge, until tonight," the young man returned quiet-"Can I serve you in any way, Mr.

"Yes, I love Miss Lucia Denelle. If you were out of the way she might learn to care for me; and I am sure that once my wife she would love me, for I would be so kind and tender to her that I could not fail to win her in time. so. I will do all this for you; I will "And that?"

Stuart Harland's voice trembling.

"Is-that you resign all pretensions father's life insurance-it makes my to Lucia Deneile's hand! That you go heart stand still. And Mr. Dysart away and leave the coast clear. What

lose you altogether. Oh, Lucia, darl- ble, his great dark eyes blazing with in- bestow was given to my profession. I Mrs. Bixby quietly ing, I would never consent for you to dignation, Stuart turned with unlifted hand. "Only your gray hairs deter me from chastising you as you deserve!"-he ground the words forth between his set teeth. "Out of my path, Mark Dysart, or I shall forget myself, and strike you down at my feet!" "Softly, softly, young man!" cried the other, lightly. "I meant no harm. I was appealing to your worldly wisdom, which did not conceal the undercurrent but I see. Young man, give me of anxiety in her heart-"answer me! your hand! I have applied a severe Mayn't I go to Italy as Stuart Harland's test, and I find I was right in my belief. Come home with me, Stuart Harland. I have a story to tell you."

# Ninon; or The Surgeon's Story

What I am about to say I want you to keep an eternal secret. Never breathe it to a living soul. I married young. My wife was a beautiful woman and ] It would be separation for us both, per-haps forever. Oh, Stuart, Stuart!"- could trust her and that she was fond of me, but it seems I was deceived. I came home one night unexpectedly and was surprised to hear a man's voice in her room. Her brother Charles, I knew, was away, so I held my breath and listened again. This is what I heard: "And you are sure of your maid,

Ninon?"

"Oh, yes; she has been true to me for years. And no one else is in our secret, or knows that you are even here." He laughed wickedly.

"I am thinking of my wife and your husband. What an agreeable surprise it would be for them to see us now? But tell me one thing-has he never suspected anything? The child-what of that?" She hid her beautiful face in his breast

with a smile, and murmured: "If he her again still, I believe, though she is thinks it is his own, Clarence, I am to buried thousands of miles away. undeceive him!"

What! was I dreaming? Would they not even leave me that one sweet hope, the hope of holding a child-Ninon's child and mine, in my arms, ere many weeks had passed away! Oh, my God! had I been duped and fooled so miserably as this? The room whirled before me and if I had not leaned against the wall for support I should have fallen.

I opened my eyes at last and looked at them once more. He was a large. finely-formed and handsome man, with the darkest eyes and hair and beard I had ever seen. Lying in his arms my wife looked like a mere child, and her Saxon beauty was heightened by the strong contrast between them. He was no stranger to me. He had often grasped my hand in friendly greeting; while she leaned upon my arm and I

had never dreamed of this. Even while death! Fly around!" I thought of all these things, he bent over her, gathering her closer to his breast; she flung her arms around his neck, and her lips were meeting his! Oh! that roused me from the stupor inthrough the room in an instant, and then I was beside them! She screamed, and fell at my feet, as her lover sank dead man. But I spurned her from me; and rushing from the house I whistled to my horse, who was crazing quietly where I had left him, and rode away like a madman. Before the morning broke I was in France and safe from all States, and gave myself up to the study

more of Ninon—indeed, I dropped inter-course with the friends who had known her and tried to forget my folly of a n his chest! Great Heavens! has the pilot cloth, made in rich, dark colors,

to have her once more so near my heart, even in that hour of agony and remorse

All was still as death in the room, groan. I snatched a cordial from the from the phial, and just as I caught sight of the label, I saw that I had given her the prussic acid! I hurled the phial from me with a heavy groan; but it was too late, and she was dying a death which would this time be sure

and rapid. I fell upon my knees beside her, and frantically implored her forgiveness, but she hated me even then! Her glazing eyes were turned on me to the "shot" silks.

the last, and she gasped out with a breath, "Oh, I will haunt you!" She has kept her word. an assumed name. I dream of her by night and she curses me for killing her lover. By

day, whenever I am alone, I seem to feel her presence, like some vulture spirit waiting for my death. I will see

It's madness, I suppose.

Bixby Was Calm.

One of the Bixby children was seized with a fit of croup the other night. Bixby heard the little fellow's labored breathing, and bounding clear over the footboard of the bed, yelled "Croup!" in about the same voice that the escaped idiot yells "Fire!" at the theatre.

Then he tried to put his trousers on over his head, but finally got them on wrong side out, and tore into his shirt with it wrong side in front. "Jump!" he screamed to his wife,

"There isn't a second to lose! Get the water! Give him something to drink! often spoken words of courtesy to her | Hurry! hurry! Don't lie there doing shade and style. nothing while the child is choking to

Mrs. Bixby is one of those meek but eminently sensible and practical little The gown may be fashioned in any one women who never get a tenth part of the credit for the good they do in this and classical Kate Greenaway figures world. While Bixby was racing up to which I had been plunged so long, and down stairs, declaring that nobody and the sharp report of my pistol rang was doing anything but himself, Mrs. Bixby quietly took the little sufferer in hand.

"Do something quick!" screeched back, shot through the heart, and a Bixby, as he upset a pan of hot water two shades. Jacket bodice, with anybody do a thing but me? Run for | completes the costume. the doctor, some of you. Give the child broke I was in France and safe from all some more squills. Is there anything trayed in white satin, plentifully pursuit. After fleeing from my home hot at his feet? Give him aconite, trimmed with swansdown, and may on that terrible night I went to He ought to have a spoon of oil. If he be made in the form of a polonaise cut America, to one of the wild Western don't get relief instantly he'll die, and long and meeting the swansdown garof medicine, of which I had always but me! Bring him some warm water swansdown, lined with vivid crimson, been passionately fond. I heard no with a little soda in it. He ought to and a swansdown hood or cap complete

## FASHION NOTES.

-Bedford cord is a handsome woolen material, resembling corduroy

-Scotch plaid plush is a novelty in table and held it to her lips. She drank tain popularity with dressy young dress fabrics, destined to have a cerwomen.

-Single flowers of velvet arranged at certain carefully spaced distances on ball dresses of white tulle add to their charming effect.

-Plain velvet and plush are less fashionable than the changeable or florescent velvets in two colors, like

-- Opera wraps of plush, velvet and Persian camel's hair are trimmed with a bordering of crinkled Persian goat I am home in England again under fur, which resembles the liama trimming, formerly so much admired but it is more shaggy in effect.

> --For "Autumn" a short dress of brown tulle, or net, made with short gathered body and trimmed with autumnal foliage and clusters of hazel nuts nestling in the folds, is pretty and becoming.

-"Summer" may be carried out in a gracefully draped dress of poppy red crepe, trimmed with trails of wild hops and wild roses. Butterflies on quivering fine wire stems can be sparingly used with excellent effect.

-A concert toilette has the full front and skirt in Henrietta cream color cloth, with ruby velvet waist trimmed with garnet beaded passementerie. The back of skirt is also of the same shade of velvet, laid in pleats at the waist.

-A graceful molel of serpent green cloth is trimmed elaborately with designs in braided effects upon the skirt syrup of squills! Put on a tub of hot in ashes of rose color, The corsage is trimmed with gracefully arranged fold Get hot flannels on his chest instantly! draperles and braiding of the same

> -Wedgewood is a quaint and original idea for a fancy dress. The sateens are done in true Wedgewood tints. of the many tints of the right shade, in soft white material appliqued on.

-A stylish model for a street costume is made of Gobelin blue cloth, with graceful drapery in the back. The front is made of striped moire in on the bed and turned a saucer of melt- striped vest; a hat of felt of a corresed lard over the dressing-case. "Here, ponding shade to dress, with changeable somebody, quick!" he yelled. "Can't moire ribbon and feathers trimming it,

-"Winter" can be delightfully portrimmed with swansdown, and may here there's nobody trying to do a thing intures of the skirt. A tiny muff of

year. By degrees I grew cold and in-different and what little heart I had to a thing for him?"

HORSE NOTES.

-Robert Steel will trot Effin next season.

-There are two pool-rooms in operation in New Orleans.

-Jay-Eye-See is wintering at Mr. Case's farm in Wisconsin.

-William Donohue will probably ride for Mr. Belmont next year.

-A. Louden Snowden has sold his b. m. Nora Temple to Robert Steel.

-Ben Vincent has been engaged to ride for Ed Corrigan next season

-Rosaline Wilkes has joined Harry Wilkes and Gossip, Jr., at Morristown, N. J.

-Frank Rector will care for the colts at William Disston's Mount Pleasant Stock Farm this winter.

-The old trotter Great Eastern, with the fastest saddle record (2.15%), is owned in Frederick, Md.

-Dr. D. L. Hughes, of Keokuk; Ia., owns the pacer Bichball, record 2.12; and drives him on the road.

-The stallion Director (2.17) has arrived at Mr. Saulsbury's farm near Pleasanton, in Almeda county, Cal.

-J. B. Haggin lost recently at Monmouth Park the chestnut colt Mercury, foaled 1885, by King Ban, dam Flora.

-Colonel Snowden has sold his team, Florence and mate, which he recently purchased at the Bailey sale in New York.

-The stallion Domestic has so far recovered as to be able to be moved from Detroit, where he has been since last July.

-R. W. Thomas, who trained Mr. Honig's horses this year, has engaged with "Lucky" Baldwin at a salary of \$10,000, for next year.

-Ed. Corrigan has sent Pearl Jennings to California to be bred to Grinstead, instead of selfing the mare to Mr Baldwin, as reported.

-Edward C. Amer has stopped drivng, and has given all his stable effects, including two wagons, harness, etc., to his friend Dr. Lobb.

-Tompkins, the jockey, was fined \$25 recently at New Orleans for slipping weight after having been weighed to ride Phil Lewis.

-Both Ormonde and Bendigo have been retired from the turf to the stud. Bendigo will be placed at Blankney with Hermit and Galopin.

-Hon. Leland Stanford, of Callforma, will drive W. M. Humphrey's 5-year-old Electioneer gelding on the road at Washington this winter.

-F. C. Robbing has bought of John H. Cox the brood mare Mollie Garfield, formerly Dollie Fone, record 2.251, and her 4 months-old colt by Manchester.

-The Dwyer Brothers have purchased of Mr. John Hannegan, of Milldale, Ky., the bay filly Ocean, two years, by Imp. Billet, dam Sabina, by Lexington.

go far away." "Not even to Italy, mammie?"

The girl's sweet face had grown tender and gentle. She came to her mother's side, and drew the unfinished mending from her hands.

"There! Let me do it, mamma. Truly I am not tired. I've only given a music lesson this morning. Now, mammie"-with a mischievous smile, which did not conceal the undercurrent | but I seewife?"

"Good heavens!"

Mrs. Denelle started to her feet, pale and trembling like a leaf.

"Stuart Harland! a poor artist, Oh, Lucia, this is madness!"

"Mamma, I love him!"

"Madness-madness!" repeated the mother brokeniy. "Lucia, I would rather see you dead. You are poor enough now."

'Mamma''--- the girl's face was grave and resolute -"I cannot endure the thought of giving you pain, but I do not love Mark Dysart, and I have given my whole heart to Stuart Harland, and can never marry any one else."

Mrs. Denelle was wringing her hands in bitter sorrow. Neither of them observed the tall, dark figure in the overgrown grounds without, lying at full ength upon the garden seat, his hat drawn over his eyes.

A man of middle age, with dark brown hair and beard just touched with gray, keen gray eyes, and severe expression. The two women went on with the discussion, and never dreamed of the listener without.

"I would not willingly grieve or cross you, Lucia," Mrs. Denelle was saying "but I shall never give my consadly, sent."

"Then" - rebelliously - "we shall either have to marry without it, or --forgive me mamma"-with a little cry of pain at sight of her mother's distress. "No, I would never do that. But I would be doomed to a life of loneliness and unhappiness; and I know that would make you unhappy, too." Mrs. Denelle made no reply, and

Lucia went on with the task before her. All day long she worked; cook-ing, ironing, and mending for the noisy, mischievous six, filled the time to overflowing. But Lucia, pale and patient, worked away, and nothing was left un-

When the sun had set and twilight had failen over the green earth like a benediction, when the last youngster was tucked away in his little bed, then Lucia was at liberty. She threw a fleecy white wrap about her shoulders, and went out into the dusky grounds. A little later Stuart Harland joined

her. Tall and graceful was the young artist, with clear-cut features, large, luminous dark eyes, and a dark mus-tache; a face to attract any woman. And Lucia knew how good and true he was, and her whole heart was in the keeping of this man whose only fault was poverty. In golden silence the two paced on

together down the tangled garden path. At last Stuart Harland turned, and his dark eyes met Lucia's with a silent golden head slowly, sadly. "It is uscless, sweetheart," she said feet."

\* \* \* \*

Two days afterwards Mrs. Denelle saw upon Lucia's white forefinger a magnificent diamond ring.

The red blood rushed to the widow's pale cheeks in a sudden flood. Was Lucia going to be sensible, after

all? "My dear"-a dubious glance at the ring-"I think you ought not to conceal anything from your own mother! Is

it all settled, Lucia?" "Yes, mamma-all settled; and I am

the very happiest girl alive." And the white arms went around Mrs. Denelle's neck, and I-ucia's lips

were pressed against her mother's. "Mamma, it is all so strange! I can scarcely believe it even yet! But"-she stopped short, blushing prettily-"they are coming!"

"They" proved to be Stuart Harland and Mr. Dysart.

Mrs. Denelle looked profoundly surprised as the two men, arm-in-arm, entered the cool, airy room where she sat.

"My dear Mrs. Denelle," began Mark Dysart, at once, "I have wonderful news to tell you! This young man here, Mr. Stuart Harland, is my dead sister's only child, and, being next of kin, he will be sole heir to my possessions. I have proved his worth, tempted him with everything that the human heart can crave-riches, fame, power-if he would relinquish his claim upon your daughter's heart. But he spurned my every offer, and would have punished me for my audacity had would have punished me for my audacity had I not been an old man. Mrs. Denelle, this has all been a plot of mine from the very first. I wanted to prove Stuart Harland's worth. I desired to make sure that he was the noble, honorable. upright man that Lucia believed him to be-a man who cannot be bought. I am satisfied. The wedding shall come off as soon as you are ready. I have made a deed which gives Beechwood to Stuart Harland, and the young people can move there as soon as the wedding is over. He has been tried, as gold is tested, by fire, and he is worthy even of Lucia. What higher praise than that?

May they be happy for many years together."

#### And they all said "Amen."

OR, BRITISH BILLS IN ARREARS .---English noblemen, when traveling in other countries, generally go incognito. By this means they avoid being asked to pay hotel bills in advance.

A GOOD NATURED TAIL .- France. "You'd better not tread on my tail!" Germany .- "Why, I am treading on

France. "Ah! I mean with both

spent in the lecture hall and dissectingroom of the college that my fellow students used to advise me to take up my abode there altogether and to avoid the bore of coming home each night to sleep. And I am sure that I should have been and I had mighty hard work bringing

well pleased to have done so. The college was not a well-endowed one; there were few professors, and but little enthusiasm among the classes. But after I came a subject was started which roused us all-the subject of

galvanism. It was settled that we should obtain a "subject" privately and experiment ourselves, without the knowledge of our professors, who would have put a stop to it.

We had proposed dissecting the body after our experiments had been tried and the scalpel and the knives lay ready at its head, while pails and sponges for catching the blood were lying beneath the boards. On the table stood also three small phials—one containing liquid ammonia, one prussic acid and the other sulphuric ether. They had all been used during some chemical experiments that afternoon and had not been taken back to their places in the laboratory.

I busied myself in arranging the wires of the battery, when an exclamation from the students made me look up. "What is it?" I asked.

"It is a female subject and the most beautifui form I have ever seen. It seems almost a pity to desecrate"----

I laughed sarcastically and stopped him in the speech he was going to make: I hated all women on account of one, and I think I was glad to be able to offer any indignity to her sex. I glanced at the beautifully molded form that was extended on the boards and said, brutally, "The lovelier the bet-ter; she will dance well."

They watched me in silence as I arranged the wires; but as the first convulsive tremor played over the body, as softly as the wind might play over a sleeping lake, there was a cry of horror, and they tore me by main force from the battery, and dashed the wires away

"Are you mad?" I cried angrily. "Good God! don't you see she is alive?" replied the one who had spoken before. "See her eyes are open!"

"What nonsense!"

"Well, look for yourself!" They drew back and I went up and They drew back and I went up and bent over her. The eyes did open and fix themselves on my face, and oh, my God, they were the eyes of Ninon! The old love and sorrow came back, mingled with a grief and shame that broke my heart. My wife, and thus? I drew the covering over her and, turn-ing to my fellow students, said fiercely,

spected it and a dozen restoratives were on the table beside me, while one man —the one who had first spoken—took on a table with its bottom or flat side

grew more and more absorbed in its brings the child around all right and secrets, and so much of my time was sits with him until daylight, after she has quieted Bixby down and got him to bed

And next morning he had the gall to say at the office: "One of my little and I had mighty hard work bringing him around all right, but I did, after working like a Trojan all night. It's a terrible disease and scares women nearly to death. They fly all to pieces right off. A person wants their wits about them. You want to keep perfectly cool and not fool away a second in hys-terics. That's where a man has the advantage over a woman in managing a case of croup. It's mighty lucky I was at home to take my little chap in

hand." The Air of Colorado.

All the resorts of Colorado known to me where one can obtain the comforts of life essential to improvement are at at an altitude of several thousand feet, and this fact or some other unexplained cause seems to create a necessity requiring those who improve or recover there to continue their residence in order to maintain their improvement. I can not claim that this theory has been proven, but it is sufficiently believed to demand consideration. So many inva-lids have been sent to Celorado only to die, being beyond the possibility of re-covery anywhere, that I think additional knowledge from careful observation of results is essential to the formation

disease life may be prolonged and made more comfortable, if the case be not already too serious for such a result to be attained anywhere; but beyond that Colorado does not, so far as I can learn, offer any reasonable hope.

"The Scot was speaking with great bitterness of the betrayal of Wallace, when I asked him if it was still considered an insult to turn a loaf of bread bottom upwards in the presence of a Monteith." This reference is thus explained: Sir William Wallace was be-trayed into the hands of Edward by Sir ing to my fellow students, said hercely, "Bring something to restore her." All was bustle and confusion in an instant, for without understanding the sudden change in my manner they re-sudden change in my manner they re-tended friends, who betrayed him, -the one who had first spoken-took the coverlid from the bed and laid it gently over her. I thanked him with a look, but I could not spear to him. I bent over her, I raised her up in my arms and, bending my face down to hers. I saw that she began to breathe freely. It was something, at all events,

silk-cord ornaments-placques, grelots, pendeloques and like garnitures,

-For a quadrille of four sisters or friends the four seasons make a striktle polonaise of pale green satin of ex- he is quite ill at present at Louisville. quisite tint, gathered high on one side \_\_\_\_\_Prominent among the candidates over a skirt of moss-green velvet, caught up with a bunch of daffodills and a trail of ivy. The polosaise was laced with a silk lacer the color of the skirt, and more dailodills and ivy were prettily grouped in the front of this altogether harmonious and bewitching dress.

-As this is the season for fancy balls and highjinks the following description of a few fancy costumes will prove of interest: Fancy dress, unless carefully chosen, is apt to accentuate the age of ladies who have passed their first youth. Especially is this the case when a costume even slightly more juvenile than the wearer's years warrant is decided upon. A fancy dress injudi-ciously chosen will make a woman look faded and worn who in an ordinary garment is really pretty and fresh looking, to Crit Davis at Harrodsburg, Ky. This is not to discourage them, but Davis will have a powerful stable next only to make them more careful in season. The honest and capable trainer their selection.

ground with large platds of cream, gold and red upon it. This is laid in overskirt, which hangs in long, full, in until a start is straight pleats down the middle of the phores are raised. back. The jacket bodice is of dark myrtle green cloth made single-breasted, short on the hips, with pos-tillion pleats in the back and trimmed with gilt cord set on in a braiding pattern, forming two points below the collar in front and two behind; the high collar and the wrists of the coat sleeves are also braided.

not tabliers done in different shades of beads. This embroidery is the only trimming upon the skirt, and is set on at the edges with a row of beads like those of the embroidery, but larger. The bodice is cut in a V back and front, and the embroidery, dividing at the point in front, is carried as bretelles round the opening. The basque is pointed and edged with beads, as are also the elbow sieeves, which have in addition hands of passementeris. -The peculiar effect

-The peculiar effect of a changeable velvet is charmingly illustrated in a dressy bonnet of serpent and rose changeant velvet. The shape is a full crown with extended brim rising to a peak in front. Around the full velvet crown an edging of white velvet appli-que on gauze is gracefully arranged like a ruffle. Both sides are trimmed alike, with a good-sized bird's head and breast laid on curling tail feath-ers, which meet above the crown, but the feathers, an aggressive-looking bow -Cordova, or leather color, is one of of serpent gross grain ribbon is the favorite fashionable "street" col-

ion, with epaulets, high collar and re-vers, these covered with handsome Harry Wilkes, Albert France, J. Q. gold or silver passementeries in fine ara- and other noted trotters, has formed a besque designs, or formed of the rich partnership with Jesse D. Grant, and will figure in Wall street as a stock operator.

-Trainer John W. McClelland did not accompany Mr. Baldwin's horses ing and pretty group. We lately saw a to California, and will not have charge "Spring" clad in a very charming lit- of the Santa Anita stable next year, as

> -Prominent among the candidates for free-for-all honors next season will be Harry Wikes, Belle Hamlin, Prince Wilkes, Clingstone, Patron, Oliver K., Arab and J. Q.

-Feakes will succeed Littlefield as trainer of the Preakness stable. Littlefield will retire solely because he thinks he will find it more profitable to train a stable of his own than training for any one else.

-The b. m. Gazelle, 2.21, by Rysdik's Hambletonian, dam Hattie Wood, by Willis' Harry Clay, died No-vember 10, at Saugatuck, Mich., of mflammation of the bowels. Gazelle was foaled 1865, and owned by Stimson & Co.

-Mr. Siddall has sent the great pacer Johnston and the trotter McLeod to Crit Davis at Harrodsburg, Ky. never wants for friends.

-A pretty gown for a young girl -The plan has been tried in Aus-has a skirt of plaid cloth of a green tralia of using semaphores, such as are in use at railroad crossings in this gold and red upon it. This is laid in country, in starting running horses. wide side pleats with a very long draped The effect is to entirely fence the horse in until a start is made, when the sema-

> -There are prospects of a jockey club being organized at St. Paul, Messrs, Merriman, Long and Woodmansee, of the Twin City Club, are conferring with Mr. John E. Brewster, Secretary of the Washington Park Club, of Chicago, in regard to arranging a race meeting to follow the spring meeting at St. Louis.

the Easton sale were burned to death on Nov. 21st, the steamer on which they were being transported to their home on the Mississippi having taken fire. The loss is a great one to Mr. Surget. For Ismalia, by Macaroni, he paid \$2100; for Bread and Honey, by Brown Bread, \$1525; for Margery, by Sterling, \$575; for Pretension, by Pre-tender, \$600. tender, \$600.

-Linden was the great bread-winner of the Preakness Stable. His winnings included the Shrewsbury handicap at Monmouth, the Citizens' handicap at Baltimore, and the Grand National handicap at Jerome Park. He won \$16,280 of the \$24,936 captured by the stable.

An Old Scotch Tradition.

of a satisfactory opinion in regard to the effects upon those seriously diseased. For those slightly diseased, or with a delicacy arising from hereditary tendency, Colorado seemingly ought to be one of the best resorts. It has one marked advantage in having its moun-tain resorts and high altitudes for summer within a few hours from Denver. The air of Colorado is exceptionally fine and bracing both in summer and winter, and very comfortable places to reside may be found for both seasons. For such as have seated throat or lung