The other woman, with a heart of flame, Went mad for a love that marred her name, And out of the grave of her murdered faith she rose like a soul that has passed thro' death. Her aim is noble, her pity so broad. It covers the world like the mercy of God. A healer of discord, a soother of woes. Peace follows her footsteps wherever she goes. The worthier life of the two, no doubt; And yet "Society" locks her out.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcoz.

## BELLE OF THE OCEAN.

moaning and sighing with an agony not be offered him every day. that seemed almost human. Westward, Harry's mother opposed t on the other.

On the extreme point of the Headbeat in a circle round its base; and on his voice tremulous. its summit, swinging out with a daring recklessness that would bave been ap palling to timid, inland folk, a sturdy youth, wearing the rude garb of a fisherman. Rather an ordinary specimen, judging from a first glance, but closer observation brought out finer points. A perfect head rising in leonine grandeur above square, burly shoulders; a heavy figure, with muscles like iron, and a homely, good-natured face, lit by a pair of blue-gray eyes that swept the sea with the restless glance of an eagle eyes. -that was Harry Melvilie.

As the twilight deepened, and the sun dipped lower, he seemed wrapped in a kind of ecstasy; the fire that had kindled in his eyesmelted into a dreamy sottness, and keeping time with his foot, as he swung from his lofty perch, he broke out into a song-a urde, nautical thing; but the old-time air was sweet; and the voice that sung it wondrous clear and resonant, ringing out like a trumpet peal above the dash of the waves, yet sweet and tender as the note of a wood thrush. Over and over again he trilled the quaint ditty, until every echo caught up the strain, and the whole place, and the great sea itself seemed thrilling with melody.

same figure, quaint and prim in its gown of gray, stood just behind the singer. He sang on, utterly uncon-scious. Her lily fair face twinkled with a little mischievous laugh, and climbing up the boulder with rare agility, she put her rosy mouth to his ear.

"Harry! He was near losing his balance, and his song came to a sharp and sudden end, leaving the closing night in silence. The girl broke into a merry laugh. Recovering his senses and his foothold, he laughed too, and catching her in his arms, climbed down. She struggled from his embrace the instant his feet touched the sand, and then they stood face to face. Harry spoke first.

"Well, Syria?" he asked. "Nothing-only supper is waiting, and Aunt Sarah is growing impatient,

she replied. "Oh, that's all!" The eager light gave it to him. dying out of his eyes, and leaving them gloomy and abstracted. "I do not want any supper' I've made up my

She gave a quick, gasping breath, but face and voice were quiet. "Well, Harry?"

"I'm going! "When?" "At daybreak."

Her very lips paled, and her slender finger shook and trembled, but her eyes remained true and steady. "Well," she answered slowly, "God

bless you, Harry!" The boy stood silent, his eyes fixed on the far coast line, where the red sunset fires were slowly burning out, his thoughts busy with the past. One night, especially, stood out clear and vivid-a wild, stormy night, when the sky was like ink, and the mad sea thundered until the old farm-house shook to its very centre. They were down on the strand, his father and a half dozen fishermen -himself, a sturdy lad, following like a young spaniel. Hard work lay before the men. A stately vessel lay out on the bar, and the strong

gale was driving her to pieces.

Boat after boat started out as her booming guns begged for assistance; but each one was swamped or driven back. It was mere desperation, and way an old sailor said, no boat could stand "" such a gale—they could do nothing. His father chuckled to himself, and bringing out a sturdy craft of his own placed himself at its helm. and went out into the darkness, never to return again, the men averred; but Harry did not believe it. He had never known his father to fail, and he sat down amid the crash and roar to watch and wait. And not vainly; for by-and-by the sturdy boat beat its way back, bringing only one trophy, a little sea waif that the old man had picked up-a tiny girl child, with flaxon hair and blue eyes.

The rough men bore her up to the old farm-house. Harry trotting on behind; and before day dawn the boom-

down beneath the hungry waves.

fishermen. Syria was her name-every of household cares to slip through her art cle of clothing she wore at the time | fingers into Syria's hands. "belle of the ocean."

She and Harry had been sister and gal supper from the same porringer, and sharing the same bed in childhood and in maturer years they were undivided. Watching the purple and golden sunsets; drifting out up the sunrise sea; walking the silver sands-always to regain her lost youth as she listened, together. But all these pleasant days and went back to her old post and old were at an end now-Harry was going labors. All through the golden days low opal, melting into gorgeous gold away. The thing had been talked of they worked; cleansing and adorning and crimson in the west, and deepening for months by the farm-house fireside the old-fashioned rooms, and heaping into night-like gloom toward the south, Captain Melville favored it. The sea where the great pine ridge loomed up, twas the right place for Harry, he said, tossing out its ghostly fringes, and a berth in the Black Dragon would

that seemed almost human. Westward, a few scattering hillocks; and nestling with all her might—the lad could make in their midst, and old-style farm-house, a living at home. Yet she set herself its one window all aflame with the re- to work making warm tronsers and flection of the sunset; then, sweeping knitting warm socks. Syria helped her out in long, monotonous stretches, the in silence. The lad himself said nothlow salt marshes, and the bleak white ing; he found it very hard to make up beach and the sea. That was the Head-lands! Nothing handsome or attrac-was unbounded, his possibilities brilltive about the place-no forests or liant, and the great, untried world very mountains; but the sea was there, and alluring; but his love for the old Headthat more than compensated for all the land farm-house and its inmates was other deficiencies. Nature is wondrous- stronger than anything else. Yet he ly just in her apportionments-what had to come to a decision at last, and she denies on one hand she makes up he was not the boy to change his

mind. "Yes, the Black Dragon sails at day lands was a ragged boulder, standing, break, and I'm going in her, Syria," he as it were at anchor, for the salt waves said, his eyes solemn and tender, and

> putting the question with a forced laugh: "How far are you going, Harry?"

she said. "When do you expect to come back?" "The Black Dragon's bound round the world, I believe," he responded; "and as to coming back—well, it will be years before I see the Headlands again,

I gness. Then a sudden light blazed up in his

"Shall you miss me when I'm gone, do you think, Syria?" he asked. A swift rose color bloomed in her

"O Harry!" putting out her hands iteously. "I shall die when you are piteonsly.

Those who knew Harry Melville, and called him rough and ugly, scarcely would have recognized him at that moment, his face was so transfigured. Clasping the little outstretched hands in his, he bent over her with a look in his eyes such as a young mother might lavish on her first-born babe; and she, bending and yielding like a graceful vine, let her young head, with all its bring himl'll wait. house swung open, letting out a broad flood of lamplight, and a slender girl's figures and a slender girl's figure; and an instant later that selfmoon soaring overhead; and although no word was spoken, each one felt that from henceforth life would have but one hope, one definite purpose.

Syria broke the silence. "Harry," she said, her voice sweet with unbroken tenderness, "I'm superstitious, you know. I wantiyou to take had a fancy that this little trinket possessed some hidden charm. Put it on your neck, please, and if you are ever left to the mercy of the wild waves, it will save you, maybe, as it did me.'

his face glowed with delight as he bent had a gale that just shivered thingshis head and suffered her to transfer the and we are going to have it again.' dainty little thing from her neck to his;

you know."

"You shall, Syria, God willing!" he answered, solemnly. "Very well. Come, now, supper will be spoiled, and Aunt Sarah ready to

He continued to hold her hand, and, side by side, they walked to the house. The captain and his wife were in the doorway, ready to chide them for their tardiness; but a single glance silenced them.

"So you have made up your mind at last, Harry?" the old man said. "Yes, father."

"When do you sail?" "At daybreak."

warm trousers and heavy socks, now cramming in a bundle of cakes or a pitilessness. twist of home-made candy, her eyes all the while blinded with falling tears. At moonrise everything was ready,

and with his knapsack strapped across his shoulders, Harry stood in the door-

"Good-by, father!" his voice husky. "Good-by, Harry. Make a man o' yourself before you cast anchor again."

cap over his eyes, strode away without for. another word.

At the first reddening of the dawn, the Black Dragon sailed; and straining her blue eyes in the uncertain light, to the sight sickened her, and then a sudcatch a glimpse of the spreading sails, den energy thrilled through every fibre

fell, whitening all the solemn beach, crowning the little hillocks round the ing guns were silent, for the stately old farm house. Spring followed with vessel, after a brave fight, had gone balmy winds and genial skies, and summer and winter again. One after an-Captain Melville and his wife could other the seasons followed each other. do nothing more or less than to adopt The gray moss on the old farm-house the little storm-gift and bring her up roof grew larger and thicker; the old as their own child. Accordingly they took off her fine apparel and clothed her in gray homespun; and she ran barefooted on the sands, and played with the white haired children of the

of the wreck was marked with it; and a Beauti, ul Syria! The promise of her small jewelled locket, that hung from girlhood was being developed into gloher neck, bore the same signature. Too rious maturity. But she might have fine and fanciful, her foster parents been a pearl, as they called her, in her said, and would have laid it away with icy seclusiveness, for all the human her apparel, but the child's name seem-feeling she seemed to possess. One by ed to cling to her, to be part and parcel one the Headland boys came to the of her identity. So they called her Sy- farm-house, to pay their homage to its ria, after all; and as she merged into lovely young mistress; and one by one maidenhood the lads called her the they dropped off. Syria was not to be won. So cold, quiet and unapproachable was her manner that "as cold as the brother for ten years, eating their fru- belle of the ocean" came to be a proverb among them.

In the meantime the days rolled on, bringing the third autumn; and with it happy tidings. The Black Dragon was homeward bound. Aunt Sarah seemed the cupboard shelves with rows of golall fatted and ready to roast. Harry was fond of good living, and he should have it, his mother said, when he came. But why did he not come? Every day the Black Dragon was looked for, and every evening brought a disappoint-

At last, one golden afternoon, when sunlight streamed in yellow bars over the sanded floor, and Syria had looped than Syria. back the curtains, with clusters of scarlet berries and sprays of wintergreen, and ranged the pippins in long rows on the mantel, in the very midst of their his bride, Syria, the foundling, the expectations, the tidings came, brought beautiful "belle of the ocean," and their from the city by a fisherman. The cup was full. Black Dragon, homeward bound, took fire just under the line, and every soul on board perished. Harry would never come home!

A silence more solemn than death fell The girl stood silent a moment; then on the old farm-house. Aunt Sarah sunk beneath the blow into feeble second childhood; and the old captain said to have actually occurred: grew morose and sullen. Syria alone bore the blow bravely. Fair and white as a pearl, she moved about with sealed lips and solemn eyes, taking all the heavy household cares upon her slender shoulders, and working from dawn till twilight. Then, when the hush of night brooded over the great sea, she took her sole recreation. Gliding down to the beach, she would clamber to the top of remark the rough boulder, and sit for an hour owed B. looking out to sea, with her poor eyes full of piteous expectation.

"Syria is going daft" the Headland cheeks, and her eyes overflowed with lads said, watching her with pitying tears. others, essayed to comfort her. Brandon Hale, especially; a wealthy landholder from the inland.

"Syria;" he said, "I have lands and money; I can give you all the luxuries of life; and more, I can give you a strong, and true heart. Come with me, Syria; give me the right to make you forget this sorrow." But Syria shook her head mournfully.

"No," she said, "I won't forget; he'll come by-and-by; my little charm will

Month after month, year after year, rolled on. The Headland lads and lasses grew up, and married, and encircled their firesides with broods of whitehaired children; But beautiful Syria \$2.50. Melville, the peerless "belie of the ocean," still led an isolated life, still kept her fruitless lookout from the top of the boulder.

At last there came an afternoon black with portentous omens. The clouds wore a dull, brassy hue, and hung in a this with you," unclasping a slender low line all along the horizon, and the gold chain from her neck. "I always thunder of the surf was deep and incessant. Flocks of sea birds whirled about in startled confusion; and at intervals a dull, lurid flash blazed up in the south. A storm was plainly at hand. "I never see sich as these at the Harry smiled at this silly notion, but Headlands only once afore, and then we

The old fisherman was correct; about for he knew that it was her sole treas- sunset it came, with a thundering crack ure, prized above all things else, yetshe and crash, as if the very heavens were being rolled together. All night long "Now," she continued, proudly, as it continued, and Syria sat at the winthe little jewelled locket, upon which dow, straining her eyes in the darkness her name was engraved, sparkled on his and listening with a strange thrill at bosom, "you will have to come back, her heart to the incessant boom of the anyhow. I'm to have this back again, signal gun. There was a vessel on the bar; and the beach was lined with fishermen and wreckers anxiously awaiting her doom. At day dawn the captain rose and put down his pipe.
"The guns have ceased," he said,

putting on his oil cloth coat. The poor ship's gone. I am going down to the shore, to see what the boys are doing.' Syria rose quickly and drew a shawl about her head.

"I'm going, too, father," she said. "You, child, through this storm? Nonsense! Stay where you are."
"I must go, father," she urged, following him out with a strange light in

her eyes. The dim brightness of dawn was slow-The mother heard no more. Going ly struggling through the gray mists, back into the old sitting-room, with its and the fury of the gale had spent ithappy fireside and cheerful supper-ta-ble, she went to work packing away the their smouldering fires, and the mad

"A bad night, cap'n," one of them said, as he and Syria approached, "I was born and bred down at Gatchall, and I've never seen the beat o' this. Wasn't the gale a rusher?" "Ay, she was-but what luck have ye

"Poor luck, captain-poor luck! We ourself before you cast anchor again."

"Ay, ay, father."

Then he broke down, and pulling his picked up only that chap, and he's done

Syria's eyes followed his pointing finger, and beheld stretched upon the wet sand the figure of a man. At first Syria caught a faint echo, Harry's voice, borne back on the morning breeze as he stood on deck, singing his old sea song.

Autumn faded into winter; snows rank upon his shoulders; a white, still face, the curling brown hair lying in tangled masses over the icy brow. Syria smoothed it back, and then she put her

hand resolutely to his heart.
"He's not dead, father!" she cried.
"There's warmth here—indeed there is! Let's take him up to the house and try to save him."

understood their task, had their reme dies all ready, and went at the work

vigorously, "Poor fellow!" Aunt Sarah said at last, tears streaming over her furrowed almost a thing of the past, is easily to cheeks. "I'm afraid he's done for. He be seen in the many and gorgeously makes me think of my own dear lad; and he's leaving a poor mother, mebbe, or a wife, heart-broken like me. Poor fellow! Poor fellow!"

Syria said nothing; she only worked. der to reach his breast. In doing so, colors. sight of it, and gave a wild ery; but rays. Syria, with a face like death, and eyes that gleamed like stars, silenced her:

you see? Will you waste your precious time! Let us work and save him!" she

said. And they did. By-and-by a faint warmth diffused itself over his body; a "Syria! Syria! I am coming!"

or a sigh, dropped in a dead faint at his but which "fashion" has suddenly revery feet. In a few days he entirely recovered

and related his adventures. He had made his fortune, and was coming home to stay, and no one was more happy But three weeks after there was a

grand wedding at the old farm-house; Captain Harry Melville received for

HOW IS IT DONE? What Five Dollars Can Do.

A little money goes a great way. As an illustration of this read the following, founded upon an incident which is

A owed \$15 to B; B owed \$20 to C; C owed \$15 to D; D owed \$30 to E; E owed \$12.50 to F; F owed \$10 to A. All of them were seated at the same

A, having a \$5 note, handed it to B, remarking that it paid \$5 of the \$15 he

B passed the note to C, with the remark that it paid \$5 of the \$20 which

C passed it to D, and paid with it \$5 of the \$15 be owed D. D handed it to E in part payment of \$30 he owed him. E gave it to F, to apply on account

of the \$12.50 he owed him. F passed it back to A, saying, "This pays half the amount I owe you." A again passed it to B saying, "I now only owe you \$5." B passed it again to C, with the re-

mark, "This reduces my indebtness to you \$10." C again paid it to D, reducing his indebtedness \$5.

D paid it over to E, siying, "I now owe you \$20," E handed it again to F, saying, "This reduces my ind-btedness to you to

Again F handed the note to A, sayinz, "Now I don't owe you anything," A passed it immediately to B, thus canceling the balance of his indebted-

B handed it to C, reducing his indebtedness to \$5. C canceled the balance of his debt to D by handing the note to him.

D paid it again to E, saying, "I now only owe you \$15." Then E remarked to F, "If you will give me \$2.5 , this will settle my in-

lebtedness to you." F took the \$2.50 from his pocket, handed it to E, returning the \$5 to his pocket, and thus the spell was broken, the single \$5 note having paid \$82.50 and canceled A's debt to B, C's debt to D, E's debt to F, and F's debt to A, and at the same time having reduced

debt to E from \$30 to \$15. Amazing the King.

B's debt to C from \$20 to \$5, and D's

One would think it odd, to say the least, if, on visiting the court of a civilized country, he were called upon to show his proficiency in swimming as a method of proving his desirability as a guest; yet such was the experience of a missionary in Africa, who tells his story in "Two Kings of Uganda."

Swimming is a very rare accomplishment in Buganda, One day when I had obtained audience with King Mwanga, he asked me eagerly, "Can you swim?"

"Yes." I replied, "a little."
"Will you swim in my pond?" he continued

"I should be most happy." "When will you do it?" "Whenever you wish." "Will you come now?" he asked,

with great interest. "Is it not too late?" "Ah, you will not come now!" he

repeated, in a disappointed tone. "Yes, now, if you like," I said. So up goes the King, stepped from his throne, took me by the hand and led me out, followed by a crowd of pond. It was rather muddy, but I took off my clothes and, plunging into the water, swam about, to the King's great satisfaction and delight. He had evidently devited by the satisfaction and delight. He had evidently devited by the satisfaction and delight. He had evidently devited by the satisfaction and delight. He had evidently devited by the satisfaction and delight. He had evidently devited by the satisfaction and delight. He had evidently devited by the satisfaction and delight. He had evidently devited by the satisfaction and delight. He had evidently devited by the satisfaction and delight. He had evidently devited by the satisfaction and delight. He had evidently devited by the satisfaction and delight. dently doubted my proficiency in so great an art, and when he found that I was no deceiver, his respect for me was unbounded,

-W. T. Woodard's fall sale aggregated \$113,365 for 222 head, an average of

-William Hayward has signed an agreement to ride for Senator Hearst next season. -Messrs. John Hunt and August Belmont have made entries for the American Derby of 1891.

—A. K. Russel, of Lebanon, Ky., has sold Hazeleye, a 2-year-old filly by Socoates, for \$2000. -Palo Alto Bell, a good 3-year-old, went a mile in 2,22½ recently. This colt is a full sister to Bell Boy.

-Dr. Street has changed the name of the 3-year-old colt by Sensation, out of Oella, from Prince George to Senti-

FASHION NOTES.

That we are not to be allowed to forget the Paris Exposition, which is colored fabrics, whose names instantly recall to our mind all the richness and magnificence of the exhibits of the different countries which were displayed there. The fabrics which will be used She had been chafing his feet, and now this winter for ball and reception she unbuttoned his woolen shirt, in or- dresses, partake of all these magnificent The brocades, made over plain her fingers became entangled in a gold skirts of black or white satin, are marchain, from which hung a little locket vels of color, radiating with multi-color-

Not only fancy dresses, but all dresses of wool, also cloths employed for out-"Tis he-your son, Harry! Don't side wraps, are found in the same glow-

The effect of these colors are not to be described; they must be seen to be appreciated. We have also strange, odd names attached to all articles. For instance, we hear of the Bolero. This is nothing new-nothing more than a "Syria! Syria! I am coming!" hat which successive novelties have syria heard him, and without a word finally shoved into the back-ground, stored to favor. It is made of black or colored felt, trimmed with pompons, with plumes and with silk or knots of velvet. We have seen a bolero in black felt, lined with velvet and trimmed with two pompons of silk, one black, the other having the size and color of a beautiful orange. The beautiful orange yellow, which is called Manola, will be very abundantly used this win-

Among the many pretty toilettes seen, is one very interesting, because it is useful—the tunique without plants.

Our model is of Nile green cloth and black velvet. It is a large redingote lined with silk; the fronts and the back being of black velvet. Upon this velvet is adjusted a garment of cloth, accordeon plaited, which shows in the back the same portion of velvet as in the front. The sleeves are of velvet and the collar and cuffs of black martin.

Scotch plaids are in great favor, also large squares, or squares formed upon a brown or gray foundation, by a rather thick stripe in black or cameo color.

Embroideries also are used more than ever before. Braids, applications in leather, velvet, etc. Thus we are not put to expense for new designs, for the embroideries, braids and applied work of all sorts, are sufficient to make from a plain fabric, a very charming garment. Very beautiful panels in embroidered cashmere, mixed with metallic threads, present a fine effect. These panels are used, full length, to the bottom of the dress skirt and on the skirts of redinsilver, is one of the richest novelties of the post. the season. Some dresses come quite collar and the cuffs.

In some of these embroideries the burnished silver points, which outline sold to go to Buenos Ayres. South the design, are very prominent. The America, the chestnut horse Maclure, ornaments, which are veritable jewels, foaled in 1885, sired by Leland, dam are always in burnished silver mingled Rosemay by Young America. Mac-

with the embroideries. The effect of these trimmings is of the | 2.25%. violet. For the greens, we have the Nile green, a shade rather lighter and yellowish, but which is much used for hats and dresses; than comes the billard green, vervain green, very delicate, and

In old rose colors the Monsovean, very deep, very reddish. A great deal of sky-blue, of a silver tint, is combined so many hats of black and skye blue. One of the prettiest is of a large shape, cepting the offer. with straight brim, trimmed wifh a cluster of black plumes and a band of Jobstown, N. J., has purchased in Engkye-blue velvet ribbon, which also fur nishes knots in front and back. Another is of black felt with an immense black

in front and back. We have also seen a pretty little toque of orange velvet, named, from the color, the Manola, with ornaments of jet and knots of red velvet. It is a dream, an indescribable fancy. The Robert Macaire, is in black chamois with a soft crown, little puffs of brown velvet and a beautiful seagull with wavy wings resting on its brim. This hat commands the attention of all. Not ess, also, do the traveling and visiting hats of the season receive great favor. For outside wraps, fawn color, with large designs "in relief, 'are in demand. A cloth, which meets with general approbation, is double faced and of two shades, so that it requires no l ning. The colors which seem to be the most enough of it for to-day.

Legend of the Red Bull Calf. looked among the carcases the body of Wilkes and Alexander's Abdallah.

HORSE NOTES.

-Wallace McClelland has sold to E. Mulcaby his half interest in the twovear-old colt Sunnybrook, by Ten Broeck, dam Lady Wimfred.

-The Detroit book-makers were recently swindled by the telegraph wires announcing the results of the West Side races at Chicago being cut. -At Linden Park W. C. Daly purchased out of a selling race the two-

year-old colt Sir William, by Woodand, out of Retricution, for \$1,325. -Before leaving the East, Baldwin blazing with jewels, and engraved with ed tints of exquisite shades, with superb effected a contract with the namous one word, "Syria." Aunt Sarah caught flowers trailing from their sheafs of jockey, Barnes, for next year, agreeing flowers trailing from their sheafs of jockey. effected a contract with the famous to pay him \$8,000. Barnes will report in California by February 1.

-Successor, the well-known two-year-old, by Vauxhall, is very i.l, havng taken the prevailing pneumonis which seems to have assume, an epi demic form in many places. -Leonard W. Jerome and De Cour-

cey Forbes, the presidents of the Coney Island and New York Jockey Clubs, respectively, will shortly sail for Europe to spend the holidays. -Macey Brothers have bought in

Lexington, Ky., the 4-year-old chestnut mare Susan, by a Alcantra, dam Susie, for \$2000, and a Dictator mare for -Ex-Governor Oden Bowie, of

Maryland, has purchased from R. G. Westmore the chestnut yearling filly by Stratford, dam Glengarine, by finp. Glengarry.

-John Condon has sold his half inerest in the young stallion Dilligent, by Dictator, to the owner of the other half. John G. R. McCorkle, lessee of the Point Breeze track.

-For the suspicious riding of King Roxbury at Nashville, or November 1, Gerhardy was suspended for the remainder of the meeting, but was subsequently reinstated and permitted to ride on November 4.

-George Carrell, Paris, Ky., has purchased from Mr. J. M. Clay, Astland Stud, Lexington, Ky., the broodmare Geneva (dam of Riley), chestnut, foaled 1880 by War Dance, of St. George, for \$3000

-While at exercise recently the Hon. James White's gelding Plutarch ruptured a blood vessel. Plutarch is a 6year-old gelding, and was sent over from Australia to England with the object of leading the two Derby colts, Kirkham and Narellan, in their work.

-Before the first race at Elizabeth on November 1 "Father" Bill Day bought the gelding Glenmound, giving \$250) and the filly Woodrance for him, gotes. The application of silks of all and then Glenmound won that event colors, with a mounting of gold and with the odds of 8 to 1 about him at

-Of the five George Kinneys that finished, that is to say, a portion of the plain goods is embroidered; comprising two of them stake winners. One of the front of the skirt trimmed with a these is Mt. Lebanon, who won the band, also the fronts of the corsage, the | Clark stakes ten days after a great finish with three other stake winners.

-Mr. Charles Backman has recently lure is a full brother to Miss Leland

richest and strangest. Among the tints most in favor is the violet. We do not horse Leo died at Mr. F. Gray Grismean the heliotrope tint, which to-day appears faded, but the deep violet—as the prelate-violet and the aubergine—record? for high jumping. At the record" for high jumoing. At the National Horse Show he did the phenomenal jump of 6 feet 9% inches. Leo's death was due to lockjaw.

-The Pennsylvania Railroad Comlastly the old mignonette green. The vellows comprise the Manola, the beau-soil the Linden Park Association wants, tiful orange color, the Cleopatra, old and do it free of charge. The soil comes from a place near New Brunswick and is a yellow loam, which does not pack so hard as the present material, which becomes slippery. The aswith black. There has never been seen sociation will wait until it sees how the track will be in dry weather before ac-

-P. Lorillard, Rancocas Stud, land through Mr. Thomas Cannon, the jockey, the bay horse The Sailor Prince, toaled 1880, bred by Mr. B. Norrinpigeon, a band of skye-blue ribbon ton, by Albert Victor, dam Hermita, around the crown and loops of the same her dam Affection by Lifeboat. In his turf career, during which he ran in thirty-nine races, he won eight, was second in ten, third in five and unplaced in sixteen.

-At the ripe age of 30 the great broodmare Jesse Pepper died recently at Inwood Stock Farm, Lexington, Ky. She was one of the best daughters of Mambrino Chief, 11, out of a daughter of Sidi Hamet. To the embraces of Alcantara she produced the black mare Alpha, 2.23, and to Alc-yore the black mare Iona, 2.17. She had in all 18 foals, was the grandam of Grandee, 3-year-old record 2.231, and the great grandam of the 4-year-old

Prince Regent, 2.21;,
—Major T. B. Merrit, the welldiscordant, harmonize admirably under known horse breeder of St. Paul, the majic wand of fashion. For proof, Minn., will enter the following yeara hat of Nile green felt is trimmed with lings in the 2-year-old stakes next sumtwo large knots of violet velvet. Also mer: The filly Antias, by Nutwood a little toque of orange velvet, round as bolen, is trimmed with cardinal velvet ribbon. We see velvet flowers of all by Nutwood Mambrino, out of Lady Elinor, by Nutwood Mambrino, out of Lady by Nutwood Mambrino, out of Lady pages, and we made our way to the sorts; wake robins, orchids, iris sun- Humboldt, by Stocking Chief; Chiv-

> -Col. R. P. Pepper, South Elkhorn Stock Farm, has sold to J. W. Mahlon, No white man ever saw a buffalo Vincennes, Ind., Mahlen, bay colt, west of the Rockies. The Indians of foaled 1886, by Onward, dam Ruth, by Northwest have a legend to account for this. Many moons ago, they say, some Indians were hunting buffalo on the at South Elkhorn. The breeding of other side of the range—they were plentiful overthere then. An old medicine man told them where to find a big producer. His granddam was a proherd which, he said, was led by a red ducer, and ranks among the greatest bull calf. The Great Spirit would give broodmares of the land. Mahlon canthem all the buffaloes they desired, but not help being a great horse in the the red calf must not be killed. It it stud, being a descendent of George was killed the Great Spirit would punish them severely. The braves started out, found the buffaloes and slaughtered goes back to Hambletonian, twice them by the hundreds. When they through his two best sons, George the red calf was found. It was never Mambrino Chief twice, through his known who killed it, but they say the two preatest daughters, Old Dolly and buffaloes all disappeared and were the dam of Almont, and twice to Pilot never again seen on that side of the Jr., through two of his best daughters