

A Home For Thee.

I'll have a home for thee, love,
I'll have a home for thee;
It may be by the mountains,

DOUBLOONS.

A wide, old-fashioned piazza, hung
with blossoming trails of prairie roses
—the red glow of sunset mirrored in the

clear sheet of a mountain lake, and a
brown-breasted robin warbling in the
apple trees below—Miss Hope saw and

noted all these rural adjuncts to the
landscape as she sat on the twisted
trunk of the old tree below, with the

level flecks of light dancing on the page
of her book, but she was not reading.
Two gentlemen leaned against the

mossy rail fence opposite and amused
her leisure with their careless talk.
Miss Hope was tall and slender, with

hair of that luxuriant red-gold which
seems to grow brown in the shadow,
and dark, soft, hazel eyes, shaded with

long, thick lashes. Her lips, crimson
as the ruby curve of a ripe cherry, were
full and languid, and the faintest glow

of rose touched her cheek as she
sat there dressed all in white, with a
straw-hat lying carelessly in her lap.

A SHREWD WAITER'S WAY.

How He Won the Money of His Fel-
lows on Bets.

For some time I have been eating at
a restaurant, and everything was as
pleasant as a family there until about

three weeks ago a handsome new waiter
came. His clothes were poor, but I noticed
that soon he began to pick up

while the others seemed downcast. I
found out yesterday how it all came
about.

My table was close to the cashier's
desk, and a mighty pretty little cashier
she is, too. One of your innocent look-
ing girls, with broad brow, honest,

open face, and big, tender, gray eyes
that can spot a spurious quarter before
it leaves your hand. I've often con-
templated that girl and wondered how

she could seem so innocent and yet be
so keen to detect any attempt at imposi-
tion by customer or waiter. My or-
der had scarcely been given when a

gentleman, in whom I recognized a
rich Water street business man, enter-
ed. He was faultlessly dressed from

top to toe, had the air of a man who
cannot be other than well bred, and, as
he took a seat at a table near me, caused

me to remark to myself: "Well, he's a
gentleman for a neighbor, at any rate."
Then I saw three pairs of eyes fasten
on him and scrutinize his appearance

carefully. One pair belonged to the
pretty cashier, another to Apollo, and
the third to a waiter who was standing

Thomas Mortimer's Will.

Philip Acree had reason to be satisfied
with the world in general. In first
place, he was going to marry the girl

he loved, and very opportunely old
Thomas Mortimer, a relative he had
only seen once in his life, had died and
left him a fortune.

It was just a week before his wed-
ding that his betrothed, Edith Wyllis,
was seated in her father's drawing-
room working on some lace and sing-
ing softly to herself. Few but would

have praised the taste the young man
had shown in selecting such a beauti-
ful wife. She dropped her work with
a glad cry as her lover entered the

room, her face saddening as she noted
the tired expression in his eyes.
"Philip, you look worried," as he
kissed her cheek.

"And I feel so, darling. To say that
I have come on a sad mission. To say that
our wedding must be indefinitely post-
poned."

"But why?" was the tearful ques-
tion.
"Until I can realize enough of an in-
come to support you, dearest, as you de-
serve. I have found out to-day that I

am not Thomas Mortimer's heir. That
a distant cousin—a nearer relative—
exists, and I will see that she comes in-
to her property." And he sighed.

"But, Philip, the will has made it
legally yours."
"Legally it has; but, Edith, could I
reconcile it to my ideas of truth and
honor to avail myself of old Mortimer's

fanciful freak at this woman's expense?
I might take the hoarded wealth, but I
should never respect myself again could
I dream of legally defrauding the right-
ful heir. Nay, dearest, I may lose

name and wealth, but I would rather
die than suffer a single stain on my
honor as a Christian gentleman."

FASHION NOTES.

White tea gowns are increasing in
favor, and are made in watered silk;
satin Merveilleux, cashmere and lace.

The indefinite, shadowy broche
patterns produced by the Jacquard
looms are noticeable in many of the
beautiful semi diaphanous textiles im-
ported for midsummer.

In bijouterie a novelty consists of
a small gold spoon as a brooch, with a
pearl in the centre of the bowl. The
floral buttons, in the form of daisies,

violets, etc., are quite works of art.
As yet they are scarce and somewhat
costly.

Large aprons of spotted cream
muslin, trimmed with lace, and finished
off at the left side with a sash of
Pongee silk or a length of watered

ribbon, also cream colored, are being
worn in the morning and also at tea
time. White satin Merveilleux draw-
ing room pinafiores, trimmed and edged

with lace, are to be seen on some chil-
dren; but the most popular are the
"smocked" pinafiores in linen or soft
silk.

Absinthine-green, the favorite color
this Spring, is a very soft grayish
shade of green, exceedingly becoming
to blondes. Serpentine green, madeira

and oak brown are also fashionable
colors, and appear in the light, soft
woolen materials of the season. Glace
surah shot of two colors is combined

with these woolen tissues in Spring
costumes. When tastefully selected
such combinations are extremely eleg-
ant.

HORSE NOTES.

—Jim Gore is now doing service in
the stud.
—M. E. McHenry will drive Loretta
F. 2, 19, this year.

—R. A. Switzer and Six Dixon are likely
to meet in a match race.
—"Dod" Irwin is training the b. g.
Royal Bounce (record 2.19).

—Between 13,000 and 14,000 people
saw the Kentucky Derby run.
—A match race between The Bard
and Hanover would draw well.

—R. A. Switzer will leave for Eu-
rope after the Louisville meeting.
—Frank Van Ness has engaged to
drive the horses of the Sirs Bros.

—Both the Clifton and Gutenberg
meetings have been brought to an end.
—The bay pacer Aaron R., 2, 20 died
at Exposition Park, Pittsburg, re-
cently.

—Pilot Maid, by Pilot Chief, brother
to the dam of Majorca, (2.15), foaled a
bay filly by Cuyler on May 4.

—George Scattergood has the s. m.
Fla. Holden, named for the Flour City
stakes at Rochester, N. Y.

—W. J. Gordon has entered Guy
Wilkes in two events at Detroit, and
Millard Saunders is training him for
them.

—Isaac Murphy, the jockey, owns
quite a string of thoroughbreds. His
horse Barrister won at Lexington, re-
cently.

—The bay horse John Splan, 2, 20 1/2,
by Almont, has been taken out of the
stud and placed in John Trout's stable
at Boston.

Queen Victoria and Liszt.

The whole court assembled at the
chateau of X—(I forget the name), not
far from Bonn; there were also a great

number of illustrious guests; and
Liszt, together with several celebrated
artists, had promised to help at the con-
cert to be given in the evening. The

Queen of England, with her husband
Prince Albert, was also at the castle;
but, from what the courtiers said,
"the most sympathetic sovereign in

Europe," as the master called her, was
not at all in a pleasant temper. It is
well known how passionately she loved
her husband, and how she never could

get used to the inferior rank of her
adored consort when the inflexibility of
court etiquette compelled her to notice
it. She suffered dreadfully at it, and

being young and passionate, she was
quite unable to hide her grievance.
On this occasion, also, fate had played
her a sorry trick when it brought on

to the scenes an Austrian archduke. Of
course he took precedence of Prince
Albert, and this irritated the young
woman to such an extent that it spoilt

the whole entertainment for her. She
abused the ladies in waiting she got an
"attack of nerves," and took a gloomy
view of everything.

The evening came and the court be-
gan. Queen Victoria arrived rather
late, and did not appear to be herself
at all. Liszt was to play an "Intro-

duction," but he had scarcely seated
himself at the piano before the Queen
complained of the heat, at which a
chamberlain ran to open a window. In

RESTAURANT GUEST.

Walter—I guess you've struck a
strawberry, sah.

—The perfumes of orange blossoms had
died away, and the glimmer of pearls
and satins was hidden in the velvet
casket and traveling trunks—and Mr.

and Mrs. Acree, old married people of a
full month's duration, were driving
along a country road in the amber glow
of a glorious autumn sunset.

"Hallo! which way is Thomas go-
ing?" said Philip, leaning from the
window, as the carriage turned out of
the main road.

"I told him the direction to take,
Philip," said Edith, with bright spark-
ling eyes. "Let me have my own way
just for once! We are going to our

next home."
"Are we?" said Phil, with a comical
grimace. "It is to be love in a cottage,
I suppose?"

"Wait until you see, sir," said Mrs.
Acree, pursing up her little rosybud of
a mouth. And Philip "waited" stud-
iously.

"Where are we?" he asked in aston-
ishment when the carriage drew up in
front of a stately, pillared portico,
which seemed not entirely unfamiliar

to him. "Surely Mortimer place."
"I shouldn't be surprised if it was,"
said Dr. Wyllis, emerging from the
doorway. "Was in my boy. Come,
Edith, well, how do you like the

looks of your new home?"
"Ours new home?" repeated Philip.
"I do not understand you, sir."
"Why, I mean that your little wife