Lullaby.

Fuir is the castle up on the hill-Hushaby, sweet, my own! The night is fair and the waves are still, And the wind is singing to you and me In this lowly home beside the sea-Hushaby, sweet, my own!

On yonder hill is store of wealth-Hushaby, sweet, my own. And revellers drink to a little one's health; Rut you and I bide night and day For the other love that has sailed away-Hushaby, sweet, my own!

See not, dear eyes, the forms that creep Ghostlike, O my own! Out of the mists of the murmuring deep;

Oh. see them not and make no cry 'Till the angels of death have passed us by Hushaby, sweet, my own!

Ah, little they reck of you and me-Hushaby, sweet, my own! In our lonely home beside the sea; They seek the castle up on the hill, And there they will do their ghostly will-Hushaby, O my own!

Here by the sea a mother croons "Hushaby, sweet, my own;" In yonder castle a mother swoons While the angels go down to the misty

deep Bearing a little one fast asleep-Hushaby, sweet, my ownl

# THE THANKSGIVING DONATION

"Well, we've got to do somethingthat's all there is about it. The sallary's pretty well behindhand, and there ain't no money in the treasury, so I don't see how we are going to pay it up very soon. If we give him a donation, why, of course, he won't be in no hurry. And Thanksgiving is a good time for a donation. What's your opinion, Deacon Money bags?"

The speaker turned to a portly man, who stood in the centre of the little group which was settling the affairs of the church, in an informal manner, in the corner of the churchyard. Deacon Moneybags paused for a moment, that there might be an attentive silence, before he unburdened his great mind of its weighty opinion.

He was the bell-wether, so to speak, of the little flock which was under the pastoral care of the Rev. Septimus Goodfellow; and, wherever he led, the others followed him, without stopping to question the wisdom of his proceed-He was the most prosperous man in the little community, and he was respected accordingly, though his wealth did but little good, he kept his pursestrings so closely drawn. There are, alasl a good many such men even such Deacons

This Deacon Moneybags was not different from the general run of that class known as penurious people. His money was his god, and he would sit. by the hour, counting his wealth, when he thought no one was watching, although he did not always escape the

### young people would lend an ear to the admonitions of their elders, that it was time to go, and the clock struck one ere the last good-bye was said.

NULTRE COL TO IL TO LEVER

"Well, of all the messes I ever did see!" exclaimed Miss Prissy, as she stood in the dining-room doorway, looking over Mrs. Goodfellow's shoulder,

The table was loaded with the dishes that had been used during the evening, with all their debris piled upon them, and a dark stream of coffee was slowly making its way over the snowy table cloth.

"I'm glad I staid to help you side up," she continued, as she tied on a great apron, that covered her from head to foot, and prepared to make a vigorous attack upon the dishes.

While the ladies were thus engaged, Mr. Goodfellow investigated the penwipers and ironholders that decorated the parlor table, and then took up the overcoat with a little sigh, as he realized the discrepancy between his size and its proportions.

"Put that on for a minute," called Miss Prissy, "till we see if it can't be taken in to fit you."

The minister obeyed; but, as he put his hands in the side-pockets, to draw it more closely about him, he discovered something in the way, and, draw-ing out the obstruction, produced a Tony finally inquired how mu wallet.

He looked at it in blank amazement, Miss Prissy could not restrain her curiosity, and, snatching it from his hand, she opened it, disclosing the crisp bills,

"Five hundred dollars!" she gasped, incredulously, and there was a mo-ment's breathless silence.

"What does it mean?" said the minister, afraid to look upon the money as his own, lest there should be some mistake.

Shrewd Miss Prissy detested the Deacon as cordially as she loved the that was to land her, as she asserted, minister and his wife, and, with a mental determination that the close old man should be outwitted for once, she exclaimed:

"Well, if that isn't a neat way to make a nice little present. The Deacon said he meant to do something handsome for once, but I never mistrusted he would do anything as generous as this. And hiding it away so as to surprise you, too! Well, I'll change my opinion of him,"

The minister and his wife were in an ecstasy of delight, and they were half fearful that the precious bills might vanish if they let go of them.

"They shall have them, too, for they deserve them," said warm-hearted Miss Prissy, "and I'll fix it."

Early the next morning, she started him. out, telling everyone she met of the Deacon's generous liberality and delicacy, and she reached the Deacon's not some chambermaid. gate just as he had finished breakfast and was in a most comfortable humor with himself and all the world.

talking about you and praising you. I never knew your equal-never!" "What do you mean?" stammered the Deacon, rather bewildered at this outburst, for he had always supposed himself a special object of Miss Prissy's dislike. "Why, your donation!" answered Miss Prissy. "Oh, you needn't pre-tend you don't know what I mean, though we all know how modest you are.

### SIRANGER THAN FICTION. How a Daughter Repaid a Noble Act After Many Years.

The concluding chapter in a story that glories in all the romance of a creation of a Daudet was enacted in many other good purposes, but were the city of Philadelphia recently.

About eight years ago Tony Horning, a well-known man about town, returned from a summer trip with a circus with which he then traveled. The season had been an unusually fruitful one for him, and he had gathered together a very liberal sum of money.

Entering the residence of his mother, he walked into the kitchen where he found her sitting and talking to a sadeyed woman with a little girl, whose face showed plainer than words could tell the lack of food that the poor little the ears of the farmer as household words. The scream of the blue jay rang through the forest clear and loud, creature had experienced. Plainly they were in great distress,

Tony gruffly asked what they were doing there, and the kind-hearted mother explained that they were in the

city without friends or money. Notwithstanding the appealing looks of the care-worn woman and her halfstarved child Tony still doubted the truth of their story. The unfortunate female said that she

was trying to get to Denver, but saw ful

Tony finally inquired how much a ticket to that point would be, and was informed that one-an emigrant ratecould be purchased for \$24. He had gradually begun to be won by the pitiful attitude of the strange vistors, and one feels ready to exclaim with the poet handing out the amount named told the woman to go and buy the ticket.

She was starting out with the child when the suspicious Samartan said: "Oh! you can't bunko me. Leave the child here." The request was granted and she left. Seemingly her feet possessed strange speed for one so sickly, for she was back with the document with her husband in short order.

Happiness and joy were farly breaking out of her face, and having become so affected by the woman's strangely honorable actions he purchased a most palatable lunch and escorted her and the child to the depot and sett them on

their way rejoicing. The strange episode was appermost in Horning's mind for weeks, but gradually the thoughts of it woreaway, and finally remembrance of it dsappeared entirely.

And now for the denouepent, and no fiction reads more romanth:

Rec. ntly a young boy called at Horn-ing's gun store on Main stree and told him that a lady, Miss Lizzie Chandler, at the St. James Hotel, wanted to see

As doubtful as ever of the lonesty of the human race, he inquired if it was "No! She is a perfect lad and she

gave me \$1." With his ideas completelyat sea as

ly, seizing his hand, "You're the dreaming of the remarkable licident of most noble, generous-hearted man that years ago, he walked into the notel and ever lived, and the whole village is was shown to the parlor. Ashe entered it a very handsome young lady, stylishly dressed, advanced.

Fifty years ago every farm in the Eastern, Middle and Southern States -The vogne of the round plaited collar-called now the clown collarette had from five to twenty acres of wood--is greater than ever. The first which land. These lands not only served made their appearance were made of crepe, but they were too fragile to be natural resting places for birds, and practical. This winter we shall see served them as safe shelter during the them of white lace and embroidery. heat of the day. These primitive for-Very pretty ones are also made of ests were the home of many species of cream colored surah, embroidered with birds. The writer well remembers the blue or red silk. delights experienced in going to the -As the time is at hand for fancy woods in the spring of the year and

Insect-Eating Birds.

balls we give a description of a few gowns proper for such occasion. Allistening to the songs of the native warblers as they returned from their winter though the materials used in the folquarters at the South. The shrill whistle of the quall was as familiar to lowing are of the most elegant fabrics, yet they would look nearly as well the ears of the farmer as household made up in the lovely sateens and challis, and would be suitable and cheap. The many species of woodpecker were

watched with intense interest as they glided up and down the trunks of the -Long mantle of redish terra cotta cloth, close fitting, fastening on one side; plastron braided with thick black trees, ever and anon rapping with irrebraid, and bordered the whole length sistible force with their powerful beaks with curled Persian astrachan; the and frequently drawing forth some braiding comes down the front en huge grub that had been sapping the quille, edged with this fur; the back of life of some monarch of the forest. the skirt is one wide flat pleat, braided While watching these ever industrious in the same way; copper satin lining. and useful birds, a scarlet tanager, like

a flash of fire, or some other bright -The Soubrette has an underskirt of bird, would flit by, happy and beautinarrow striped pale blue and white silk. The short puffed tunic and the How is it now? The woodman's axe bodice are of ruby and pale blue striped and the pot-hunter's gun can tell the silk. The bodice is cut low back and sad story. The birds have gone-no front. The short, puffed sleeves are home, no resting place, no safety any-where. Looking at this sad picture, ruffle round the throat; cap of the ruby

and pale blue silk; silk stockings; ruby Burns, velvet shoes with pale blue rosettes. Inhuman man! curse on thy barbarous art, And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye; May never pity sooth thee with a sigh, walking dresses still bear the tailor-

The birds that were so common fifty years ago were mostly insect-eating birds, and destroyed millions of noxious insects and were of inestimable value to the farmer and tiller of the soil. Even the grain-eating birds consumed a large number of larvae. The

humming birds, supposed by many to subsist wholly upon honey, cousume many small beetles and thrips, and thereby confer a benefit to the florist.

All Yankees are Not Bostonians,

and cuffs, is new. There are pretty soft silk skirts in pink and cream, suit-I am here reminded of a story which able for home dinner wear; prettily was told at my expense, in 1856, by a Roman Catholic bishop, Mr. Spaulding smocked Merveilleux shirts in black and red have vests and cuffs of conof Kentucky, with whom I was on intitrasting colors. The yoke shape is the mate terms, which illustrated the estiprevailing one, usually embroidered. A new idea is a pointed one with mation in which New England people were held in some parts of the slave-holding States. "I was," said he, pendent beads all over. "some years ago, travelling in the interior of Missouri, where the settleskirt, consisting of two flounces of pale ments were sparse, and in which, there yellow spotted muslin, ornamented

being no taverns, 1 was compelled to with rosettes of Sevres blue and pink stop wherever I could find shelter and ribbon. The bodice is of blue velvet, One day I stopped for dinner at | cut in points in front, over a full vest of a double log cabin of more than usual the muslin. The bodice is also beaded.

FASHION NOTES.

the the terms of the second sector and a second s

-Lloyd Hughes, the jockey, has signed to ride with the Preakness Stable next season, and the stable has second call on Fred Littlefield.

HORSE NOTES.

-Mr. Wesson, who formerly drove "Big Fster," has purchased the little bay pacing gelding, by Messenger Chief, formerly owned by John Condon.

-The Illustrated Sporting and Dra-matic News says Captain Machell has refused \$50,000 for the yearing filly Riveria, sister to Seabreeze and Antibea

-Major P. P. Johnston, President of the National Trotting Association, has sold his interest in the Kentucky Stock Farm to Messrs. W. J. Lyle and Samuel G. Boyle.

-Captain Sam Brown's stable is now quartered at the Bascomb track, Mobile, Blue Wing and Troubadour have run their last races, and both will be retired to the stud.

-Robert Steel, of Philadelphia, has purchased of H. Hawes, of Johnstown, the roan stallion Decorator, 2.23, and pacers Patsy Clinker, 2,20, and Henry H. formerly Henry Hopp, 2.225.

-G. Lynch, Jr., of Philadelphia, has purchased from General William T. Withers, Fairlawn Farm, Ky., for \$3000 the bay colt Fairlawn, 2 year old, by Nutwood, dam streamlet, by Almont Prince.

-The injury to Jay-Eye-See may cause his death. He stepped on a plece -The newest and most elegant of of glass in his pasture at Racine, and the main artery in his left forefoot was made stamp, jackets, waistcoats, shirt severed. He was nearly dead from fronts and cravats, all somewhat masloss of blood when discovered. culine, are relieved by a little coquett-

-W. B. McDonald will take a ish trimming, which reduces the exstring of horses from the Jewett Farm treme severity of style-for instance, to Buffalo this winter and drive them fancy buttons, many of them diamond on the snow. Among those that will shaped, ornament the vests and jackets. be in his stable are Oriana, 2.25, Harry and although many vests are tilled in D, both by Rochester, and Patchen with plain linen chemisettes, those of Wilkes, by George Wilkes. silk or some soft material are more

-Robert Bonner has made his first -Jerseys are to be very much worn sale from his farm at Tarrytown, having sold Cartridge blk. c., 2 years old, by Eldridge, dam Lady Stout, and the this winter; they save so much trouble, weanling bay colt, by Nutbourne. out of Lucy Cayler. to W. R. Willets for A black one, with a gold braided front \$4000 and \$2000 respectively.

-The broodmare Bessie, by Caliban, dam by Williams' Mambrino, the property of Dr. Campbell, of Paris, Ky., was found dead in the pasture last month. Upon examination it was shown that her bowels had been perforated by a bullet, which caused hemorrhage. Bessie was in toal to Don -The Dancing girl wears a full Carlos, 2.23.

-"What are you going to do if this jockey club resolution bars you from making a book?" was asked one of the Western Association bookmakers, aad the reply was; "If its meaning is as "Well," he remarked, with an air of profound wisdom, "well, brethren, you with the to the law of him, ind never any lady should want of him any lady should want of him, ind n

food.

Nor ever pleasure glad they cruel heart.

know my opinion on these matters by this time, I hope. I hold to the Scripter way of doing things in old times, when the preachers were told to take 'neither staves nor scrip, neither bread, neither money," To my mind, that proves pretty clearly that preachers oughtn't to be hankering after money, and expect to get pay for their work just like other men. They ought to be satisfied with working for the good they can do. But, still, as long as we've been in the habit of departing from the good old ways, I s'pose there won't be any harm in giving our preacher a douation; and I'll give my mite cheerfully with the rest of you."

"Deacon, ain't there some other place in the Good Book where it says 'the laborer is worthy of his hire?"

It was the shrill voice of sharp little Miss Prissy, the village dressmaker, which propounded this question; and, for a moment, the Deacon looked slightly aghast at having his own weapon used against him; but he quickly recovered himself

"There may be some such passage," he answered, after a moment's thought, "but there is a great deal in the Bible that we mustn't take literally, and that is one of the passages that we must put another interpretation on."

Miss Prissy's black eyes twinkled, and a retort was on the tip of her tongue, when the bell clanged its last discordant summons, and the Deacon sought hasty refuge in his pew, the rest following, one by one.

The day before the donation party, the Deacon had to make a trip to town, to collect a note that was due him; and as he put on his heavy overcoat, and surveyed himself in the glass, it struck him that the garment was rather too well worn and shabby for a man in his prosperous circumstances.

'I'll get a new one, to-day," he said to himself, and, with a sudden burst of generosity, ne added: "1'll just let this go as my donation to-morrow night. It's something more than I expected to give, but still I can afford to be a little liberal now and then, To be sure, it's rather roomy for the preacher, but he can grow to It-he can grow to it."

And he chuckled with suppressed merriment at the ludicrous idea of the Rev. Mr. Goodfellow's slight figure ever filling out the ample proportions of the old coat.

He collected his note, and safely deposited the five new crisp one-hundreddoilar bills in the new wallet he had purchased, and then betook himself to a fashionable clothier's, to select his new overcoat. That eloquent function-ary very soon persuaded him to buy a

Very stylish and becoming it was, and the Deacon complacently resolved to wear it home, and ordered the old one to be securely wrapped up in brown paper, so that it would be all ready for him to take to the donation party the following evening.

The donation party came off very acceptably to everyone except the unfor-tunate Mr. Goodfellow and his wife, who saw their best china handled with reckless indifference, as the table was set by the guests for their own entertainment, and forced themselves to smile, as the house was invaded from cellar to garret.

"Dear me," said the wife to herself, "it will take a week to set things to rights. It will cost us more than it 6,000,000 more males than females. will come to,"

The was after twelve o'clock before the when handling horses.

"Oh, the coat," said the Deacon, beginning to doubt the sincerity of Miss Prissy's praise.

"Yes, the coat that everybody thought was such a stingy thing for a rich man like you to give; but we didn't any of us know, when we was judging you that way, what you had slyly hid away in the pocket. I expect Mr. and Five hundred dollars was a big thing to them."

The Deacon gave an inarticulate gurgle, and his rubicund face turned to a greenish pallor, as he grasped the gatepost for support. His five hundred dollars gone! He remembered now pocket of his old coat. Miss Prissy didn't wait for him to speak, though her black eyes sparkled mischievously as she witnessed the effect of her intelone thing the Deacon loved more than his money, it was the applause of his fellowmen, and she had managed so well that he could not recover his money without incurring the scorn and ridi-

clue of his neighbors. She trotted briskly off, and left him to himself to get over his anger and grief as best he might. The Deacon was a wise man in his generation, and wise men always make the best of circumstances, so that is what the Deacon did. He realized that he had irretrievably lost the money, so he resolved that no one should ever know it had not been a free gift, and he accepted his neighbors' praises as if he had fully earned them, as well as the earnest gratitude of the minister and his wife. Only the Deacon and Miss Prissy knew it had been a mistake, but they never told the real truth about that Thanksgiving donation.

# Shavings for Deadening Noise.

A variety of materials-such as sawdust, dry ashes, cork-chippings, etc., have been used under floors for deadening noise. A late French suggestion is the use for this purpose of wood shavings which have been dipped in thick whitewash. It is claimed that this substance has the advantages of being quite incombustible, an excellent noninductor of sound, inexpensive, and of light weight. When desirable to disinfect the space between floor and ceiling, as in hospitals, chloride of zinc may be used to saturate the shavings or added to the whitewash.

In four years the British museum has acquired 270,000 specimens in the department of zoology alone.

The last census of India indicates a population of 68,982,000. There are

Never use harsh and sharp language

"Is this Mr. Horning?" she asked. "It is." "You don't remember me?

"I can't say that I do." "Well, I am the little girl pu found

with her mother in your mother's kitchen so many years ago. Iam Lizzle Chandler." Horning was unable to arthulate, so

thoroughly was he overcome by the remarkable unfolding of an experience that had interested him so.

"When we reached Denter," she continued "we found my faher, who subsequently went to Silver (ity, Col., where we lived. There moher died (and the tears trickled down he cheeks of the reciter as she related the story of her affliction), and just beforeher death Mrs. Goodfellow got off to the city, on she made me promise to search for you this train, to get some of the things and return her most gratehl thanks says: The "cat's sucking away a they've been wanting this many a year. for the kindness shown her and myself, and you never will know howmuch we thought of you and how much mother has talked about you."

Horning's tongue clove to be roof of his mouth, and a lump in his throat that would not down rendered him speechless. The meeting wascontinued how carelessly he had left it in the for a short time, when she hade him a passionate good-by, and Hirning returned to his home, where he found that the mysterious young lady had called and left the original amount he ligence. She knew that, if there was had given the mother, and a handsome diamond pin.

It is supposed that the father had amassed a fortune as a miner, and the daughter had taken this method of repaying for the kindness that made the union of husband and wife possible.

A Type-Writer For Secret Use.

"A great improvement has been made in type-writers within the past few years.

A dealer in these articles was explaining their mechanism to a porter. "Even now they have been so far perfected that an expert writer can turn out copy much faster than by using a pen. A new departure, however, has been made. An Engishman has invented an ingenious mehod of producing a cipher or secret communication by mechanical means. It is adapted for use on type-writersor similar writing machines where thetype or corresponding index scale, tial, or pointer is capable of being noved or adjusted. The type-writing nachines to be used for the purpose are made in duplicates, so that the two index scales correspond with each other if the ar-rangement or their characters but differ from any other pair of machines. Since the index scale is adjutable it may be shifted in two corresponding machines, so that one or more of the characters is moved out of its normal position and, in consequence, when the operator strikes a certain letter on the keyboard, another totally different will be printed. Thus he can continue and write out an entire letter which, to the uninitiated, will seem like nothing more than a confused jumble of diaracters. To decimber whatavar has her aritten To decipher whatever has been written it is only necessary for the hdividual who has the clew to shift the index scale in the opposite directionfrom that used by the original operator, and then, by striking on the keyboard the characters of the secret communication, the correct measage will be printed.

everything about the cabin was as nice bourine in hand. Pale blue stockings suppose, be broken up. I am not sure, as a new pin. I had not long to wait and shoes. for dinner, and had scarcely been seated, when a negro came in and took a chair at the table, and before the meal was over I discovered that he was this white woman's husband. After he went out I could not help expressing my astonishment that she should be the wife of a negro. She listened quietly to what I said, and then remarked that for her part she couldn't see anything bad about that. "Why, sir," said she, "I did e-enough sight better 'n my sister. She married a Yaukee." The Bishop laughed heartily as he told the story, and I joined him and the rest of

the company in the laugh.

Of Interest to Mothers.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcrupt objects to the notion that a "cat sucks away a child's breath." He child's breath" is merely the expression, erroneous in its form, of a physiological fact. All the feludor possess polsonous breaths, intended by nature to act as an anæthetic upon their prey. If any

adult will inhale but once the breath, even of a cat, he will at once recognize this fact. Watch a cat playing with a mouse. The mouse does not suffer, but is stupefied as if by ether. Livingstone, the African explorer, states in his "Life" that, when he was seized by a lion and his arm broken, the crunching of the broken arm gave him no pain, so benumbed were all his senses by the animal's breath. Now, cats like rest, warmth, companionship and a soft couch. A cat seeks the child, its

soft bed and the warmth of its body, and lies down upon the chest of an infant. Its weight impedes respiration, its breath anæsthetizes the child, and that the death of small infants has actually occurred from this case medical records have conclusively proved.

Simple Indian Remedies.

The Indians on the plains have a number of simple remedies for ordinary ills that are very effective. For in- which for the last few years had been stance, on a burn, a cut or a sting of a gradually becoming shorter and wasp they at once put soft mud, usual-ly mixed with saliva. When a man quite covering the ankles, and very hiccoughs they get him to sneeze, and the sneeze usually ends the attack. On a boil they blow for minutes at a time, keeping the sore place damp at the same time, and thus evaporating the moisture. For a bleeding nose they stuff the nostril with dust in an aggravaled case. For a light cold they wrap a wet cold rag about the throat at night and sleep with it on. They are great chemisette of cashmere or foulard. believers in the curative powers of mud, and they use it for a great many kinds of sickness, especially any one in which them are violent shooting pains, in which cases the moistened clay is applied as hot as the sufferer can bear

remedies and found them effective.

# Marys of Journalism.

There are five Marys potent in New There are new Marys potent in New York types: Miss Mary L. Booth, editor of Harper's Bazar; Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of St. Nicholas; Mary J. Lamb, editor of The Magazine of American History; Mary Kyle Dallas, of The New York Ledger, and Mary E. Bryan, of George Monroe's Fashion Bazar

-The mantles this year will mostly be long, and one which also goes by the name of Hamlet is much to be adeffectiveness consisted in a species of Swiss belt, formed of braid, applique on the coat, which gave a peculiar roundness and smallness to the waist, and its long square oversleeves (or wings), which hung from the shoulder. Another of velvet, matelasse, and toppled over half way round. handsome plastrons of jet, looked very \_\_'Mambring in Wilke stylish.

frequently adopted by ladies,

and are so becoming to slight figures.

pale blue brocade, trimmed round the front with a band of gold and pale blue fancy galon. The train and overskirt are of ruby velveteen, edged with a deep band of pale blue bronade. The bodice is of pale blue satin, trimmed with straps of ruby velvet. The large puffed sleeves of satin are fastened in gold passementerie. Hat of ruby velvet, lined with pale blue satin and trimmed with white ostrich plumes, Jewels round the neck. Fan of ostrich feathers with mirror in centre.

-Folly is represented in a short white satin skirt, with two kiltings of the same, and a short puffing around the waist; the pointed drapery is of pale blue ribbon, cut in points edged with gold braid and tipped with gilt bells. A small pointed piece of red satin, edged with braid and also tipped with bells, is laid over the longer drapery. The bodice is of red and white checked satin, trimmed with points of red and blue satin, tipped with bells, Chemisette of pale blue China silk, Nectie of gold braid with bells hanging. Cap of blue and red satin, cut in points and edged with bells. Red blue bows. Bauble in the hand.

-Walking costumes are simple, 'tis true, but this is no reason why they should not be strictly feminine. Skirts, quite covering the ankles, and very nearly touching the ground-this for walking costumes; while indoor dresses are quite long, and dressy ones are trained. The plain walking skirt is made with as many as twelve or thirteen rows of gathers round the waist, With this style of skirt the bodice is

-Our couturieres are trying in every possible way to combine diegance with simplicity by adding graceful draperies to the plain dress so much There was shown the other hands is instantaneous, being obtained hands is instantaneous, being obtained day a pattern which will surely be a by a slight touch of the button. Both great success. Fancy a dress made hands are returned to the starting seams or pinches, jersey fashion. This of some fancy material, striped or bro-caded. Over the bodice a drapery of very soft or woolen material is ar-ranged from the shoulder across to the waist, forms a peaked tablier in front, and then falls straight at the back in heavy folds. The sleeves of the fancy material with deep plain revers. When gracefully draped by skillful hands this model will be extremely becoming.

though, what the real intent of the resolution is."

-The old Buckeye racing track, which has fallen into disuse and decay. mired. This was of rich black mate- is to be purchased and fully equipped iasse and short plush, with marabout as one of the finest race courses in the collar and trimming. Its originally and country. The grounds are at present country. The grounds are at present owned by the C. H. and D. Railroad. The track is located at Carthage, near Cincinnati, O., and in former days was a noted course. The old grand-stand is now in a tumble-down shanty, and the fence inclosing the grounds has

-"Mambrina, in Wilkes Spirit, says: "Lexington was once noted for -The Venetian lady wears a skirt of its fine carriage and driving horses. Both are hard to find there now. Castration, I think, is a lost art in Kentucky. Nothing is gelded. It is "colts and fillies" now, and that is an inexhaustable theme in and about Lexington. I think the only way to enforce castration is to elevate the standard once more. Say, to be eligible, ;a with bands of velvet. The bodice is horse must have a 2 year old colt rec-cut square back and front. Girdle of ord of 2.30. Judging by the way the Kentuckians are forcing their yearlings, I think the registry would soon become a very reputable volume."

-Appended are seven additions to the 2 30 lists, bringing the total for the season up to 587.

Record.
2.30

Three previous fellows have reduced their records as follows:

-The chronograph clock, tried at the Coney Island autumn meeting, should be adopted by all racing associastockings, red satin shoes, with large tions. The dial of the clock, which shows the minutes and the one-fifth seconds, has a diameter of thirty inches, thereby allowing divisions of time to be seen at a great distance. The chronograph gearing is made on the level-wheel pcinciple, similar to the one used in the Waltham watch chronograph, thereby making a perfect instrument. The minute hand and the one-fifth second are started, stopped and returned to 12 through an elec cal appliance, either from the judges' stand or from any part of the track. Should the horses start from a point distant from the judge's stand the hands are started from an electric button near the starter and stopped by another button behind the wire on the

judge's stand. As many buttons as judge's stand. As many other track, and any one or all of the three opera-tions can be made from any of the butgreat success. Fancy a dress made quite plain, the skirt simply gathered round the waist, the bodice without seams or plaches, jersey fashion. This because of place of the second seams of any of the elec-tric buttons. The motive power is obtained by a weight of ninety pounds attached to the great wheel, which has

it. I have tried almost all of their