

As She Comes Down the Lane.

Along the fields the shadows fall,
The sun is hanging low,
And on the ivy-mantled wall
The soft lights come and go.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

We were four weeks out from New York, bound to Melbourne, Australia, in the bark Jasper, loaded principally with mining implements, machinery and farming tools.

Captain Roberts, who was tall, dark and heavily bearded, stood watching Mr. Moore and Miss Dacy, a fine-looking, rather stern-willed brunette, whose father, one of the wealthiest commission merchants in Melbourne, was sole owner of the Jasper.

It was then about twenty-five, and was filling the position of second mate. While directing some work on the mizen rigging, I noticed the rosy flush that suffused Miss Dacy's clear cheek, as she stood, with downcast eyes, leaning against the life-rail, while Mr. Moore, who was a fine-looking young fellow, with smooth, clear-cut features and a keen gray eye, was murmuring something in an undertone.

Most certainly, for strangers people who had met as seeming strangers on the day of the boat's sailing, and bowed in the most formal manner upon being introduced, they had become wonderfully well acquainted in the short space of four weeks.

It was blowing pretty stiffly from the north and west, and the bark, with her royals and outer jib stowed, was making rather bad weather of it, for a heavy swell, coming in from the east, caused a heavy cross-sea.

The sun was being gradually obscured by a greasy haze, and I was sure we should have a reeling job before night. Captain Roberts was probably of the same opinion, for, with a scowl in his face, he was looking in the direction of Mr. Moore and his fair companion, which rather more than confirmed a previous suspicion of my own that he, too, had fallen a victim to the charms of the fair Isabella, he went below to look at the barometer, and perhaps to suggest to easy-going Mrs. Dacy that her daughter might take cold—or something.

For a moment later, the good lady's voice was heard through the companionway, calling to her daughter, who, with a little shrug of her shoulders, rather unwillingly obeyed.

Now I did not like Captain Roberts, who was very much of a tyrant, nor did he like me—indeed, with such a man, a second mate's position is but a shade better than that of an able seaman's. Besides, I was a Yankee, and the peculiar independence of my people, while he was a Londoner bred and born, who had served an apprenticeship on some of the hardest vessels afloat, and hence was a harder taskmaster on that account alone.

laying pin from the rail and came for me.

Seizing the heaver from the deck, where I had dropped it, I stood on the defensive, for I had no idea of getting a broken head if I could prevent it.

Mr. Moore quietly stepped in front of the excited officer, and was about to speak, when blended screams sounded from the cabin, and a second later up rushed the steward, with a face as the napkin over his arm.

"For heaven's sake, come below! The cap'n's got a haplopectical fit, or something wuss!" he exclaimed, wildly. And, dropping our weapons, we followed the steward into the cabin.

Extended on the floor, his right hand grasping the handle of a revolver, lay Captain Roberts.

But this was no apoplectic fit, for, as I tore open his shirt and placed my ear to his breast, there was not the slightest flutter of the heart or pulsation at the wrists. His eyes were slightly glazed, and his face wore the livid hue of death!

"I feared it," said Mr. Fobes, after vainly trying to force a few drops of brandy between the pale lips. "He had two similar attacks on the last passage, and Dr. Burgess with the greatest difficulty restored him to consciousness, and said plainly that a third would terminate fatally."

Placing the lifeless form in his deck, the mate and myself went on back—I having almost the feeling of a murderer.

"Mr. Hale—" began Fobes, menacingly, when lo! the sound of rushing, mighty wind and the frantic command let go everything was followed by a clear shout from the quarter: "Hard up—hard up, I say!"

With a muffled report the light sails were blown from the bolt ropes in a twinkling, and as the bark went over on her beam ends, a black wall of water, whose like I have never seen before or since, rose nearly as high as the mastsheads, and burst across the deck, sweeping with it everything movable.

Mr. Fobes and the men being swept away into the seething billows. Clinging to a brace, and wiping the water from my eyes, I began to recover from the stunning shock.

A great quiver of the half-submerged hull showed that in obedience to her helm the bark was paying off and shaking the tons upon tons of black sea from her deck, and tearing over the foaming billows like a mad thing.

"Send another man aft here to the wheel!" called Moore, who, drenched and bareheaded, made his way to the break of the quarter.

And too much confused and astounded to question this unexpected assumption of authority, I did as directed.

Standing in the weather gangway, Mr. Moore, after learning of the loss of Mr. Fobes and two men, calmly commenced giving off order after order, with such perfect coolness and evident knowledge of seamanship, that in less than two hours the bark, under snug canvas, was making very good weather of it, the wreckage was secured, pumps sounded and found all right, the cabin baled out, and the two ladies, half-dead with fright, revived by copious draughts of hot coffee.

It is a well-known fact that sailors have an invincible repugnance to the presence of a corpse on shipboard. The men had learned, through the steward, of the tragic death of the captain, and now, that Mr. Fobes was no more, they felt their advantage.

"But not much nearer than to-day," he added, significantly.

And after the watches were called and set, he went below, to be welcomed by the ladies literally as one from the dead.

Curiously enough, from that time Captain Roberts was a changed man in many respects. His gratitude to Mr. Moore—who, explaining that in some of his years had been passed at sea in the capacity of a ship's officer, at once volunteered to act as chief mate—both for the offer, and his services in saving the bark, knew no bounds.

Toward myself he was remarkably considerate, and even courteous, and gave me to understand that, if I chose, I could have the mate's berth on the return voyage.

One more episode, and I am done. I was sitting on the edge of my berth, smoking, just before turning in one lovely moonlight night, just after we struck the southward trade. My window was open, but the blinds were drawn. Mr. Moore was pacing the deck to windward, humming a love-song under his breath. Mrs. Dacy, who, being terribly near-sighted, could not enjoy the ocean scenery by night or day, was peacefully sleeping in her berth.

All at once I heard voices in a subdued undertone close by my window, and as I was about to quietly withdraw, to my astonishment I heard Captain Roberts, in impassioned accents, beseeching some one to be the guiding star of his life.

"Does anything stand in the way, dearest?" urged the special pleader, before the lady herself could answer. "Only one thing, Captain Roberts," replied the fair one, in a low, clear voice—"I was privately married to Captain Harrison Moore Gray, now acting as your chief mate, about two weeks before we came on board the Jasper, and I have been depending upon your friendship to break it to mother, who does not dream that Captain Gray is nearer than New York."

And then I heard two high heeled boots go clicking along the deck, while with an exclamation of astonishment the captain scrambled to his feet.

But he was a trump, after all, and a few days later I heard the whole story, which, in brief, was this: Captain Gray had fallen in love with Miss Dacy, whom he met in Melbourne the year before. The affection was mutual, her parents were opposed, and Miss Dacy taken on a "tour" in the vain hope that thus she might be induced to forget; but she didn't.

He followed her to the United States; they met by stealth, and were privately married in New York.

Captain Gray's owners having a large ship in Sydney, whose captain had died, offered him command, and by the sacrifice of a handsome beard and mustache and thick head of curly black hair, Captain Gray, calling himself Mr. Moore, contrived to join his ship in Australia, and at the same time enjoy the companionship of his wife on the passage. Mrs. Dacy's nearsightedness and suspicious nature preventing her from dreaming of the mischief till it was too late.

But Captain Roberts' arguments, her daughter's rallery and Captain Gray's services in saving her husband's vessel, carried the day, and I understand that both father and mother are equally well pleased with their Yankee son-in-law.

He has no better friend than Captain Joe Roberts, who will never forget his resurrection.

An Episode in Dreamland. A contemporary relates that a prominent Worcester (Mass.) business man passed through an experience in dreamland a few nights ago that is puzzling the local psychologists, and will add interesting data for the Society for Psychical Research. He had an idea he ought to shave, and proceeded to do so. Just before he began work it occurred to him that it would be the easiest thing in the world to take off his head, and placing it on the table facilitate matters. It seemed in the dream that this was allowable for a certain number of minutes without endangering life. So he hung up his watch to count the minutes. The operation continued till some errand called the man across the room, and he returned to find his head was missing. He looked at the watch and found the time was near when he must have his head in its proper place if he cared to keep it. Then he "lost his head" in two ways, and rushed frantically about the room looking in every available place. Just as the minute hand was about to cross the fatal point, the dreamer woke up, felt for his head, and was surprised and relieved to find it there.

Forty-five Million Hens. The minister of agriculture has been taking a census of the fowls of France and he informs us that the country contains 45,000,000 hens on an average 50 cents apiece. One-fifth of these hens and 2,000,000 cocks are killed annually, and they sell for \$50,000,000 in the market. The other 36,000,000 hens lay about 3,000,000,000 eggs every year, worth 11 cents apiece; this sums up to not less than \$36,740,000. Therefore the chickens of France produce \$67,300,000 a year. They form no unimportant item of the national debt, and whether fried, roasted, boiled or stewed, they are the most tender specimens of the feathered tribe you ever tasted.

Why She is Bleached Out. Says Prentice Mulford: "Two hours' work about a hot stove exhausts more than four hours' work out of doors. Americans in Europe are shocked, or pretend to be, at the sight of women doing men's work in the fields. They are much better off than the American women, five-sixths of whose lives are spent in the kitchen. The out door woman shows healthy blood through the tan on her cheeks. The American kitchen woman wife is sallow and bleached out.

THE HORSE.

From the Pony with Sixteen Hoofs to the Noble Animal of Modern Times.

Although the mule, as Sunset Cox said, "is without the pride of ancestry," it is quite a different thing with his relative on one side of the house, in whose outlines, bearing, size, and intelligence may be seen very plainly his nobility and pure lineage.

The ancestry of the horse can be traced back before the time of England's monarchs, beyond the Caesars of the Eternal City, beyond the creation of man, and even further than the very layer of earth on which we live into the rocks and petrification of the ages below us. Ancient as is his family tree, the horse species is not by any means entitled to be classed among the "first families," and yet his lineage is enough to put to blush those foolish people—fortunately, few in our country—who pride themselves upon their descent, and feel good because a great-grandfather did something which is thought to shed luster upon his degenerated, high-collared, sharp-toed descendants. Any old cart-horse on the street can show an older and purer strain of descent.

Far back before the age of man there lived upon the earth a species of the horse family, long ago extinct, which at the present day would make a showman's fortune. This horse was very little larger than a sheep, and some not larger than a terrier dog. These little horses, as far as we know from the fossil remains, were the beginning of the horse tribe.

They had every outline of horses, and the anatomy also, with the exception that the feet were most peculiar. Instead of having one hoof on each leg, as our modern horse has, this diminutive pony was the possessor of four, making sixteen hoofs in all. As the horse developed these hoofs, or, speaking more correctly, these toes, all but one disappeared, leaving our modern horse to walk upon the end of one toe to each leg. If they had all continued to remain permanent the blacksmiths would have rejoiced.

In order to clearly understand the manner of the gradual disappearance of these toes a little anatomy may be tolerated. Starting with the hand of man as a standard, the thumb, which is really a finger, is called the first finger, the index is called second, the next third, fourth, and fifth. It has been observed that when this order is in any way interfered with the first to disappear is the thumb or first finger. This is noticed in dogs. The "dew claw" is the first finger or thumb.

So it was with the little horses. No remains can be found possessing the first finger. The earliest has the second, third, fourth, and fifth toes present, all of which reached the ground and were usable. These toes all disappeared until none was left except the third, which is the toe upon whose end the horses of the present day walk.

The one just preceding our modern horse had three toes, the second, third, and fourth, but the outside ones did not reach the ground, and were accordingly not usable. They were up a little distance on the leg, like the little hoof of a deer, and only remain on our modern horse in what is known as split bones. It occasionally happens that horses, as well as other animals, will breed back, and a monstrosity, as it appears to us, will be the result. In England some time ago a horse was born which had two hoofs on each foot, and was carried about the country as a curiosity. It was a reference, or index, of what sort of feet the species once had.

Just why they were at first in possession of such feet is a matter of conjecture. It may have been because the ground was soft and marshy and the extra feet gave more surface for resistance, and as the earth grew firmer so necessity existed for so many toes, so that by disuse they began to disappear.

With the modification of the feet the horse increased in height and strength, and progress in the line of civilization and it is true that if all the horses in a city were to die, and there were no means by which their places could be filled, civilization would retrograde, because men would have to bear their own burdens, and the physical man would increase at the expense of the intellectual, so that in time we would all go back to semi-savages, as the students of an athletic college do. The horse, as we have it now, is a vast improvement over the steed of ancient times. It is dependent upon man for its very life, and man is dependent upon it. As it increased in size, through man's interference and culture, it also increased in mental capacity, until one of the most intelligent, docile, useful creatures ever given by a Supreme Being to man is the animal almost human—the horse.

In very early days horses were not used by all nations, and by none as beasts of burden. Asses and mules did the drudgery, and horses were only used as racers, warriors, hunters, or to carry their owners upon journeys, of pleasure or business.

Seeing men on horseback, apparently a part and parcel of the beast, led some natives to think that the strange appearance was but one animal; hence the belief in the centaur, or animal half horse and half man. In war they were a source of great terror to those who were unfamiliar with them, and often the approach of a troop would strike dismay to the hearts of the enemy.

The gradual development from the little pocket pony into the full-grown horse has been a prominent factor in the advancement of the human race, and upon no other animal has the hand of human interference been so marked. This can be seen in the wonderful variety in the horse family. Shetland ponies, heavy draught horses, the racer, whose feet spurn the ground, and the slow plodder, but powerful horse which draws our iron wagons are all the result of care in breeding and human improvement of a species at one time well-nigh useless.

Tea gowns for summer wear are made of this, white muslin over colored sarah.

FASHION NOTES.

Tiny silver acorns are the newest in bonnet pins. Russia leather in all colors is worn for house shoes. A revival of coral and gold jewelry is predicted. Draped bodices of soft, white silk, with black Swiss belts and braces, are in high favor. A new shade of green, rather dark, is extensively used in combination with white. In fancy woollens and gauzes pure white is preferred to cream by young ladies this season. Polonaises may be draped alike on both sides, or long on one side and short on the other. Belts to wear with drossy blouses are of silk belt ribbon, with buckles of Rhinestones and other brilliants. White lilac and Guelder roses, with ivy and maiden hair fern, are the fashionable artificial flowers of the summer season. The Directoire styles have extended even to morning dresses, which even for summer are composed of rich, heavy materials. Dressy costumes of silk are often made with pinked out edges, and a plastron composed of scallops in layers completes the corsage. Some of the daintiest summer bonnets are made of rows of straw interlarded with puffs of black, white, cream or pale colored gauze. Gray and tan colored gloves are worn with all summer tolets. When of undressed kid they are in mousquetaire styles. When dressed kid is preferred they may be either buttoned or loose. Costumes of poppy red or copper colored wools are popular for seaside wear at all times of the day. They are usually relieved by soft blouse vests and accordion plaited panels of white crepe. Stylish collarettes, which display the throat advantageously, are of foulard or India silk, made with a square at the back like a sailor collar, along the front of which is gathered a full scarf of the silk, which is caught together in a point below the throat and the ends thrust underneath the belt. White felt hats are decidedly the rage. There are four distinct styles, viz: The low, round crown, with brim rolled up all about it; the Alpine, with narrow, tapering crown, indented at the top; the stiff brim sailor and the soft, wide brimmed hat, so popular to wear with tennis costumes. French ladies now choose their hosiery to match the shoes in color, instead of the dress, as formerly. In shoes black or Swede undressed kid is favored, while for house or carriage wear slippers of bronze are preferred. There is so great a variety in tolets this summer that it is scarcely possible to say which is the most fashionable. One modiste is in favor of the redingote, another prefers the draped tunic, gale, another the third assures you the only model really in vogue is the Empire dress, with round waist and large sash. The fact is, each of these is fashionable, and ladies wear them all with equal favor—of course, always selecting that which is most suitable to their style and figure. There is nothing under the sun so raved about and so popular just at present as the tea gown. Everything in the shape of a gown that is loose and baggy and of no particular style or shape is called a tea gown. However, some of them are very pretty as well as useful. Ingenuity and taste, as well as artistic skill, are tasked to their utmost while the new stylish designs, to produce the new lace seem to be the favorite materials for concocting their concoctions. A very lovely one was of Chinese crepe in cream color. The full-length front was made of hand-run Spanish lace in cream white. The front was made of piece lace, and the edges of the gown were finished with a narrow flouncing, set on slightly full and caught down in jabots in which were set floops and point edged moire ribbon. A sash of netted cord silk passed around the waist and was tied in loops at the side, the ends, which fell almost to the bottom of the dress, being finished with elegant tassels. The collar was of plaited edging, to match the lace on the front. The sleeves were of puffs of lace with bands of netted silk between the puffs. Falls of lace finished the lower edge of the sleeves. There is nothing in the way of costumes that so emphatically marks the well bred fashionable woman as her attire on near-by excursion occasions. Almost every lady takes pains to prepare a suitable costume for regular traveling dresses, but for short excursions or afternoon or evening outings less consideration is given to the preparation of the outfit. Thoughtless and inconsiderate ladies, especially those who are young, seem to think that "almost anything will do." As a consequence, we see all manner of incongruous garments, all of which are true indications of the taste and habits of the wearers. Only perfectly plain, sober colors are suitable for excursion dresses, and the absence of trimming or "fussiness" marks the conservative and well trained mind. Dresses of black, brown, gray or olive are most suitable for such occasions. The material should be all wool, and the style of the costume, to be in the most accepted fashion, should be plain to severity. A moderately thick wrap, sufficiently ample to cover the figure, is desirable on excursions by water. There is always more or less dampness, and generally a stiff breeze, and a wool wrap, while it may seem cumbersome if the wearer starts off in mid-afternoon, becomes very comforting during the home ride when the dew is falling. Hats or bonnets should be plain, and of material that will not be affected by the water. A neat, plain straw, with loops of ribbon or velvet and quill feathers, will be found most serviceable. Ostrich plumes should never be worn on salt water excursions, or for evening wear where there is much dampness, as they become hopelessly dragged and present a most forlorn appearance.

HORSE NOTES.

The Hartford entry list is a big one. The purses at the Cleveland fall meeting will be \$700 each except the special, which will be \$2500. All of the Saratoga bookmakers have made money. William Biley, the Chicago penciler, was \$30,000 ahead at the end of two weeks. Ed. Corrigan's great steeplechaser Tennessee pulled up very lame on Thursday August 16th, and it is doubtful if he will run again this year. Proctor Knott is engaged in the rich Futurity stakes at Sheepshead Bay, and Mr. Bryant confidently announces that his colt will win that important event. It is very doubtful whether the Louisville (Ky.) Driving Park Association will give another meeting. The inaugural one held in May was a financial failure. W. H. McCarthy's mare Geneva S. was distanced in the last heat of the Rochester \$10,000 race for foaling Guy, and "Knasack" was out of second place and \$2500. There were fifty-six heats trotted or paced at the Buffalo meeting, and the average time was 2.19 53-56, a shade under 2.20, and the best average ever reached at Buffalo. The bay gelding that has been trotting around Boston as Champion John L., and made a record of 2.26, while bearing that name he has been identified as Prince, 2.26, by Hambrotonian Prince, dam Baird by Superb. Proctor Knott, the winner of the Junior Champion stakes, has no less than twenty-four engagements for next season, including the Kentucky Derby and Clark stakes, at Louisville, and the American Derby, at Chicago. Louis Kittson says the proposed sale of the Erdenheim stud in November, is, in a measure, a forced sale, in order to settle the affairs of the estate. Mr. Kittson says he may eventually buy a few brood-mares and breed colts for racing and sell them developed. Stamboul bet Arab in 2.15, 2.17, 2.16, at Los Angeles, Cal., the first week in August. As a 2 year old Stamboul made a record of 2.37, and reduced it the following season to 2.26. In his 4 year old form he trotted in 2.23, as a 5 year old in 2.17, and as a 6 year old in 2.15. Speaking of the Clingstone-Belle Hamia race, the New York Sportsman says: "That good mare Fawonia could have beaten either very handsily, and as for Prince Wilkes—well, that horse has not yet appeared in public that can beat him, all things being equal." Barnes, the popular and rising light-weight jockey, is a bright mulatto, modest and well-mannered, and only about 17 years of age. He has already ridden nearly 120 winners this season, leading all the jockeys of the country in that respect. Barnes has had 370 mounts. After the collision between Spofford and Thornless at Buffalo the latter ran around the track with no driver. When he was stopped the horse plunged over the rail and stunned himself. He lay quiet so long that people thought he was dead, but he proved to be not seriously hurt and started in the next heat. Some time ago Hickok purchased the chestnut gelding Conde, 2.20 by Abbotsford, for \$2100 at a sale in San Francisco. Since that time he sold him for \$5000 to an Arizona party, who won him out in the free-for-all at Butte, Mon., on August 18th, when he defeated Lot Seward, Bancho, Charles Hilton, Kate Ewing and Little Joe in the free-for-all. E. J. Baldwin says: "If anybody thinks there is a colt in the East that can beat Proctor Knott, and is willing to back his opinion, I will back Knott to the extent of \$5000 or \$10,000, and if that is not enough I know two or three others who will be more than willing to put up a like amount each. We are not particular where the race is run, be it at Monmouth Park or Sheepshead Bay, or as to what may be the distance or the condition of the track." There is the chance for a great sectional and sensational race. Now, what says Mr. Withers "or any other man?" A. J. Cassatt says The Bard probably hit himself, and he proposes to try the horse as soon as the inflammation has subsided in order to find out the extent of the injury. He says: "If his middle tendon is involved he will never train again. In that case I want his services as a stallion, and do not care to lose a season. My plan is to try him this autumn. If he stands preparation we will know he is sound. In that case, of course, I shall ride him next year, but if he is lame then he would be next season. The quicker we find it out the better. I should then retire him to the stud." Proctor Knott won the Junior Champion stakes in such a style as should put his claim to the 2 year old championship beyond question. The time, 1.14, is equal to the best ever made at Monmouth; the first quarter was in 23 1/2, and the half in 47 1/2. Proctor Knott gave the entire lot a seven-pound beating at last. Proctor Knott, although a son of Luke Blackburn, would never pass for a colt of the 3 year old hero of 1880. He is a typical Great Tom, who is his maternal grandsire. He is the same mealy colored chestnut frequently seen among the Great Toms, with a blaze face, the left fore and hind pasterns white, and stands full 16 hands. He has a fine head, broad at the forehead, high cheeks and wide between the jaws. The head is carried rather high and the neck is like several of the Great Toms. He has a very long neck, filling in well-placed shoulders, good depth of heart and immense length from the point of the shoulder to the hips, which are ragged, like the old Harkaways, and he has rather straight hind legs, but great power in his quarters and stifles, good feet and legs. He is rather long in the barrel, but covers a deal of ground. His temper is excellent. Sam Bryant, the owner of Proctor Knott, was jubilant after the race.