

A Gem of The Hoop.

Joy met sorrow in a place, Where the branches interlace, Very secret, still and soft, Safe from all profaning foot.

WHAT CAME OF IT?

Stuart Willard was a kind-hearted boy, frank, generous, honest and thoughtful, but so lazy that his mother despairing of ever seeing him amount to anything.

very easily. He seemed spirited but very gentle, and had evidently been trained to trot. The boys acted on Ben's suggestion, and took turns at trying the animal's paces, enjoying themselves so much that they were loath to end the sport when it began to grow dark.

"Well, speak, and be quick about it," was the rough rejoinder. "You want work, I suppose, and big wages. You may as well leave, for I haven't any work to give you."

truth and honesty I could rely implicitly. If you stay with me, Willard, I'll allow you a good salary from this day forward, and there'll be an excellent chance for promotion to something a good deal better."

FASHION NOTES. —Black lace hats and bonnets are high in favor for half-season wear, and are brightened by a cluster of velvet

HORSE NOTES. —Walter Rollins, the trainer, has returned to Jerome Park from How Springs. —Stuyvesant, with \$14,165 to his credit, heads the Glengarry list of winners for 1927.