And around her in sweetness unfolded The roses, a glitter with dew. I prayed for a bud and she gave it With a smile, and a blush, and a sigh; I caught and I kissed her white fingers,

There trembled a tear in her eye. Then the gardener, ancient and wrinkled Came clipping the boxwood and yew, And she went, and a cloud drifted over, And the sparkle died out of the dew. My locks are a-glimmer with silver,

My life is unbrightened by love, For, still in the robes of the lilies, She sings with the angels above, In a book in my hard life. In a book in my bare little attic Laid in with a leaflet or rue, Is a rosebud that never unfolded For lack of the sunlight and dew. That is all; she is dead like the rosebud, And my love for her never was told, But my dream of the glory of Heaven

Is of her at the gateway of gold. She stands with her feet in the blossoms, And waiteth to welcome me through, And give me a rosebud Immortal, Starred over with diamonds of dew.

#### PAID IN TEARS.

"Ernest, don't you think it would be pleasant to have Blanche Graves here for a week? I think I shall ask

"It might be pleasant, mother," answered Ernest Trevors, after a moment's hesitation, "but - I-I would rather she wouldn't come,"

"Rather she wouldn't come!" repeated Mrs. Trevors. "Ernest, you grow more peculiar every day. May I ask why you would rather she wouldn't

come? "I can't give you my reasons, mother."

"I don't believe you have any," said Mrs. Trevors. "Where would you find a lovier, dearer girl than Blanche? How can you dislike her? And I am sure you paid her a great deal of attention at Mrs. Bray's party." An expression of pain passed over

Ernest's pale face. "Which I deeply regretted when the party was over," he said. Now, mother, do not bring Miss Graves here. I shall spend the time in the city if

you do. "Of course I shall not ask her then," said Mrs. Trevors. "But you try me almost beyond endurance, Ernest, You know your dear father's last wish was that you should marry, and yet pass by the nicest girls in the neighbor- pretty little Sibylla, about every hood as if they were nothing but sticks | night." or stones.'

I am sorry I have disappointed you, mother."

"I was sure you liked Blanche," continued Mrs. Trevors. "I've seen you look at her with all your soul in your eyes. But ever since you came back from the college you've been so peculiar there's no understanding you."

Ernest said no more, but left the and a fiercer pain still tugging at his quivering heart-strings.

"Oh, but to recall one hour of the past," he muttered between his set teeth. "What would I not give?"

vines, which in summer blossomed bounteously.

An old woman, neat and quiet in ap- melody. pearance, answered his knock, and exthe way into a room to the right, where thought she'd ever risen to this?" a little girl of about five years of age sprang up as Ernest entered and ran to tion. him, her face dimpling with smiles.

He took her into his arms and kissed pained look.

last, wearied with play, and then, with by means of a sea shell and some coral a few words to the old woman respect- ropes. ing her charge, he rode away again. He had gone nearly half way home sat at the window of his room, looking when an incident occurred which he out on the night, with that old cry ever could well have dispensed with in his on his lips: present frame of mind. A carriage came bowling along the road, and as it past," met him, the driver, at a signal from some one inside, pulled up with a jerk. ness to the spectacular drama, his eyes A young lady with dark, glowing eyes, riveted on the queen of the mermaids from first to last, and he trembled a granate, and the dark, rich complexion little with sudden fear as he saw her as-

"Good afternoon, Mr. Trevors," she exclaimed. "Have you been to Larch-

"No," he answered. "And it is as well since you were away." "Come on Wednesday," she said. "We are to have some target shoot-

ing." Ernest Trevors hesitated. "I must not promise," he said, at

"Can't the visit to the city wait?"

she earnestly pleaded.

the carriage passed by.

"I hope he will come," said the young girl, as she sank back in her and twilling around like a sprite.

"He will not," responded the other occupant of the carriage, a lady some years older. "You need not expect tiny sea-shell, and the coral ropes whirlhim. He has not the slightest inten- ed her through the air. She leaned tion of coming, and you deceive your-self if you think he cares one lota for to disappear, and then-no one ever you, Blanche. He is not a marrying knew just how it happened-but the

Blanche Graves flushed painfully. "I hope I do not appear to court him, Augusta," she said, haughtily.

Her sister laughed harshly. "I don't wonder you desire to marry," she said. "Of course it isn't pleasant brother-in-law's charity."

The tears started to Blanche's eyes. "You say very cruel things to me, Augusta," she said. "If it was not touch her."

for Willoughby I would leave to-day to earn a living for myself."

"Better marry." would marry no man unless I

loved him," said Blanche. "Pshaw! You are too poor for such foolish notions; and you are simply wasting time in waiting for Ernest Trevors to propose to you; he'll never do it, you may depend on that."

of the drive to Larchmere was passed in silence. But Blanche's thoughts were very bitter. Kind as Willoughby Witherell

Blanche made no reply, and the rest

was to her, and little as he made her feel her dependence upon his bounty, there were times when it almost drove her mad to think of it.

As Augusta had predicted, the target-shooters on the following Wednesday did not include Ernest Trevors. Blanche had received a note from him very early in the day, saying that his visit to the city prevented his being present; and she tried to hide her disappointment as best she could, wondering that he should be so changed since that happy night at Mrs. Bray's, when he had scarcely left her side. And now-she could but acknowledge to herself the bitter truth - he avoided

Ernest, on his arrival in the city, went straight to a hotel. He was restless and unhappy, and felt glad, when, on entering the dining-hall, he met ore of his college friends. "Sydney Hopper!" he said. "This is

an unexpected pleasure." Sydney, a great, hearty, jovial fellow, wrung Ernest's hand with every symp-

"I haven't set eyes on you since we with that lovely little dancer at the

Variety." Ernest started and turned quite pale. "Tell me what has become of all the fellows we used to know," he said. They talked after dinner for a couple of hours, and then Sydney proposed an

adjournment to the theatre. "There's an immense thing at the \_\_\_\_," he remarked, "A spectacular drama, with a lot of very pretty girls. I haven't seen it, but a fellow I know told me it was worth going to."

"I haven't been inside a theatre since I left college," said Ernest, "All the more reason why you should go now," rejoined Sydney, in a bantering tone. "You were one of the best ing tone. patrons the Variety ever had, and you you seem to think nothing of it, and if you couldn't get to see that fraud, for him.

> "Well, let's be off, if we are going," said Ernest, starting up. "Anything is better than sitting here recalling the follies of one's youth."

The theatre was packed. Pit, parquet, and gallery were full, and it was with some difficulty that Ernest and-Sydney got seats. Every eye was fixed eagerly on the stage as the curtain rose upon a spectacular drama on a very room, ordered his horse, and was soon | brilliant scale. The first scene presentgalloping over the bill and dale, the ed was a mermaid's cave where half a look of pain still on his handsome face, dozen pretty mermaids, golden, glittering and scaly, danced and sang perpetually in the midst of imitation coral, picturesque recks studded with sham brilliants, and seafoam made of green tarletan. They sang of their queen He drew rein at last before a small who was supposed to be sleeping in one white gate, dismounted, fastened his of the recesses of the cave. There was horse to a stake, and entering the a little ripple of excitement as the grass-grown yard, knocked at the door queen herself came floating forward, of a small frame house, surrounded by more golden glittering, and scaly than trees, and almost covered with bare her sisters, her yellow hair looped with seaweed, her fair rouged face all smiles, her rosebud mouth pouring forth liquid

"By heavens!" whispered Sydney, pressing no surprise at seeing him, led "it's our little Sibylla! Who'd have

Ernest Trevors did not answer. He sat on the floor playing with some had grown deadly pale, and was tremblblocks. She was a beautiful child, ing in every limb. But Sydney was with curly, golden hair, eyes blue as too deeply engrossed with the pretty gentians, and regular features. She actress to observe his friend's agita-

The strange look in Ernest Trevors' eyes, the pailor which had overspread and caressed her, stroking her hair ten- his face on Sibylla's entrance upon the derly; and yet his face retained its sad, stage did not leave it even when the play was over, and the dainty queen of He remained until she fell asleep at the mermaids has ascended out of sight

> He did not sleep all that night. He "Oh, but to recall one hour of the

The next night he was again a witof a Spaniard, leaned out of the win- cend by the coral ropes, kissing her hand to the audience as she rocked lightly in the pink shell.

The following night he was there again. A very strange fascination must that drama have held for him! His mother wondered at his long stay, and wrote, urging his return; but leave he could not so long as the spell of the mermaid queen was upon him.

It was the last night the drama was to be presented. The theatre was length. "I may go to the city to-mor- packed, as usual, and the golden-haired queen sang and danced her best almost to the end. But when she came on for the last act she appeared excited, and her face was flushed. Ernest knew at He smiled, trying to look gay her face was flushed. Ernest knew at "I will see," he said, and lifted his once—perhaps he had good cause to hat gracefully with one gloved hand, as know-that the change was due to the driver touched up his horses and brandy; and he shrank back in disgust

> About her danced her golden, glittering sisters, and all united in a final bust of song as the queen sprang into her shell tilted forward, there was a wild skrick from the little dancer, a shout from the men at the wings, and a little heap of gold and silver tinsel, white tarletan and yellow hair lay on the

stage. Ernest was almost the first beside her, for you to be dependent upon your and he pushed away the men who would have raised her, and took her into his own arms. "Stand back!" he said. "Do not

"What's she to you?" cried the man-

ager, rushing forward. "She is my wife," was the answer, and none who looked at his white, set face and burning eyes doubted his state-

She lived only three hours, and was unconscious to the last. She did not know who sat beside her, divinest pity in his heart; who smoothed her yellow hair damp with death's dews. Perhaps it was as well, for between her and this man with the set, white face and burning eyes had been deadliest hatred for five long years.

"Mother," said Ernest Trevors, a week later, as he entered the library where she sat alone, "I want to ask a favor of you. I want to bring a child here. Will you care for her? She has no mother.'

"Whose child?" asked Mrs. Trevors in surprise.

"Mine, mother." "Yours?" Mrs. Trevors could say no more, for astonishment. thought her son must have gone mad. "Let me tell you about it, mother.

It has been a terrible secret for me to keep. When at college I became infatuated with a variety actress, who was very beautiful. I married her. It was not long before I bitterly repented of my rash act, for I discovered her true character. She was coarse, illbred, unprincipled, and drank, often to excess. I dared not tell my secret to any one. I could not bring her home to disgrace us all; so I paid her to let me go free, and to give me our child. I could have had a divorce-Heaven knows there was cause enough-but I would not drag my father's name left college five years ago," he said. through the mud of a divorce court. "When you were so immensely taken But my burden is lifted forever; Sibylla is dead, and I do want to acknowledge my child."

Mrs. Trevors rose, and going close to her son, put her arms about him and drew his head to her breast. "My poor Ernest," she said, "my poor boy! I understand now many

things that have been a mystery to

The announcement that Ernest Trevors had been married early in life greatly startled the community in which he lived. But none save his mother knew who or what his wife had been, or when her death had taken place. The secret of poor Sibylla's stained life was well kept. But a year later the sad story was told to Blanche Graves, who, lifting her sweet face to can't have lost all taste for such amuse- her lover, when he had finished, let ment. Why, you used to be wretched him read in her eyes her pity and love

### The Seven Bibies of the World.

The three Vedas are the most anient books of the Hindoos.

Moses lived and wrote his Pentateuch fifteen centuries before Christ, The Eddas of the Scandinavians were first published in the fourteenth

The Zendavesta of the Persians is the grandest of all the sacred books next to the Christian bible, Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelth century before Christ,

The Pkikes of the Buddhists contain sublime morals and pure aspirations, but their author died in the sixth century before Christ. There is nothing of excellence in these sacred books not found in the Bible.

The Koran is the most recent of the seven bibles and not older than the seventh century of the Christian era. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud, and the gospel of St. Barna-

The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the "Five Kings," king meaning web of cloth, or the warp that keeps the threads in place. These sayings cannot be traced to a period higher than the eleventh century before

# Derby Hats a Nuisance.

"I wish you'd tell me of anything in the world," said the young man that boards on South Division street, "that is worse than the stiff brimmed hats worn by the men of this generation. "What fault have you to find with

the stiff hat?" asked the Arounder. "Well, there is one fault that outvillainies all the rest, and that is the difficulty a fellow with a stiff brimmed hat on encounters in trying to kiss a girl. You make a sally, and when within two inches of the goal your hat brim strikes Clarissa on the forehead and stops you. Nine times out of ten your hat is knocked off and falls on the porch with a great racket, which makes you ridiculous. A fellow that has been caught so once or twice always takes are to set his hat on the back of his head before trying to kiss a girl, and then he has some chance. When a girl sees her companion push his hat to the back of his head she needs to be on her guard. 'He is bent on mischief."

# Defense of Shop Girls.

A New York girl writes in defense of shop girls. She says: "Into every good shop in the neighborhood of Twenty-third street I went, and asked anywhere from one to 500 questions. Everything I saw I asked about, and about a good many things I did not see. Of every conceivable thing sold by the yard 1 begged samples. 'How by the yard 1 begged samples. much is this; twenty-five cents, did you say? That's a good deal, is it not? Will it wash? Have you any finer? Do you expect to have any? Will it be the same color? These aren't the new shades, are they? and so on, and at the end the old familiar 'Will you give me a sample, please, of these four? This was the test: Seven hours of solid interrogation points. The result was not one single, solitary, impertinent answer.'

fluted on the outside. Other styles are of moire, bordered with white satin bands and white lace. These are especially designed for garden parties, coaching, the races, and like occasions, but not for promenade.

THE NEGROES OF THE WOODS. Wild Life Led by the Africans of

Dutch Guiana-A Strange People. Some native Africans were taken to Panama a while ago to join the thousands of laborers on the canal. These negroes, says the New York Sun, became involved early last month in a row wisi other canal-diggers, and, after a fight with knives and stones, many of the black men ran off into the woods, The Panama newspapers say that they threw away their clothing, abandoned themselves completely to barbarism and lawlessness, and at last accounts the Government had sent a force to

repress this outbreak of African slavery. These negroes evidently prefer the rude enjoyments of Africa, and the lives of comparative idleness they led there to handling picks and shovels in the great ditch. They will hardly be permitted to found a savage community on the isthmus, but if they were removed about 1,800 miles down the Atlantic coast they would find congenial society in the forests of Dutch Guiana, where thousands of their own race have reproduced in the Western Hemisphere the customs and characterists of savage Africa.

On any good map of South America may be found in Dutch Guiana the names of a number of savage tribes inhabiting the wooded and hilly uplands of the interior. Among them the Aukan, Saramacca, Bekoe, and Bonis are full-blooded negroes, many of whose ancestors were brought to America three centuries ago in slave-ships to labor on the coast plantations of their Dutch masters. Terribly maltreated in the early days of the colony, many of them took refuge in the almost inaccessible solitudes of the forests. Now and then they found means to tempt their friends still in bondage to join them in the mountain valleys. The bondsmen played a sorry joke upon their masters in 1712, when Admiral Cassard attacked the Dutch settlement, and hundreds of slaves were hurried into the interior for concealment. Peace soon came, but there were few negroes to return to the coast, for they preferred wild life with their friends near the head waters of the rivers of Guiana to drudging their lives away on coffee and tobacco plantations. So the numbers of selfreleased Africans gradually increased, and their descendants have lived ever since as distinct from the Indians around them as from the whites of the coast. They have apparently not grown in numbers for many years, but there are now about 8,000 of them, and they are known as the negroes of the woods.

Their story is perhaps unique in the history of human migration. It is a story of wild savages transported across a wide sea to a new world, where they regained control of their persons and activities and reproduced amid new surroundings the habitation and customs of their native country. Dim tradition alone has faintly preserved the memory of their fatherland, but none the less have they turned a bit of tropical America into a semblance of the negro's native home. Jet-black in color, prognathous and thick-lipped, they have preserved the pure negro type, have shown little aptitude for improveand are very scale. Like many an African missionaway, the Moravian brethren have labored for years among the negroes of the woods with little apparent result, In all essentials they live to-day like those negroes of the west coast of Africa who have had considerable contact with

the white race. Their rectangular huts of wood and thatch, built along the water courses, are almost exact counterparts of those that are found on the lower Congo and among some tribes of the Ogowa River. Like the great Pahouin tribe of the French Congo, they divide their huts by thin partitions into two compartments, one of which they use for sleeping and the other for culinary purposes. Like many African tribes they twist their wool into many little braids, wear arm and leg ornaments of copper, brass and iron, and adorn their necks with strings of beads or the teeth of wild animals. Like the equatorial African they tattoo their bodies without the adjunct of color, which is not uncommon among the Indians, but is practiced in Africa by only a few tribes, like the Pahouin. In their villages they are generally naked, and they wear cotton coverings only when they visit the white settlements, where their scant attire of ornaments and paint would not be tolerated. They have abandoned their native custom of sleeping on the ground | against him in a race. for the Indian hammock, which they

weave out of fibres. White men very rarely visit these Africans of the forests, chiefly, perhaps, because their streams, which, flowing to the sea, are the only highways into the interior, are very difficult of ascent. The negroes dislike to mingle with the whites, and they never leave their savage home except when the need of rum and ammunition drives them to the settlements. Then the lazy men, who usually en gage in no toil except fishing and the cha e, cut down a few trees, skillfully fashion the trunks into canoes, and float them down the creeks and rivers to sell them at the towns. Of- the Detroit trotting programme and tener still they make little rafts of valu- see whether they have a horse for some proceeds in powder and ball, beads, and bad liquor. Tonka beans also eke out \$83,000, no purse less than \$2000. their trade resources.

kinglets, and some of them take their can Star, recently purchased at the names from chiefs who led them in the Kellogg sale, New York, will be wars the Dutch long waged upon their placed at the head of the Elkton Stock wars the Dutch long waged upon their escaped slaves, only with the result of Farm, Eikton, Md. driving them further into the woods, They live chiefly upon vegetable food, which the women raise and prepare. They make no pottery, not being descended from tribes in Africa that are skilled in this art. Calabashes made of gourds are the receptacles for their rice and cassava. The fact is especially noteworthy that these negroes of the woods are more buoyant in spirit than their kindred who for generations have -Many of the new parasols of silk continued to toil on the coast planta-or satin are lined with Pompadour tions. They are all of the same origin, foulard silk, with lace or net puffed or and they afford another proof of the fact that man can far better perpetuate his best physical and mental qualities in a state of savagism than under conditions where he is simply condemned to a hopeless life of unrequited drud-

HORSE NOTES,

-The Suburban handicap will be run on June 14.

-Hanover has been doing regular work and is sound. -The b. g. Mikado, 2.203, will be in

Budd Doble's stable this year. -Wash Woodruff has the b, g. Brandy Boy (2.201) at Belmont Course. -Peter Foy's mare Palm Leaf has coaled a bay colt by Santa Claus,

-A full brother to the great Foxhall was foaled at Woodburn on April

-Robert Steel has sold the br. g. Hepburn, 8 years old, by Harold, to William Disston.

-Peter V, Johnson has taken his string of trotters from Marhall, Mich., to Chicago.

-Lizzie M., 2.204, dropped a filly foal on April 26th to Epaulet. It has been named Rebecca S. -C. N. Payne has found a mate for

his great little trotter David L., 2.191, in the 14-hand mare Little Gyps. -The ch. m. Sapphire, by Jay Gould, out of Lucy, has been shipped to Palo Alto, to be bred to Electioneer.

-Macbeth II's great form at Memphis points to him as a very formidable candidate for the Kentucky Derby.

-The Monmouth County Fair Association will hold its fall meeting at Freehold, N. J., September 25 to 27. .- It has been reported from Cleveland that Patron will be put in training

in July, and will be ready for business in September. -Ed. Corrigan's colt Windom, which has been recently backed to a considerable extent for the Kentucky Derby,

has pulled up lame. -J. B. Haggin will probably gradually retire from the turf. It is his intention to breed thoroughbreds instead

of running them. -There has been quite a plunge on Masterplece for the City handicap. The Bard has recently received support for the Brooklyn.

-William M. Singerly's bay mare Edith dropped a coit on Friday April 27th, by Fayette Wilkes, at Ashland Park, Kentucky.

-J. I. Case says he would like to match Brown against Chimes, three in five. Washington Park track, Chicago, in August, for \$1000 a side or more.

-A special from Lexington states that Gallifet went a mile on the morning of the 22d of April in 1.46, with his shoes, ridden by Andy McCarthy. -The Oxford Chester County Agri-

2.20 and 2.34 classes. to have refused from Campbell & Han- gauze, arranged to resemble a fichu or kins an offer of \$4500 for Monita bertha. This gives a quaint and pic-

of Buff and Blue by War Dance. The black horse Ozark, owned by Dr. Lamphier, of East Saginaw, Mich., ary, who has fruitlessly tolled his life was accidentally killed recently by a pitchfork entering his groin, death bodice is made of two different ma-

having resulted in a few bours. -A Kilgore, of Flemington, N. J., purchased on the 27th of William Disston the black mare Dolly Star, foaled 1883, by Starlight, dam Pocahontas, by

Strideaway. Price \$700. -The bill prohibiting racing in New Jersey during the months of December, January, February and March, which passed the Legislature, has become a law by reason of the Governor not

vetoing it. -The Belle Meade Stud recently lost the brood-mare Blondina, who died in foaling a bay filly by Iroquois. She was a chestnut, foaled in 1877, by Bonnie Scotland, from Blondin by Commodore.

beat 2.20, a point that has now been reached by five 3 year olds. He lived until forty-one horses made records below his record of 2.174. He also survived every horse that ever started sort of thin fancy woolen material,

-The bill which has been passed by Congress prohibiting the making of ton city or Georgetown on the result of the Ivy City track.

tor mare, and Hattie K., by Phallas, out of Dutch Girl, 2.27%. -All owners of trotters should read

able varieties of timber and invest the one of the very liberal purses offered by that generous association. It offers -The brown stallion Star Duroc, These four groups of blacks, like record 2.25%, by Messenger Duroc, dam kindred tribes in Africa, are ruled by the Lorillard mare by Seely's Ameri-

> -The horses owned by the late Roscoe Conkling were sold at auction at New York April 27th. Maggle, Mr. Conkling's favorite road mare, was bid in by William Laimbeer for \$1250. The team Lyman (2.25) and Jerry were split, the former going to Ernest Gabler for \$1250, and the latter to

Arthur J. Heaney for \$1550. .- It is possible, may be probable, that there will not be any bookmaking at the Louisville meeting. Some time ago the Association of Western Book-makers offered \$26,000 for the betting Paris on Swiss looms, and are used get a larger sum, somewhere in the the new materials and ( we so much neighborhood of \$30,000.

### FASHION NOTES.

-Gold and tinsel of every delicate gradation of color play their part, as well as every conceivable tint, so well blended that they cease to individually assert themselves, and yet simply produce one harmonious tone.

-White pilot cloth dresses, gold braided, with jockey cap to match, are in high fashion for morning wear and tennis at Fort Monroe, where the grass is green and velvet-like and the flowers are in bloom on every side.

-The new trimmings of this season take you away altogether from the every-day aspects of dress to the rich but subdued colorings of some gold grounded mosaic in an Italian palace, or a tassellated pavement of the ancient Roman times, or the delicate tracery of some old stained glass window. They are a delight, and they appeal to the innate sense of harmony which exists in every cultivated intelligence. When you examine them you wonder that so much ingenuity, so much time, patience and research can be brought to bear on anything so transitory as mere trimmings. If appropriated to clothing at all they seem best suited to the rich Oriental robes of some Eastern Sultana whose garments are heirlooms.

-According to the correspondent of The Young Ladies' Journal the tournure is really to grow smaller and beautifully less, and in a few months we shall not wear steels in our skirts. At present two or three are worn, but are so supple as to be scarcely perceptible. In the upper part of the skirt a small cushion or other improver is placed to bear the weight of the draperies. This may be continued for some time, but soon it will be all that grim fashion will allow us.

-The laces this year are neither ecru nor yellow, but just tea-tinted-a soft and becoming tone. Point de Genes is one of the most useful kind of laces for ladies and children's dresses in white and tea-color, with a bobbin edge, worked on a net foundation. Point d'Irelande is a term applied to a firm, serviceable lace, which certainly does not come from the Emerald Isle. Valenciennes is cheaper and finer in quality. Blonde and silk laces are used, and a white lace in Chantilly patterns is as pretty and durable as the black.

-In evening dress velvet bodices of nearly every shade, are worn over skirts of lace, tulle, silk net, embroidered India muslin or crepe lisse. Many of these are cut V-shape front and back, with a drapery of lace or net over the shoulders, and effective tollets show bows and ends of velvet ribbon to match, set among the draperies of cultural Society will hang up \$500 at the skirt or arranged in bands to as spring meeting, on June 7 and 8. The races are for the 3 minute, 2.40, in fulldress bodices, instead of being in fulldress bodices, instead of being simply finished at the edges, are now -J. M. Brown & Co., are reported draped with folds of crepe lisse or silk Hardy, a 2 year old, by King Ban, out turesque effect to an otherwise plain corsage.

-Few bodices are made quite plain. Almost all are made with some sort of plastron. Sometime the front of the terials. For instance, a dress of verbena-red faille and damasse silk of a different shade-but the right side of the bodice open shawl fashion, and draped, crossing over to the left side, which is of the damasse silk stretched perfectly plain; in the opening a plastron of rose-colored crape, with a puffing round the neck, and at the back a high collar. In other models the bodice is trimmed on one side only with a passementerie ornament or embroid-

-Draperles are being more and more

simplified. Of course, there are still a number of arrangements with draperies, revers and quillings; otherwise all dresses would be alike. Some of the best dressed women, however, have -Jockey Garrison weighed 128 completely given up all such things pounds then he arrived in California, and adopted and wear perfectly plain and but 108 upon his departure after a dresses of different styles. Now it is sojourn of six weeks, and that without a redingote in the princess shape in the attendant ills he invariably suffers front, with an ample skirt put on in from under like conditions at the East. gathers at the back of the waist. Now -Dexter was the second horse to it is a redingote not in the princess shape, but with the whole skirt cut apart and put on again all around the waist. The dress we are going to describe is of the latter style. It is of a gray speckled with white. The first skirt, which is placed over a foundation skirt of silk, is slightly gathered. The bodice has a short round basque. books or selling of pools in Washing- It is open in front, with double revers over a plastron of gray Pekin silk ball games or races of any kind does speckled with red. The collar is very not interfere with betting on races at high and covered with handsome steel galloons. The fronts are ample below -Ed Bither has been jogging Jay-Eye-See for two weeks. Bither also ered together under each by the anhas James G., 2.201; Brown, 2.34, at 2 tique claps in gold and silver, in the years old; Victoria Wilkes, 2.401, at 2 style of those worn by the Arlesian years old; a 2 year old out of a Dictagirls to fasten their mantles. As to the tunic, it is put on full over the right side, to the edge of the bodice, forming a pointed lappel, which is looped up and draped at the back of the hip. On the left side there is a wide redingote lappel, put on plain and forming part of the back piece of the tunic; this lappel is put on like the rest; at the edge of the bodice, in flat, wide pieces.

-Washing dresses are to be worn greatly this year, if the prophets be right that this is to be a hot summer, and the chief desideratum is that they should be of such a nature as to last a long time without washing. Many new trimmings give this desirable result, For example, the mauresque worked in buttonhole stitch on a thick ground, in just the patterns of a certain kind of Venetian point, and a new oatmeal cloth galloon, worked in many colored silks; but these sink into insignificance beside some openworked straight edged galloons, which have been in-troduced with the cotton embroidery; gold, silver, red and blue tinsel threads privileges for the spring and fall meetings. Colonel Clark thought the sum shot effects introduced into all the too small and refused it, expecting to range of trimmings that eractly match