The Bright Side.

There is many a rest in the road of life If we only would stop to take it, And many a tone from the better land If the querulous heart would wake it. To the sunny soul that is full of hope And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth, The grass is green and the flowers are

bright,

"hough the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low, And to keep the eyes still lifted, For the sweet blue sky will soon peep hrough

When the ominous clouds are rifted There was never a night without a day, Or an evening without a morning, And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes, as the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life Which we pass in our idle pleasure That is richer far than the jeweled crown Or the miser's hoarded treasure. It may be the love of a little child, Or a mother's prayers to heaven, Or only a beggar's grateful thanks For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life A bright and golden filling, And to do Gcd's will with a ready heart And hauds that are swift and willing, Than to snap the delicate, tender threads Of our curious lives asunder, And then blame heaven for the tangled ends

And sit and grieve and wonder.

MR. MULTAHNEY.

Grandfather didn't leave me his property, after all. I might have set out to do.

There, for instance, was the daywe had just got nicely settled in our country home-that we were all waiting patiently for the cow grandfather instead. Nobody could play on it. Grandfather said somebody could learn, but nobody ever did, and so we had to try and console ourselves for the disappointment of reflecting what a fine addition to our somewhat scanty parlor business life, anyhow. furniture the organ was, until the his mind that he needed another horse, and brought our gentle, star-faced Daisy home.

There were four of us in the family; grandfather, mother, the sweetest and and my cousin Etta, just of age, but and vain.

Now you're thinking I added the last three adjectives on account of the first one. But I didn't upon my word, when she first came among us, her an establishment. father and mother both having died the rights of others.

and finding fault about her, and won- truth, ma'am, we're all at sixes and dering how his grave, honest, elder son John came to have such a good-fornaught daughter, and always praising who was the child of his second son William, and saying that I was the comfort of his life, and should have the cottage and grounds when he died, but I "must promise"-this was the invariable conclusion-"to take care of Etta until she married, which is sure to be before long, as men are always taken with a pretty, doll-like face and kittenish ways, and never care much for sensible-looking, sensible-acting girls like you, my dear. Of course I promised, although I hadn't the slightest idea of grandfather's dying soon when he talked in this way. One day having started to build a hen-coop, and beginning to dig the child on her knee. a well instead, he had a terrible chill and died in an hour. And when his will was read the day after the funeral, I, for one, was very little surprised to hear that all his possessions, with the exception of \$500 to my mother and \$500 to myself, were left to "that good-for-naught," the daughter of his son John. And it was only a week after the reading of the will when my consin Etta said to me, with a calmness and coolness somewhat astonishing in such a babyish looking little thing; "You must be looking for another home. Faith. I am going to marry James Read"-a young man grandfather had detested-"in a short time, and we will want the whole cottage ourselves. So mother and I went up into our room-a fine large square room it was, right over the porch, and held a consuitation as to what we had better do. I wasn't well enough educated to be a governess, and, besides that, mother and I couldn't bear the thought of being separated-we never had been since the day father died, ten years before; and we finally came to the conclusion that a small store was the very thing. What kind should it be? was the

general, effect, I seated myself in the sitting-room at the back of the store and waited for my first customer.

Mother went into the tiny kitchen and began making cherry tarts, and had just called to me to come and see how splendid the cherries were, when the store bell rang loudly, and some one came in and shut the door with a bang.

I went out as quickly as I could, and there stood a rather stout middle-aged gentleman, very red in the face, and evidently in very bad temper.

"Look at that, ma'am, look at that," said he, as I came forward, holding out his hand and directing my attention to the buttonless wristband of his shirt "No buttons, and I buy butsleeve. tons by the gross, and, by heavens, there's never one in the house. You keep buttons?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll take one - and you look as though you would sew it on for me."

"With pleasure," said I, going for a needle and thread, with a smile, for it, struck me as being somewhat odd that my first customer should want one shirt button, and almost demand my services as a seamstress, and it was with the greatest difficulty I resumed and kept a demure countenance while sewing it

"Um?" said the gentleman, half aloud, as I fastened the thread; "nice, though not at all handsome, and would wear well I should think."

1 looked up and saw his eyes fixed upon a crimson and green rose and-bud known he wouldn't, because he said he | tidy (one of mother's prettiest patterns), would. Grandfather always did some- and thought that if it didn't suit him, thing entirely different from what he he must be hard to suit in the way of tidies.

After the gentlemen had said "Goodday, ma'am," to mother, who came into the store looking as sweet as a roll and "thank you miss," to me, and gone wanted to buy and brought an organ away, we had a dozen or more callers, among them two dear little girls, to whom mother gave the two biggest cherry tarts; and altogether our first day of shopkeeping was a profitable one, it was the beginning of my

We soon discovered that the jollymorning grandfather suddenly made up faced gentleman was the owner of the comfortable-looking house across the way, Mr. Multahney by name (though that blessed mother of mine always called him Mr. Mullagatawny, after a fashion she had of mixing up names in dearest woman that ever lived, myself, her mind, as, for instance, calling the a plain, quiet girl of five-and-twenty; baker, Mr. Black, "Mr. White," and our old lawyer, whom we had known looking about 17-pretty, selfish, idle for twenty years, "Mr. France," instead of Mr. Paris.)

His wife had died nearly two years before we came to the village, and the household since that time had been in for 1 tried my very best to love the the charge of an old nurse, who was toblue-eyed, fair haired, teasing thing tally incompetent to manage so large

"But you see, ma'am," said Mr. during the previous year; but I couldn't; Multahney, one afternoon, to my mothshe was so thoroughly wrapped up in er. "I couldn't place any one over herself, and so utterly insensible to even nurse. I would break her heart, and I'm not good at breaking hearts-never Grandfather was forever scolding was and never will be; but, to tell the

ful and cheerful after observing the teased me awful. I think the fairies and so has the father too. And I sent y u h ne-don't you?" Three more girls followed Robbie-

Rosie and Frankie (round, rosy, dim-pled wee bodies, with a great liking for "'Mrs. Mullagatawny!" murn year-old baby.

Multahney family bought more at our be." store than any other three families in the village, never going, as some of the ney, with emphasis, "or I'll go and well-to-do people did, to the neighbor- drown myself." ing city for things which we had equally good and cheap, but getting every- hanging around my neck, and Harry thing they could get from mother and and Lily clinging to their father. "Oh!

me Well, life went on smoothly and happily, mother growing prettier every you won't let papa drown himself?" day, and Mr. Multahney and nurse and the children in and out all the time, and before we were really aware that autumn had left us, behold, it was the day before Christmas!

Mother and I had bought a large assortment of toys and candies, and had been well patronized all day, but were disappointed and surprised when evening came and 9 o'clock struck and Mr. Multahney had not made his appearance: for the dear, romping, laughing children had contided to us, weeks before, what gifts they hoped Santa Claus would bring them; and, of course, we had procured them all, with the exception of a pony for Harry and a diamond ring for Lily, which articles were a little beyond our means, and had laid them aside to produce when the indulgent father asked our advice on the subject, as we were sure he would. But the clock had scarcely ceased

striking when he came in.

The small store looked uncommonly pretty dressed in Christmas greens and bright paper flowers, and we had four wax candles on the counter and two in the window, besides the regular lamps; and I wore my new gray merino dress, with a blue bow at the throat and another in my hair (my hair doesn't ripple and wave as much as mother's, but it is the very same color), and mother wore her gray dress, with a handsome black lace rosette among the waves and ripples.

"Very pretty, indeed!" said Mr. Multahney, going up to the stove to warm his hands a moment, and then turning his back upon it and smiling approvingly around.

"We're trying to rig up a Christmas tree at our house, Mrs. Welton," he went on to say, "and I'd be pleased to have you and Miss Faith come over as you can and give us the benefit of your excellent taste. The children will be gone to bed in a few moments--"

Just then the store door flew open, and the two eldest children came running in, little Robbie limping after them.

"Oh, papa!" cried Lily, "nurse says if you don't come back 'mediately she'll go crazy, for we will peep into the room where she's fixing something, and pound on the door when she locks us out, and the grocer forgot the raisins and currants for the pudding, and-" "Oh dear! oh dear!" said Mr. Multa-

hney, grasping his curly black hair as though he meant to tear it out then and there.

shall be honored, proud and honored, ma'am, if you will accept me for a son-

"Mrs. Mullagatawny!" murmured mother's tarts) and Mollie, the two- my mother. "I never thought Faith would have such a queer name as that. The shirt button I gave away on But, dear me" (in a louder tone), "it "opening-day" brought us luck, for the | isn't hers yet, and perhaps never will "Don't say that," said Mr. Multah-

The children set up a howl, Robbie oh! oh! our darling papa going to drown himself! Dear, dear, dear Miss Faith, "I won't," said I.

ONE OF THE FINEST.

A Four-Year-Old Joins the New York Police Force and Thinks It's Fun.

A street Arab found a little fellow wandering around aimlessly near Thirty-fourth street and Broadway. He took him in charge and handed him over to the sergeant of the Thirtleth Street Police station, saying that he thought "the kid too well dressed and too young to be about the streets." When the sergeant asked the boy what his name was he said that it was Char-

ley Smith. "Where do you live?" asked the sergeant, kindly.

"Don't know exactly; somewhere near Central park, I guess. I'm Central Park Charley. Guess I am lost, ain't 1?'

"Yes, I think you are," answered the sergeant, with a laugh. "What's your father's name?"

"Charley; same as mine. Say, mister, I like you. I don't mind stopping here.

"Well, you're welcome. Come into the back room and make yourself at home," and the man took the curly haired child into the patrol room. When Charley reached the room there were some sixty big policemen there, washing up, polishing their boots and getting ready to go before the captain | tected. before relieving the day force. They all shook hands with the little fellow and gave him so many pennies that the pockets of his diminutive ulster were

filled. "This is a pretty fine place," he said to a red faced, smiling policeman. "Oh, yes," answered the other with

"it's fine," a grin, "I think I'd like one of those sticks," took one?" pointing to the rack of police elubs.

"Now, you're a policeman," said one of the men, wiping his dripping s an paletot is one of the favorite face and bending over the child. He marched gravely around, saluting all the men with his club almost as tall as The laughing fellows clapped he. their hands in approval and the child tal "frogs," which are in high popubowed low with great dignity, Some larity. one mentioned the captain's name, and Charley said he guessed he'd go see the captain. They asked him to fall in line with the rest, and the little fellow did so, his stick over his shoulder. He arched by the side of a big rounds-

-Evening gloves should meet the sleeves, of whatever length. In some cases they reach quite to the shoulders.

-The long "Directoire" coats are usually worn with plainly draped skirts, but when they reveal only the immediate front the foundation is made of Russell cord or alpaca in a corresponding color, and faced only in front with the material.

-White dresses for home wear are even more fashionable than last season, only they are no longer made of vigogne, a rough, heavy material which does not drape at all nicely. The fabric in vogue is fine white cloth, soft, light and warm, which fits beautifully and is wonderfully becoming.

-Elegant visiting dresses are made

with the jacket bodice opening over a vest of white cream or pale rose colored cloth, with a trimming of light gold brandebourgs across and gold buttons in the middle. Others are notched out at the top and at the basque, showing a bit of gold embroidery or of brocaded galloon, in the Russian and Byzantine style.

-Bodices are still very jaunty, with cutaway, rounding or sharp pointed fronts, shorter sides and sharp points at the back and set one above another shaped to flare a little,. Collars a la militaire are still in high vogue, especially at the back; for a front the collar very usually turns with a natty revers, which is braided, velvet faced or otherwise decorated to match the quartered at Cedar Park Stud. Reportrimming on other portions of the ted \$30,000.

gown. -Home and evening dresses are made with narrow skirts, very close fitting on the hips, and defining the figure as much as possible, while the long trains of casaque and Princess dresses, gathered at the top, and without tournure or steels, except two small ones at the top, flow in low graceful Driving Club of New York has decided folds at the back. Tournures are only worn with walking dresses to keep out the short skirt, and then only small steels are used, and so as not to be de-

-This is more of a fur than a lace season, for the reason that the prevailing popular fancy seizes with avidity everything that has a Russian suggestion about it. Russian styles are more generally admired just now than are stallion, imported Richmond. The les modes Parisienne. The Russian redingote, a long, straight garment, is much worn. One worn at a recent luncheon was made of Lincoln green said Charley. "Would they care if I broadcloth. On one side a panel was lifted displaying a skirt of plain green cloth, light olive in color, heavily worked with silver braid. The Ruswraps, also the jaunty Russian juckets 96, and Great Western Handicap, 54. braided so closely that the cloth beneath is barely visible, and buttoned rived in Philadelphia from Texas across, double-breasted, with ornamen- January 18th looking as joliy as usual,

girl of to-day with out-of-door sports thing all right on his 1100 acre ranch that she hesitates to relinquish them in the Lone Star State. even when the winter crispness creeps into the air, and the costumes for into the air, and the costumes for these same exercises cause her no less the late Dan Mace, makes most of the concern than do the proportionately elaborate gowns she wears in the drawthe door and before the captain's desk, ing room. And the girl who takes no Mollie Wilkes was shipped eight dozen more than one of these sports has considerable designing to do, for to be strictly correct she must have a respective costume for each. The wardtobe of many a fashionable lady in- ton, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam cludes a trim fitting riding habit of the Keefe mare, by One-eyed Kencloth, of course, a hunting costume of tucky Hunter, died on January 10 at seat and looked sternly at the fifty or dark hued corduroy, a tennis suit of Thorold, Canada, from blood poisonstriped fiannel, a driving costume of ing. General Stanton was the sire of serge, with warm cloth jacket and Fides, 2.221; Nettle T., 2.221, and hood, finished off with the indispen- Geraldine, 2.281, and was owned by sable castor gloves, and she even John Batten, of Thorold, at the time singles out a special toilet for her early of his death. morning walk, which is usually a striped or small checked woolen goods, supplemented with a jaunty English lacket and a felt English walking hat. Mrs. Cleveland has, by the way, stimulated the feminine ambition to learn how to shoot at a target. Rifle practice was one of this much-copied lady's favorite pastimes during her autumn sojourn in the Adirondacks. -A more simple costume was of gray cloth and velvet. The skirt was and Brook wood. gathered and quite plain, with just a flow of gray ribbon on one side. But the velvet jacket 1s exquisite in shape and cut, moulding the figure to perfection, and trimmed with beautiful embroidery in gray silk and soutache. The upper part of each front is covered with this embroidery, the pattern simulating the fronts of a short Figaro used in transporting horses. Each car jacket rounded off under the arm. Epaulets of the same cover the upper part of the sleeves, which are of gray cloth. The velvet jacket remains slightly open in front over the cloth bodice. which forms a sort of vest, buttoned has purchased of Crooker & McDondown the middle; it comes down in a long point on each side. Another dress is of tan colored cloth. The back of the skirt is slightly draped; the side and front are arranged in triple plaits, and each plait is ornamented with a peaked pattern of black silk bratding; the bodice is plain, with noted mares to him. Gaudeloupe was tight sleeves; there is a light braided pattern on each front and at the top of the sleeves, also on the collar and on the wrists; a full rufile of black crepe lisse comes down the front of the bie sum in excess of that amount. bodice to the bottom of the waist. -A pretty home dress for a young lady is of white cloth, trimmed with dead gold braid two inches wide. The is golden. When anger arises, and bitter words rush from the overcharged heart to the line then underd words the waist, just draped least bit in front, to break the monotony of the plain straight folds. There are three rows of the braid; they come down from the waist on the right side, and, are continued at the foot, but only as far as the left side, not coming up again, but finished each just beyond friend,—or to be sarcastic in speaking the other, the upper one being the of the faults of those who err through shorter. The bodice is a Paysanne jacket, lined with gold colored surah. A chemisette of white gauged surah is never having been reported to the editor worn inside the vest. Three large but- of the Stud Book, won 137 races in Probably the most difficult task in tons of white cloth, embroidered with gold, are placed on each side down the

HORSE NOTES.

-Long Dance will be backed by his owner for the Kentucky Derby.

-The two New Orleans pool-rooms cleared about \$60,000. last year.

-It is reported that James Goldsmith will condition his stable of campaigners on the Fashion Farm track.

-Rumor has it that the real purchaser and the real owner of Galore, the crack English race-horse, is Mr. Astor.

-R. Tucker has matched Strideaway against the mare Nellie for a quarter of a mile dash, \$500 a side, to be decided shortly at New Orleans.

-The Northwestern Breeders' Association will hold its annual meeting for 1889 at Washington Park, Chicago, August 20 to 24 inclusive.

-J. M. Pettit will drive for A. J. Haws, of Johnstown, Pa., the coming season. The string will consist of Decorator (2.231) and the pacers Patsy Clinker (2.20) and Harry H. (2.221).

-Captain John B. Witgus, a Dexington (Ky.) horse breeder and backer. died recently from a cancer, aged 65 years. The stallion Allie West, sire of Jewett, 2.221, was owned by Mr. Wilgus.

-Robert Steel, of Philadelphia, purchased in California the stallion Antevolo. 2.191, 5 years old, by Electioneer, dam Columbine by A. W. Richmond, and the horse will soon be

-John Splan is kept busy with his book. It will be interesting as well as useful. There are many subscribers for it, and there should be a number of "second money" horses first under the wire next season since the book will how show to win.

-The Executive Committee of the to give a spring meeting and also to renew the Fleetwood and Morrisania stake races of \$5000 each at the fall meeting. The Morrisania stake is for a 3.00 class and the Fleetwood for 2.25 class.

-"Plunger" Walton, since going into the hotel business in the East, has been vainly endeavoring to sell the last relic of his racing days, the famous equine is now at Captain Sam Brown's stable being used for stud purposes.

-The Washington Park Stakes, which closed January 15, filled well. The Quickstep has 175 nominations: Lakeview Handicap, 150; Dearborn Handicap, 65; Maiden Stakes 84; Boulevard, 53, Oakwood Handicap,

-Frank Herdic, the poolseller, aralthough he claims to have dropped \$2500 by backing the runners at New -So infatuated is the fashionable Orleans. Frank says he left every-

> -James O'Neill, of New York, shoes for the trotting horses that are When shipped to foreign countries. pairs of shoes went with her. They were made in Mr. O'Nelll's shop.

FASHION NOTES.

next question.

"The only thing that I think of I said, as at all suitable is a fancy store, with a great variety of small goods. That I am sure we could manage, and make enough to support us comfortably all our lives long; for of course I shall never marry, being so plain and sensible, as grandfather used to say, and we will never never, be parted;" and I kissed her, and she kissed me in return, with a tender look in her gray eyes (mother has the softest and tenderest gray eyes in the world); and the very next day we set about looking for the store, and in less than a week had found it; a nice new little him stories, and reading to him from place in a thriving village a few miles away from grandfather's - I mean Cousin Etta's-cottage, just completed the very morning the agent sent us to look at it. The street on which it ant sitting-room, and when the noise at stood was the main one of the village, and before the door grew a splendid old hickory tree, which made it less sad to part with our oak; and directly opposite was a large comfortable-looking house sitting well back from the road, with half an acre of garden about it.

Well, that small store did look pretty when mother and I put the finishing touches to the contents of the goodsized window, and stepped out on the sidewalk to observe the general effect.

ma'am, I found Rosie and F terday afternoon just about playing tea party with the little tea-set I bought her the day before; and what do you suppose they had for tea and milk and pudding sauce, ma'am?" "I'm sure I can't guess, Mr. Mulla-

gatawny." said mother "Laudanum in the tea-pot, hydrate of chloral in the milk jug, and arnica

in the sauce-boat! Yes, ma'am, they had taken the bottles from my medicine chest, which nurse had placed on the floor of my room while she tried to

capture the canary which Mollie had let out of its cage. "The darlings!" said my mother, kissing the dear little upturned face of

"Certainly, ma'am," said Mr. Mul-tahney; "but I was frightened all the

more because they are dariings, and I came nearer discharging nurse than I ever did before, and 1've been develish near it before, ma'am; but the young ones set up such a hullabaloo that, to stop it, I was glad to let her stay. And

so, ma'am, the old confusion and mismanagement goes on, with meals so Don't you papa?"

irregular that I don't know whether I'm eating my breakfast or my lunch, my dinner or my supper." "I assure you I sympathize with you

heartily," said my dear mother. "I believe you do, ma'am. Goodevening," said Mr. Multahney, carrying sleepy little Mollie away in his

arms. The Multahney children were the most lovable children I eyer met.

Harry, the oldest, named after his father was a frank-faced, merry-hearted boy, immensely pleased when I made him a gay neck-tle, or hemmed his new handkerchief, or arranged a bouquet

for his button-hole. The second child was Lily-a bright Lillies I have ever known, brown as a berry.

It was her delight to keep store. It's I mean to have a store zackly like this. if papa will let me; or p'r'aps you'll | mother returned: take me for a partner, dear Faithpapa has a partner."

"Most certainly I will, my dear, I promise, if at that time you continue to

wish it, and papa consents." Then came Robbie, a lame little fel-Lily. low, with large serious brown eyes and pale wistful face, who had fallen from the high porch one day. Mother and I used to spend hour after hour telling his favorite fairy books, and teaching him pretty verses, which he was very fond of reciting. We had a small lounge on purpose for him in our pleasthe big house made him nervous and restless he would limp over to us, and

lie down, his head on a soft little pillow I had made, and on which I had embroidered his name, and his pet kitten

It was a lovely sunshiny summer go away every day, and Harry and Lily piness and that of the children, and the morning, and feeling singularly hope- went to school, and the little children children have grown to love them both,

"I will go with you, Mr. Mullagaman, whose knees almost came up to tawny," said my mother, distressed for the poor man, as she always is for toward preparing a merry Christmas for you.

"Thank you ma'am," said Mr. Multahney. "It's very kind of you; and if anybody can bring order out of disorder, you can. I wish from the bottom of my heart you would stay there forever!"

Mother looked at him in mild surprise, and went for her bonnet and shawl.

"Please come too, Miss Faith, for half an hour," said Mr. Multahney, coaxingly; "we can come back to the store afterward, and---"

"And I wish you'd stay forever," broke in that darling Harry, who had been prancing about, flourishing a wooden sword he had taken from the coupter.

"And so do I," said dear little Robbie, climbing upon the stool at my side duty." and putting his arms about my neck.

"With all my beart," said papa,

Why don't she?" asked Lily, dropping the cat and looking earnestly up in her father's face. "We all love her dearly-best of any body but you."

"The Gray children have a new mamma,' said that dreadful Harry, "and she ain't half as nice as Faith and the two dined together, and afterward Faith's mother."

I felt the blushes rising to my face forehead and away back to my ears.

"My dear Faith," said Mr. Multahney, his eyes sparkling mischievously faithful service. Charley said when he "the children have proposed to you, left the station that "being policeman Will you accept them-and me?"

I stood confused and silent; for little thing, and, like all the human though I liked Mr. Multahney very, very much, I had never thought of him as a husband, having, in the first place, made up my mind to be an old maid. awful cunning to truly sell things, Miss Faith, Faith, Faithey," was the bur-den of her song; "and when I grow up save as the daughter of my mother, she being so much more attractive. When

"Say yes, dear Fairy," whispered

Robbie, kissing my cheek. "Say yes, Miss Faith," shouted Harry, "and we'll have no end of fun." "Say yes, say yes, say yes!" teased

"Yes to what?" asked my mother,

smilingly. "To a question I've just asked her," answered Mr. Multahney "whether she would be my wife."

"Mr. Mullagatawnyl" said my mother; and then laid her connet on a chair and sat down upon it.

"Why, ma'am, there's nothing surprising about my part of the affair," said Mr. Multahney. "A young lady, ignorancel sunny-faced, sweet tempered, devoted to her mother, endowed, in fact, with more virtues than any woman I have ever met before, comes to a country curled up by his side. He was only six place where a poor devil of a widower years old, but a wise little chap for his is struggling along with six young years; and I used to smile, with a tear | children, and from the very first day in my eye, when he said, as he often she smiles on him his life seems brighdid, "I don't know how I ever lived | ter, and ever since that day she and her before you and Auntie Welton came no less charming mother have quietly here. I was so sick, and papa had to done all they could to promote his hap-

the boy's head. As the line filed out anybody in trouble, "and do all I can the young policeman stamped time with his little boots, marching proudly with the others. The men were all laughing at the boy's jaunty air and Capt. Relly called out sharply. "Order." They could not stop laughing. however, and the captain rose from his more men. As he leaned over his desk he saw the rosy face of the boy looking

up at him. "Hello, captain," said Charley, nodding his head at the grizzled one just above him.

"Well," said the captain, breathlessly, "who are you?"

"Policeman Charley, of Central park," said the boy knowingly, saluting with his big club.

"Weil, Policeman Charley," said the captain, "just sit up here along-side of me. I will detail you on special

The little chap was lifted up on one of the high stools next to the captain's, He looked over the register, pretended to read all the letters within his reach, brushed a thread from the captain's coat, and then began industriously to scrawl all over the papers before him with a pen. He and the captain had a friendly chat for half an bour. Then the captain hunted around until he found a smaller club for the boy. and spreading all over it, until I must | When he was taken away the next day. have been red from my chin to my all the men gave him a hearty farewell and the captain gave him a watch charm and a quarter as a reward for

was fun,"

Speech and Silence.

An old adage reads, "Speech is siler; but Silence is golden!" Like other general sayings, it is not always applicable. There are times when speech is golden, and silence is

shameful. For instance when the vile tongue of slander assails the fair fame of a friend, to keep silent is base. When wrong or injustice is being done to the helpless and weak, to keep silence is cruel. When scoffers sneer and skeptics laugh at our faith, to keep silence is cowardly. And yet there are times when silence

lips, then indeed should the golden seal of silence be placed upon the tongue

And ahl how golden is silence when we are tempted to ridicule the unfortunate!-- to be witty at the expense of a

The Author's Hardest Task.

the construction of a story is the management of conversations, so that the individuality of the dramatic person æ may not be hopelessly mixed. The author must keep each character de- back. finitely before his mind's eye, so that he may see it as distinctly as he would an intimate friend embodied in the

toes around the waist, and is fastened into two long loops and lapels at the

-The noted stallion General Stan-

-In the last twelve years the get of imp. Billett, Messrs. Clay & Woodford's stallion that died in Kentucky recently, started in 3061 races, of which they won 542 and \$580 747.50. The best of Billet's get were Miss Woodford, Volturno, Runnymede, Barnes, Raceland, Sir Dixon, Belle of Runnymede, Burton, Elias Lawrence Belvi-dere, Blue Wing, Binnette, The Lioness. Rosalind Bengal, Ballston

-The Pullman Car Company has been engaged to build a number of cars especially adapted for the transportation of horses from one paint to another. These cars can be attached to express and other fast trains, avoiding the inconvenience and delay incident to freight trains now generally will have room for sixteen horses; and will be fitted up with special regard for the comfort of the animals,

-D. Swigert, of the Elmendorf stud. ald, of New York city; on private terms, the bay colt Gaudeloupe, formerly Hayden Edwards, 4 years old, by Prince Charley, dam Nannie Bay, by Glexelg, and he will breed Triangle, the dam of Champagne Charley, Salini, the dam of Salvator, and other never started, owing to an accident, but he possessed a high private reputation. At a year old he sold for \$1910, and he cost his new owner a considera

-Glenelg heads the list of winning sires for 1888. sixty-two of his get having started 761 times, winning 121 races (110 times second) and \$131.12. Glenelg headed the list in 1887, 1886 and 1884, while he was fifth in 1885. Last season his largest winners were Los Angeles and Firenzi, furnishing between them the sum \$71,631, the former winning thirteen races out of twenty six starts and the sam of \$36,-075, and Firenzi thirteen races out of twenty two starts and \$35,656.

-Sixty seven of the get of Longfellow, including one, Mystic, who is not registered, his alleged dam, Undine, 1888 of the aggregate gross value \$118,381. The Bard, who was defeated ront, and a sash of dark blue velvet but once in eight starts in 1888, and then by Firenzi in record time, him pulling up lame, heads the list with not quite \$20,000, and is followed by Hypo back. Another was of beige cloth over a white cloth skirt, embroidered Oriental fashion in several shades of copper and ver \$10,000 each. Melodrama, a 3 year old, started 35 times, but won only 10 times and \$2150.