A Home For Thee.

1'll have a home for thee, love, I'll have a home for thee; It may be by the mountains, It may be by the sea, For home is where the heart is, Wherever it may be.

I'll bave a home for thee, love, When you are young and fair, A bome of peace and comfort,

Free from every care, Where love shall reign triumphant, How happy we shall be. I'll have a home for thee, love,

I'll have a home for thee.

There'll be a home for thee, love, When you are old and gray,

When the shadows lengthen As at the close of day;

When the darkness thickens

That you cannot see, I'll have a home for thee, love,

I'll have a home for thee.

There'll be a home for thee, love,

When you have passed away. A home where there's no darkness, But everlasting day. There will be no sighing. No pain, nor grief, nor tears, There will be our home, love, Lbrough time's eternal years.

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

Fernando Leslie, standing opposite, looked at her as a Parsee might look at the sun, his worshiped deity. Dark, tall, and handsome, there was a tropic fervor in the light of his eye and the glow of his olive cheek, that made him seem unlike the ordinary race of good looking young men that are apt to haunt fashionable summer resorts.

Charlie Torrence was quite different -fair and slight, with sparkling blue eyes, Saxon hair, and golden mustache. Two men could scarcely be more unlike: vet it is between such extremes that the web of friendship is often woven most durably.

"So you see, Miss Hope." said Charlie, in gay continuance of the subject which had been momentarily dropped," "we make you our lady confes-We're both sent out to Lake sor. George, to woo and win an heiress, by our very sensible and practical relations, and we're both loitering by the way side like bad boys. What is your

man, and not a fortune-hunter. I have thought it all over, and resolved not to sacrifice my own self-respect and dignity for all the gold that was ever coin-Am I right or wrong?" ed. "That is as circumstances may de-

cide," answered Miss Hope, slowly and thoughtfully, with her eyes bent on the ground

"Miss Hope," said the young man, speaking rapidly, and with still more earnestness, "I have not yet finished my confession. Hear me out before you pronounce judgment. Within the last week or two I have discovered that I had a heart. In short, I have fallen in love. Now tell me, as you told Torrence, what to do."

"Will my counsels influence you?" "No," he answered, smilingly; "let me be frank with you. My mind is already made up." "To do what?"

"To tell the queen of my affections the story of my love; to leave it with sition by customer or waiter. My orher to accept or decline the poor offering as she may please. I love her-that gentleman, in whom I recognized a is quite enough to decide the question for me."

"Spoken like a true man." Miss Hope's rose-lips were parted as she spoke, and her eyes shone luminously, as if the fire of his own dark orbs had communicated itself to hers. "And

who is the happy maiden?" "Happy?" he repeated. "I am not so sure of that."

"A girl must be happy who is fortunate enough to win the disinterested affection of a noble nature," she answered, warmly.

He advanced and took both her hands in his.

"Clara, it is you!"

"Fernando, are you speaking in earnest?

"My life-my love!" he murmured, 'will you let me work for you-toil for you-devote my whole life to making you as happy as you deserve? Clara, my queen, the throne of my heart is awaiting you!"

The tables were turned now. The fair young girl in the floating white dress was shyly murmuring her maiden love in the willing ears of Fernando Leslie. He was the confessor now; nor was the shrift as short as it might be. The moon was shining through the tall trees before they re-entered the house, and yet they had taken no note of time

For Love's dial moves not by seconds nor by hours!

Kate Wallace came softly to Miss was brushing out her masses of reddishgold hair before the distorted little mirror of the hotel bed room.

"Clara, I have something to tell you, I-I am very happyl" "Sweetest, tell me about it."

shadowed the dark locks of her companion like a rain of gold.

Torrence had confessed his love to last.

Kate Wallace told her all-how Mr.

"We cannot marry just yet," she

A SHREWD WAITER'S WAY. How He Won the Money of His Fellows 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 left him a fortune. His clothes were poor, but I nocame. ticed that soon he began to pick up while the others seemed downcast.] found out yesterday how it all came

room working on some lace and singabout. ing softly to herself. Few but would My table was close to the cashier's have praised the taste the young man desk, and a mighty pretty little cashier had shown in selecting such a beautishe is, too. One of your innocent lookful wife. She dropped her work with ing girls, with broad brow, honest, a glad cry as her lover entered the open face, and big, tender, gray eyes room, her face saddening as she noted that can spot a spurious quarter before the tired expression in his eyes. it leaves your hand. I've often con-"Philip, you look worried," as he templated that girl and wondered how kissed her cheek. she could seem so innocent and yet be "And I feel so, darling. I have so keen to detect any attempt at impoour wedding must be indefinitely postder had scarcely been given when a poned." "But why?" was the tearful quesrich Water street business man, entered. He was faultlessly dressed from top to toe, had the air of a man who come to support you, dearest, as you decannot be other than well bred, and, as he took a seat at a table near me, caused am not Thomas Mortimer's heir. That me to remark to myself: "Well, he's a a distant cousin-a nearer relativegentleman for a neighbor, at any rate." exists, and I will see that she comes in. Then I saw three pairs of eyes fasten to her property." And he sighed. on him and scutinize his appearance carefully. One pair belonged to the legally yours. pretty cashier, another to Apollo, and the third to a waiter who was standing beside him of the gorgeous clothes. All three looked the Water street man over carefully, and slowly, and then Apollo glanced inquiringly at his companion, murmuring a word. The other waiter nodded an eager assent. Then both sauntered up carelessly to where the cashier sat. She smiled slightly, caught the two waiters' eyes, shot a look at my neighbor, received an affirmative drop of the eyelid from both, and elevated a tiny pink palm. Apollo produced a silver half-dollar, slipped it to her, and

said something; the other produced a silver half-dollar, slipped it to her and said something. Then both walked off and the pretty cashier turned her attention to the Water street man. He, all unconscious, was studying his menu and waiting for something to attack. Presently his soup appeared. He sipped it slowly, quietly, with dignity, and yet with a zestful twinkle of the eye that made me feel a respect for him as a man with a fine palate and a good digestion. After a few moments Hope's room that night, as the beauty he apparently became lost in the enjoyment, and, unthinkingly, I could see, took his soup from the point of his spoon instead of the side. I happened to look up. The pretty cashier was looking over the room. At length she caught the eyes of Apollo and the other And as Miss Hope spoke, she encir-cled the pretty little brunette with her with her kept a watch for a moment on arm, so that her own radiant hair over- my neighbor. A second and a third time he sipped from the spoon's point. An expression of deep gloom overspread the face of the second waiter. Apollo smiled triumphantly. Pretty cashier her, and how they were betrothed at handed over some silver to the latter

and they both walked away. Half an hour later I walked to the

FASHION NOTES.

Philip Acre 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 and many with gold. Thomas Mortimer, a relative he had only seen once in his life, had died and

-The indefinite, shadowy broche It was just a week before his wedlooms are noticeable in many of the ding that his betrothed, Edith Wyllis, beautiful semi diaphanous textiles imported for midsummer. was seated in her father's drawing-

-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.

come on a sad mission. To say that ribbon, also cream colored, are being time. White satin Marveilleux drawing room pinafores, trimmed and edged

"Until I can realize enough of an in-"smocked" pinafores in linen or soft

serve. I have found out to-day that I silk. to blondes. Serpent green, madeira

colors, and appear in the light, soft "Legally it has; but, Edith, could I reconcile it to my ideas of truth and

onor 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 rightful 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."

"You have done right, Philip." said Edith, with sparkling eyes. "We will wait and hope on, happy in loving one another more dearly than ever. But who is she? What is her name?"

Thomas Mortimer's Will:

"That's just what I didn't stop to inquire. I will write again to my lawyer to ask these questions, and to direct that a deed of conveyance be instantly made out, and then, darling-

His lips quivered a moment, yet he manfully completed the bitter sentence:

"Then I will begin the battle of life over again." And Edith's loving eyes told him

what she thought of his noble self-abnegation-a sweet testimonial. "Hem!" said Dr. Wyllis, polishing

his eye-glasses magisterially with a silk crimson pocket-handkerchief; "I didn't suppose the young fellow had so much stamina about him-a very honorable thing to do. Edith, I have never felt quite certain about Phil Acre being worthy of you before ------ ' "Papa,"

"But my mind is made up now. When is he coming again?"

"This evening, sir," faltered Edith, the violet eyes softly drooping.

-White tea gowns are increasing in favor, and are made in watered sllk, satin Merveilleux, cashmere and mus lin. all plentifully trimmed with lace,

patterns produced by the Jacquard

-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 worn in the morning and also at tea

with lace, are to be seen on some children; but the most popular are the

-Absinthe-green, the favorite color this Spring, is a very soft grayish shade of green, exceedingly becoming

"But, Philip, the will has made it and oak brown are also fashionable

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 elegant.

-The long lace scarfs which many a lady possesses-relics of mothers or grandmothers-are now to be in the height of fashion, just tied round the neck and allowed to drop long in front.

Even the old hand embroidered silk and cashmere scarfs, which used to form a prominent part of a lady's costume of many years back, are, on dit, to be reinstated in popularity and worn

carelessly over the arms. Certain it is that the hunt for old brocades for waistcoats and panels, and the revival of old fashions, are on the increase.

-The popular combination dresses promise to be those of fine camels' hair or silk warp Henrietta cloth draped over moire or corded silk skirts, as they are imported in great variety.

These are to be commended, because our changing, fitful climate, are suitable alike for the house and street, and

need not cost a great deal, as they require but little trimming. For those who desire them, however, are very elegant passementeries which are used on the more elaborate French dresses with superb effect.

-Magnificent garnitures for gowns and the new, dressy visites and other short wraps are imported this season in special sets, in brilliant cashmere colorings, in Oriental effects, in bronze, steel or silver alone, or in black and "Tell him, Edith, that he may have white. No two of these expensive deyou next Wednesday, just the same as signs are alike, being composed of the signs are alike, being composed of the to Exile. When the winter books finest hand wrought embroidery on net opened The Bard was quoted at 40

and white striped Beatrice zephyr, with

zephyr. The vest was of white muslin.

Collar, cuff and revers of ruby velvet.

drapery of mauve. The bodice was of

the mauve also, with full loose front

gathered into a pointed yoke of the

checked zephyr. Cuffs and collars of

-How changeful is fashion! How

of taste-have discarded pointed bo-

dices and wear plain straight skirts.

This tendency toward a return to the

fashions of the First Empire is becom-

Nor are these century old fashions

approve of them entirely in all their

details, on the whole we like them well

like our great-grandmothers?

upon the garment.

the same.

HORSE NOTES.

-Jim Gore is now doing service in the stud.

-M. E. McHenry will drive Loretta F., 2 19., this year.

-Riceland and Six Dixon are likely ta meet in a match race.

-"Dod" Irwin is training the b. g. Royal Bounce (record 2.191).

-Between 13,000 and 14,000 people saw the Kentucky Derby run.

-A match race between The Bard and Hanoyer would draw well.

-R. A. Swigert will leave for Europe after the Louisville meeting.

-Frank Van Ness has engaged to drive the horses of the Sira Bros.

-Both the Clifton and Guttenberg meetings have been brought to an end. -The bay pacer Aaron R., 2.20 died at Exposition Park, Pittsburg, recently.

-Pilot Maid, by Pilot Chief, brother to the dam of Majolica, (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 baunders is training him for them.

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

-The bay horse John Splan, 2.262. by Almont, has been taken out of the stud and placed in John Trout's stable at Boston.

-John Wylie, of Bowmansville, Ill., has imported from England the bay stallion Topgallant, 4 years, by Sterling-Sea Mark.

-The b. h. Marabout, foaled 1884, by Happy Medium, dam Kate Keen, by Mambrino Champion, died at Geneva, Neb., in April.

-It is said that Galifet was a victim of too many trials. That fast mile and a half, four days before the Derby, may have taken the edge off his speed.

-Recently Sire Bros., purchased from J. S. Clark the bay geldings Andy Mac and Little Volunteer' giving Busby (2.291) in part payment.

-The Hampden Park guaranteed stake of \$5000 for 2.22 horses, and they can be worn nearly all the year in Springfield guaranteed stake of \$5000 for 2.28 class closed on Monday, May 21.

> -Mr. Cale Mitchell, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., has three choicely bred colts at the Gentlemen's Driving Course. James Green is handling them.

-Oregon cost the Dwyer Brothers \$1000 at Milton Young's yearling sale last fall, and he won \$2840 net for the Brooklyn Stable on Tuesday May 15th by capturing the Expectation stakes.

-The value of the Brooklyn handicap was \$8525, of which \$7025 goes to The Bard, \$1000 to Hanover and \$500 When the winter books

Miss Hope smiled.

"You have not yet told me the name of your heiress,'

"There's but one heiress in all the glittering circle of the fashionable, Miss L'Echelle, of course-the Southern beauty."

"Is she so beautiful?"

"How can I tell? I have never seen her. But, entre nous, I've a shrewd idea that her beauty consists chiefly in treasury notes and doubloons. Most probably she's a swarthy-faced girl, with a mouth and hair inclining to the wooly. I declare to you, Miss Hope, I'm more than half inclined to hate her already.

"That's hardly fair, is it?" said Miss Hope, gazing dreamily out into the misty blue of the serene horizon.

"I suppose not, but what is a fellow to do," rattled on Torrence, with an odd grimace. "Upon my word and honor, Miss Hope, I'm desperately in love with little Kate Williams, who hasn't a penny in the world. I know I ought to go on to Lake George and take my chances with the heiress, but I can't do it any more than I can fly. Now, tell mc, honestly, what had I

better do?" "Do you want me to answer you as I think, or as worldly thrift would counsel me to reply? In other words, do you want Miss Hope's opinion, or the opinion of a young lady in society?"

"I want your own private individual impression,"

"Then," said Miss Hope, with strange softening of the hazel eyes and a momentary deepening of the crimson on her cheeks; "do as true love dictates. A woman's heart is worth all the gold of Perul"

"Bravissimo!" cried Charlie Torrence, throwing his Panama in the air, and springing forward so that it alighted on his brows. "The sweetest of all penances, the most precious of all mortifications! Miss Hope, you are enough to tempt one to sin perpetually. I go to fulfill your mission."

And away he went, springing up the steep hill-side path as if, Mercury-like, his feet were winged.

Fernando Leslie looked after him with a smile.

"Happy fellow," he murmured, in a low tone. He knows that his love is returned," Miss Hope lifted her clear, wine-

dark eyes to his face with somewhat of an inquiring glance.

"I am not sure that I understand you, Mr. Leslie," she said, caimly. "Because you will not understand

me," he said, passionately. "Are you quite sure of that? Come, now, do not judge too rashly. Let me

be your lady confessor, as I have been Mr. Torrence's; tell me the history of your life,"

"It's a brief history enough," he answered haughtily, as if he half distrusted her momentary interest. "The history of any young man born a gentleman, without the fortune which is requisite to sustain a gentleman's rank. Torrence spoke no more than the truth when he said that he and I were both dispatched northward to do our best to woo and win the heiress, Miss L'Echelle."

"And why do you not speed on your quest?"

"Because," said Leslie, "I am

said, in conclusion. cousin; but we don't mind that-a few mered and murmured: "Thirty cents,"

years will soon pass." "And you are happy-very happy?"

that it is reality."

"We must exchange congratulations, away to-night."

"You! And to whom, Clara?"

"To Fernando Leslie."

And, in the murmured confidence of the two girls-who would have deemed bright summer night had passed away. from each better for acting as umpire.

Mr. Leslie and his fiancee had just returned from a stroll in the green silence of the summer woods, the next day, when Charles Torrence met them at the foot of the hotel steps.

"Hallo, Leslie, who do you suppose arrived here by the ten o'clock stage?" he demanded with mirthful eyes.

"I am sure I have not the least idea." "Giliert Eimsley! And en route for

Lake George. You and I will have to render an account of ourselves, old boy, see if we don't."

Leslie smiled, and turned to Miss Hope.

Mr. Eimsley, a fine-looking, middleaged gentleman, sat in the parlor as they entered. He rose to greet his old acquaintance, but when Miss Hope also entered an expression of the blankest

astonishment passed over his features. I supposed you were at Lake George this month."

"On the contrary," she rejoined, with somewhat deepening color, I am enjoying this quiet little out-of-the-way

spot very much." "Leslie," cried Elmsley, "why didn't you tell us Miss L'Echelle was here?" Fernando Leslie stood in astonish-

ment. "You are all talking in riddles," he

said. Who is Miss L'Echelle and

"It is easily explained, Fernando," said Miss Hope, or, rather, Hope L'Echelle, as she turned smilingly toward him, "I like this sequestered nook better than Lake George, whither the rumors of my wealth had already preceded me, and the heart I have won and a going to and fro capable of ruinby my own unassisted individuality is ing the effect of the finest performance unspeakably precious to me. Dearest, in the world. When the "Introducdo not look so grave. Surely Hope tion" was finished the master, instead L'Echelle may be forgiven her trifling deception for Clara Hope's sake."

"Lucky fellow!" muttered Gilbert Elmsley, turning away; "but Fernando Leslie always was in good graces of Dame Fortune."

And upon Kate Wallace's nineteenth birthday Mrs. Fernando Leslie's gift was a check for five thousand dollars.

"To help Charlie start in business, love, and to make you as happy as I am myself," whispered the smiling

bride. THE dishonest butcher is always will-

ing to meat his customers half weigh.

"for Charlie must desk and inquired: "How much did wait until he has saved up five thous- that good-looking waiter win?" The and dollars to go in partnership with his cashier blushed to her temples, stam-Then I told her I'd seen the whole transaction, and asked how it began, "Am I not? Oh, Clara, it seems She said that it was Apollo who introlike a dream! And yet, his engage- duced the practice of betting on a ment ring-a little turquois, dear; see! guest's gentility. He was an experiis shining on my finger, to assure me enced waiter who had travelled extensively, and could usually tell a gentleman on sight. In the three weeks dur-Kate. I, too, have given my heart ing which he was employed there his fellow waiters had become infatuated with the scheme, and Apollo had consequently put much money in his pocket. The wager was usually 50 cents, and the cashier, whose duty it that they were strangers to each other | was to keep a lookout for the slightest but two brief weeks ago-half the star breach of etiquette, received 10 cents

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 concert 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 "My excuse for all shortcomings not at all in a pleasant temper. It is stands here," he said, "and hereafter well known how passionately she loved I render an account to no one save 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. "Miss L'Echelle!" he cried. "Why, her a sorry trick when it brought on to On this occasion, also, fate had played the scenes an Austrian archduke. Of course he took precedence to Prince Albert, and this irritated the young the whole entertainment for her. She "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 "Introwhere is she? Clara, explain this to duction," but he had scarcely seated himself at the plano before the Queen complained of the heat, at which a chamberlain ran to open a window. In about two minutes the Queen found the draught insupportable. Then the chamberlain hurried off again and shut the window. This produced a bustle of playing the piece itself, got up, made a bow, and went out into the park to smoke a cigar. When, balf an hour afterward, he came back to the hall, King Frederick William got up from his place and said to him: "You ran away just now. What was the mat-ter?" "I was afraid," replied Liszt, "of disturbing her Majesty Queen Victoria while she was giving her orders." The King laughed heartily, and begged him to continue his programme, which he did in the midst of respectful silence, Queen Victoria having left the hall shortly after his disappearance.

ever! And as for the law-practic why there's time enough for that afterward. Child, don't strangle me with your kisses-keep 'em for Phil."

He looked after his daughter with eyes that were strangely dim.

"Tried-and not found wanting!" he muttered indistinctly.

The perfume 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. Acre, old married people of a full month's duration, were driving striped. Waistcoat of madeira over for whom it is understood he will ride along a country road in the amber glow | red surah. of a glorious autumn sunset.

"Hallo! which way is Thomas going?" said Philip, leaning from the an over skirt and bodice of plain pink window, as the carriage turned out of the main road.

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

"Are we?" said 1'hil, with a comical grimace. "It is to be love in a cottage.

"Wait until you see, sir," said Mrs. Acre, pursing up her little rosebud of a mouth. And Philip "waited" studiously.

A year ago we peaked our bodices, ishment when the carriage drew up in front of a stately, pillared portico, which seemed not entirely unfamiliar pletely modified, the queens of fashion to him. "Surely Mortimer place."

"I shouldn't be surprised if it was,' said Dr. Wyllis, emerging from the doorway. "Walk in my boy. Come, Edith. Well, how do you like the

ing more and more marked, and will "Our new home?" repeated Philip. soon be accepted by many. Shall we "I do not understand you, sir." arrive at the end of the century dressed

"Why, I mean that your little wife

Philip Acre's cheek flushed, and then grew pale with strong, hidden emotion. as he looked at his fair wife standing beside him, when the sunset turned her bright hair to coils of gold, and thought how unerringly the hand of Providence had straightened out the many dresses are being made just now with the fronts plaited slantways, and tangled web of his destiny.

Out of the darkness had come light,

HUSBAND (at the breakfast table)home last night?

Husband-Er-yes, it was this mora-

pan of soap, and the cook had to throw

RESTAURANT GUEST-Whew! The cook must have dropped her vinegar-ette into the shortcake.

strawberry, sab.

or bead work in the most artistic comto 1,

binate the dense garniture cover-ing the case net foundation upon -Neither Hanover nor The Bard joined in the preliminary cantor just which it is wrought, so that it can be before the Brooklyn handicap, and yet placed upon any material with the they beat all the others. In England effect of being embroidered directly horses are never galloped before a гасе.

-In a recent display a very neat -Ossler, the young jockey who has frock for a girl of 10 was of cinnamon- ridden with such distinguished success striped batiste, with two plaits of plain at Guttenburg and Clifton, has been batiste in front. The bodice was of reinstated at the legitimate tracks the plain, with cuffs and collars of the through the influence of Mr. Haggin, lightweights during the coming sea-Another had an underskirt of pink

-Hon. August Belmont, has arranged with W. C. Daly so that he has second call on Palmer's services for the season. He is the second jockey of The next had a skirt of mauve and the name of Palmer that will have ridwhite-checked zephyr, with a short den for the Nursery Stable.

-Wyndham Walden trained Duke of Magenta, Harold, Grenada, Saunterer and Vanguard, the winners of the Preakness stakes from 1878 to 1882 inclusive, for George Lorillard, and has now won it for himself with Recapricious and exacting! When we fund.

think it taken up with such or such a -After the Brooklyn handicap Hanshape or color it is already weary of it, over choked, coughed up some mud and and disdains it for some fresh favorite. undigested hay, and a veterinarian was called to attend him. Hayward said making them as tight and long waisted that just at the finish he heard Hanover as possible; this year all this is commake a noise as if he was choking, and he expected to see the horse fall, -those who take the lead in matters but as McLaughlin stopped riding and took Hanover in hand it probably saved him.

-The relative profits of book-betting and mutuel pools is nicely illustrated in the Brooklyn meeting. Five dollars invested in a winning ticket on each race, paid on the first day: Books, \$56; mutuels, \$77.30. On the second day: devoid of charm. Though we do not Books, \$123; mutuels, \$157.20. Total excess of mutuels over books for two days, \$55,50. And yet the gentle peoenough. For one thing, they are cer- ple are said to prefer the books.

-The Fasig sale at Cleveland was or treble draped skirts, for which such largely attended. Forty-nine head were sold on May 15th for \$32,775. The heaviest buyer the opening day was J. H. Shults, of Parkville Farm, who purchased Susie D., by Alcyone, for \$4100; Miss Leontine, by Robert Mc-Gregor, for \$2500, and Kitty Wilkes, by George Wilkes, for \$2000. The next highest price on the opening day was \$2050, for Miss Wilkes, by George Wilkes, sold to Frank Rockefeller, of Cleveland. These animals were in the Gordon consignment. The following days sales aggregated \$27,689, the roan tays sales aggregated \$1,005, the roan stallion Decorator, 2.23; by Master-lode, having brought \$3200, purchased by A. J. Hawes, of Johnstown, Pa. Strategist, 2.28, by Grand Sentinel, was sold for \$2000 to J. H. Clover; of Reynoldsville, Pa. The other record horses sold fairly well. Croxie. 2.194. A pretty model of this style is of absinthegreen cashmere; the fronts are plaited and crossed at the waist, showing a plastron of darker green velare plaited and crossed at the waist, showing a plastron of darker green vel-vet, finished by a turned-up collar, trummed with a beaded galloon. The deep belt is trimmed with the same as well as the bands, on to which are gathered the full cashmere sleeves, which do not come down below the elbow. Plain cashmere skirt failing over a slik underskirt of the same over a silk underskurt of the same color, with small pinked out ruche showing just beyond the edge. Preston, 2.274, to W. H. Wilson, Cyn-thiana, Ky., for \$1055, and Windson, M., 2.204, to G. D. Saxon, of Canton, O., for \$700.

woman to such an extent that it spoilt branches of the family. I was aware tainly more economical than the double of the facts all along, but I wasn't sorry abused the ladies in waiting she got an to avail myself of the opportunity of seeyards and yards of material were required. What more simple or coning what kind of stuff you were made venient to wear than the plain skirt of, Phil Acre! And now, as the deed slightly puffed up at the back, and the of conveyance isn't made out yet, I dainty Recamier bodice, draped in the don't suppose your lawyer need trouble shape of a fichu, and fitted round the himself about it. The heiress won't waist with a wide scarf tied on the quarrel with you, I'll be bound."

left side or fastened at the back into a baby-bow? Such dresses are not, as yet, very generally worn, but we proclaim them as the coming novelty of the season for young ladies. As a transition between the peaked and short-walsted bodice,

crossed at the waist under a deep belt, the plain space in the middle being filled up with a plastron of faille or Why, where is the mackerel I brought surah.

Wife-Do you refer to the mackerel you brought home this morning?

ing, perhaps. Wife-You put it to soak, John, in a

it away.

Walter-I guess you've struck a

I suppose?",

"Where are we?" he asked in aston-

looks of your new home?"

yonder is the sole surviving relative of Thomas Mortimer, although she never knew it till this morning. Her mother was old Mortimer's cousin, but some absurd quarrel had caused a total cessation of intercourse between the two