There is a Crown of Thorns, Way of the Cross Consuming Fire that burns the spirit pure, By lustre of the gold set free from dross, By light of Heaven sent best through earth's By the exceeding gain that waits on loss—
Behold, we count them happy who endure.

-Katharine Lee Bates.

IN MORTAL FEAR.

The road was a strip of unlighted blackness. How Mr. Wetwore kept from driving into the ditch was a mys-

tery to Ed. Crosby.

He sat on the back seat, under which his trunk reposed, with folded arms and closed eyes, thinking vindictive things of the doctor who had ordered him out of the city after his malarial attack, and not less wrathful ones of his Aunt Harriet, who had known somebody who had once spent a summer with the Wetmores in Meriden, and who had bundled her good-looking

nephew thither. 'That's the eider-mill," said Mr. Wetmore, his voice sounding ghostlike in the darkness. "Our house ain't fur

He seemed to be leading up to somethink, and it came presently. "That air thing you got there, long

and narrer and bigger to one end,', he

observed-"what might it be?" "My gun case," Ed rejoined. Mr. Wetmore filled a pause with pe-

culiar coughs. "Loaded?" he queried. "Yeup," his passenger yawned. "Any

shooting around here?' "Don' know much 'bout shooting, Mr. Wetmore rejoined. It struck Ed that his voice was trem-

He had halted his horses. A light fell from a window down a board walk. Ed swung his long legs to the ground and opened the gate. "Jared and me'll fetch in your trunk,"

said Mr. Wetmore, still somewhat unsteadily, "if you'll take keer o' thatthat gun-case o' yourn. Ed gathered it up and got himself to

The oldish and angular woman he had anticipated did not greet him. The door was opened by a person not

old, but in the neighborhood of twenty; not angular, but slender and rounded as to cheeks and arms. Moreover, the person had black eyes, a sweet, red mouth, and a dimple in

each cheek. "Mr. Crosby," she said, "we have been waiting supper for you. I am Milly Keller, Mr. Wetmore's niece. Mrs. Wetmore's away on a visit, and

I'm temporary housekeeper. This is my cousin, Jared Wetmore.' Jared shook hands. Long, awkward and sharp-nosed was Jared, like his fa-

But Ed was not keenly alive to Jared's points; he had bowed low to Jared's cousin, and continued looking at her. His glumness had fled. He warmly smiling.

"I am happy to meet you!"he declared-who would likely have scoffed at the candle she held with a shaking the idea of being happy to meet any hand. native of Meridan whatsoever. Tea was ready. Tea in the kitchen ed. "You're safe, then?" would have exasperated him; now it

seemeda unique and delightful arrange-"l am so sorry," he began, mendaciously, "that the darkness prevented

my seeing the town." "Meriden is pretty," said Miss Keller, pouring the tea; "but very small, you know. I'm afraid you'll find it dull here.

"Dull!" the boarder repeated. He could not so much as imagine it. "We have picnics, and 'festivals,' and things," said Miss Keller, dimpling with a deprecating smile; "but they aren't exciting.'

"I don't want excitement," Ed protested. The biscuits were fine, and the ham

and eggs delicious; but he knew the cause of his content lay deeper. How bright she was, and how pretty! "I'll have some more ham, Milly, said Jared, pausing, with his knife in

the air. Ed looked at him-glared, rather. It struck him that Jared's tone was

one of proprietorship. Jared!-big handed, cowhide-shod! Great Scott! Jared escorted him back to the sit-

ting-room. Mr. Wetmore was in a earnestly. straight backed chair by the table, his glasses on his nose and a religious periodical in his hands.

He's not such a—a gump about anything else, Uncle Elias isn't. "Don't you want your supper, Uncle Elias?" his niece cried from the

Uncle Elias looked up solemnly.

muttered. He sat motionless, his legs crossed, his brushy brows contracted. Ed, sitting on the sofa, in a position carefully chosen for commanding a view of the kitchen, was conscious of a

furtive scrutiny from behind his paper. fiscated your gun. He's stolen it. He home or is visiting at the mansion of What ailed the old man, anyhow? But Ed was indifferent to that. He had a glimpse of Mr. Wetmore's niece Uncle Elias! to think of him firing a

dishes. Heavens! that a girl could look so pretty washing dishes. Jared joined him on the lounge. The young man's suspicion of Jared returnsharply, and he faced him with a it's gone forever, Mr. Crosby!

"Wal, what do you think o' Milly?" Jared demanded. Supper had loosened Jared's tongue.

"Pretty, ain't she?" he proceeded, (Ed could have throttled grinning. "And jest as smart as she's pretty, Milly is. She's b'en to the Bostwick Academy—b'en clean through it. Awful smart about books, Milly is!" His listener scowled.

"'Most every feller in town's been sweet on Milly, first er last," Jared proceeded, his red hands behind his head. "But Milly's right up to 'em. ain't to be had so easy, Milly ain't. Guess they'll find it out."

Jared chuckled. The guest studied him in a blind

rage.
Yes, there was complacency, self-satisfaction—everything obnoxious in his Yes, there was complacency, self-sat-faction—everything obnoxious in his ceckled visage.

Her dark hair was rough, her feet carelessly beslippered, a red scarf on her shoulders.

Her dark hair was rough, her feet that the Empress Eugenie possessed at the time of the empire's greatest gran-deur \$300,000 worth of furs.—Paris

Milly stood, slenderly outlined against her with a keenness which mide her the pantry door.

Yes, he could conceive of it. They had been thrown together from childhood, and perhaps there was some con-

oh, yes, he could see into the future—see Jared taking his pretty cousin | Jared?' to church of a Sunday evening—see, by a bird's-eye view, all their long and

.He shut his eyes and sulked. How the evening passed he was una-

Milly finished the dished and went to kneading bread in a distant corner. Mr. Wetmore sat without stirring. He looked strangely grim, and Ed sur-

mised that he had read his page over forty times. "What's the matter with your father?" the young man snapped at last, half amused, half aggravated.

mental discomfort, had made his bead "Pa?" said Jared. "Wal, I b'en

seem to lay hold o' pa."

The lamp sputtered and burned lower; it was decidedly cheerless and disheartening. The clock struck nine.

Ed gathered himself up with a jerk, and picked up his hat and coat and gun "Guess I'll go to bed!" he grumbled.

Mr. Wetmore got up suddenly and went toward the kitchen. He had grown pale; the paper dropped from his trembling hand as he went. But Milly met him at the door.

"Uncle Elias," she cried, "aren't you going to get any supper? I've saved some in the oven. She came on prettily, smiling.

"Oh, you are going to your room!" she said. "I hope you'll find it comfortable, Mr. Crosby. her good-night.

Everything was going wrong. He ground his teeth and wished Meriden had been buried with Pompeii, and his doctor and his Aunt Harriet also. Jared lighted him upstairs.

The hour at which Mr. Crosby woke that night was intermediate. It was blackly dark, save for a lone star glimmering through the window. He sat up in bewilderment. He had been awakened by the near report of a

He sprang into the middle of the room. Who was murdering and who being murdered? Where was Miss Kel-She flashed into his startled mind, and left him a strange agony of fear. He dashed to the door and then back

again wildly, and into his clothes. The hall was full of gun-powdery smell, and Ed could hear somebody hurriedly descending the stairs,

What bloody work had been done? A light was flickering somewhere. Ed halted. "Oh, Mr. Crosby!" came a faltering

voice from the region of the light, and a pretty vision followed the voice. It was Milly Keller, clad hastily and fantastically in snatched-up garments, is relaxed as the light of her face, pale and startled, rising above like a lamp in either eye.

"Miss Keller!" the boarder respond-"Oh, yes," she smiled tremulously.

"Did you think somebody was killed?" No, it was only Uncle Elias."
"Only Uncle Elias!" Ed repeated. "Is he crazy, Miss Keller, to be shoot-

ing off guns in the house at the dead of In the glow of relief which filled him he was laughing, and Milly laughed too.

She had sat down on the top stair weakly, and was shaking now with half "Poor Uncle Elias," Miss Keller

gasped—"poor Uncle Elias!"
"Well?" said the board said the boarder. hasn't shot himself?" again. "Did you know, Mr. Crosby,

that it was your gun he had?" "No!" he murmured. "But it was," Miss Keller faltered. he isn't—except about guns. He's in abject terror of guns; he'd prefer a lion or a boa-constrictor any time to a gun. It was born in him-he's always been so. You mustn't blame him," said his

niece, in sweet apology.
"Oh, I don't!" her listener cried,

"He can't help it, you see; it's a sort Well, I didn't know till I saw you carrying the case upstairs that you had one, and then I trembled in my shoes. Then I knew why Uncle Elias had been "Mebbe I'll get a bite bime-by," he sitting all the evening and lookin like a know but he'd send you home on the ed, is said to be more than usually infirst train to-morrow.

"Oh, no!" he pleaded. "Well, he's obviated that. He's confired it first, you see, for he wouldn't some friend. have dared to carry it loaded. Poor through the door. She was washing gun! He was white as a sheet when I cistern, or bury it behind the barn; but of her surroundings only makes her

Mr. Wetmore's niece laughed softly into a fold of her dress, with a brightly bantering gaze upon the boarder. The boarder smiled back! His spirits

were incomprehensible.

"I don't care," he said gallantly.
"He's welcome to it. 1 am only sorry, Miss Keller, for his annoyance.

"Nor I!" the young man declared.
"But you may look for that bullet-hole to-morrow," Milly ended. She sprang up, with sudden recollec-

"Good-night!-or good-morning!"

falter and panse. "One question, Miss Keller," he almost gasped. "You'll forgive me, but -but I've been wondering-and surely there isn't any harm in telling me-are you-going to marry your cousin

Miss Keller looked at him with her dark eyes stretched to their widest. greenhorn, and I was just like you," moderate courtship—see and hear the Then she looked down at the candle, and Cornie's head went down in her nasal-voiced minister who would unite frowned, and turned the color of her mother's lap and she sobbed as if her

"Jared," she said, stiffly-"Jared is engaged to marry Amanda Snow in Oc-She ran down the stairs.

"No," Mr. Wetmore would say to highly-interested and copiously-inquiring friends and neighbors-"no I didn't the fust, but come to know him-come to get acquainted, w'y, he wears pretty had her for my bes'est friend. Oh, good. And Milly being so sot on him dear! I never can be happy again!" The drive in the wind, or his present -Milly's a smart enough girl not to looking at pa myself. Something does by Milly as any feller out o' Meriden am sure she would never say anything pretty. With a new coiffure, a little

How Women Carry Money. All those handsome, fashionably stamped leather portemonaies, firmly strapped and clasped beyond its peradventure of mishap, as well as the long, cunningly knitted silken purses, craftily linked to defy light and honest fingers alike, are made exclusively for feminine use. No one ever hears of a man keeping his money in anything of the sort. If he owns a pocket-book at all it is a shabby affair, worn slick as glass and stuffed with memorands, promisory notes, a couple of bills, possibly a receipt, some business cards, and ten to the party." one a complimentary personal cut from the newspaper; all manner of odds and ends in the way of lottery tickets, a fortable, Mr. Crosby."

She was at liberty; she was going to stay! Ed cursed himself as he bade cash. The prudent individual knows a great deal better than to put precious his vest pocket, while along with keys Indignantly. and a knife the loose silver jingles in the pockets of his trousers. All thus disposed of he never loses a cent. In"Maybe I'd better go, mamma," she deed, it requires a burglar to carry off the garments bodily before the seemingly reckless man be dispossessed of his treasure.

Now those who have taken the trouble to observe a woman's tactics when shopping are familiar with the stereotyped rules she follows, and the poorest rogue has shrewdness enough to avoid them when first entering an establishment. Get a shopgirl to describe how loftily indifferent, languidly, disdainful or coldly neglectful ninety-nine women out of a hundred look when they first step brightest smile. in off the street. They then have themselves well in hand, a firm purchase on parasol and purse, and a green clerk would wonder what on earth ever brought such dilettanti in to be bored. Before ten steps have been taken, however, those wary glances are ensuared. Bargains boldly set forth on the centre counter fetches a glow of animation into listless faces, and every dignified muscle

Here the fray begins. The thrifty shopper goes hard to work to see how much stuff she can get for the smallest amount of money. Bangs slowly dam-pen and uncurl; powder fades as though it never had been, collars melt, mitts creep stealthily down the arm; veils moisten and part asunder, and yet neves does the ardent buyer's attention relax for an instant. Inspired by the devo-tion to the business in hand, she works faithfully and well; everything is forgotten save that ten cents difference on the embroidery, and as is invariably the case patience and perseverance conquer hysterical mirth. Ed sat down beside all difficulties. Flushed with triumph, reveling in the victory that will create even in the bosom of every woman friend, she promptly turns to count out the necessary nickels. Abomination of desolation! Where in heaven's name is "Oh, no!" cried his niece. "No; I her pocket-book? With feverish anxiety met him on the stairs," she tittered every article up and down the counter is overturned, tossed ruthlessly about or pushed hastily aside in one vain effort to catch a glimpse of its beaded fringe or oxidized clasp. During this pro-"You mustn't think Uncle Eliasiscrazy; longed hunt every man, woman and child is suspiciously eyed. No one knows or has seen anything of the mislaid purse, but suddenly the light of conviction makes the whole thing clear. The robbed woman sinks helplessly on the nearest stool and tells of those two well dressed blondes who sandwiched her between them at the embroidery counter. Too absorbed to notice aught beyond their sympathetic enthusiasm over the goods she was jostled and ammed about with this result .- At-

lanta Constitution. Ex-Empress Eugenie's Poor Health. sitting all the evening and lookin like a ghost. I didn't know what he'd do, but gay and dazzling sovereign lady toward have a merry time." I knew 'twould be something. I didn't | whom the eyes of all Europe were turnfirm this season, and spends a great portion of her time in silence and meditation, whether she is lodged in her own

When her fits of gloom come on she is Uncle Elias! to think of him firing a gun! He was white as a sheet when I less, without eating, drinking or notimet him. And he'll dispose of it. I cing any one around her for twenty-four don't know whether he'll put it under bours at a time. Persuasion and perthe boards in the cellar, or down the old sistent attempts to bring her to a sense

It is as if she were communing with the dread phantoms of her past, and as if they held her attention to the exclusion of all other things in the universe. were rising with every minute.

When the fit is over it may be succeeded by one of devotion such as only Spanish women can go through, devotion which seems to leave the very soul prostrated. The remnants of her wardrobe, which she was allowed to re-"Annoyance?" she murmured, shaking her pretty head. "Agony! He won't mention his excapade, Mr. Crossby—"

"Nor I!" the young man declared.

"Nor I!" the young man declared.

"Nor I!" the young man declared. the time of the empire's downfall, she had \$120,000 worth deposited with the crown fur keeper, and others worth as much more with intimate friends. It has been estimated

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

And Some of the Older Ones, too May Be Interested.

"O mamma! Tilda says that Genie told her that Christie said Moille Dean's mother told some one that you were a heart was broken beyond repair.

Mrs. Lee lifted the small, brown head and looked into he little girl's t arful eyes, and said, with an amused "Cornle, dear, what is this all

about?" "It's true, mamma; Tilda said so," sobbed the child, "and I never want to the coming winter. much take to Mr. Crosby fust time I see Mole any more. The naughty see him. I was sot against him, jest to wicked girl! when I've always given her the besutifulest valentines, and

"There must be some mistake, Cortake up with no numbskull-wal, nie," svid her mother. "Mrs. Dean shouldn't wonder if he'd do jest as well and I have always been friends, and I contributes toward making one look of that kind, even if it were true. It | coquettish, one can be content with a sounds very much like gossip, and if I very simple dress, for the coiffure

invited me to her birthday party to- those who have brown curly hair, like Forbes in his place. morrow, and I said I wouldn't go for

anything." you should say anything so unkind;" an irregular tuft upon the side of the owners, for while the Nursery stable, said the little girl's mother. "I am front, and is raised in a knot on top of their most formidable opponent, has resure if you knew the truth you would | the head. find there was no cause to be angry. I think when to-morrow comes you wil-

"I can't go now," said Cornie, be-

vitation so, and ask her to forgive you." Why, Mamma Lee! Do you think currency in his purse. Crumpled out I'd do that when they've treated me so? hair is twisted and rolled close like a of shape the bills are rammed down in I wouldn't for the worl "," said Cornie, Nevertheless, when morrow came she

> said, "cause I've been to all her parties, and she might miss me, you see." "I would," was mamma's answer, as she combed Cornie's hair and dressed her in her pretty red gown. "But, little daughter, unless you carry a brighter face you will spoil all the fun.

Mrs. Dean met the little girl at the door wi h an aff ctionate kiss. "Mollie will be very glad," she sa'd. 'They are all here but you, and she was afraid you were not coming." Mollie came to meet her with her

"How could you say you wouldn't come?" she asked. Cernie's lips quivered. "I thought most likely you did not want a greenhorn." she faltered.

What do you mean, Cornie Lee?"

nie's low answer. "Well, well," said Mrs. Dean, "we must find out what this means. Tilda, how could you tell Cornie such a strange thing?"

"Genie told me," said Tilda, hanging her head. "Genle, did you tell Tilda that I said Mrs. Lee and Cornie were gr enborns?" Cornie grew very red.

"No, ma'am," she stammered.

said you said they were green. Christie told me." "You said so, truly," cried Christie. I b'heve Mollie said it was-that Chester

daughter was just like her. I remember it just as plain." Mrs. Dean thought a moment, and then she began to laugh. "I remember, too," she said, "Mrs. Dittanhaver was an old schoolmate, and she knew Cornie's father and asked me who his wife was. I told her she was a Green, and she had a little girl

to be proud of that, my dear, for there are no better or finer-looking people in town than your mother's relatives." "Oh, I'm so glad!" cried Cornte, with a beaming face. "Mamma said she me, Mollie. I'm so sorry I b'heved it.

who looked just like ber. You ought

I never will again." "I love you better than ever, Cornie, darling," was Mollie's answer, giving the little girl a loving kiss. "I hope, my dear girls, that this will

be a lesson which you all will remember, 'said Mrs. Dean, "and never report or believe any unkind words said about anot: er. Here comes Susan with some have a merry time."

Australia's Pest.

The Australian government is building a fence of wire netting 8,000 miles along to divide New South Wales and Queensland, in order to keep the rabbits out of the latter country. Australia is paying not less than \$125,000 per year to keep the pests down is what are known as crown lands. The offer is still kept up or \$100,000 to any man who will produce something that will exterminate the pests.

Steel, or homogeneous iron, is now being rolled from a solid cast ingot, Good metal for boilers will bear bending and flattening when either hot or cold, and a piece of it, when heated to redness and plunged into cold water, should not be perceptibly hardened. There is one trouble to which steel boilers are liable, even when the metal has passed the above test, and that is cracking of the fire sheets. When a crack is discovered holes should be drilled immediately beyond the ends of the crack, so that it may not extend further, and these holes closed with rivets. In some cases the edges of the must be resorted to.

FASHION NOTES.

Each week we speak of the novelties which appear, which a caprice of fashion creates, and that live as they are born, record. without any one seeking to know why.

There is not a fabric rich or plain, a cut of the skirt or corsage, a form of the garment, a hat, an umbrella, etc., that we do not describe at the same moment in which it is seen.

But the question arises, "Of what shall we chat to-day?" It is too late to talk about dresses of batiste, of foulard, of tulle and of lace; for these are no from Europe. more seen upon the street. Besides, our readers are too intent on prepara-tions for the next season. In fact, it is too late to speak of the summer, and yet too early to revel in the novelties of

In giving some novelties for the coming winter, in the manner of dressing \$2400. He will be trotted in France. the hair, we have found several very practical and easy, which every one will be able to copy without much trouble. The method of dressing one's hair, more indeed than the toilette itself were you, I would dry my tears and appears better than the most beautiful think no more about it."

A press better than the most beautiful dress her animously re-elected by the first club-"Salome," this style is marvelously becoming. The hair a little short in "Why, Cornie, I am grieved to think front, descends upon the ears, forming head the list of successful winning

Some pins, or a tortoise shell comb, ble is daily adding to its account. holds the capricious waves of the hair. think it isn't worth minding, and go to Under a large round hat, one of the broad-brimmed kind, that will be worn this winter, this coiffare is extremely ginning to cry again, "cause I said I pretty. To the toque, which will be much worn, the little English chignon dam Elfrida, by Harold, "Yes, Cornie. you can go and tell is very becoming. The hair cut, or a are in foal to Bell Boy, 2.194.

Mollie you are sorry you treated her in- little false bandeau, is arranged upon the front of the head, falling a little upon the forehead. In the back the chignon, in the English fashion. This coiffure is very correct, very simple and

very much favored. hair thrown to the back forms a large point on the front. Should one fear to

pensive, can be easily used. twisted as if for the ordinary eight, these have been booked by horsemen the head and make beneath the second horses. twist, which completes the knot. A beautiful open work pin of tortoise shell or of gold, gives elegance to this coiffure. In front, the hair waves lightly with a point of interrogation, or two, near the temples. Should the hair arrange it negligently in the back. This coiffure is recommended to those

dressing the hair, thrt are placed at our | them to be handled by Professor Gleadisposal, the dressing of one's hair becomes an easy matter. Above all, the were false curls and braids arranged so skillfully and becomingly, if it may be these were decided at Monmouth, agthe young matrons and even by ladies of FELICE LESLIE. all ages.

Dr Andrew Smart, in a recent publication, strongly insists upon the reg-"I was hear playing with Mollie, and I istration of infectious diseases and heard you tell a lady-Mrs. Dittenhaver, that ampler accommodations should be made for their special medical treat-Lee's wife was green, and her little ment. Keeping well before his eyes the maxim that prevention is better than cure, he warmly advocates adequate sanitary inspection of houses and other

situated. knew it was all a mistake. Do forgive law. It has been found that the sparrow does drive away birds, does play havor with the garden and the vinery and orchard, and does not destroy grubs and worms when better fare can he had. The squirrel has also fallen tor. into disfavor. It is alleged by the naturalists that the squirrel robs birds' of tree rat.

his experiments with rabies. The most quite as successful results as attended can render dogs insusceptible to infec- Parole, Iroquois, Foxhall, Wallenstein, tion by inoculating them with a modi- Don Fulano, etc., it has been of a charfied virus. Hydrophobia is, however, acter to encourage the Australians to declining in Paris, According to a further efforts, especially as Ringmasrecent report there were but 6 cases of ter did not rank as a topswayer at it in human beings in 1883, while in home. Yet he has won the Billesdon number reached 17. Among the ani-mals there were 615 cases in 1881, 276 Northern handicap, 103 pounds, etc., in 1882, and 182 in 1883.

M. Gruner, the well-known metallurgist, has published the result of a year's researches on the oxidizability of iron and steel under the influence of largely used for the manufacture of moist air, fresh, sea and acidulated weather in Santa Barbara for one year. bollers. With this material there is no water. The numerous results are in The account was kept by Dr. Bradley, lamination and no blistering, the sheet | the highest degree instructive. Iron is | of Aurora, Ill., who was suffering from Spiegeleizen is powerfully acted on.

Messys, Ramsay and Young find that the decomposition of ammonia by heat commences at about 5000, and that it is nearly in extent with porcelain, glass, iron and abestos, but at 700° ammonia is almost completely decomposed by passing through an iron tube. Copper, when heated, is not so active.

crack may be closed by calking, and if this fails either soft or hard pitching must be reserted to

HORSE NOTES.

-Edgemark, with a mile in 2.16 to his credit, holds the 4-year-old stallion

-William Walker, the colored plunger, is said to be \$75,000 ahead of the races this year.

-G orge Starr wi'l take eight or ten of Budd Doble's string to California for the winter. -J. I. Case, owner of Jay Eye-See

(2.10) and Phallas (2.133) has returned -Gregory's winnings amount to about \$15,000 for the season. He will

race no more this year. -Frank D. Spotswood has sold to Mr. Camille, of Switzerland, the 2-year-old bay colt Flash, trial 2:344, by Secrates, dam by Bourbon Chief, for

-Now the sensation mongers say that Proctor Knott has broken down, and that Sam Bryant outwitted his partner, Mr. Scroggin, when he made him bid \$17,000 for the great geld-

Presidency of the Coney Island and dress. Every lady should dress her animously re-elected by the first clubs "I can't ever forget it," said cornie, hair according to the contour of her The New York Club accepted his resand I'm just miser'ble 'cause Mollie face, and the nature of her hair. For ignation, and elected H. de Courcy -The Dwyer Brothers will, this

-Leonard W. Jerome resigned the

year, as they have so often done before. tired from the field, the Brooklyn sta-

-A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, has purchase the b. m. Split Silk, by Harold, dam Rosebud, by Nutwood, from John S. Clark, of New Branswick, N. J.; also, the b. f. Elgitha, by Dictator. Both mares

-Ella Clay, the winner of the 2.27 class at the recent Terre Haute meeting, reduced her record to 2.23. She is a bay mare, 6 years old, by Wilgus C ay (son of C. M. Clay, Jr., 20), dam a thoroughbrel mare, by Jack Hark-Then there is the catogan, to which many young ladies remain faithful. The cord, of Martinsville, Ind., and was bought two years ago for \$125.

-The coming borse show at Chicago, injure the hair by tying it, in order to under the management of the Ameriform the point, a false curl not very ex- can Horse Show Association, at the Exposition Building, promises to be a The reversed eight is very elegant, brilliant success. Stalls for 1200 horses full of charming abandon. The hair is are being provided, and over 600 of only instead of turning the twist to the from all parts of the country. The right, place it vertically towards top of last horse show in New York had 412

-Professor Oscar R. Gleason's control over vicious and unruly horses is truly remarkable. It takes him but a few minutes to subdue the most stubborn cases. He breaks horsos of all be naturally curly and blond, it is only thoroughly that any lady can drive them thereafter. People who own horses should not fail to see how Professor Tilda said your mamma said my mamma and I were greenhorns. That's why I said I wouldn't come," was Cor-To-day, thanks to all thea coessories of saddle-horses should by all means send

soo and made safe. -Twenty-six stake races worth hair is not ruined with hotirons. Never \$7000 or over have been run on the Eastern tracks this season. Eight of said, as those worn by the young girls, | gregating \$166,330; seven at Sheepshead Bay, worth \$147,570; four at Morris Park, of the value of \$54 g10; four at Gravesend, totaling \$41,045, and three at Jerome, amounting to \$29,730. If we add to these the American Derby, of Chicago, the only other stake worth upward of \$7000, and whose gross value was \$17,190, we have a grand total of \$399,175 for the twenty-seven stakes, or

an average of \$14,784 for each, -Never since the memorable day when the late W. H. Vanderbilt drove edifices during the time they are the famous queen of the turf Maud S., being built, and subsequently system- and Aldine in 2.15; at Fleetwood has atic examination of even properly con- excitement reached such high waterstructed dwellings and workshops and mark as it did on Saturday October the streets upon which they may be 19th, when Major S. T. Dickinson's new team, Aubine and Lady Wellington, reeled off a mile in the phenome-The common sparrow, that was never | nal time of 2.16. Prior to going the a great favorite in Great Britain, is mile the team had gone to the nalfnow looked upon as a pest in the United mile pole in 1.06, but at that point States, where the bird was lately wel- Lady Wellington broke and Ike Flemcomed, housed, fed and protected by ing very judiciously decided not to go on with the journey. Although it is not a record, it is morally certain that the pair can go, on any good day and track, beat 2.16. Aubine is by Young Rolfe and Lady Wellington is by Vic-

-One of the sensations of the English racing season has been furnished nests and destroys fruit-in fact, some by the appearance of the Australian have considered this fittle animal a sort | bred race horse Ringmaster and the unexpected high form he has shown. It is the first venture of taking a race-M. Pasteur has communicated to the horse from Australia to England, and Academie des Sciences the results of although it has not been attended by interesting of his statements is that he | the efforts of the American-bred horses 1882 there were 11 and in 1881 the handicap, 114 pounds; Pontefract and was second to King Monmouth in the Great Eber handicap.

An article in the Planet upon the climatology of Southern California gives a terse summing up of the dissolved rapidly by sea water, cast iron loses about half as much as steel, and Spiegeleizen is powerfully acted on.

advanced pulmonary disease. There were 310 pleasant days in which an invalid could be out doors with comfort and safety; twenty-nine cloudy days, upon twenty of which an invalid could be out of doors; twelve showery days, upon seven of which he could be out an hour several times each day; ten windy days, confining the invalid wholly to the house, and five rainy days, also prohibitory. The advaninvalids may be nearly all the time in