

AMONG THE DAISIES.

A TRAMP'S SOLILOQUY.

When the buttercups come in the meadow an' make it all yellow like gold...

THE LINK THAT SEVERES.

No one disputed the fact that Cosmo Loring was a rising painter of great promise.

He was certain that he had in him the making of a great artist, and was equally conscious of a much rarer knowledge...

Among the numerous art students of all ages and both sexes haunting the public and private galleries of Rome...

"I mean to make myself quite independent," she said to him with naive faith.

"You are very cold and unsympathetic. One might almost think you were jealous of my coming triumph."

"Yes—yes. You see, with my failing eyes I have left them all behind. Eileen, you are not so good a judge of painting as I once thought you—none of the blemishes you affected to criticize are apparent to others."

become aware that he was all in all to her he asked her to be his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Loring were not long in finding a small house with a large studio in the northern suburbs of London...

"Do you know what your friend the Royal Academician said to me only the other day?" she asked exultingly of her husband.

Not very long after this, however, Loring, who was still lover-like in his attentions to his wife, suddenly discovered that she was pale and not looking well.

The sum realized by the sale of the picture enabled Loring to visit Germany, and place himself in the hands of the best oculist in the world.

"I will not intrude on this happy meeting—you will find me in the library when you have done."

A few quick strides brought him before the picture; a latent dimness of vision, increased by emotion, seemed for a moment to prevent a clear and complete view.

"Your picture, of course; don't you recognize it, darling?" said Eileen, drawing close up to him.

"No, no, you mistake, Cosmo. What matter? Besides, have you forgotten? Was the picture not called the best of the year, and you the greatest living painter?"

"Can't you guess, darling? Let me explain. When your dear eyes were so bad, when you would work in spite of all, your hand could not obey your will; the colors got mixed, the outlines were lost; the idea—the grand idea—was there, but the execution failed."

Since his blindness Loring had a morbid repugnance to leaving his house and never went anywhere.

One day he abruptly determined to go himself. A sudden suspicion had crossed his mind that he was deceived, and that the encomiums on his work had been purposely magnified to pacify and console him.

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"What of that? Let us go to New York."

"So long a journey?" she pleaded. "It will do me good—nothing like sea air."

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Curious Collections.

At Warseinstein, in Germany, there is perhaps one of the most curiously original collections of books extant...

There are at present some very valuable curiosities in the shape of chess stones, and were they collected in one lot it would doubtless command a high price.

The most curious collections however are to be found made of coins, and we have seen many of this kind; but the most extensive is undoubtedly to be seen at Nottingham at the present moment.

By means of the spectroscope a very wonderful discovery has been made respecting Sirius.

So great a change has been made in all fabrics and designs now used for mourning, that the objections formerly urged against them have now but little weight.

For evening wear, a white silk under black figured lace with sleeves entirely of the lace is very pretty, or the white silk may have designs in black and be covered with Russian net.

life, similar to that which now prevails on our planet, would be in existence. What a world such a one would be, in size, perhaps, not inferior to that of Mars, himself a million times larger than our earth...

Current Fashions.

To the thoughtful, economical woman, the depth of whose purse is not limited, yet who has all the desire and in-born taste to dress as well as her more favored sisters, without feeling that her purse is left empty for the many necessary demands which are sure to be made on it...

All fine, soft goods in one color, and with a cashmere finish will, without doubt, be worn extensively next year, also one color, striped vigoigne goods.

Black India Cashmeres are seen with small, embroidered flowers, with golden-yellow, wheat-ear designs, also green leaf and weed embroidered designs, also light tissues showing large squares formed by knotted stripes.

So great a change has been made in all fabrics and designs now used for mourning, that the objections formerly urged against them have now but little weight.

For morning wear are found the black and white, or gray and blue colored gingham, trimmed with white embroidery, and for afternoon wear white nainsook and white lawn trimmed with black or lavender ribbons.

HORSE NOTES.

—Eighteen of the Dwyer Bros.' horses are at Saratoga.

—The California horses won a full share of the races during the Washington Park meeting in Chicago.

—John Condon drove his pacer Surpass a mile recently over Belmont Course in 2:20.

—New York Dictator, of the Elkton Stock Farm, trotted a mile recently in 2:29.

—Margaret S. captured the whole stake at Detroit by distancing her four competitors.

—The question "Which is the best 2-year-old runner in the East?" has not yet been answered.

—The Balch free-for-all stallion race for \$10,000 will be trotted at Mystic Park, Boston, on September 17.

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