

Requests.

All night the land in darkness slept,
All night the sleepless sea
Along the beaches moaned and wept
And called aloud on me.

THE YOUNGEST SISTER.

"I don't know how it is," groaned Kate Blessington, but in our family things always happen cross-grained.
"Who's the matter now?" said Georgia, the eldest sister, who, with a blue apron of checked domestic gingham tied around her waist, and her luxuriant flaxen hair confined in a red bandanna pocket-handkerchief, was cooking tomatoes for ketchup.

"Jump in, please! Where's your trunk? There's room for it behind."
"Your trunk is to be sent by express. But—"
"Oh, very well!" said Chrissy. "Be quick, please—the horse won't stand!"

THE PERILS OF A COWBOY.

A letter from the wilds of Colorado gives the following interesting description of the perils of cowboy life. "First guard 8 till 12," called the captain, with the addition; looks like rain."
The three men rose from the fire, stretched and yawned, and picking their slippers from their respective beds slouched away into the darkness, their clinking spurs sounding fainter and more indistinctly in the distance.

fish things!" burst out Chrissy, with tears sparkling in her eyes. "That day, you know, that I took you for the city boarder, and drove you to our house—please, please forget them! Kate and George are always telling me that I shall get into mischief with my tongue—and now I know that they are r-right!"

FOLLOWING THE HOUNDS.

The first week in November is the hunting starting point, and it continues all through the winter until March without stop, check, impediment or interruption, save by one inexorable enemy. That enemy is a gentleman popularly known as Jack Frost.
No weather, be it wind, fog, hail, sleet or rain, will hinder hunting. Indeed a wet day is not otherwise than propitious. "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky bespeak a hunting morning," sings the old song, and no man (or woman who hunts) would dream of staying away from a meet because it is raining or "looks like it."

horizon. And following these outriders come the heralds of the God of day to waken the world to welcome his coming. The two wet and thoroughly chilled guards hail his coming with infinite delight, while the feathered choristers make the whole air vibrate to their musical welcome.

FASHION NOTES.

Bodices of red faille or surah, finely plaited on to a plain shoulder-piece and fastened around the waist with a belt, are very fashionable for young ladies to wear with various skirts. It is called the Odette bodice.
It is said that the spring fashions will be remarkably rational. It is to be hoped that this will prove true. The skirts of dresses are to be scarcely draped at all. Very many will wear the plain round skirt.

Chats about Fox Hunting in England. What Its Defenders Say.
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HORSE NOTES.

Jim Gore is at the Louisville track, and he may stand training.
Jockey Garrison has gone to California to join the Haggin stable.
Green B. Morris has shipped his horses from New Orleans to Mobile.

—The American-bred horse Blue Grass, by Pat Mallory, out of Amy Farley, by Planet, took a prize at the recent horse show at Nottingham, England.

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