

A Legend.

There has come to my mind a legend, a thing I had half forgot, and I am sure it matters not, and whether I read it or dreamed it, ah, well, it matters not.

LITTLE JERRY.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

"You won't forget any of the places, will you, Jerry?" "No, father."

the floor of the wide piazza in front of them, and were made of a single sheet of glass. In his excitement and eagerness to arouse the inmates of the house, Jerry ran to one of these long windows and kicked in the glass with his stout boots; then he crawled into the room, and into a great hall, just as some one came to the head of the stairs, lamp in hand. It was Miss Perkins herself, with a great scarlet blanket thrown around her.

Private Economy.

BY JAMES M. LORING.

I have for a long time meditated writing an essay on Private Economy. With no intention of associating myself with such distinguished names in literature, I am reminded that Emerson wrote one on "Wealth" and Lord Bacon one on "Riches."

bank the money always passes the other way. It has the stamp of the paying bank on it, and the date, and the paying teller can always be made use of as a living witness if necessary.

hunting cloth which, although a little dazzling, excite, in this season of brilliant colors, but little attention. Pearls are seen in the embroidery used on dresses, in a manner not seen for many years.

HORSE NOTES.

The auction pooling at the Louisville Hotel has been brisker and heavier than at any time in several years. It is no secret among racing men that the Dwyer 2-year-olds of '99 are almost as great a failure as last year's lot.