

THE BLESSING.

Not to the man of dollars, Not to the man of deeds; Not to the man of cunning, Not to the man of creeds; Not in neglect of duty, Not in the monarch's crown; Not at the smile of beauty, Cometh a blessing down.

FIRST GRIEF.

L. A. NORTH.

We received a very extraordinary message the other day, or perhaps we should say it was made extraordinary from the fact that it came from the very last person we ever expected to hear from.

Those of our young people who are fond of reading the Children's page, will remember a little story that was written expressly for you. It was published in our issue of March 29th, 1890, and called The Little Coward.

In the meantime Minnie and Lucy, who were in the garden were suddenly surprised by the buzz of a large shiny delicate-winged creature who flew across their vision.

"Oh," said Minnie, in a startled tone, "That must be Jack's dragon fly. How did he get loose?"

Both ran into the house to find Jack, and acquaint him of the loss. The boy was as anxious as they and examined his paste-board to see how the insect could have got loose.

"Why, what a scare for nothing!" he shouted to the girls. "I do believe you did it to fool me. Here's my dragon fly, dead as a door nail."

"Well you come out here and see," was the reply.

Mr. Dragon Fly was still buzzing backwards and forwards in front of the little girls when Jack appeared. He seemed as if he was in trouble and wanted Minnie and Lucy to help him.

"There," said they. "Do you see him?"

"Oh! that's not mine, girls I believe it is the one I tried to catch at the same time. Isn't he a beauty? I'm going to have another try for him."

There ensued quite a chase. But Mr. Dragon Fly was not quite as easily caught as his young companion who you will remember had only just been transformed from a pupa into a lovely creature with wings.

"What's there?" he asked all out of breath.

"It's that dragon fly again," was the reply.

Yes, there it was. It seemed bound to follow and haunt them, and was trying with all its might to attract their attention.

"Do you remember how much afraid we were of dragon flies, a little while ago," said Lucy.

"Yes," said Minnie. "But if I had only known how harmless they were I should not have been so frightened. Oh! Look! There he goes. Lulu, I do believe he wants to tell us something, only he doesn't know how."

as he spied an open journal on Minnie's lap.

"Did Lulu and I ever tell you how two darling needles frightened us once, and how she was braver than I and walked right past them?" questioned Minnie.

"Walked right past them," roared Jack with smothered laughter. "Why they won't hurt you. I catch 'em, and hold 'em ever so long."

"We're not a bit afraid of them now," explained Minnie, "but then was different." And she added, a little contemptuously, "girls aren't expected to be like boys anyway."

"No; that's so," assented Jack. "Go ahead."

"Well we were," continued she, and there was quite a little pantomime about going past to get some water. But when Lulu got back safe with it, didn't we feel ashamed of ourselves?"

He did so and read the story while Minnie stood over him. "Whew," he whistled as he came to the end. "I wonder who put it in? And it tells all about it and the dragon flies too. I say Min, we've had pretty much to do with those darned needle fellows lately."

Just at that moment a buzz made them both start. It was the same dragon fly. But he buzzed in a different manner, and said in as plain a way as he could: "I've struck an idea. Good-bye."

The dragon fly flew a long, long way until he came to a beautiful wild wood, where flowers and plants were crowded and hidden away from all their lovers, by the jealous shade of wonderful trees.

Mr. Dragon Fly thought it a little too dark for his taste, but he was on business and would not let his discomfort deter him.

In the centre of the wood was a small primitive dwelling and here the fly stopped. He had come to see The Hermit who lived there, and he understood both his language and the language of men. And this is how, in his fly language, he addressed The Hermit:

"Dear Mr. Hermit: I am very unhappy. I once had a bright companion and play-fellow. But a little boy caught him one day and now he is gone from me forever. I am lonely. If I only had him back again, I would love him more. But I fear he is dead. I have heard that you are kind. I want to let this little boy know and also his little girl play-fellows how lonely I am without my brother. I am young. But he was younger. If he had been as old as I he would not have been caught. There is a paper who told the little people about us before and how harmless we were. If it would only tell it again, and this little boy could know how unhappy we all feel when one of us is in bondage, I do not think he would molest us again. Kind Mr. Hermit tell the paper to tell boys and girls that we will not hurt them, and we do not want them to hurt us."

This is now we came to receive a letter from Mr. Dragon Fly through The Hermit.

Of course it is very nice to make an interesting collection of insects, and we do not want to interfere with your pleasure or instruction. But we could not find it in our hearts to let Mr. Dragon Fly's appeal go for nothing. We thought we must tell you, and we have done so.

It shows you that insects can feel the loss of a brother. How much more can we! You cannot be too kind to your brothers and sisters for some day they may leave you for lands you can never travel.

A Musical Alphabet.

- A for Andante, which means rather slow. B is a Bar, we must count as we go. C for Crescendo, get loud by degrees. D for Da Capo, repeat if you please. E for the Exercise, played day by day. F stands for Forte, as loud as you may. G Grazioso, in soft, singing style. H the two Hands, that we use all the while. I is the Instrument, skilfully made. J for our Joy when we hear it well played. K for the Keys, black and white as you know. L is for Largo, most solemn and slow. M for a Minim, just two in a bar. N for the Notes, what a number there are! O stands for Opera, a musical play. P for the Pedal, use cautiously pray! Q stands for Quaver, in a bar there are eight. R is a Rest, count one while you wait. S is a Semibreve, to it count four. T is a Trio, three voices, no more. U Una Corda, or played all in one. V for Vivace, a time full of fun. W for Weber, whose music is fine. X for Excel, which just means to out-shine. Y is a Youth, who can play some nice things. Z is a Zither with many sweet strings.

The necessity of having an invention well described and every novel feature of the invention defined in both the drawings and specification preparatory to filing in the Patent Office was well set forth by the late Judge Grier, one of the most distinguished of the patent law judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, when he said, "There are few things more difficult, even for well educated and practical lawyers, than to describe a new invention clearly, and point out the principle which distinguishes the subject of it from all things known before. As inventors are rarely experts, either in philology or law, it has long been established as a rule that their writings are to be scanned with a good degree of charity. But it is easy to abuse this liberality to the purposes of fraud."

The Sleep of The Garden.

E. M. HARDINGE.

A sleeping garden, so it seems, could exist nowhere save in fairyland. It must surround the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. We can fancy that the gardener is napping and snoring while his idle tools lie rusting behind a great dusty cobweb. The spider, a danger in it is dreaming of fat as soon as the grasshoppers, crickets, and katydids are all silent. The butterflies hang motionless on the plants, like brightly colored leaves, and the usually busy ants and bees have gone home to slumber away a well-earned vacation. The peacock on the balustrade sits motionless beside his motionless shadow. The birds' little heads are all tucked under their wings and filled with visions of ripe berries.

But the flowers—what do they do? And what goes on in the kitchen-garden? Can one see, even in fairyland, slumbering bean vines or dozing onions?

Strange to say, we need not journey to enchanted lands to find such things as these. I can see garden-beds (well named) full of sleeping plants any summer night in my suburban garden of plainest prose, where ill weeds flourish, and mosquitoes bite, and the garden-gatherer troubles, and street Arabs break through and steal.

The portulaca drowns first. Its saucers-shaped flowers close at sunset, taking the aspect of opening buds. They worship the sun as devoutly as any Parsee of old, and have no real life except in his presence. To-morrow morning, if his face is hidden, the portulaca will not have the heart to unroll a single blossom, and the garden will cheer up and the don't forget array to do him honor. After the portulaca flowers are settled for the night the leaves grow sleepy, and gradually they take their nocturnal position. They raise themselves upright, nestling close to the stalks of the plant and to each other. "Pusley," the portulaca's disreputable and vulgar cousin, also keeps early hours. Shortly after sunset it, too, is asleep, with its leaves curled together in little bunches, and thus it recuperates its dreadful energies for another onslaught on my flower-beds.

When dusk begins to gather, it is bed-time for the clover leaves. The two side leaflets of each cluster approach each other face to face, till they take the position of the covers of a closed book. Then the upper and central leaf bends forward till it touches the edges of the other pair. The attitude of the little sleepheads seems to express devotion rather than repose, for they look as if they were offering vesper prayers, with their heads bowed low over their folded palms.

All through the summer we may see belated dandelions lingering in the grass, but at nightfall they vanish. Each flower has closed and has drawn its green outer garment over its yellow inner dress. They now look like buds, and are undistinguishable from the surrounding grass and leaves. Though they have contrived to gather so much gold to deck themselves with, they do not follow the proverbial rule for becoming wealthy. They are early to bed to be sure, but by no means early to rise. The blossoms are not fairly awake and open before eight o'clock, even in sunny weather, while on stormy mornings they are—we must confess it—scandalously late. It is a pretty sight to see a field full of dandelions wake up under a bright spring sun. They twinkle out, one after another, as stars do at nightfall.

The grapevine and the wistaria are late up o' nights. Perhaps, living in towns so much, they have learned dissipated city habits. They scarcely begin to take their nocturnal positions before nine o'clock, and they are not fully settled for the night till much later. The grape-leaves in sleep are raised at the ends and depressed in the middle, so that they form shallow cups. As we look up at the boughs of the vine, after the foliage has taken its nocturnal position, we see only the white under surfaces of the leaves, gleaming like silver in the moonlight. Wistaria leaflets droop in slumber as they do in excessive heat. One expects them to feel as wilting leaves do—soft and limp—and their crisp firmness is a surprise. They crackle like stiff paper when bent, and they refuse stubbornly to be twisted into any other position but that which they have themselves chosen to take. This curious stiffness seems to be a characteristic of all sleeping foliage.

The common locust settles down early. The end leaflet of the long cluster hangs like a plummet, and the side leaflets turn their points towards the end leaflet, and dangle in two rows back to back.

Geranium leaves at night seem to twist themselves into deep cups to catch and hold the dew.

But some of the dwellers in my garden wake and watch while others are fast asleep. The honeysuckle grows more alive and alert as dusk closes in. The fresh flowers open soon after sunset. They are slender vases, filled to the brim with perfume, which is shed forth upon the night air. Their sweetness is mute invitation to the humming-bird hawk-moth, the vine's chosen friend and messenger. While twilight yet lingers we may see him among the flowers, beginning his night of revelry. He feels reasonably sure of a good supper. The cup of the flower is so slender and so deep that few insects can reach down to rifle its sweets, so that even the older blossoms may have saved their store for him, and the depth of the long flower-tube, and she is quite too corpulent to go down there and fetch the honey. So she perches on the outside of the blossom, gnaws or pricks a little hole near its base, and then reaches in and helps herself, much at her ease, through the breach she has effected.

The day-lilies, like the honeysuckles,

open at evening, and live for a night and a day. Many, indeed, most, deep-throated flowers are nocturnal. Their nectar can be drained only by insects with very long proboscides. Such insects are large and conspicuous, and if they flew by daylight they would soon fall a prey to birds or other enemies. The day-lily's lover, like Romeo, must pay his addresses by night for fear of the Capulets, who would impale him if they could catch him—fast on a sword, but on a beam or a big pin.

Yucca filamentosa, or "Adam's needle and thread," conspicuous in many gardens in latter June, is another night-flower. It begins to breathe forth an odor at dusk, not sweet, but fresh, pungent, and peculiar, and this grows more and more powerful as darkness increases. The flowers, which have hung half shut all day, like drooping bells, change their attitude and aspect. The petals draw backwards, the blossoms open widely and become great six-pointed stars. The yucca has an air of alert expectancy which is more than life-like—almost human. We cannot help regretting the disappointment that we fear awaits her. The friend for whom this southern fair one listens and whom she probably a thousand miles away enjoying himself among the Mexican beauties. She wastes in vain for that great tropical night-moth. We can fancy that she shivers a little in our chill northern dawn, and says to herself, like Mariana, "He cometh not"—and then she sunrise reddens all the east, "He will not come." As the night wanes the blossoms lose their starlike form, and daylight finds them drooping bells once more, dangling in limp dejection. They are not always disappointed. Last year a few capsules formed and ripened, probably by aid of pollen brought to the pistil by some large and rare nocturnal moth. But in some seasons no seeds form at all.

It was a pretty idea of one of the early botanists to plant a garden which should tell the time; an idea sportively used by Jean Paul Richter in one of the most charming passages in his "Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces." Each hour was to be marked by the opening or by the closing of some blossom. One might have a garden which should present frequent and lovely changes, but the flowers are not accurate timekeepers. It would be disastrous to regulate dinner by the clock-garden, or to try to catch the train by it. The sleeping and waking of the flowers is governed by many other causes besides the flight of time. The state of the atmosphere, the amount of dew-fall, the brightness or dimness of the skies, may all effect that beautiful mystery—the sleep of plants. Yet darkness is not its cause, for the twilight which lulls one blossom to repose rouses another into intense life. As the butterflies go to rest moths begin to fit, and beetles come droning out of a thousand holes and corners, lighted to their revels by the fireflies.

Through the still air there may drop down to us the soft calls of migrant birds. Guided by their God-giving instinct, they are travelling on, league after league, between the dusky treetops and the stars.

After all, it is a mere figure of rhetoric to speak of the "sleep of the earth." Mother Nature has no sooner hushed one set of children to rest than she begins to attend to the needs and to superintend the labors and frolics of many more.

Night is full of life as beautiful and intense as that of the day, and as unknown to many of us as that of another planet.

"He sees when their footsteps falter, When their hearts grow weak and faint; He marks when their strength is failing, And listens to each complaint! He waits their rest for a season, for the Father's grown to sleep, And folded in fair green pastures He giveth His loved ones sleep."

The German Woman's Modesty.

The German woman is apt to be modest in regard to her own attainments, which are by no means so small as is often represented. Between the ages of eight and eighteen a stately procession of knowledge is marched before her.

In fact, except for the dead languages and higher mathematics, she has during this time about the same mental food as her brothers, and frequently the same masters and professors. In history, art and modern languages she is beyond rather than behind the American girl of the same age.

After marriage the household drudge, so often cited in sketches of German life, exists of course (in the wholly unknown in America?), but the companionably charming and elegant woman also. She knows English not as we pretend to know foreign languages but speaks it fluently; she is musical, has always lived in an art atmosphere, dresses well, entertains satisfactorily, and takes her part in discussion of questions of the day.

But she is not materially ambitious, nor conscious of the slightest intellectual responsibility, writes Blanche Willis Howard. She is passive, timid, conventional to the verge of cowardice—above all, overshadowed by the appallingly prodigious learning of the German man.

The empress of Japan is a particularly ugly person of 35, who, like her husband, bears the name of Mutsu Hito. She dresses in rigidly orthodox Japanese fashion, her flowered kimonos being miracles of elaborate hideousness, as well as her coiffure, which consists of a huge knob of coarse straight hair at the back of her head, forming an arch halo to her face. Just over her forehead she wears a marvellous construction of ribbons and precious stones which form a towering diadem. The empress is a nonentity, politically speaking, but is a martinet for etiquette, and is much dreaded by the ladies of the court. She is, moreover, very musical, and excels in playing the very unpleasant instrument called "koto."

It is stated that one grain of pilocarpine in a half ounce of vaseline applied to the scalp will prevent baldness.

Some New Five O'clock Tea Cloths are like large pocket handkerchiefs with hemstitched borders; others have designs worked in the corners in raised white or gold thread, in a very bold style.

Quality often wins where quantity fails.

Current Fashions.

If our readers desire to be in the extreme of fashion, they will have all their underwear to match, even to the skirts and corsets which must also match the color of the dress, when the underclothing is colored. It is, indeed, admissible to have the underclothing of a lighter shade, as light blue under dark blue; mauve under violet; cream under tan, etc. If black is worn, the undergarments may be either violet or black.

Many persons favor black for underwear to the exclusion of all other colors, an idea which may seem strange at first, but it is a fancy that grows upon one, it is said, and "improves by age" as has the fashion of wearing black stockings.

However, this statement is to our mind somewhat doubtful, for what is or ever can be so beautiful, so becoming and so healthful for underwear as snowy white.

One might possibly tolerate colored underwear when traveling, though in the present day of modern conveniences and rapidity with which work is done, even that is unnecessary.

For these undergarments the finest muslin or white cambric is used with trimmings of lace and colored ribbons, not narrow as formerly but often an inch or an inch and a-half wide.

Embroidery is also freely used. A very pretty chemise has a low, rounded neck trimmed with lace insertion and edging, the same trimming being put around the armholes.

Through the open insertion in row ribbon inch wide which is tied on the shoulders and in front, in bows. The fullness in front is gathered at the top, and drawn in at the waist line by a band of close, narrow tucks. The drawers, night-dress and corset cover completing the set were trimmed in a similar manner.

Another chemise, made of fine linen, has the front cut rounding, but very low and without fullness, just large enough to pass comfortably over the head.

The neck and armholes have a facing two inches deep. On the upper and lower edges of this facing are several rows of corded stitching, and between the two sets of stitching is worked a row of button holes, all round, about an inch apart.

Through these button holes is run a dainty, light-blue ribbon tied in a pretty bow in front; the low neck in front is filled in with a pleating of linen lawn drawn straight across the chest with narrower ribbons.

Drawers are finished with a series of fine tucks separated by rows of embroidered insertion, and a ruffle of embroidery, or lace insertion and edging. In either case, the ruffle is narrower than those formerly worn, and which were so ungraceful.

The prettiest drawers are those with a series of fine tucks extending only half way round the bottom, and finished with bows of ribbon, thus forming on the outer side a large puff. The tops of these garments are made with a yoke front and draw strings in the back, but those having a pointed yoke both in front and back are much superior, as they fit like a glove, thus avoiding those uncomfortable bunches and wrinkles which cause all out-side garments to fit so badly.

Corset covers are made separately, or in combination with a skirt. They are cut low in the neck, or if high in V shape, front and back, and the opening edged with lace or embroidery. Some, are entirely without sleeves—others, have a very narrow sleeve, rounded on the top, also edged with lace or embroidery.

Skirts show but slight alterations; at the top they have a plain, flat yoke reaching below the hips, the bottom trimmed with several series of tucks, embroidered insertion, and flounce embroidery, or a trimming of lace. Some have only one, deep flounce of embroidery reaching two thirds the depth of the skirt.

In style of make and trimmings, night-dresses match the other garments of the set.

Many are made to fasten on the side, in order that ornamentation of the front may not be interfered with. All underwear this season is profusely trimmed with ribbons of various colors run through the rows of insertion.

The use of ribbons, in different widths, is one of the marked features in many garments for grown people, and also for children, for children's fashions are, usually, only modified copies of those worn by their elders.

HORSE NOTES.

—The horses race from right to left at Monmouth Park, just the reverse of the usual way.

—Goodale has been engaged to ride for the Serogran Brothers the remainder of the season.

—Captain Pienkor, a Russian Cossack, recently completed the task of riding 5438 miles on one horse.

—J. H. McCreery has left the Hough Brothers, and now one of the brothers is training the horses himself.

—Salvator was named for a favorite butler of the father of Mrs. J. B. Hagditt. Tenny is from David Tenny Pulsifer.

—Landmark, by Volunteer, popularly known as Park's Volunteer, died recently at Cold Spring Farm, near Syracuse, N. Y.

—The stallion Electioneer is improving in condition, and it is believed he will be in shape to resume his stud duties next spring.

—Sound will not start to lower a record at Detroit, neither will she be entered in a race. The only race talked of for her is with Artell.

—A. J. Alexander, Spring Station, York, Pa., has bought from Henry Fry, York, Neb., the bay mare Jeanie June, foaled 1884, by King Alfonso, dam Glene, by Gleneg.

—Major Batchelor, of North Carolina, has a wager with Frank Herdic that Facilio, the young stallion owned by the former, will get a record as fast as 2.20 this season.

—Messrs. Obden Bowie and Edgar M. Johnson have resigned from the Board of Stewards of the Saratoga Association on account of the reinstatement of the horse Ballston without their sanction.

—George Oyster is dead. He was 5 years old, by Voltigeur, dam Amanda Warren. He was a very promising colt, but did not fulfill expectations, winning only one race out of eleven since August Belmont purchased him.

—The pacing horse is to have a Stud-book, and a society called the National Association of Pacing Horse-Breeders has been duly organized. The first annual meeting of the association was held June 26 at Cincinnati. The officers for the ensuing year are: President, F. B. Buford; Secretary, J. W. Neal; Registrar, T. C. Parsons, and Treasurer, F. G. Germany.

—Bookmaker Thomas F. Wynne, one of DeLacy's clerks, indicted for pool-rolling in New York city, was tried in General Sessions on Monday, June 30th, and found guilty Judge Martine said that as it was the first conviction under the law he would not sentence him to imprisonment, but imposed a fine of \$350. Wynne's counsel filed a notice of appeal.

—The annex to the club-house at the track of the Belmont Driving Club is now in course of erection. It will be 50 feet long, 33 feet wide and three stories in height. The old club-house is 40 feet long and 33 feet wide, so the length when the annex is finished will be 93 feet. The cost of the new structure will be about \$10,000. The parlors will be located on the second floor, while the third will be taken up by bedrooms.

—Ed. Greer, the noted Tennessee horse trainer, has on his Maury county farm an astonishing 2-year-old colt out of Ambassador. The youngster is the property of a St. Louis gentleman, who sent it to Greer to be trained for trotting. Greer thought he saw in the colt promise of great things as a pacer, and obtained permission to so train it to pace. A few days ago on a mile track the colt made a quarter in 34 seconds and the full mile in 2.33.

—The most prolific union in the breeding of trotting horses was that of Messenger Duroc and Green Mountain Maid, they producing Elaine, 2.20; Prospero, 2.20; Dame Trot, 2.22; Elista, 2.24; Mansfield, 2.26, and Antonio, 2.28. About the most striking was that of Admiral and Black Flora, with four representatives, for the reason that neither sire nor dam ever produced a 2.30 performer with any other coupling; the fastest average belongs to the produce of Bashaw Goldust and Roulette, 2.14, and the fastest average for trotters sired to the Produce of Kentucky Prince and Flora Gardner, 2.15.

—The result of the Wallace robbery was that both young Robert Wallace and his accomplice, I. B. Lowitz, were sentenced by Judge Martine, to eight years and eleven months in State's prison at hard labor. In regard to young Wallace his Honor said that influence had been brought to bear upon him to be lenient, but in view of the gross abuse of confidence involved he could not treat him otherwise than as a common criminal. Lowitz was considered as the instigator of the crime, and each received nearly an extreme sentence.

—The Chicago Stable is getting together a very formidable string. It is a curious establishment, this Chicago Stable, as there are four owners in the concern, which embraces various kinds of partnerships, with individual ownerships as well. Hankins is the sole owner of some of the animals, Tom Kiley is the sole owner of some, and Eugene Leigh is the sole owner of others, while, it is understood, the three named are joint owners of other animals. The fourth man in the concern is B. J. Johnson, and he and Hankins are equal partners in the ownership of Uncle Bob and their newly acquired purchase, Fallside.

—The midsummer races at the Phoenixville Driving Park were commenced July 4th. The weather was splendid and the track in good condition. The attendance was about 3000. In the 2.25 class, for a purse of \$300, there were four entries. Camille captured the first two heats in 2.34 and 2.27, with Buckskin Dick a close second. The third heat was a dead heat between Buckskin Dick and Camille—time 2.27. Camille took the fourth heat and the race in 2.27. Buckskin Dick took second money; Grand B. third, and Jerry Almont fourth.

In the 2.45 class for a purse of \$300, three entries, Daniel R. was first, Fred Pritchard second and Joscoe third. Best time, 2.41.