

Because I Love You.

"I cannot bring you wealth," she said;
"I cannot bring you fame or place
Among the notes of the race,
But I can love you.

"When trials come to test you, sweet,
I can be sunlight to your feet;
My kiss your precious lips shall meet,
Because I love you.

"When daylight dies along the west
You will come home to me to rest,
And I shall sleep upon your breast,
Because I love you.

"If sickness comes, beside your bed
I will bend low with quiet tread,
And pray God's blessing on your head,
Because I love you.

"As dew clings to the violet,
Making the fragrant chalice wet,
So my life unto yours is set,
Because I love you.

"Only myself, my all, I bring;
But count it sweet, a precious thing
To give my life an offering,
Because I love you.

"I bow before no other shrine;
If I go first across death's line,
I will return to claim you mine,
Because I love you.

MY MIDNIGHT VISITANT.

I had never been superstitious; I had always believed that the seemingly most supernatural occurrence could be satisfactorily explained by natural phenomena if one could only make a little rational investigation. And yet, with all my skepticism and boasted common sense, I was obliged to confess that there are occasional mysterious happenings which the keenest researches of wisdom and experience fail to explain. One midnight I fell into a deep study on this subject. The place was a cosy room on the lower floor of a pretty country cottage.

I had purchased the property—the cottage and the inclosed grounds surrounding it—only a few weeks before. And for more than a year previous to that event it had been unoccupied. It had belonged in the past to a Mrs. Moray—a widow, who had resided there with an only child—a lovely daughter. The daughter, Ethel Moray, had been my affianced wife. But in a foolish moment we had differed about some trifle; the little difference had been aggravated into a painful misunderstanding; Ethel was too proud to yield and I was too stubborn; and so our engagement was canceled and we parted in anger and forever.

I left the little country village at once, and started for Europe. When I returned from my prolonged tour, I learned that Ethel was no longer among the living. Some months after my departure she and her mother had left the village. She had started with a yacht party for some point down the southern coast; there had been a tempest and a collision, and the yacht had gone down with all on board. Only a single seaman—stunned and half-drowned—had been rescued to bring the story of the doomed yacht back to the village. And so it happened that their old residence had been sold, and that I became possessor of the home where my lost loved one had dwelt from her childhood, until the fatal day she joined the doomed yacht party.

It was with a mournful satisfaction I settled myself in a place haunted by so many bitter-sweet memories. "It is a superb little ville, and would be a bargain at double the price. Put some sober old couple in charge of it, and you will have a capital resort of your own for your summer vacations, or for any time when you feel like leaving the city for a bit of a hunting or fishing or a breath of country air," said the real estate agent from whom I had bought it.

I had not yet succeeded in securing a care-taker for the place, and in the meantime I had restored the grounds to order and had refurbished the cottage. The room I had selected for my own was the one which had been Ethel's parlor. I had desired to have everything as nearly as possible like what it was during the happy summer when I had met, wooed and lost the only woman I had ever loved, and the only woman I should ever live to love. With the exception of a narrow brass bedstead, enopied with pale-blue netting, the room looked almost precisely as it did on that last bitter day when we quarreled, and parted to meet again no more. Peripats with so much to remind me of her, I need not have wondered that Ethel's presence sometimes seemed very near me.

"But that wouldn't account for the mysterious sounds of approaching and receding footsteps in the deep midnight, of whispers which seemed breathed through the lonely silence, of the touch of the lips upon my face," I pondered as I sat there on this particular night. For those were the sounds and fancies which had aroused me from my slumber, night by night, ever since I had occupied the cottage. I would awake with a start, feeling that I was no longer alone, that something was moving slowly and surely toward me.

On each occasion I had lain quite still, waiting breathlessly for the coming—I knew not what. And on each occasion I had heard those ghostly footsteps moving slowly and steadily up the hall outside, pausing for a second at the door, then crossing the room and pausing again beside me. Then I could feel the light touch of lips, a sigh, a whisper would stir the air, and then the footsteps would turn back steadily and slowly, until all was once more utter silence. But I had seen no shadow shape, no phantom presence—nothing but the moonlight beaming brightly across the space between the door and my bed.

On the first night of this extraordinary experience I was so vividly impressed with the belief of some person having really entered the room that I arose and inspected the fastenings of doors and windows. But I discovered everything precisely as I had left it on retiring. On several successive nights I did the same, but always with the same result. And still the voiceless ghost—that visitant sound—came and went, a mystery which vexed my philosophy, and one which would not penetrate.

"Must I believe that it is my lost love's spirit coming to me nightly, tell-

FIXING HIS WATCH.

A Boston Reporter's Experience With a Timekeeper.

The man I called upon was a slim, blue-eyed chap, who sold daily papers, cigars, stationery, toys and all sorts of knickknacks, and run a watch and clock doctoring counter besides. We fell to talking about the tricks of the trade; how charges were made for trivial derangements, and how prices were charged, not in proportion to the work performed, but according to how much the watchmaker thought he could collect. "To make a long story short, that slim, blue-eyed watch tinker and I entered into a compact to test the honesty of the watchmiths of Boston, and I was to take my watch around town and see what ailed it. I paid him \$1 for cleaning the interior of the watch and then started out.

My first venture was in a little store on Washington street. A broad shouldered youth, with a dark face and a big nose, took off the ulster of my pet, lifted up its shirt and looked in. The scrutiny was long and thorough. "Your watch is very dirty," said he. "I must clean it before I can repair it."

This information was very consoling to me for the reason that I had just paid my money for the cleaning. Still, I consented, and departed with a "check" in my hand. In three days I called again. It was done. The roller pin was broken. It was necessary to put in a new one. That was \$1.50. The cleaning was \$1, making the total \$2.50. I paid the bill and went back to my blue-eyed down easter. He looked at the watch. "What did you pay for this job?" he asked.

"Two fifty." "How? What for?" "It was dirty; that cost \$1. The roller pin was gone. A new one cost \$1.50 more."

The man was mad. If I told you just what he said, there would be joy in sheol over the fact that a soul was lost. He took out the roller pin and showed it to me. It was an ordinary brass pin such as you can buy for five cents a paper in any store of Boston. The head had been filed off. Also the point. But the pin was there and it had cost me \$1.50. I thought it was a pretty good profit on the investment. "Can you afford to try them again?" asked my jeweler.

"Yes; go ahead." He lifted up the hairspring, hitched it over the movement and told me to go. I went. I went blundering into a store on Tremont street. "What ails it?" asked I. "The old man at the desk put on his eyeglasses, took out a pair of tweezers, and in a second the watch was going. "Nothing," said he. "What's the bill?" "Not a cent."

"Please put the spring back where it was before," said I. He refused, and I had to go back to my old friend, who hitched up the hair spring. Then I went to a store near Park square and passed out the watch again. He laughed at it. "You have got a bad roller pin," said he.

"I know it, but a brass pin is good enough for me. I think my hair spring is broken." He peeped again. "It is. You must have the watch with me until Saturday, when I will have a new one." "What will the bill be?" "About \$2.50."

"All right." I got around the corner, saw him take his tweezers and lift up the spring, saw him grin a \$2.50 smile, and then I went away. When I came Saturday he was ready for me. After I had paid the bill he said: "Your watch was very dirty. I have cleaned it up for you, but will not charge you anything." When I told him that I had seen him lift up the spring and put the watch on the rack he got mad and said I was a politician and called me other names which I did not like. I asked him to come out and fight. He would not accept. As he had the money, I could see nothing for me to do but submit. I submitted of course.

When I talked it over with my friend he said he would try a new dodge and see how it worked. It was rather expensive, but the cause of science was at stake and the sacrifice was worthy of the object. He took out the whole internal arrangements, so I could see the backbone and kidney of my watch. This done, he carefully removed one of the jewels from the upper side of the movement and put the works back together. My watch was dead. I went again to the smith on Harrison avenue. He told me just what ailed my watch and said it would cost \$3 for cure. All right. He could go ahead. When I took my watch back to my partner in the secret I was informed that the man had put in a nice jewel as good as the old one, and that I had paid a fair price for the job.

I was not satisfied. Again he removed the jewel, and again I went out, this time to another man on Washington street. He looked at my watch and said it would cost me \$2 for a new one. He looked hungry, and so he got me the friend with the watch. He dissected the job. The place lately occupied by a jewel was filled by a bit of tin with a hole in it. The watch was going, but in a few weeks it would stop, and I should have to contract another bill. I took the watch back to the man who had made the tin jewel, and said: "I forgot to mention it, but I think my watch is dirty. Will you clean it?" "Yes, it is dirty," said he, with a happy look in his face, "but I did not feel like doing a job which I was not asked to perform." I told him I was not to go on and show it up. He opened the case, took out the movement, and looked in. When he saw that my friend had replaced the jewel, he looked blank.

"What do you think of it?" I asked. "Think? Why, I think it is dirty." "But how about that jewel you put in?" "Here it is," said he, pointing to the jewel my friend had placed there instead of the tin, "and it is a fine one, too." I let out at him. If he had been possessed of any spark of courage he would have come out and whipped

FASHION NOTES.

Plain, velvets, armures, silk matelasse and brocatelle are the materials employed for dressy wraps, either for autumn or winter, and the elegance of some of the heavier brocateries and matelasses intended for winter cloaks surpasses that of many seasons past.

Green, especially in the gray-green shades like reseda, sage, olive and the new pale rust green; is a very favorite color for visiting gowns of velvet, silk and fine woolen goods, both light and heavy. There are also many stylish combinations of green with contrasting colors, notably pale fawn, almond, ecru, a certain new shade of brown and several of the red dyes.

Smooth faced beaver cloth in black, gray, brown, Gobelin blue and volcano red, compose some of the most stylish Newmarkets worn by young ladies. They are made up with plain coat or bell-sleeves, or with long pointed oversleeves, or angle sleeves, and trimmed either with black Hercules braid or the beautiful (and expensive) black Persian lamb skin.

Brocatelle and matelasse silks are thus trimmed, and are lined with satin in rich quiltings, and these garments, called douillettes by the French manufacturers and importers, are so much lighter and easier to wear than the heavier all fur sealskin pelisses, while they are sufficiently warm for the coldest weather, that there is no question of their extensive popularity.

The shape Directorate is one of the most becoming, and myrtle green poplin one of the modern materials. The long paretot shows a large white silk panel embroidery green and red, the loose green fronts are lined with red silk, pocket and cuff with embroidery. This little hat has a broad brim entirely covered with velvet, so that the crown is only visible itself an inch broad. Bows of green ribbon and golden balls for trimming.

A new and very becoming fichu will be a welcome protection to many a sensitive throat. It is made entirely of white silk, with a pinked-out silk ruffling all the way round. The double part is rounded at the neck, and it is continued in long ends falling almost to the bottom of the skirt and finished off with white bows. This fichu can be carried over the arm ready for wear when necessary, and therefore be considered as an extra wrap rather than a part of the toilet.

Among the natty fashions for stylish young women are charming house dresses of India cashmere of various handsome art shades. These gowns are made with bodices that open over plated silk bodicests, feathered with silk the color of the cashmere bodice. For example, there is a dress of seagull gray, and the shirtwaist is of lovely pink tint, bristretched in shades of gray. Another bodice in green has a plated silk waist of vivid Roman red, with green and gold stitching; and a pinkish Neapolitan violet Henrietta cloth shows a blouse of richest rosy lilac, with a vine embroidery in exquisite violet tints.

Dress fabrics this season are simply magnificent. As the London Queen says, the colorings are perfect, the combinations entirely novel and artistic, and the fabrics of surpassing merit. It is only in the way of trimming that small designs are introduced. The best silks intended for full dress are all either an exact copy of tree or flower, or show purely conventional patterns. Stripes are worn, and there are some admirable figured fabrics shown, but what heads the fashion are the richest brocades, and in looking forward we may be sure that for the next season or two brocades will be worn.

Many of the new basques and bodices are lengthened to cover the hips more deeply. The vest buttoned on each side to the corsage, the plastron, the separate waistcoat, the plaited shoulder pieces, the demure nun's corsage with soft folds lapping each other over the chest, the surplus front crossing from right to left, the round waist with its charming belt adornings, the pointed corsage with revers of all shapes and kinds, each and all are among the new or repeated fancies of the season. It is almost impossible to go far astray in the designs of the bodice, as the variety of models is now so limitless that any graceful style becoming to the wearer is good form. The broad and showy Directorate revers give the effect of breadth, and are seen alike on the simplest and richest gowns. The high military collars and the deep turnover models are equally popular.

Among the best brocades shown were some satin ground in fine colors showing large branches of fir trees with the tasseled leaf and fruit; palms with the pendent fruit as you see them in the tropics, and delicate pinks and grays, all interwoven with white—perfect picture weaving, Louis XV and XVI reigns and the period of the Empire. All have contributed their designs to our day.

A good example was an interlacing ribbon with picot edge, which left no ground visible; and plenty of the best woven brocades, hard as a board almost, with mignonette weaving; brocatelle and satin hair stripes combined on a ground whose tiny floral bouquets, in natural tones slightly faded, were thrown, such as Marie Antoinette wore.

In the composite colorings there are many curious amalgamations; blue tones into yellow, black into gray, and into every other tone also, though greens of every imaginable hue have the preference. Brown and red is another favorite mixture. Persian patterns abound, and in these deep greens and solid dark blues display scattered hieroglyphical figures in Persian reds and browns, with flecks of yellow.

The Old Lady of The Old School.

We often hear of the gentleman of the old school, of his serenity of mind, his decorous habits and courtly manners, but we do not hear as often as we should of the lady of the old school. And yet, take her all in all, she was a much more attractive person, as we get glimpses of her, than the other.

For she was, first of all, what the name lady implies, the bread-keeper and mistress of the household. The cook book was her familiar friend, and she understood all its imperfect utterances and commands as the priests of Delphi understood their oracle.

When Dr. Kitchener of Mrs. Glasse or The American Housewife ordered her to put in a pinch of this or a handful of that, she did not exclaim, as Mrs. John Bokesmith, nee Bella Wilfer, did, "Oh, you are a stupid; where am I to get it, I should like to know?" But she put her hand at once upon the desired ingredient, and thus perfected the toothsome viand for the table. The mysteries of the kitchen had no terror for her, and she fully understood the art, as one of the old cook books expresses it, of "shaking hands with a saucepan." Her table linen was spotless, and every plate and cup and saucer, every knife and fork, every piece of glass and silverware, gleamed in resplendent purity. As she sat at table, opposite the gentleman of the old school, and surrounded by her family, her face was a benediction, for happiness had its abode with her.

Under her firm and womanly hand her children were dutiful, her servants respectful, and her husband, safely trusting in her, gladly gave her his love and praise. But if she was mistress in the kitchen she was queenly in the parlor. There she received her friends with an ease and grace that made the most awkward easy and graceful each, one reflecting, as in a glass, her own charms. Many a bashful young man and many a modest maiden have called her blessed because her fine manners lifted them up, and she warmed them into animation and life. Her fine tact left no guest, however humble, obscure or in a corner, and none ever left her presence without feeling how much wittier they were than they had supposed. Her dress was not more costly than her purse could buy and was as appropriate to her as the plumage to a bird. Its very detail harmonized so perfectly that it was almost indescribable, and the only impression it left on the beholder was that she was well dressed. Serenity shone from her eyes and contentment smoothed every feature, and although the trials of life came to her as they came to all, she ever endured them with religious patience.

Such in briefest outline was the lady of the old school. Nor is the pattern entirely lost. She may still be met with, though often in unexpected places. Nor is it at all likely her image will ever die completely from the earth.

Alfalfa Experiments in Illinois.

Experiments have been made during the present year at the Illinois State University, at Champaign, on the success of alfalfa in Illinois soil, with encouraging results. W. F. Johnson, of that institution, has just sent a small package of alfalfa branches and roots to the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, accompanied by a letter, in which he says:

"The striking features of the plant are the length and strength of the roots, which are nearly two feet long, as you see, while they have left in the earth fully two feet more beyond the broken ends. The patch from which these were taken, a third of an acre, was black-soil land, heavily set in blue grass. It was broken last November, sown with the alfalfa seed the last week in April 1888, cut for the first time July 18, for the second time August 25, or later, and the foliage growth, which you see, is the third crop for the first year. The crop was grown without irrigation and with little rain from the first week in July to the same time in September. So far as my experiment enables me to judge, I conclude that alfalfa may be made a success in Illinois, if, in the first place, proper means are taken to secure a full stand and there is clean cultivation the first year and liberal fertilization every second year with potash and phosphate."

Mr. C. F. Emery has sold forty-six cords from the Forest City Farm this season for \$35,425, an average of \$770.

The black coat Hartford, by Peacock out of the dam of Globe, 2,214, made a record of 2:30 at Buffalo, N. Y., recently.

It is said that Andrew Thompson, the expert colored trainer, has been engaged to handle a division of Dwyer Brothers' racing.

Mayor Bowman, of Cincinnati, has purchased from J. L. Glenn, of Clarksville, Tenn., for \$1500, the fine blooded mare Kitty Wilkes.

HORSE NOTES.

D. W. Thomas, Cyclone, O., has sold to S. Toomey, Canadover, O., the horse Dr. Talmage, foaled 1883, by Belmont, dam Minnie L. by Cuyler.

The 2 year old gray gelding, Sir Edward, by Himyar, dam La Rieve, belonging to T. J. Clay, of Lexington, died at the Nashville track November 2.

The 10 year old bay gelding Humbert, by Bona Fide, out of Belle of Pawlett, by War Hulet, made a record of 2:28½ at Island Park on October 26.

Patron will trot at Atlanta, Georgia. A two weeks meeting is to be held there in December, for runners during the first week and trotters the second.

J. H. Brown & Co., purchased at Nashville recently from the Stuart Stable the 3 year old chestnut gelding Stuart, by Glen Athol, dam Friday by Lever, for \$1000.

Belle Hamlin has been turned in for the season. She retires as queen of the turf performers of 1888 with a record of 2:13½, which has been beaten only by Guy.

The famous old steeplechaser Abraham died at the Clifton track recently. He was a chestnut horse by Milesian out of Electric, and was owned by P. Loughlin.

The Secretary of the American Trotting Association has issued the by-laws and regulations as adopted at Detroit on March 2, 1887, to which is added the American racing rules.

The Montana stable, belonging to Noah Armstrong, will winter at the Nashville track. It includes the 2 year olds Spokane, Rimini and Meekie H. Spokane is the best of the trio.

Edward Rosewater, the famous trotter, was driven at Council Bluffs, Ia., recently to lower his record of 2:22. He lowered his record to 2:20½, which is the best for 2 year olds in the world.

One of the cheapest sales, considered in every light, was that of the famous stallion Alarm, foaled in 1869, by Imp-Eclipse, dam Wand, for \$2050. Corrigan & Long were the lucky purchasers.

Victor Von Bismarck is entitled to the credit of Victor Wilkes, 2:24, which makes his grand total of young performers, with records and trials better than 3:00 this year, fourteen in number.

The New York Sportsman says: "It is understood that a steeplechase association is to be organized this winter in Philadelphia. The new association is to be made up chiefly of members of the First Troop City Cavalry."

McKee and Traylor, of Richmond, Ky., lost a valuable yearling filly, by Red Wilkes, dam by John Wilkes, recently. She was at a blacksmith shop being shod, when she reared up and fell back, breaking her skull.

P. P. Johnston, Lexington, Ky., has sold to C. Larabee, Montana, a suckling colt by Robert McGregor out of Diana Patchen, dam of Lexington, 2:24½, and the produce of the mare next year. She is bred to Red Wilkes.

Almont the 2 year old bay colt by Three Cheers, out of Question, has shown to be the best youngster of his age in California. He won at Sacramento the California annual stake for 2 year olds, one mile, running in 1:42½, with 110 pounds up. At the same place he won the Night Hawk stake, one mile for all ages, in 1:42½ with 51 pounds up.

The only mare that was applauded at the Erdemheim stud sale was Maggie B. B., foaled 1867 by imported Australian, dam Madeline, Maggie B. B. is the dam of Iroquois, Pira Harold and Pamque. Iroquois is the only horse that ever won the Derby, St. Leger and Prince of Wales stakes. W. H. Forbes, of Boston, bought her for \$100.

E. H. Douglas and H. B. Douglas, of Tennessee, have divided the following thoroughbreds on shares: E. H. Douglas' share, bay yearling (gelding), by Farandole, dam Little Knot, by Littleton; chestnut yearling, by Farandole, dam by Enquirer; second dam Clara L., by Bodnie Scotland, and weaning bay filly, by Farandole, dam High Nun (full sister to Archbishop), by imported Highland; bay suckling colt, by Tip Top, dam High Nun.

Silver King, lately owned by Mr. L. O. P. Genereux, of Toronto, won a steeplechase at the races of the Country Club, Boston, on October 31. It was a handicap for half-breeds, over a course of about two and a half miles. Silver King carried 130 pounds, and the other starters were Vigilance, 168 pounds, and General, 145 pounds. Vigilance refused the water jump the first time, and Silver King beat General two lengths.

The rule adopted at Guttenburg limiting the number of horses at each race to ten had to be abandoned after a few days trial, as the horsemen and bookmakers were dissatisfied. The trouble really was that where there was a large number of entries in a race the actual starters were not drawn and posted long enough before the race came off to allow sufficient time to settle among the owners and trainers which horse was to win, and then get their money on right, and so this innovation on the "rights of owners" had to be wiped out.

A. Smith McCann, Lexington, Ky., has made the following sales of Red Wilkes colts: Dr. Jekyll, bay colt, foaled 1887, dam by Homer; second dam by Darnaby's Day Messenger; to George H. Ely, Elyria, O.; price \$1500. Brown colt, foaled 1888, dam by Mambrino Patchen; second dam by Belmont; sold to parties in Rochester, N. Y.; price, \$1000. To J. E. McLaughlin, Utica, N. Y., bay yearling filly, foaled 1887, by Red Wilkes, dam by Star Almont; second dam by Ericsson; third dam by Mary Taylor, thoroughbred; chestnut filly, foaled 1888, dam by Brown Chief; price for the two \$3750.