

One Day at a Time.

One day at a time! That's all it can be; No faster than that is the hardest fate; And days have their limits, however we begin them too early and stretch them too late.

One day at a time! It's a wholesome rhyme! A good one to live by, A day at a time.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches Knowing only too well how long they can seem; But it's never to-day which the spirit breaks— It's the darkened future, without a gleam.

One day at a time! When joy is at height— Such joy as the heart can never forget— And pulses are throbbing with wild delight. How hard to remember that suns must set.

One day at a time! But a single day, Whatever its load, whatever its length; And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say That, according to each, shall be our strength.

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life; All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein; The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife. The one only countersign sure to win!

One day at a time! It's a wholesome rhyme! A good one to live by, A day at a time.

A QUEER PHOTOGRAPH.

The appointments of my room were luxuriously delightful, and I slept, slept profoundly—I do not know how long—but was wakened by a sense of not being alone; a watched, startled feeling as a white, swift-moving object passed along the tapestried wall opposite me and disappeared! I sprang up, and, lighting my lamp, threw the rays from a strong Argand burner through the room. I lifted the tapestry. Nothing but oak panels, solid and unadorned, were under my gaze. I could think of nothing which, moving outside, might have produced the effect within; and, try as I would, I could offer no solution of the odd apparition.

I had come to Penares for twenty-four hours with my old schoolmate, Reynolds Herhol, who, by marriage with his young Spanish mistress, lately orphaned, had become its master.

The next morning I made no mention of my little experience during the night to my host, but I accepted the renewed invitation to lengthen the twenty-four hours to a week.

"We'll have a little hunting, Charlie, to remind us of our boyhood," Reynolds said.

"Yes," I gave a light stamp to bring down my trousers leg, and admired the mole on my left cheek in my host's handsome mantel mirror, and smiled to think of the game I had in view to investigate, little thinking what sort I would really "bring down."

During my spare moments that day I bustled myself in attempting to invent something approximately like the reflection I had seen on the tapestry.

Some ingenious servant, I conjectured, had discovered this method for welcoming the Penares guests. I constructed a rude affair of pasteboard, with an opening gilt shaped. This, I thought, with a strong light within it, and carried swiftly, ought to give me my visitor.

I would try it when night came. The house was full of guests, and it was late before the building was quiet. I leaped easily to the ground from the balcony below my window, and trusted to the lessons my limbs had learned in boyhood to get back again.

The lights were not yet all out, so I sat down to wait under the shadow of a friendly maple. As I sat I observed a dark figure moving along the southern wall.

"Ah! my friend of last night," I said, in my own mind, expecting every minute to see a "magic lantern" performance. I watched it closely. I could not dimly discern the outline, as it stood dead still, the head thrown slightly back, as if the eyes were watching closely some point above them.

Something white floated slowly down from an upper window. A zephyr caught it; it rose again, and then descended obliquely. I could see it now—a bit of white paper—at my feet. I heard a low muttered curse as the man groped about on hands and knees in the darkness. Again and again he searched; but in vain. I was on the point of announcing myself and offering him his billet doux, as I conceived it to be, when the sweet notes of a mocking bird fell on my ear—so wonderfully clear, so perfectly imitated, as to command my profound astonishment and induce my silence.

Three times he repeated the warbling notes, and then moved swiftly again to the wall. Miraculous dicta again a white messenger floated down. He seized it and disappeared in the darkness. "A maid and her lover," I said, in contempt of my own curiosity, as I proceeded to light my lantern and try my "effects!" Bah! Nothing could have been less like the filmy, translucent vision of the night before than my yellow, shapeless glare.

I blew out the candle, and stood looking into the darkness of my room. Ha! By Jove, there it went again! The perfect outline of a slim, white, human figure thrown against the dark silk tapestry! Before my eyes it had appeared and disappeared. I could not tell whence it had come or whither it had gone. I climbed to the balcony, and again examined the room thoroughly, but without forming the smallest solution to my odd vision.

The note I had picked up was, after all, no love letter—a bit of waste paper, and read as follows: "I must see you. White Hollow, 12 midnight."

I sat, as had grown to be my custom, under the dark maple. It was midnight and past. The wall, as usual, yielded its figure. This time without doubt, a woman's. She moved—down the garden walk and out of sight. I took my place as nearly as possible where I had first seen her, and waited.

An hour had passed before I again heard the faint brushing of her gown against the shrubbery. She followed the wall, from its south corner, close under the shadow of the dark gray stone. The point where a jutting angle

made almost blackness was reached, and, by a swift movement, which came the nearest possible to being too late, I contrived to insert a twig between the edges of a spring door as the woman's figure dissolved into darkness.

I applied my ear to the narrow opening and could hear quick footsteps along a stone floor. At length all was silent, and I entered. I felt my way slowly and cautiously.

Occasionally the gallery widened somewhat, but usually it was barely wide enough for me to walk comfortably. I struck a match—I had but two, and must be careful of them—but there was nothing to see. Only the narrow walls of a secret passage! No door to be seen! I retraced my steps, but the entrance had vanished. There was but a smooth stone surface! I pressed every spot in search of a secret spring, but in vain, and, after an hour of useless search, I cursed my own folly and idle curiosity for having thus entrapped me.

I struck my other match and noticed that the little gallery here, at its beginning, was widened into a sort of vestibule large enough to hold a table and a chair, and bent off in one direction into a sort of alcove. I could not suppress an exclamation of delight as I discovered a short candle on the table. Besides this candle the table held pens, ink, paper, and an odd copper salver with a heavily wrought rim in antique design, the center a smooth, polished surface. An odd ornament for the strange place, I thought. I looked at the pens. One had been recently used. As I sat undecided whether to call for help or await the return of the habitude of the place for my release a light flashed upon me from a dark corner.

I picked up the glittering thing—a locket with a jeweled monogram. I pressed the spring and disclosed a dark, wicked, magnificently handsome face. I knew it in an instant—that of Alvarez Daccarro! a man whose name a few years ago had been on every lip, who was now remembered for his wickedness and his perfidy, who was under sentence of death, and who had despoiled Reynolds Herhol's father-in-law of half his fortune through the strange, magnetic influence he had acquired over his daughter. She at one time had wished to marry him, but had been made, it was said, to see his perfidy before it was too late.

The locket, I supposed, had been Mrs. Herhol's, and the maid who used this passage for her midnight meetings probably had stolen it.

Putting the jewel in my pocket I began again, with the aid of the candle, a fresh search for hidden springs. I returned to the further end of the gallery, as that surface was a smaller one to look over. I had passed many times from end to end of the smooth stone, pressing each spot separately, before I noticed a mere pin point where the stone seemed slightly roughened. I pressed it. A door swung quickly open on noiseless hinges, and a draught blew some silken fabric across my cheek. I freed myself from the material and looked around me. The bright moonlight, through a large window, showed me my own room!

I went to the door. It was bolted, as I had left. My room, then, was in the secret passage route. I examined the paneled wall, but could discover no sign of a doorway, and as there was nothing to be developed by conjectures I soon fell asleep.

Twice during the following day I sought an interview with Mrs. Herhol, but was unable to see her.

Worn out with my watch of the night before I retired early and soon fell into heavy sleep, from which the oppressive sultriness of the night roused me. I went to the window. The thick darkness was only the more manifest by the occasional brilliant flashes in the south, which foretold an approaching storm. I was seated by an open window close to the tapestried wall.

Suddenly I seemed to hear or feel a human breath. I caught my own, and listened with an intensity of purpose which defeated its own object. The blood hurried in its heavily pulsing stream past my ears in its return to and from the brain. Like a flash the white floating, illuminated figure came and melted away at the other end of the wall, as I felt through the tapestry curtain the contact of a passing human figure close by me?

Now I knew that what I had seen had been a reflection! No wonder it had melted to nothingness when I seized it.

I waited a few seconds and then slipping noiselessly the panel I had learned to know last night, I entered the gallery. It was, as I expected to find it, dark and empty. I groped my way slowly to the lower end. A strong blast of wind and the beating of rain on the wall outside announced the arrival of the storm.

A strong glare overhead made me for the first time aware that light from the outer world entered here. I now saw above me a glass plate, clear, but very heavy and semi-horizontal in position; doubtless unnoticeable from without, but concentrating in daytime a fair light on the table.

I was determined to await my visitor's return, and looked about for a hiding place. A jutting corner offered the shelter I sought. I stepped into it, and as I did so dislodged some material which must have hung on a peg above me, and which fell, covering my head and shoulders in soft, close, yet metallic folds. I threw it quickly off, and it fell to the floor in a heap which glittered strangely in the flashes of light. I took it up quickly and bore it to the nearer light. It was blindingly dazzling—a curiously wrought suit of finest silver wire, soft and yielding as silk.

I folded it, as I might have done a silk handkerchief, and put it into my pocket. I was no longer at a loss for my nightly visitor's silvery whiteness! A half hour more had passed. There was a sudden rush of air from the outer world, bearing heavily down. Steps upon the stone pavement, and I knew myself, at last, shut in with the Ghost of Penares.

I listened with a beating heart. The tones of a man's voice fell on my ear, followed by those of a woman in reply. Both were suppressed, but I could occasionally distinguish a word, or detached parts of sentences—sometimes with a tender inflection, more usually

A DAY IN JOPPA.

A Glimpse of Life in One of the World's Oldest Towns.

Joppa is one of the oldest cities in the world and the first possible landing place as one sails northward from Egypt. Yet there is difficulty in landing. Reefs of rocks defend the shore, the bay is shallow, sharks are not unknown and the coast is much exposed. Your vessel anchors half a mile out at sea, and a throng of flat-bottomed cobbles soon surround the ship to carry passengers through the opening in the reefs to land. A babel of cries, unintelligible to western ears, fills the air; but by degrees the motley crowd of deck passengers of the most varied nationalities, veiled women, shawl-covered Arabs, black Nubians, with their red fezes, brown Levantines, turbaned Syrians, or Egyptians with their flowing robes of all shades, all drift by degrees into the boats, and for a time at least you see the last of their red and yellow slippers and hear their noisy jargon no more. Then you, who have shrunk possibly from this crushing crowd of Orientals, leave your turn, and the skillful and strong armed oarsmen whisk you through the opening in the reefs across the shallow harbor, and then suddenly, when you are twenty or thirty yards off shore, you are seized and carried in the bare arms or on the back of a boatman through the shallow water to the tumble down old quay built of stone from the ruins of Caesarea, and at last you find yourself treading on the soil of the Holy Land.

Pursuing our way through the street we find it rough enough. Once paved, the stones have long since risen or sunk above or below their proper level. Dust bins and sewers being apparently alike unknown to the idle Oriental, every kind of foulness bestrews the way. The buildings are of stone, with little or no wood anywhere, timber being scarce in Palestine. The arch is hence universal; as you ramble on you see that no light enters the shops except from the front—that they are, in fact, something like miniature of the gloomy holes sometimes made out of railway arches in England.

Tables of cakes or sweetmeats line the narrow streets. Rough awnings of mats, often sally dilapidated, or tent cloths, or loose boards resting on a rickety structure of poles, partially shade the roadway. Now we meet a turbaned water carrier with a huge skin bottle on his back. The bottle is, in fact, a defunct calf, with water instead of veal within, and without legs, head or tail, and offering a most forcible illustration of the reference to the placing of new wine in old bottles.

Further on we see a bare armed and bare legged individual in ragged skull cap, cotton jacket and cotton knickerbockers, chattering with a roadside huckster for some delicacy costing a farthing or two from some of the mat baskets on a table; the bearded vender, also bare armed and bare legged, sits as he tries to sell his head swathed in a white and red turban, and his body in pink and white cotton. Of course, there is a lounge at his side looking on.

Then again, we see an Arab in "kef-yeh," or head shawl, with a band of camel's hair rope, very soft, around his head to keep the flowing gear in its place, and a brown and white striped "abba" for his outer dress; he is bargaining for a bride at a saddler's, and the shouts of defiance to his rival on the other road. "Jack never tires of telling what his engine did when they was going up Rattlesnake grade. But we find this affection sadly broken by the new rules of 'first in, first out.' The engines are sent out in the order they came in, and the engineer takes whatever one falls to his lot. Some romance departs before the exactions of business habits and routine.

A Woolly Crocodile. I see it is reported that "a curious creature was brought to San Francisco by a ship which arrived there recently. It has some characteristics of the crocodile, but it is covered with a coat of short bristles or hair, which gives it a most peculiar appearance. It has been domesticated to a certain extent and will permit to the captain or any of the crew to approach it and receive their carresses with evident pleasure, but if a stranger approaches it detests its big jaws and shows fight. The crew calls it a woolly crocodile." It is active and weighs about forty pounds." I think you will agree with me that this is "important if true" in its bearing on the theory of evolution; for if the "woolly crocodile" actually exists, and is possessed of the characteristics here described, it is in truth a "missing link."

The redingote gown is very simple and likely to be very popular. It is made with the skirt cut and plaited separately. The bodice is tight fitting, peaked in front, and remains entirely open, with revers all the way down. The skirt is also open in front; it is arranged in flat double plaits. The swallow pattern is a favorite one for this redingote. It is made of silk pique, in wide black and white stripes, with the plastron and skirt front either of white or black lace or of light colored silk.

A soft silk wrap is added to many of the fine wool materials, imparting to their surfaces a lustrous and beautiful sheen, and also adding to their richness of effect in the artistic and graceful draperies of the polonaises and long French tunics.

FASHION NOTES.

Plain skirts of velveteen will be much worn, with redingote or tunic of cashmere.

Many of the new imported gowns are made with turned down collars of velvet and moire.

The majority of dress skirts are made either with flat plaits down the front and sides that reach from belt to hem, or with long Greek overdresses, that are so lightly draped as to cover nearly the whole of the underskirt front and back.

Blue serge, with wide long sach of black watered ribbon and facing to match, appears to be popular. The sash is invariably at the left side. Four yards is the usual allowance, and one end reaches quite to the edge of the skirt. Dark blue felt or straw hats are worn with these costumes, trimmed with black watered ribbon.

At the many day entertainments now in full swing in country neighborhoods, especially in the north, the neat, somewhat severe, but perfectly fitting costumes of tweeds and serges have it all their own way among women who go in for good dressing, and the pale colored dainty materials are only seen here and there, and chiefly on young girls.

A very pretty afternoon dress had a plaited skirt of terra cotta limousine. The bodice was of merveilleux, trimmed at the neck and waist with a pointed trimming of passementerie. A full trimming of merveilleux extended from each shoulder to the waist. Waistband of merveilleux, tied in front.

A pretty way of making up a fancy woolen dress for the fall is the following: Have an underskirt made up of lining or any cheap material, but with a panel of plaited silk laid over the left side, and a deep fluting of the same all round its foot. Then have a double skirt of the fancy woolen, open on the left side over the plaited panel, draped at the back and gathered in to a round waisted bodice. The fronts of this bodice should be of fancy woolen material and silk, draped over a plain lining and crossed. The back plain, of woolen material only. In front a silk sash, commencing on the right side and finished on the left, close to the opening of the skirt. The sleeve should form a double puffing of woolen material over a plain sleeve of silk. Turned up collar, formed of a draped ribbon, finished at the side with a bow.

The Directoire style promises to be the rage this season. There are so many ways of arranging a costume under this name that there need be no two gowns alike.

Another pretty and fashionable arrangement is styled the corselet. It is made of velvet or plush, and worn over a dress of silk or light woolen material. The upper part of the bodice forms a sort of plaited fichu, crossed over the chest, and losing itself inside the edge of the corselet, which terminates the bodice. The sleeves are fully plaited from the shoulder and finished under the elbow by a deep wristband of the same material as the corselet. The skirt is made quite plain, gathered or plaited round the waist, and falls over an underskirt trimmed round the foot with a fluting or with a very full puffed out ruche.

Another pretty fashion is that of the dress entirely plaited surplice fashion, both skirt and bodice. A drapery of silk is thrown right across the bodice, and then falls in a large panel over one side of the skirt. The sleeves are of the plaited material, with deep facings of the silk. This is very pretty in cashmere or any soft wool goods, with striped faille or moire.

A very stylish walking dress, as well as a very useful one, was made of blueish gray French cashmere. The underskirt, quite plain and round, was flat in front, and gathered in the back and put on to a round waistband. A very small cushion filled with horse hair was sewn on inside, close to the band at the back, and under it were three half circles of fine steel, covered with goat skin, put on at intervals of about three inches, just to uphold the tournure. The upper part of the dress was a sort of polonaise. At the back bodice and skirt were all of one piece, looped up and fully plaited at the waist. In front the bodice was finely plaited in the middle in the shape of a chemise. The sides were plaited, and the left side carried over the right, with a trimming of open work passementerie matching the cashmere, with a small quantity of gold to brighten it up. The passementerie ended on one side just below the chest, and on the opposite side it came down to the waist. There were no buttons visible, the bodice being fastened with hooks and eyes under the passementerie. It was finished with a band covered with passementerie, and the wristbands were trimmed to match.

A very pretty dress for fall for a young lady is of poppy red velveteen. The skirt is made like that of the preceding costume, but trimmed round the front with a narrow fluting. The tunic is trimmed with black satin edged faille ribbon. It forms a sort of square panel at the back, and is draped into a puff in the upper part. At the back it forms two pointed shawl lapels, also edged with black ribbon, one strip of which comes down across to the waist, and is finished with loops and ends falling over the skirt. The bodice has a black silk collar and bow at the side. The sleeves are finely plaited from the shoulders, where they form a full puff; wrist bands of black silk and bows of black ribbon.

Another walking dress had an underskirt of Mirzapore cloth; two plain panels of the material open in front and show the drapery. The redingote is of the same material, fastened with large velvet covered buttons. Revers, and trimmings of velvet. The vest just showing below the bodice, was of gray and black striped silk.

Another walking dress was of tan colored fancy woolen material, with streaks of bright red silk. The revers were of tan colored faille, edged with narrow red ribbon velvet. The bodice, cuffs and collar are also bordered with velvet.

HORSE NOTES.

—William L. was a 3 year old when he got the Iowa wonder Axtell, 2.24.

—The pacing stallion Brown Hal, brother to Little Brown Jug, 2.14, will be started to beat 2.13 at the Tennessee Fair.

—Jockey Barnes has 137 winning mounts to his credit, against 87 for Covington, 59 for McLoughlin, 66 for Overton and 55 for Garrison.

—Roy Wildes will probably be taken to California after filling his Southern engagements. His owner thinks of developing his trotting capacities.

—Speaking of Prince Wilkes and Patron the New York Sportsman says: "They are a great pair and can beat any other two horses in training."

—Johnston's quarter through the homestretch at Springfield in 29.4 is the fastest authentic performance ever credited to a horse either the trotting or pacing gait.

—The three placed animals in the Futurity—Proctor Knot, Salvador and Galen—are in the American Derby. Knot is the only one of the three in the Kentucky Derby.

—The high priced yearling by Warwick out of Lgrilla was purchased by Wyndham Walden at a recent sale for M. Jordan. The Dwyers were bidders on this colt up to \$6500.

—Egmont pulled up so lame after winning at Coney Island on September 13 that he will be unable to race again this season. The horse's injury is in the fetlock just above the coronet.

—C. W. Williams, owner of Axtell (2.24), announces that he will match him against any 2 year old in the country, or he will trot him mile heats against the 3 year old Bell Boy.

—The famous brood mare Annie, by Cottrill Morgan, dam by Grey Eagle, belonging to the estate of Colonel J. West, Lexington, Ky., died from the effects of foaling a filly, by Egbert, on September 1. She was the dam of Egmont, 2.23, and the pacer Westminster, 2.15.

—Mr. Wiley Buckles, the well-known breeder and turfman, died at his farm near Campaign, Ill., on the 1st of September. Mr. Buckles raced the famous Harkaway. He also had Kate Claxton, blocum and many other performers, all in their time. In 1884 Mr. Buckles imported the stallion London, by Lowlander.

—Prince Wilkes has now won seventeen out of twenty races in his four years on the turf. Oliver K., Patron and Guy are the only horses that ever beat him. We recently incorrectly credited Patron with twice beating Prince Wilkes. The two great trotters have measured strides four times, and Prince Wilkes won three of the four races.

—The champion stallion race decided at the California State Fair proved a great race. Guy Wilkes, Woodnut and Stamboul took the word, and after the effects of foaling a filly, by Egbert, on September 1. She was the dam of Egmont, 2.23, and the pacer Westminster, 2.15.

—A willful perversion of Rule 37 occurred at the recent Bountiful (N. Y.) meeting. The 3 minute class had five starters, one of which in the first heat trotted a furlong and went to the barn, the others finished the mile. The delinquent scored the others for the next heat and won it, after which he was protested. The judges allowed the horse to start again and he won the race.

—Speaking of the Bard, the other day, A. J. Cassel said he had been blistered and was doing very nicely, although his leg was still large. He says they have no idea of doing anything with him, but will give him regular jogging during the winter, as Dr. Sheppard, the veterinarian, gives them every hope that the horse will stand training another season, although there is always an element of danger in it.

According to Goodwin's latest "Official Turf Guide" backers of jockeys' mounts from September 3 to 15 to the extent of \$10 on each mount would have won \$940 by backing Palmer, \$153 by Elike, \$53 by Hamilton, \$36 by Garrison, \$45.70 by McLoughlin, \$30.60 by Donobue and \$10 by Covington, and would have lost from \$100 upward on Winchell, Murphy, Williams, Blaylock, Littlefield, Anderson, Barnes and Martin.

—It is said that the Dwyer Brothers will in December offer all old horses at public auction. The Brooklyn Stable finds it is keeping too many horses. The stable will confine itself principally to its 2 year olds, of which it will next season have a magnificent collection, including brothers to Hanover, Bigornette, Tyrant, Dry Monopole, Firenze, Portland, Jim Gore, Punster, Bootmaker, Kingdon and sisters to Miss Ford, Inspector B. Lizzie Dwyer, Bluewing and Tremont.

—Firenze's race for the great Long Island stakes, at Coney Island, on Saturday, September 15th, "set the seal to her greatness" if that were necessary. It was won so easily that many overlook the merit of the performance. She had 125 pounds up—a big weight for a mare to repeat with—and 10 pounds over scale, and conceded 15 pounds to Brown Duke, 8 pounds to Exile, 16 pounds to Dunboyne, 15 pounds to Grisette and 8 pounds to Wahoo. The filly never left the race in doubt, winning both heats without the semblance of a struggle in fast time.

—The bay gelding D. S. C., by Joe Elmo, now trotting in Kentucky, was for five years a stage horse between Paris and Mount Sterling, in that State. He was worked so hard that he became very poor, and the bones nearly penetrated through the hide, and thinking him useless his owner, Paul Bedford, the stage-driver, turned him out to die. He began to improve on the blue grass, and Mrs. S. Mark offered Mr. Bedford \$15 for him, which was accepted. He was kept on grass until he gained considerable flesh, and then Mrs. Mark used him for a buggy horse. Finding he was speedy he was put in training, won several races, made a record, and was purchased by William Snyder for \$300.

Failures occur with the use of insect powder when it is not fresh and pure. Be careful in purchasing it.