

Sweet Sorrow.

life's chalice overflowed with wine
I quaffed the draught; I drained the lees
I drunken was, with cheer.

I spurned the cup, and dashed the draught
Down over desert sands,
And fled the place, and many years
I roamed in distant lands.

I sought again to fill the cup
With wine, as sweet and strong
As that I drank, that wondrous year
When life was naught but song.

I sought in vain—the grapes I pressed
Flowed ever juice of gall;
And tears and blood were blended there,
Till I despaired of all.

And after many years had sped,
I sought that desert land,
And lo! a spring was flowing there,
From out the tharid sand.

I drank the crystal water then,
To kill consuming thirst;
I found it sweeter than the wine
That filled my cup at first.

AN OBEDIENT HUSBAND.

The first time I met my old chum
Vital Herbelot, after leaving school,
was at a banquet attended by all the
old pupils of our provincial lycee.

I was not a little surprised to find the
Vital Herbelot of mature years quite a
different looking person from the youth I
remembered, and not at all resembling
the man I had supposed my friend
would grow into.

When I knew him he was slender and
tinted, painfully neat in his dress, scrupulously correct in
his manners and somewhat reserved,
combining, in short, all the good qualities
of a young lad determined to make
his way in the position.

I now saw a compactly built, large limbed man,
much sunburned, with a bright eye and
cheerful, clear, decided way of speaking
of one unaccustomed to weigh his
words.

There was a free and easy and
not ungraceful manner about him as
liferent as possible from that usually
assumed by the building officials in
whose ranks I supposed him still to be.

"What has happened to you?" I said
to him. "Are you no longer in government
employment?"

"No, old fellow; I am nothing more
nor less than a stupid old farmer. I
have a little place here, a league from
here at Chauteraine, where I raise
wheat and black Burgundy grapes, the
wine from which you shall taste when
you come to see me."

"You don't mean to tell me that you,
the son and grandson of a government
official, who was always held up as a
model employee at the bureau, and for
whom the most brilliant future was
predicted—you don't mean to say that
you have thrown away all your chances
of distinguishing yourself in your
chosen career?"

"Yes, that's the simple truth."
"How did it happen?"
"Great effects are often produced
by very trivial causes. In this case it
was a couple of peaches that compelled
me to offer my resignation."

"A couple of peaches?"
"Precisely so, and if you will drive
with me back to Chauteraine after we
have had our coffee I will tell you exactly
how it came about."

After coffee had been served we left
the banquet, and while discussing
over cigars my friend began his story
as we skirted the banks of the canal.
It was a warm afternoon toward the
end of August.

"You know," he said, "that I was
born in the profession, and that my
father, himself an old employe of the
bureau, thought there was nothing to
be compared to the career of a government
official. So as soon as I had received
my degree, and as nothing more
brilliant offered, I was installed as a
clerk in my father's office."

"As I was an industrious lad of regular
habits and had been taught from
the cradle to respect my superiors and
to pay them the deference that was
their due, I was in great favor with the
heads of the bureau. When I was 25
the director, who had conceived quite
a liking for me, took me into his office,
and I was an object of envy to my fellow
clerks. I was, in fact, already spoken
of as in the way of speedy promotion."

"It was at that period I married.
My wife was an exceedingly pretty
young girl, but who, though as good as
she was pretty and very affectionate,
had no fortune. This was considered
a grave mistake on my part in the little
world of employes in which I lived.
I added, I trembled with anxiety lest
some awkward elbow should displace
my head covering and cause the coveted
fruit to tumble into the floor. I
could hear them rolling around, and I
turned red up to the very roots of my
hair."

"At last, after much tribulation and
several false alarms, I made my way
out into the open space just as a new
figure was being arranged. In this latter
case, one of the ladies stands in the middle
of a circle of dancers who, joining
hands, pass around their backs toward
her. While this is being done, she
places a hat she holds in her hand on
the head of the gentleman she wishes
for a partner in a quadrille. On this
occasion it was my host's daughter who
was to perform the hat trick, and I had
hardly taken two steps on my way to
the waiting room when she called out:
'"A hat! I must have a hat.'"

"Then she caught sight of me with
my stovetopie glued to my breast. I
saw that I was recognized, and could
feel all the blood in my body rush into
my face. While my heart seemed to
stand still in a spasm of alarm.
'"Ah!" she said, "you come just in
time, M. Herbelot. Your hat please."
"Before I could stammer out a word
of protest, she had seized that useful
article of my attire, and so suddenly,
that the peaches were thrown some distance
in one direction while my handkerchief
and the vine leaves flew in another.
You can imagine the scene. The

supper, for they're going to have a
splendid one. I hear that there are a
great deal of good things coming from
Cheyette's, including some early fruit.
The grocer says that there will be
peaches that cost three francs a piece.
Oh! I adore peaches. Do you know, if
you were a very, very good boy indeed
you would bring me one?"

"Against this epistolar demand I
entered at earnest protest, but the
stronger the objections offered the more
my wife insisted that I should gratify
her whim.
'"On the contrary, nothing is easier.
Promise to bring me at the least one.
Swear you will.'"

"What can one say, when the wife
of one's bosom takes so decided a stand,
especially if she is in delicate health?
It ended by my giving a vague promise,
and was hurrying away when, just as
my hand was on the door knob, she
called me back. I saw her great blue
eyes fixed on me, her face aglow with
the pleasure of the expected treat, as
she cried:
'"You promise?"

"It was a very attractive ball. Flowers
everywhere, fresh toilettes and an
excellent orchestra. The prefect, the
president of the court, the officers of
the garrison—all in 'high life' of the
place—were there. At midnight precisely
supper was served and the dancers
passed into the supper room. I followed
them in some agitation, and had
scarcely got inside the door when I be-
held, in the place of honor in the middle
of the table, the famous peaches sent
by Cheyette.

"They were superb. Arranged like
a pyramid in a vase of Luneville china,
and picturesquely separated by vine
leaves, with which the dark red and
whitish green of the fruit contrasted
most agreeably, the whole presented a
very appetizing picture. I feasted on
them with my eyes from a distance,
and could easily imagine the state of
joyous excitement into which my wife
would be thrown if I could succeed in
carrying home with me a specimen of
this magnificent fruit."

"The longer I looked at them the
more determined I became to pilfer the
Luneville vase of one or two of its treasures.
But how was I to accomplish
my nefarious design. The servants
stood guard around these costly prod-
ucts of the hothouse, and it presently
appeared that my host had reserved
them for the consumption of a few
privileged guests. From time to time,
at a given signal, a servant would take
a peach carefully from the dish, cut it
with a silver knife and offer the two
halves on a rich plate of Sevres ware to
the person designated. I watched pro-
ceedings with anxiety, and felt cold
chills creep over me as the luscious
pyramid slowly but surely melted
away."

"Still the vase was not quite emptied
when the dancers, recalled by a few
preliminary chords from the orchestra,
hastily returned to the ball room. In
fact, I could count half a dozen of the
precious fruit still lying in their leafy
bed."

"I followed the crowd, but made only
a pretended exit. I had left my hat in
a corner in the upper room, in order to
have an excuse for going back after it.
It was a silk hat, and had given me
considerable trouble in properly dispos-
ing of it during the evening. As I was
quite intimate at the house the servant
paid no attention to my movements.
Besides, at that moment they were busy
in taking the dishes and silver to the
kitchen. In an instant I had made my
way to the buffet, on which the covet-
ed fruit had now been placed. No one
was in the room and there was no time
to lose."

"After furtively glancing to the right
and left, I suddenly seized two of the
peaches and placed them carefully in
my hat, first wrapping them in my
handkerchief. Then very calmly and
with much dignity, although my heart
was beating frightfully, I left the supper
room, pressing my hat against my
breast and holding it there by my right
hand skillfully thrust in the bosom of
my vest, which attitude gave me a
somewhat heroic, not to say Napoleonic,
aspect."

"My intention was to cross the ball-
room quickly and then suddenly disap-
pear. Once outside, I would carry the
two peaches tied in my handkerchief
victoriously home.
'"This little scheme seemed not to be
so easy to carry out as I had imagined,
as dancing had just commenced again.
All around the room was a double row
of black coats and wall flowers, sur-
rounding a second circle formed by the
empty chairs of the dancers. Then came
a large empty space in the middle,
where the latter were enjoying them-
selves. It was this space that I had
to cross in order to reach the door of
the waiting room."

"I timidly wended my way between
the groups and glidedroitly among
the chairs with the suppleness of a
adder. I trembled with anxiety lest
some awkward elbow should displace
my head covering and cause the coveted
fruit to tumble into the floor. I
could hear them rolling around, and I
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dancers laughed in their sleeves at the
disclosure of my theft and my utter dis-
comfiture. My host frowned and look-
ed annoyed, while the staid wall flowers
eyed me askance. I felt my limbs
giving way under me. How I wished
that there had been a trap in the floor
that I might have disappeared from
public view.
'"The young girl bit her lips to keep
from laughing as she politely returned
me my hat.
'"M. Herbelot," she said in a slightly
ironical tone, "had you not better pick
up your peaches?"

"This was the signal of an outburst
of laughter from all parts of the room.
Even the servants had great difficulty
in restraining themselves from joining
in the general mirth. As for me pale,
haggard and trembling, I fled from the
room. I was so upset that it was some
moments before I could find the out-
side door, and when I finally reached
the open air I lost no time in returning
home to pour my sorrows into my wife's
sympathizing ears."

"The next day the story was all over
town. When I went to the office my
fellow clerks saluted me with:
'"Herbelot, pick up your peaches.'
'"It made me blush again. I could
not walk a step in the street without
having some one behind me say:
'"That's the gentleman with the
peaches.'"

"The situation became intolerable,
and a week later I sent in my resigna-
tion.
'"An uncle of my wife's had an estate
in the neighborhood of my native town.
I asked him to take me as an assistant;
he consented, and we moved to Chauteraine.
What more is there to tell?
I went resolutely to work rising at
dawn and not shirking any necessary
labor. It turned out that I had a
greater talent for agriculture than for
drawing up official documents, for in a
short time I became a real farmer.
The estate throws so well under my
management that our uncle left it to us
at his death. Since then I have brought
it to the state of high cultivation in
which you will now find it."

We had reached Chauteraine, pass-
ing through an orchard where the trees
were laden with fruit, the limbs hang-
ing so heavy with their luscious burden
of apples and pears that they touched
the ground. After leaving the orchard
and going through a vegetable garden
we could see the white front of the
homestead, over the walls of which a
trelliswork had been made, whence
hung a fine show of peaches ripening in
the sun."

"You see," said Vital Herbelot, in
conclusion, "that I worship peaches.
I owe my happiness to them. But for
the amusing incident I have related I
should still be a slender official, trem-
bling at the prefect's frown, swelling
the crowd of underpaid subordinates
who find the utmost difficulty in mak-
ing both ends meet, and fearing lest I
should be blessed with a large family
from an inability to raise and provide
for my offspring; while now I am my
own master, raise my own wheat and
am not afraid of a whole household of
children."

At that moment my ears were assailed
by the joyous shouts of boys and girls
issuing from the interior of the dwell-
ing. And at the window of the ground
floor, framed in by the peach covered
trelliswork, appeared Mme. Herbelot,
plump and handsome yet, although ap-
proaching 40, herself resembling a ripe
peach gilded by the light of the setting
sun."

There are 385 colleges in the United
States, 4856 institutions of learning, and
65,718 students in them.
The British barque Maiden City lately
made the trip from St. Johns, N. B.,
to Liverpool in 12 1/2 days—the fastest
time on record for a sailing vessel.
The public land is not all gone yet.
There are still 9,000,000 acres in Colorado,
12,000,000 in Arizona, 30,000,000 in
California, 40,000,000 in Dakota,
7,000,000 in Florida, 44,000,000 in
Idaho, 7,000,000 in Minnesota, 41,000,000
in Utah, 20,000,000 in Washington,
and millions of acres in other States
and Territories, while Alaska has
fertile fields that have hardly been
touched.

The man who never changes his opin-
ion is one who never enlarges his in-
formation.
Care is a privilege peculiar to the
human race; angels are above it, beasts
below it, and devils beyond it.
The Marriage License bill has passed
the New Jersey House of Representatives
by a very large majority. It makes
marriage licenses imperative and gives
the county clerks one dollar for grant-
ing each one.
The mines of the United States con-
tinue to furnish increasing quantities
of precious metals. The gold product
for 1888 amounted to \$35,175,000, being
\$179,000 more than for 1887. The
silver product of 1888 amounted to \$43,000,000.
The total value of the non-ferrous
products of the United States in
1887 was \$285,894,942, and of metal-
lic products \$250,419,283, and of un-
specified metallic products \$6,000,000,
and in 1888 the value of these natural
products is estimated to be more than
\$500,000,000.

According to the Almanac just issued
by the American Board of Foreign
Missions, the thirty missionary societies
in the United States have an in-
come of \$3,906,967; 1,193 stations,
2,954 out stations; 937 male, and 1,200
female missionaries; 8,617 native help-
ers, 2,243 churches with 174,784 com-
municants, of whom 21,978 were added
last year; 3,804 schools with 137,905
pupils.
The twenty-two missionary societies
in the United States managed by women
and whose support comes from
women, support 751 missionaries, last
year contributed \$10,355,124.
The whole missionary force of Great
Britain, Continental Europe and the
United States have an annual income
of \$9,396,996; man and equip 9,550
stations; support 5,431 missionaries;
have the assistance of 32,015 native
helpers, and mission churches that 588,974
communicants and 1,876,655
adherents.

John E. Turner has Fred Folger
at Amber Park.

Stories of Prof. Morse.

When Morse, the father of the tele-
graph, was taking daguerreotypes on
top of the building at the corner of
Nassau and Beekman streets, New
York, Samuel Colt, the inventor of the
revolver, was a friend of the electrician.
Colt had his mind full of a tor-
cious idea. He was to be exploded by an electric
circuit. As Morse had the wires and
battery, the dabbler in torpedoes found
his necessary machinery ready at hand.
On one occasion, when Morse was ab-
sent, an experiment was to be tried on
the roof of the house, with a slight
charge of powder, which was to be con-
fined under a drum of figs. The gen-
tleman who tells this story was then a
mere lad, light of weight, and was ex-
actly the convenient resisting medium
which Colt wanted. It was agreed that
the boy should stand on the box
that the powder was fired. Just as all
preparations were completed, and the
lad stood on the box, Prof. Morse ap-
peared, who took in the situation at a
glance. "Stop," he cried, "Colt, bid
that boy get down. If you want to try
the experiment, jump up in his place."

"There is not the eighth of a pound of
powder there," said Colt, "but, I am
agreed. I will get up in the boy's
place. Professor, do you touch the
key." Touch the key did Morse. An
explosion followed, and it was all over
while the boy who was a man of large build,
to prevent himself being hurled over
into the street below. If the boy had
stood there, he would have been cer-
tainly lifted into the air. It was evi-
dent that then Prof. Morse knew that
explosions were intensified in accord-
ance with the means employed to fire
peculiar substances, and must have had
an inkling of the effects of what is now
called the vibratory influence on deton-
ating substances. "Once," says an in-
formant, "in Prof. Morse's later life,
he wanted a package of papers, which,
he told me, were on his table. I se-
cured a voluminous bundle of documents,
and having brought them down, pre-
sented them to the Professor. 'You
have made a mistake; these are not the
papers I wanted. Still, though they are
of no moment now, at one time they
caused me a certain amount of dis-
turbance. They represent vouchers
paid by me for lawyers, costs and ex-
penses in defending my telegraph. I
once took the trouble to add up the fig-
ures. I can't give it exactly now, but
the aggregate ought to sum up some-
thing very close to \$500,000.' Prof.
Morse's charities were endless. All the
impoverished of the United States made
him their match cow. He gave, if not
wisely, at least well, and must have,
during the last twenty years of his life,
dispensed a fortune in small sums."

Physical Culture.

Dr. Sargent, the noted writer and
lecturer, and teacher of Physical Cul-
ture in Harvard University, has per-
haps done more to stimulate effort and
raise enthusiasm in the department of
physical education than any other per-
son. If you walk into any modern
gymnasium you will find that most all
of the apparatus which is used there
by athletes, is the product of his inge-
nious mind. His latest invention is the
"Quarter Circle" designed chiefly for
the lower chest, although it also brings
into exercise the upper chest, as well as
the sides and abdomen. This is an ex-
cellent exercise for clerks who sit most
of the day with their chests bent over
their desks.

For an all-round exerciser, and one
that can be put up in your own bed-
room, I know of nothing half so good
as that compact little invention of Prof.
L. W. Dowd, of New York, who is
principal of the Home School for
Physical Culture. He calls it the Home
Exerciser. On this superb apparatus
any man, woman or child can secure,
as a matter of pleasant pastime, the
symmetrical development of the entire
body. The weights can be adjusted
from light to heavy, so that it may be
readily adapted for the use of a weak
person as well as a strong muscular
athlete.

Mr. Emerson says that "health is the
first wealth," but strange as it may
seem, it is nevertheless true, that people
pay much more attention to getting
the second wealth than the first, which
often takes upon itself wings and flies
away, and leaves its victims in the
wretched condition of both poverty and
ill health.

If exercise is not taken moderately it
does but little good; in fact if too much
is taken it may weaken rather than
strengthen the body. Therefore, a systematic
person who commences a systematic
course of gymnastic exercises, should
first undergo a thorough examination
by a competent person, so that he may
know the weak parts of his body which
require special exercise for develop-
ment. There are many excellent books
published on Physical Culture, among
the number one by William Blake,
which gives full instruction on the best
methods of developing the different
parts of the body and the best appar-
atus for use in the accomplishment of
that object, to which we direct the at-
tention of every person who intends to
begin the course of gymnastic exercises.

Vanderbilt and His Father.

Here is a good example for boys.
You have all heard of the late Mr.
Vanderbilt and the great sum of money
he had when he died. This is how he
obeyed his father and cheerfully yield-
ed to his wishes, even when he was a
big boy, and older than any of you.
The same spirit displayed by all of you
will bring you out all right.

The son was then thirty-two years
old, and himself a father. They were
on board the steam-yacht Northern
Star, on their way to St. Petersburg.
William, who was a habitual smoker,
was puffing his favorite cigar. "Bill,"
said the Commodore, "I wish you'd
give up that smoking habit of yours.
I'll give you ten thousand dollars if you
will."

"You needn't give me any thing,"
was the son's answer, as he flung the
cigar overboard. "Your wish is suffi-
cient." He never smoked afterward.

Very narrow ribbon will be much
used for decoration, for bonnets and
shawls.

FASHION NOTES.

A pretty spring dress for a young
girl, was of a light fawn color cash-
mere, with the accordion plaited skirt,
and the waist Directoire style, with
the back, in deep, plain slashes. It
was a very neat but plain costume.

A very handsome spring costume
is of "old rose" camel's hair, with a
white border. It is made Directoire
style. The revers are of "old rose"
velvet, the vest is of cream colored
sarah, with a broad band at waist
line of the velvet. The sleeves have a
puff of white sarah and a cuff of vel-
vet.

Dragon-flies, flash birds, and black
butterflies are fashionable trimmings
amid flowers and feathers; and lace is
now in great favor, for hat trimming.
Ribbons are in endless variety. Gauze
ribbons, brocades ribbons, striped rib-
bons, ribbons ombre, and others are
employed.

The high hats have had their
death knell sounded at last. Some of
the new hats are very flat, and some
are nothing but a little piece of silk or
flimsy material, with a bunch of flowers
in front. The toques are still in de-
mand, but are lower and more pointed
in front than they were.

Home dressmaking is made quite
simple and easy now. The stores in
addition to their loaded counters, also
offer to fit the waist of bought mat-
erial, or to cut and pin together the
whole costume. The paper patterns of
sizes to order, is also a great help to
one who does her own sewing.

The Directoire jersey is cut away
over a vest, and fastened with two
high buttons. Mataleas of silk,
sarah and merveluse are a perfect
delight to an ease-loving woman. There
is comfort in them and good looks, the
yokes are shirred, tucked or smocked,
and they are confined to the waist with
a loose belt or girde. They are mostly
trimmed with lace and are made in all
the new desirable shades.

The full-waisted jerseys are very
popular for those who cannot stand the
simple style of the tailor-made article.
These have yokes of plaits, tucks and
of smocking, the fullness belted in at
the waist with a wide belt and orna-
mental buckle. They are made of
plain and striped goods, and in many
cases embroidered with braid herring-
bone stitch or have a plastron of Per-
sian trimming.

The round hats have low-crowns
with projecting brims in front and
scarcely any brim in the back.
The Directoire hat, projects
straight forward from the face, shading
the eyes, and is laden with plumes.
The Empire hat is more poke-shaped
in the rounded front of its brim, and
a trimming inside the brim next the
face, and quantities of flowers upon it.
Lace also belongs to the Empire styles,
and is sometimes set in a plaited ruche
outside the brim.

A very striking and stylish gin-
gham suit was made of plaid gingham,
blue and pink lines. The skirt had full
drapery. The waist was tight fitting
and had a vest of pink sarah. There
were large wooden molds covered
with the pink, for decoration. The
sleeve was lovely, at the elbow it
was slashed and a puff of the pink
inserted, which did look so pretty, with
the stripes of the gingham crossing it.

The blouse waists can be had in
any material; soft silks, plain ch-lilles,
crepes de chine and mofaire, seems to
be the most popular. Either shirring
or the finest knife plaiting give the neces-
sary fit and yoke-like effect.
Belts come of the same material,
and are indispensable, as some of the
fullness is left around the waist for
each wearer to arrange for herself, and
is to be drawn in under the belt.
Satin-faced sarah blouses have full-
ed undersleeves halfway between elbow
and waist, of some contrasting color
in the material.

A pretty child's dress was a full
skirt, tucked, and shirred on a low-
necked waist, which had a vest of
velvet. The half sleeves were of vel-
vet. A white waist was worn under
it, a yoke and sleeves, which set it
off beautifully.

Another one for a child, was of
rose colored cashmere with the robe
trimming. It had a full skirt of box
plaits, and the waist was shirred from
the shoulders to the waist, over a tight
lining, cut low, and had a yoke of
white sarah. The shirring at the waist
was caught with a large bow of rose
ribbon.

The "witch stitch" is something
new in embroidery, and surely there is
wonder about it, for the pattern
looks as though half or more of it
were in appique, but it isn't. The
thread is carried along on the under
side, just outlining the pattern on the
right side; the remainder of the de-
sign is worked in the ordinary stitch,
making an exceedingly pretty pattern
and taking novelty. At some houses
we find this new feature, and a be-
wildering mass of Hamburgs of every
widths and design. The forty-five
inch founcing of revering and em-
brodery is the most popular of all the
widths; some patterns are made up of
reversing as wide as the insertion with
which it alternates; others have
clusters of cords mingling with home-
stitch effects, while some patterns em-
brace them all.

The world has moved until now,
leading houses show a line of Scotch
zephyr gingham that for design, style,
finish and range of color rival silk, and
a gingham dress is no longer the plain,
simple garment it was of old. Reversing
and lace stripes are found in all com-
binations of colors, from the most delicate
blues and pinks to blacks and whites.
A cream lace stripe, edged with a
narrow breche beeding, alternating
with a stripe of solid color, over which
runs a trailing vine of buds and leaves,
is as artistic in coloring and design as
a Watteau painting. The variegated
ribbon stripes are shown on inch-and-
a-half or two-inch stripes composed of
heavy colors in various colors, alternat-
ing with a stripe of solid color or a soft
lace one. The barrel lace stripe,
around a combination with pale blues,
pink, old rose, in the whole range of
green, and in gray, black and white.
A broche with a feather stitch edge
alternates with a ribbon stripe in one
combination or with a lace in another.

HORSE NOTES.

Splan's book is an interesting one.
Parana, 2.19 1/2, will be bred to
Edgemare.

Terra Cotta is favorite for the
Suburban just at present.
Edwin C. recently paced a quarter
in 33 seconds in California.
Sheridan will start at Memphis
and then move on Brooklyn.

The races at Chicago will be timed
by electricity the coming season.
Bookmaker and Wrestler are two
3 year olds well thought of at New
Orleans.

The bill to prevent pool selling in
Minnesota failed to pass the Senate by
a single vote.
Jockey McLaughlin is carrying a
good deal of flesh, and will begin at
once to train down.

There will be a running meeting
at Birmingham, Ala., preceding the
opening at Memphis.
James Wilson, of Harrodsburg,
Ky., has a fast 3 year old gelding in
the hands of Crit Davis.

Scott Quinton will take his \$20,000
Masoot to Montana, in company with
Prodigal, Patron's brother.
Mr. Wesley P. Balch has decided
to offer his \$10,000 purse for stallions
which have never beaten 2.18.

W. H. McCarthy will ship his
horses from Los Angeles, Cal., to
Terra Haute, Ind., about the middle
of April.
Jimmy Green, at the Gentlemen's
Driving Park, has a fine 3 year old colt
by Sultan, dam Ella Lewis, record
2.26 1/2.

John Splan will have Protection,
2.19 1/2; the pacer Argyle, 2.14 1/2, and
a fast green sidewheeler in his string
this year.
Wesley P. Balch will give a \$10,000
stallion race, to be trotted over
some of the New England tracks in
September.

The famous brood-mare Alma
Mater, who produced Alcantara, Ar-
biter, etc., will be bred to Electioneer
this year.
James Keenan, the well known
Boston sporting man, owner of Frank,
record 2.08 1/2, with running mate, is