

Like-Unlike.

A thought, a child create of pain and pleasure,
May flush the cheek alike for either mood;
So close the founts of each, so hard to measure
Where ill leaves off and where begins the good.

RODGER FAYNE'S SECRET.

"What an exquisite thing!" murmured Violet Fayne, in ecstasy. "But why did Rodger never show it to me before, and whose could it have been?"

"The 'exquisite thing' was a heavy rope of beautiful, perfect pearls which Violet, in rummaging an old trunk of her husband's had found carefully enveloped in pink cotton at the bottom of a quaint walnut casket.

"She had pounced upon the jewels with childish delight, admiring their milky radiance, while inwardly wondering that Rodger had never, in the six months of their wedded life, spoken of their existence.

"It is strange!" mused Violet, twisting the rope reflectively around her fingers. Suddenly she dropped it as if it had been a viper, and gave utterance to a low cry of horror.

"Blood!" she whispered, in terror-straight tones. "Oh heaven! upon what fearful mystery have I stumbled?"

"She recoiled toward a chair and closed her eyes to shut out the sight, but in spite of herself her gaze continued to wander toward the heap of gleaming pearls on the floor of the attic chamber, and violent shudders shook her frame.

"I will put it back in the casket," murmured Violet to herself, "and when Rodger returns, I will ask him to explain."

"She arose from the easy-chair into which she had flung herself, and with much inward repugnance, took up the rope of pearls to restore it to its hiding place.

"But as she took the casket from the trunk, a slip of paper fell amid the pink cotton.

"She read it, with a paling brow: 'DEAR ROSE: Why did you choose pearls? Do you know their language? It is tears. Yet I will wear them to the ball to-night in spite of superstition. Would that you were coming with me instead of that horrid Count Sigmond!'

"Ever thine, OCTAVIA."

Deathly white, Violet stood motionless, the tall-tale note crushed in her hand.

"Ah, she understood, now! and, with a thrill of unalloyed anguish, realized that she was not her husband's first love, and if not his first, she was certainly not his best.

"Perhaps, indeed, he had never loved her at all. She was a rich heiress. Had Rodger, for aye, married her for her wealth? Oh, horrible reflection!

rooms in quest of her. What impulse led me to the attic chamber I know not, but when I opened the door a cold chill struck my heart, for the little hair trunk stood open, with that horrible wooden casket lying on top of the other contents. I knew it had been placed at the very bottom, and it dawned upon me instantly that Violet had been amusing herself in my absence by exploring the garret, and coming upon that string of pearls, with its accompanying note, had gathered a wrong impression from its contents and left my roof forever."

"I do not comprehend you, Roger," said Mrs. Gaylord, still stirring her jam. "What pearls and note do you mean?"

"Of course you do not know," answered the young man, hastily. "I had not even told Violet as yet, though I had long been intending to do so. It is an old story, mother. My Uncle Roger, for whom I was named, was engaged to a lovely girl, Octavia Varien, or the 'Star of Silver Creek,' as she was called by her admirers.

"This was twenty years ago, when Roger Fayne was a young man of twenty-five. He was the chosen lover of Octavia, but he had one rival—a dark princely looking German count—Sigmond by name, who had sworn to win the 'Star' from her betrothed, if it do so he perilled his own soul.

"One night there was to be a grand ball—a masquerade; but owing to a business engagement my uncle could not escort his lovely fiancée, though he intended to drop in later on in the evening.

"So Octavia accepted Count Sigmond as her escort, with the understanding that Roger was to take her home when the ball was over. She was to represent a snow-queen; and her lover said to her, as he kissed her lips in farewell the day before the masquerade:

"I will send you some jewels to correspond with your costume, darling; but don't quite break Count Sigmond's heart with your beauty, my beautiful Star."

Octavia laughed at him, although her heart sank strangely at his words, and so they parted.

"The jewels came next day—a magnificent rope of pearls. And when arrayed in her ball dress, Octavia Varien was such a vision of loveliness as is rarely seen by mortal eyes.

"So at least thought Count Sigmond, and he haunted her through the evening like a shadow. His costume was that of a Mephistopheles, and Octavia shuddered and grew whiter than ever when she met his passionate gaze.

"My uncle came at midnight, but he looked in vain amid the gay dancers for a sight of his snow-queen. She was not visible; but several people had seen her going toward the conservatory with Count Sigmond, and thither he bent his steps.

"The soft odors of jasmine and night-blooming cereus filled the air. The murmur of rippling fountains filled his ears as he wandered amid exotic and tropical plants in quest of his love.

"On the velvet margin of a little fountain he found her; but no smile of welcome greeted him. In her filmy lace robes, with the rope of pearls crossed over her breast and knotted behind her slender waist, she lay—dead!

"In her heart, a jeweled dagger, of foreign workmanship, gave clue to the assassin; but Count Sigmond was never found. He had fled to his native land.

"My uncle never rallied from the shock. In one short month we laid him beside his murdered Octavia. The pearls passed into my possession. Octavia's life blood stains them, and with them is the note she wrote after receiving them.

"Such is the story I neglected telling my wife, thinking it too horrible for her ears; and now it is too late. I have lost her forever! Oh, Violet, Violet!"

"I am not lost, Roger."

"No! Violet's soft arms were around his neck, her rose-af-cheek was pressed against his, and her voice was murmuring, penitently:

"Forgive me, dear, I have been very foolish. I should have trusted my husband in the face of everything, and I will hereafter."

A SHIP "HEAVING TO."

How Seamen Accomplish this very Perilous Feat.

The operation of "heaving to," performed by nearly every sailing vessel caught on the coast during the recent storm, is never resorted to by merchant vessels until it becomes absolutely necessary. The moment a vessel is "hove-to" she becomes practically stationary, the object being merely to keep her "head to the sea."

Many of the East Indian packets had been out over one hundred and twenty days. For many days prior to the storm the better able to stand the sea, they occasionally would see the sun appear, and then for so short a time as to render even a catch "sight" well nigh out of the question. In consequence many ships had been running by "dead reckoning," making the supposed position of the vessel a most uncertain one.

Under such conditions were vessels overtaken by the terrible northeast. Wind and sea aided each other in making navigation perilous, the seas threatening at every moment to roll over on the decks of the fleeing vessels. Soon the storm the better able to stand the sea, they occasionally would see the sun appear, and then for so short a time as to render even a catch "sight" well nigh out of the question.

"Hard down the helm! Let fly the head sheet, lee head and main and weather cross-jack braces! Spanker sheet!" As fast as the orders from the bridge the men jump to their stations. Round comes the great ship, and up into the wind. The head sails flap with tremendous force, threatening to fly out of the leech ropes with every roll. Now the spanker is being hauled a-weather. She feels it, and, as the stern flies off, her head comes right up into the mass of seething waters.

"Round in the lee head and main and weather cross-jack braces!" Already the men are at their places, and up comes the weather-yard arms into the wind. The vessel is now broadside to the sea. It is a question of life and death whether she will stop. If she but continues to come up all is well. A drag has been gotten over from forward. To it is bent a hawser leading through a quarter chock. The drag is well away from the ship. On to the leeward jump the crew. Away they go with a rush. The drag hawser is run right to the bows, and at the same time the bow comes up rapidly.

Not a moment too soon. A great sea the next instant lifts the ship high into the air. Had it caught her "broadside to" it would have plunged tons of green seas upon the decks. But the great craft's bow has met it. She rose as the wave advanced and plunged heavily forward as it rushed under her.

Now is the time to catch her. Sharp up go the yards on the head and main. The head sheets are hauled well aft, the helm carefully tended, the spanker cases up slightly; the ship feels the canvas, small as the amount on her is; she reaches forward, staggers for a moment then slowly works her way off through sea after sea. As soon as she is far enough out to sea the vessel is foretopped up into the wind, off comes the foretopmast stay, foremast, foretopmast and spanker. A close-reefed maintopmast and main spencer alone hold her up, and all attempt to fall off is counteracted by the position of the rudder.

Should the wind still continue to increase in violence, the topsail will be goose-winged. This latter sail is kept on as long as possible because of its being above the waves. Under a main spencer alone the ship has but little opportunity to feel the wind, the waves serving as a bulwark. Should, however, a goose-winged topsail and main spencer prove too much, tarpaulins placed in the lee mizzen rigging may hold her up.

If she still continues to heel over, the crew will cut away the foremast by cutting the weather lanards. This will not right her leach, but will give the mizzen and main, and then trust to riding out to a sea anchor. This alone can save the vessel. Let her once fall off, get into the trough of the sea, and the consequences will be expressed in the one word of the seaman, "Foundered."

A Thinking Room.

With this title the woman's news gives us a very interesting article which cannot fail to commend itself to all thoughtful people. We reproduce it entire.

and where solitude's luxury may nurse weary nerves, and exhausted forces may be restored. In these homes the very walls reflect unrest, no member of this family has a gentle voice and musical inflections, not one has ever had an opportunity to study the pretty things that come like inspirations when we are alone for an hour or two. They do not know the meaning of "I loaf and invite my soul," (Walt Whitman's song) they have never felt the serene happiness that comes with perfect silence, solitude and a book, or a chat with a friend on paper; and worse than that, they get in the habit of always needing some one about, and are lonely if left alone for an hour, do the people accustomed to this eternal confusion.

It is an occult law too, I believe that makes us crave solitude sometimes. I remember once when a bright friend was my guest for several weeks, and every moment had been filled with babble, chat, music, visitors or the theatre, when all of a sudden a faintness, a sort of insanity came over me, and I begged to be left alone for just a few minutes. I went into my little bedroom, locked the door and in an hour was serene and strong again.

Neither can I understand how women can go from one dissipation to another with hardly time to remember their names, and where they live, and then when they get home have no rest because every member of the family is trained to be all over the house. No wonder that the members of these families know less every year, and that they have neither physical, mental nor moral strength. Solitude gives opportunity to do good work, and were it not for some isolation we would never have had Emerson's sweet helpful essays, Carlyle's forceful works nor Edison's miracles of the nineteenth century.

Svedenborg says somewhere: "There are also angels who do not live associated, but separate, house and house; these dwell in the midst of heaven, because they are the best of angels." So I believe should be every home, where the soul, weary of ever present society, may find itself and rest.

I believe mothers would be sweeter and more patient, fathers would be finer and more tender, and children would have lovelier characters, if they had a little nook where intrusion would be a profanity, and where to emerge from would mean to come out rested, fresh, bright and sunny, and ready to give out again of the magnetic force gathered, not continuously dissipated.

Mathew Arnold wrote some beautiful lines I always think of in connection with a room to one's self. They are: "Calm soul of all things make it mine To feel amid the city's jar, To find a quietude of things, Man did not make, and cannot mar." Louise Mackintoshell

The Dragon Trees.

These trees, ugly enough to have been ingeniously described by some writers as the original of the dragon who guarded the golden apples (or oranges) of the Hesperides and which grow on the island of Tenerife, have a curiously animal appearance. One seeks comparison for them more naturally in the reptile than in the vegetable kingdom, and having called up images of the crocodiles and serpents, the mind falls back through ichthyosaurs and vaguely known prehistoric beasts to the enchanted tree-animals of fable. A scaly, formless, colorless creature rearing himself on his tail and spitting sword-blades is what you seem to see, and of him, as of Spenser's Dragon of Error, there are a thousand young ones bred, "each one of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored." The tree, which is botanically no tree at all, but a form of giant asparagus, grows up in the form of a sausage, without any leaves, but one tuft of sharp blue-like foliage at the top, and does not begin to branch until it has attained a certain height. It usually divides into three or four smaller, but still bulky sausages, each bearing a tuft of leaves, and once it branches it is said to grow no more upwards, but only to increase in size. I am inclined to doubt this, for I have never seen an unbranched specimen of anything like the full height of some of the older trees; but as they take thousands of years to come to perfection all that is said of them must be necessarily to some extent conjectural. The specimen described by Humboldt as standing in one of the gardens of Oran, and unfortunately blown down about twenty years ago, was pronounced by botanists to be at least six thousand years old. The earliest historic notice of it that we have is a mere nothing in comparison with such an age, but at the time of the Spanish conquest it was already a hollow tree, used by the Guanches for their religious observances, and mass was said in it for the Spanish commanders in the year 1495. The scarlet juice drawn from these trees, which the Guanches used for the preservation of their mummies, adds to their weird resemblance to animals. No poet that I know of has given to the blood of his fabled monster the power of preserving the body without the soul, but when one thinks of this as a property of the dragon's blood it combines with the extraordinary age of the trees to give them a unique place in the imagination.

Chinese Sacred Narcissus.

FASHION NOTES.

Just at this season, garments for outside wear claim our attention almost exclusively. It seems hardly possible, on account of the changeable weather, to vary these garments in accordance with the season. A garment which is very serviceable, as well as suitable for all weather, is a polonaise of wool goods lined with satin or surah. The sleeves should also be lined unless they are made of velvet of a pretty contrasting color; they should be full at the top but fit closely at and below the elbow. For trimming there are fancy buttons, braid and brandenbourg's, which last are extremely popular. On nearly all over garments, carriacs, pocket-liners and cuffs of Astrakan, plush or seal-skin are used; the sleeves, cuffs and carriac being lined with fancy satin or silk. Long cloaks, that close on the side, have deep Russian collars and cuffs of fur or material different from the cloak. Sometimes we see the upper part of the front of fur or fancy material.

Hoods which seem to meet with great favor are most becoming when placed under high rolling collars. Both rough and smooth material, especially damask woolsens, still remain fashionable, and will, probably, for many seasons to come, for outside wraps.

Perhaps, it will not be amiss to give our readers a few words this week regarding mourning styles. Widows follow very closely directions given for English costumes, covering the material for dresses, completely with crape. The capote quite plain and draped with a long veil, fastened in front, then refastened in the back, covering the dress entirely. The dress skirt of Cashmere is covered to within nine inches of the waist with crape.

Although mourning garments are not worn in the same manner as formerly, still they are not less exacting. The large shawl is but little worn. At the end of a few weeks it is laid aside, and a large garment of the same material as the dress, takes its place, trimmed with English crape.

For the winter, the large pelisse of Sivan's down or cloth, the back lined with Siberian squirrel, has been adopted.

When deep mourning is desired, great care should be given in selecting not only the material, but also the trimmings of English crape. In the widow's costume the dress is covered with English crape to within eight inches of the waist. On the corsage is placed a corselet of crape. Ornaments of crape are placed on the top of the sleeves, and the hat is draped with a long veil. With this is worn a skirt of black cashmere, trimmed with mohair braid or embroidery of the same material. The stockings are black, the boots of kid for winter. The ornaments are of Whitty jet, and the handkerchiefs have a wide border of black. Later, plain trimmings of passementerie are worn. For the neck and wrists, folds of grenadine or silk crape. The jacket is of Astrakan, or, if of cloth, ornamented with beautiful trimmings of embroidered crape which are less severe, but still preserve an aspect of deep mourning.

A garment much in favor for the season is a period of mourning is the large redingote in mohair "damasc." It is very becoming, lined with black silk, and trimmed around the neck and on each front with a pinked silk ruche. This garment is very comfortable, easy to wear, and can be made very warm by lining it with wadded silk. In half mourning grey pearl earrings are admirable.

Besides the principal objects of the costume, it is necessary to look minutely after the thousand and one objects of which a refined woman makes use. If flowers are used for ornament or room decoration, only white or violet—such as Chrysanthemums or lilies, in their season, also, only mauve or violet ribbons. Slippers, portemonnaie, handkerchief case, etc., should be encased in an ebony cover, or replaced by a silver one.

Many, no doubt will consider all these trifling details absurd. We are of a different opinion, for if one assumes mourning garments there should be harmony in all details. FELICE LESLIE.

HORSE NOTES.

Axtell's height is 15 hands, 3 inches. —Maud S's fastest quarter was 30 1/2. Sunol has knocked the fraction off that time. —Jockey Bergen rode four winners and a second out of five mounts at Guttenburg recently. —Jockey Reagan had his collar bone broken at Clifton recently, his mount, the filly Ste, falling. —El Rio Rey is completely recovered from his unfortunate illness, and his health pretty well restored. —Mr. J. T. Sheridan will handle the starter's flag at the spring meetings at Nashville, Latonia and Chicago. —J. D. Purford won the first two races on the opening day of the New Orleans meeting and Freeman piloted the winners. —The b. g. The Item, record 2:25 1/2, purchased by the Sire Brothers at the Phillips sale in Philadelphia, has been sent to France. —The 2 year old Erlic, by Foxhall, out of Tact, won the Emscote Plate at the Warwick and Leamington meeting on November 19. —W. M. Stewart, better known as "Doc" Stewart, a well-known trotting horse man, died at Denver, Col., Tuesday, December 3d. —Robert Wyatt, a prominent English jockey in his day and who rode the Cesarewitch winner in 1868, died recently in his thirty-ninth year. —Eighty-six entries have been received for the English Two Thousand Guineas of 1891, that number being a little above the average of recent years. —James H. Temple, the former owner of Harry Wilkes, 2:13 1/2; J. Q. 2:17, and others, will visit Buenos Ayres, South America, soon after the holidays. —The phenomenal trotter Susie S. 2:15, who holds the world's record for a 5 year old mare, will be sold at the Woodard sale in February next to close a partnership. —It is reported that John Stetson and a syndicate with a capital of \$300,000 have purchased the Readville (Mass.) track with the view of converting it into a running course. —Eighty-six entries have been received for the English Two Thousand Guineas of 1891, the number being a little above the average of recent years. —Contrary to rumors, James McLaughlin will hold the flag at Clifton until the first day of February, when he will probably hand it over to Mr. J. T. Clark, superintendent of the track. —Electioneer has forty-nine sons and daughters in the 2:30 list, and only one of these is a pacer. Prominent among the trotters are Sunol, 3 year old record 2:10; Wildflower, 2 year old record 2:21; Manzanita, 4 year old record 2:16, and Palo Alto, stallion record 2:12. —Budd Doble, pacing record 2:13 1/2, has started in fifteen races, of which he won five, the second in five, third in two, fourth in one and unplaced in two. He has paced sixty-three contested heats, winning eighteen, eleven of which were finished below 2:20 and four below 2:16. —The total tax paid to the State of New York by the One Island, Brooklyn, New York, American, Saratoga and Brighton Jockey Clubs for the season of 1889 was \$22,233.18—a very nice little sum to be divided among the agricultural farmers of the State. —The gray mare Lucretia, recently sent to Australia from America, was the winner of the time handicap trotting race at Eisternwick Park. The distance was two miles, and she started 15 seconds behind the scratch horse, Outcast, which finished fourth. Time—5:49. —At Palo Alto, on November 29, Charles Marvin drove Sunol a quarter in 31 1/2 s., a 2:05 gait. Mr. Robert Bomer was present and was delighted with the trial. He complimented Marvin on his management of Sunol, and promised him \$1000 on the day that he drives her below 2:04, the record of Johnstown, the pacer. —The Westchester course is about to undergo several alterations. One of these is the finishing post. This is to be moved several feet south, or further down the stretch. This will give the people in the boxes and in the new club-house a better view of the finish. It will, moreover, render the homestretch even a more "magnificent distance" than ever. —At the annual meeting of the New York State Trotting Horse Breeders Association, held at Rochester, N. Y., recently, these officers were elected: President, F. G. Babcock, Hornellsville; First Vice President, H. M. Little, Macedon; Second Vice President, Dr. J. W. Day, Waterloo; Third Vice President, C. J. Hamlin, Buffalo; Secretary and Treasurer, M. E. Servis, Rochester. —Sir John Astley seems to have taken a particular interest in the trotting horses under the charge of Spian, the American driver at Olympia. Perhaps he may wish to start a track in connection with the Hamilton Park Race meeting, in the management of which he takes no silent part. Possibly there is no place in Britain where trotting would catch on so readily. Messenger, the Orloff trotter, and Prince von Bismarck, Berlin, Childe Harold and several other American horses were all located at one time within ten miles of Hamilton Park. —The Pimlico (Baltimore, Md.) Association has elected the following officers for 1890, and expects to take a front seat in the trotting circle next year: President, Hon. Frank Brown; Vice Presidents, General Ferdinand C. Latrobe and Christian Devries; Secretary, Colonel Robert Hough; Treasurer, David Cowan; Executive Committee, Frank Brown, Colonel Robert Hough, David Cowan, T. Edward Hamilton, Alexander Brown, Thomas Deford, John E. Phillips, Joshua Lee Johnston, Howard Munick-huyzen, Douglass H. Thomas, H. Clay Tunis, Lloyd L. Jackson, E. L. Bartlett, Alexander H. Russell and General E. Law Rogers.