

Unfinished Work.

They work unfinished?—do not fear, it is the lot of mortals here. And of the rude and incomplete we offer at the Master's feet,— Poor fruits of pain and toil and care; And while we lay them sadly there, He lifts the weary hands that fall, And comfort speaks:—He knoweth all.

He knows the trials and the loss, The patient zeal, the daily cross; Thy wish to run and never faint, And grief which utter'd no complaint, The tears thy meat by day and night, The clouds that veil'd the Holy Light; And gentle faith, 'O fearful heart, Sufficient strength will impart.'

Unfinished? Soul, He knoweth best Who calls from labor now to rest; To build no more, no more to reap; 'He giveth His beloved sleep.' Tho' at His coming may be found The stone uncut, the sheaf unbound, Yes, for thy faith, beyond the skies Thy own shall be the long 'for prize.

A VISITING CARD.

It was a rainy day in January. Large drops were beating monotonously against the windows of a red brick house whose white stone trimmings and other heavy architectural ornamentations were that air of having been manufactured by the thousand which characterizes the dwellings of those good people who have gained wealth without gaining taste.

Behind the guipure curtains on the first floor stood a handsome blonde looking out with a bored expression in her cold blue eyes. This was Solange Tarvenue, the only daughter of a respectable bourgeois, who, having made his money in trade, now lived a gentleman of leisure in this fine new house.

"Heaven!" exclaimed Mlle. Tarvenue, "how tiresome this rain is! One can't go out to make any calls, and no one comes to see one. It's enough to give one the spleen!"

"The spleen? What's that?" asked M. Tarvenue, from the depths of his newspaper.

"Something you don't understand, papa," said the young lady, impatiently.

"Suppose you practice a little, my daughter," suggested M. Tarvenue, putting up some stockings she had been darned. "That piece, you know, you are to play at the Piau-piau to-night."

"Yes, it would be well worth while, would it not?" sneered Solange. "People who don't know one note from another! As though there was any one in the Ville-Abbe, any way, who did. What is the use of having any talent for anything when one lives in the provinces?"

"Oh, the provinces again! Solange is in a bad humor. I'll get out of the way," remarked M. Tarvenue. "Leave the child alone. The temperature affects her. It is psychological," said M. Tarvenue, who flattered herself that she understood her daughter, and was upon the same intellectual level, a'beit, the latter had been educated in Paris.

She went down stairs with the girl, and there Solange with—one must be just—a good deal of mere digital brilliancy, began to practice one of those showy and utterly hollow musical productions, in which there are technical difficulties in profusion, but absolutely not one that can speak to the heart or to the mind.

In the midst of these trills and chromatic scales the bell rang. "There!" cried Solange, stopping short. "I'm sure that is a call. You see, mamma, you were not at home to visitors. Every one is not as much afraid of bad weather as you are."

"My dear child, what are you thinking of? Such a day as this! Why the parlor furniture would have been ruined by people's wet clothes!"

"People's wet clothes! It is to be hoped the people we know would wear waterproofs—as long as they come on foot," added the young lady, bitterly. She rang the bell. A young servant girl came in.

and it was joined to a most extraordinary amount of egotism and vanity. She had played, in childhood, behind the paternal counter, but she had been educated in a fashionable Parisian school, from which she had brought away all manner of ambitions. In her dreams for the future she saw nobility at her feet, and she would not have thought a crown misplaced had it been made to rest on her magnificent yellow hair. It was therefore no wonder that the Comte de Prevaret's visit had not much surprised her. She saw in it simply the natural result of her beauty.

She received her father when he returned with a superior smile of calm fatuousness, while Mme. Tarvenue, who was more unsophisticated in her new grandeur, exclaimed, agitatedly: "If you only knew whom we have just missed!"

"Oh! You think I don't know," replied the good man, trying to look very subtle. So he has come to make his proposal, has he?"

"To make his proposal?" quavered Mme. Tarvenue. "You knew, then?"

"It is to be hoped that I did know," remarked M. Tarvenue, with importance. "He said to me only this morning: 'It is time we came to an understanding. Eusebe is fairly wasting away, he is so much in love with Solange.'"

"Eusebe! Of whom are you talking?"

"Of my friend Ramillat, who is most anxious that Solange should marry his son."

"M. Ramillat did not call. But the Comte de Prevaret rang the door-bell while you were away." And Solange, having pronounced these words, majestically left the room.

"M. de Prevaret!" exclaimed M. Tarvenue. "Why, yes," said madame, imitating her daughter's self-possessed and indifferent mien. "Solange is not astonished. He has been noticing her a great deal of late. And if he should want to marry her there would be nothing surprising in that either. She is handsome enough to make a mesalliance possible."

A discussion then arose between Mme. Tarvenue and her daughter as to whether they should call, in their turn, on the dowager countess—a discussion which was thus concluded by the young lady:

"On general principles it should be papa who returned the call. But he would not know how to appear in a way that would do us justice. Now, if it were I, having the habit of the world, I should know how to manage perfectly. So it is best that mamma and I should go to call on the countess. By doing so we will make her understand that we are very willing to know her, but not willing to accept the attentions of her son against her wishes."

The plan was cleverly conceived, and a week later was carried out.

On the same day the dowager countess de Prevaret was chatting with her son in a large salon filled with fine old furniture. He, who was the most touchingly devoted of sons, had been asking his mother how she had passed the afternoon. She had been too tired to receive, she said. But there had been several callers. "Among others these"—and she took up a card.

"Mme. Tarvenue" and mademoiselle. "Do you know these people?" asked the countess. "It was surprising to get their card."

"I know them, and I don't. He used to be a linen draper, I think. He is out of business now. They sit near you in church—the father is a little man with spectacles; the mother very stout and rubicund; the daughter a superb creature, who dresses very well. You must have seen them?"

"Oh, yes, I remember now. I believe they bow to me. They are good souls, I should think—they go to church very regularly."

"Good souls, perhaps," laughed her son, "but frightfully ordinary. The mother is impossible. As for the daughter, we call her the empress. I assure you, the name suits her. She is a tremendous poseuse."

"But why should they come to see me?" asked the countess.

"Perhaps to solicit subscriptions for some charity. The mother and daughter belong to different church organizations, I think."

"Perhaps I don't care to know them, but I want to be polite. I might leave my card some day at their house. That would not commit me to anything."

"Of course not. Especially with the Tarvenues."

The lady little dreamed what a commotion the square of pasteboard her footman deposited at the Tarvenue door one afternoon, would cause in that household. When Solange, who was at the window, recognized the Prevaret livery, she forgot all her assumption of indifference and rushed down to the kitchen to tell the servant that the ladies would receive. Then she threw a hasty glance into the drawing-room to assure herself that all things were in order there, and still running, returned to her room and began to make an appropriate toilet. What was not her disappointment when she heard the carriage drive away again.

"Idiot!" she cried to the servant over the banister. "Why didn't you say we were at home, as I told you?"

"But, mademoiselle, the footman didn't ask. He gave me the card, and I said, 'Madame is at home.' Then he said, 'Well, give her that, then.'"

"Very well," said Solange, with acerbity. "But you might, at least, have refrained from saying that we were at home, since you hadn't been asked."

Nevertheless, the sight of the countess card somewhat appeased her. That a grande dame, of the countess' age, too, should have taken the trouble to drive out in the cold in order to leave a card at their house, proved conclusively that she wished to sanction her son's course. Thus did Mme. Tarvenue think likewise, and the two ladies resolved that the least they could do would be to call once more upon the countess without delay.

This had been arranged when M. Tarvenue, who spent an hour at his club every day, came in with a very cloudy brow.

"Something very serious has happened," said the retired linen draper.

Then—"We have no secrets from you, my daughter, and you know already that my friend Ramillat has spoken to me of his desire of making a match between you and his son. I expected an official proposal from him three weeks ago. I did not receive it, and since then he had seemed to avoid me, I did not like to call on him, because that would have been undignified under the circumstances. Finally I met him to-day on the street, and although he pretended not to see me, I accosted him. 'What's the reason one never sees you any more, Ramillat?' 'It seems to me, sir,' he answered, stiffly, 'that it is scarcely my place to call upon you again after the step I took three weeks ago, and which you failed to recognize in any way.' And now it turns out that he came here, left his card, as I was not at home, and thought, of course, as we had had a conversation on the previous day, that I would understand the visit as a formal demand on his and his son's part for Solange's hand. Here we are at loggerheads, and all because you did not give me his card."

"But he never came—he never left a card!" cried Mme. Tarvenue.

"In any case, there's a good match off," grumbled M. Tarvenue.

"Do not deplore it, I beg," remarked Solange, with her most superb mien. "I should not have accepted M. Eusebe Ramillat in any event. I hope before long to present to you a son-in-law of quite another stamp."

In less than eight days Mme. Tarvenue and her daughter repaired anew to the dowager countess. Solange was enchantingly handsome in a suit of dark blue, with astrakhan trimmings, and a toque of the same on her golden hair.

Mme. Tarvenue, in plush and jets, had assumed an indifferent and contemptuous air, which she thought in the best possible form.

When the countess saw the two ladies enter her drawing-room she suppressed a movement of surprise, but she received her guests with that gracious amiability which so successfully keeps people at a distance.

"I was sorry," she said, in her slow, musical voice, "not to have been at home when you came some little time ago to see me."

"The loss was entirely ours, madame," said Solange, with embarrassment.

"Certainly, certainly," said Mme. Tarvenue, who was very red and very ill at ease.

"I regretted the coincidence all the more that I thought you might have wished to see me with regard to some church charity."

Solange understood the allusion, and her eyes flashed fire.

"No, madame, I am interested in church work, but I do not solicit aid from others," she announced, trenchantly. "We have come simply to prove our recognition of the visit by which you were pleased to show us that you approved of your son's visit to us."

It was now the countess' turn to be agitated. Had Gerard really gone to see these people? The daughter was pretty—very pretty.

"I did not know that my son had called upon you," she said, with her grand air, "but his friends are mine. Ah! There he is now. Gerard," addressing the young man, who now entered with a smile, "will you not introduce me to Mme. and Mlle. Tarvenue?"

"It seems to me that it is you who ought to introduce me," remarked the young man, bowing low before his mother's guests.

"It is true, monsieur," said Solange, while her mother wished that the earth might open and swallow her up; "we regretted not being at home when you called, some time ago."

The young man bowed again, and looked embarrassed, and said nothing.

"My daughter alludes to the visit you made us at the beginning of January," he threw in Mme. Tarvenue.

FASHION NOTES.

—A wrap that has attracted some attention, more from its novelty than any element of grace or beauty it may possess, has a round yoke with full breadths falling straight to the feet all around. These breadths are laid in side plaits about three inches wide, and are very closely set. The style is becoming perhaps to one lady in one thousand, and it is not at all probable that it will become popular.

—A pretty little frock in reseda cashmere was cut to show a small round yoke of vieux rose nun's veiling, closely tucked. Tucks appeared also on the sleeves between shoulder and elbow puffs, and on the little skirt, where they were set in clusters of five or seven together. The collar, cuffs and band into which the frock was set were embroidered in pink silk.

—Ball coiffures are quite in the Empire style, less high over the brow than was worn last season, but higher at the back. The aigrette is going out of fashion; the hair is now ornamented with small wreaths, put on like bands across the front. Silver and gold bandettes are also much worn, rows of pearls or merely strips of ribbon, arranged in the Grecian style.

—English turbans are popular, also the walking hat and the small toque. The latter, while very popular with many ladies, must be most artistically made, or it has a common and inartistic effect. The formation of the article is suggestive of a twist or two of cloth on a frame, and so many of them are made of cheap and inappropriate material that the style does not find favor in strictly artistic circles.

—A very elegant wrap is made of rich brocade and plain plush. The full length fronts and sides are of brocade in side plaits, three plaits on each side of the front and three where the side sections join the back breadths. The wide revers are of plush, the sleeves are of brocade, with bands of plush extending over the sleeve at the hand and around to the back breadths, thence to the bottom of the garment, where they terminate in very long slender points.

—Flowers are much used on ball gowns, and they are most naturally modeled, especially the orchids, hyacinths and delicate beaths. A number of butterflies of various tints are used by themselves and with the flowers. The prettiest were light blue or light peach or a delicate gray, and are quite new in their way. It is astonishing what an effect they produce. A blue tulle, with these butterflies scattered about it, was particularly pretty.

—Brocades blend well with tulle. A gray, for example, was interwoven with gray brocade, striped white, the bodice and panels and back being of the brocade. The Empire dresses are altogether original. One, made in apple green, was trimmed with a wide, shimmering silver gimp, and drop fringe; the skirt was plain and full, and, like all the dancing dresses, just rested on the ground; it opened in a straight line down the centre, showing a full front of crepe de chine, with silver satin drops all over; the sleeves were ruffled on the arm, from the shoulder to the elbow, ending in silver trimming. In a yellow satin after the same period, the sash came almost under the arm, and long tasseled ends tipped with silver fell to the feet.

—Cashmere, Henrietta cloth and similar fabrics will be in very general use for semi dress costumes. They drape admirably, and are very manageable for the modified Directoire and Empire dresses that are coming into favor for indoor wear. Soft tulle, silk crepe de chine, China and Japanese crepe and like materials are used for the soft surplus folds across the front, also for the looser part of the elbow sleeves. Many of these sleeves have deep bounces of thin material from the elbows over the arms. There are also puffs of these materials set in the shoulders in diamond shaped slashes. A very pretty model for a somewhat more formal occasion has a petticoat front of guilte satin, over which is a draped polonaise of Bengaline.

—Very stylish models show exceedingly wide, full draperies falling in long folds from the belt to the bottom of the skirt. These draperies may be drawn high at the sides, the folds falling in long points, and the draperies may be so plaited as to form fans or killed effects either in groups or plaits, or all around the skirt. A favorite arrangement of drapery for the back of the skirts is to mass a very large number of plaits in the closest possible space at the point of a postillon back. The side forms extend to the bottom of the dress, and are almost plain. This arrangement throws the entire fullness into the immediate back of the skirt. The plain effect of the sides is relieved by very wide loops of ribbon, or of folded silk set flat upon the skirt just below the waist, and falling almost to the bottom of the skirt.

—Single tulle is employed often over satin or some kindred fabric that is allowed to show its own beauties. Melon green is a favorite shade, and the tender tone of the lily leaf. Some pretty green tulle ball gowns, just completed, are perhaps more of a true apple shade; the backs are tucked, so are the fronts of the skirts, but in different widths with stiff rows of wild dog roses or apple blossoms carried up in perpendicular rows to the waist; while another has white winter roses nestling softly in the folds.

A yellow satin is an admirable example of how sparsely tulle is now used. The front showed the satin well softened with just one layer of tulle; a thick ruche at the foot was interspersed with rose petals, and large garlands of beautiful full blown roses were carried up the skirt, after the famous Toeca roses which Mme. Bernhardt has immortalized; at the back the tulle was tucked. Quite a new departure is a melon green satin rather dark in tone, veiled with black tucked tulle; a large sash at the back. This shade in silk makes its way into ball rooms now without any tulle, and a stylish gown of the kind was striped, with a wide sash of the silk at the side, the low bodice made full.

HORSE NOTES.

—J. W. Ogden has sold Cleon, 2.22, to M. Heddon, of Newark.

—Tariff, 2.20, is now owned by a gentleman in Elmira, N. Y.

—Old Barnum "the iron horse" won the Goshen handicap at Guttenburg last month beating Specialty and Hermitage.

—The reported sale of Proctor Knott turns out to have been unfounded. Sam Bryant now says that the gelding is not for sale.

—The California stallions Junio, by Electioneer, and Jim L., by Dan Voorhees, will in all probability meet in a match race before next spring. The owner of the former is out with a challenge to trot for any amount up to \$5000.

—Macbeth II is reported to be doing well in the Chicago Stable now wintering at Nashville, and high expectations are being built for him for next season. Egmont, in the same stable is progressing finely, and it is thought that he will be able to stand another preparation.

—The following running meetings have been arranged: Lexington, Ky., May 1 to 8 inclusive; Louisville, May 9 to 16 inclusive; Latonia, May 20 to June 1 inclusive; St. Louis, June 17 to 22 inclusive; Chicago, June 22 to July 20 inclusive; St. Paul July 23 to 31 inclusive.

—Budd Doble's stable of trotters and pacers were shipped from Chicago to Los Angeles, Cal., in charge of Frank Starr, in December. It contained the trotters Jack, 2.19; Knight, 2.29; Rutledge, 2.27; and pacers Johnston, 2.66; and Ed. Annan, 2.17. The thoroughbred horse Father John was also shipped with them.

—"Knap" McCarthy has picked up in California a young pacer that he thinks will make a second Johnston. He is a bay 3 year old gelding by Del Star, and wonderfully fast. He has paced a quarter to road cart weighing 160 pounds, drawing his owner and 90 pounds extra weight, in 3 1/2 seconds, the first time he had ever been on a track.

—The stallion Startle, that died the last week in December at Robert Bonner's Tarrytown farm, was foaled 1867, sired by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Lizzie Walker, by Seely's American Star. It 1870 he got a record of 2.36, which was considered very fast in those days, and was sold by Charles Backman to Robert Bonner for \$20,000. Mr. Bonner never started him in a race, but when matured trialed him over Fleetwood track in 2.19, the fastest mile ever shown over that course up to that period. On another occasion he trotted a half mile in 1.02 1/2.

—P. N. Miller's racing stable was sold at New York recently. Among the principal sales were the following: Ch. c. Alan Arthur (2) to J. P. Morrison for \$2100; ch. c. G. T. Boyden (2) to Edward Brasu for \$1000; ch. f. Lady Arthur (2), to Mr. Asphecton for \$1000; ch. c. sired by King Dan (2), to David Gideon for \$500; ch. f. Miss Thomas (2), to J. M. Jeffcoat for \$800; b. f. Lilly (2), to Edward Weston for \$250; ch. f. Kanta (2), to E. W. Phillips for \$300.

—As indicating the large and varying interests of "Lucky" Baldwin, proprietor of the Rancho del Paso Stable, California, his letterheads are of interest. They contain a lithographic bird's-eye view of Arcadia and the Santa Anita tract, and the printing matter says: "Office of E. J. Baldwin, Hotel Oakway, Arcadia, Los Angeles county, Cal., No. 27 North Spring street, Los Angeles; San Gabriel Valley Lands; Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco; Tallac House, Lake Tahoe; wines, brandies, oranges, nuts and fruits of all descriptions; Santa Anita store, general merchandise; thoroughbred and road horses; Devon Dairy, Arcadia Floral Farm; water rights, miners, etc., etc."

—A great many stories are told of wonderful feats on horseback, but it is safe to say that none of them can equal the following, which comes from Australia. It happened on the Brisbane course (Eagle farm), at the races held on January 23, in the handicap hurdle race. Mr. Barker's Gratton, ridden by Paterson, while coming to the last hurdle before entering the straight for the second time, slipped and striking the hurdle heavily, turned a complete somersault, landed on his legs, and went on after his horses again without losing more than twenty yards, Paterson, by an extraordinary display of horsemanship, sticking to the saddle throughout. He did not win, but came in a fair third.

—Foremost among trotting stallions of the year is the black horse Stamboul, by Sultan, dam Fleetwing, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, second dam by George M. Patchen, third dam by Old Abdallah, Stamboul is an injured Ch. c. and Hambletonian, with none other of the fashionable strains in his composition. After a short season in the stud he was placed in training, and started at Los Angeles, Cal., the early part of August, in a match against Arab, which he won, trotting the best heat in 2.15, the fastest by a California bred stallion. He next started in the Grand Station stakes, at Oakland, and got second premium, winning the second and third heats; best time, 2.17. In this race he was beaten by Gay Wilkes, at Sacramento in an attempt to beat 2.11 in which he failed, trotting in 2.16. Brief as this stallion's 1888 experience was, he demonstrated himself to be a great horse. Every one of his heats was inside of 2.30, five of them in 2.18 and better.

PLAYING AT WAX-WORKS.

How a Young Couple Discovered an Amusement Not on the Bill.

Tripping lightly up the steps of the Eden Musee, a pretty young girl, probably 19 years old, showed by her eager face that she expected to have a good time. Following with a more dignified step, a young man carried the lady's wrap. Once inside, the young bride stopped to gaze with curiosity at the interior arrangements, but the next moment recoiled with a little scream from the stolid policeman leaning on the railing near the box office. Clutching her husband's arm with both hands, she remarked in an audible whisper: "Oh, George, is he dead?"

George's assurance that he had "never, never been alive," calmed her, and by the time the tickets were bought she expressed her opinion that he was "just too lovely for anything." George had been in the Musee before, but the sweet Irene had not, and everything pleased her, even to the roasting cannibal in the chamber of horrors. She fell in love with the little newsboy, looked into all the stereoscopes, went up to the art gallery and finally brought up in the Turkish smoking room, where no smoking is allowed, and settled herself in a dark corner of the divan for a rest, her head lying low on her husband's shoulder. Her eyes closed and he became absorbed in the contemplation of a stray lock of hair and its comparison with the feather in her hat. While he was engaged in this occupation, in a dreary state of mind, four well-preserved old maids entered and their eyes fell on the young couple.

Arranging themselves in a semi-circle, they admired the fair group for a moment in silence, and then the youngest of the four, being unable to contain herself longer, broke out with: "What a beautiful ideal! What an exquisite effect! How it appeals to—Oh!"

And she turned and fled, followed by her three companions. The bride looked up and giggled, George blushed, and an animated conversation followed in an undertone.

"Wasn't it funny, George? They took us for a wax group."

"Yes, I think they did. You look lovelier than any wax figure, though."

"No, really?"

"Yes, really."

"George, suppose we play at being figures a little when somebody else comes in?"

George agreed and they posed. Meanwhile, outside, the four elderly ladies were disagreeing with each other. Two of them declared that the group was wax and the other two that it was composed of two living persons. Curiosity triumphed, and it was resolved to walk slowly through the room and inspect it. Forming in single file, led by the bravest, the hearts of all four fluttered with excitement, they marched through the door leading from the stereopticon gallery and paused opposite the two quiet figures, but only for a moment, as a little giggle which came from under the big hat dispelled all illusions, and as they passed out of the opposite doorway each heaved a big sigh, "but what for the reporter could not imagine."

A few minutes later three youths carrying cigarettes entered and the first one remarked, pointing at the bride, "Is she sweet?"

"Yes, really?"

—Galen has grown but little since his race for the Futurity stakes.

—A. J. Cassatt has purchased Abaca, the yearling sister to Foxhall.

—Peter Duryea has placed Kemilworth, 2.18, in Van Cott's stable.

—Favona trotted fifteen winning heats in 2.30 or better the past season.

—Bell Boy reduced his record to 2.19, at San Diego, Cal., on December 22.

—The Parkville Farm has an eighth of a mile track on which to try yearlings.

—Senator Hearst has twelve very fine yearling thoroughbreds at Coney Island.

—J. G. Coster is driving the gray mare Patience, 2.20, by Strathmore, on the road.

—F. D. Stout has purchased of J. V. Stryker the gray mare Dalphine, by Harold, for \$5000.