noney was not needed up to the closi he board at 1 o'clock."

"I am-not disappointed. I thank God that the Rossiters refused him money. It will open his eyes to their real characters—father and son. I would rather go and live in a hovel than be under obligations to either of them." And now the team were mining down her cheeks.

"Ho not grieve so, Mrs. Vincent," said Lane. "I cannot believe the danger is so great. I have listened to the opinions of the strongest men on 'change this afternoon. A 'break' in this corner was predicted in New York at 11 this morning, and that is the universal opinion among the best men now."

and that is the universal opinion among the best men now."

"Yes, but it may be days away yet, and Mr. Vincent has confessed to me that his whole fortune hangs by a single hair—that this wretched apeculation has swallowed everything—that a rise of a single penny means beggary to us, for he can no longer answer his broker's calls.

"That usey have then so when he wrote; but Mr. Clark seems to have had a little better luck locally. I infer from what he told me that they were safe for today and could meet the raise of that critical cent or two; so that, despite the great loss they have sustained, there is not the certainty of ruin that so overwhelmed Mr. Vincent on Wednesday."

"You give me hope and courage," cried

on Wednesday."

"You give me hope and courage," cried the poor, anxious hearted woman, as she seized and pressed his hand. "And—and you come to us in the midst of our troublest Mr. Vincent was so touched by your writing first to him; it brought back old days, old times, old fashions, that he loved to recall—days when he, too, was young and brave and full of hope and cheer."

"And I have your good wishes, too, Mrs.

"And I have your good wishes, too, Mrs. Vincent?—even though I am only a soldier and have so little to offer her beyond—be-

But he could not finish. He had looked But he could not limin. He had looked into her face with such eager hope and delight when he began, yet broke down helplessly when he tried to speak of his great love for her sweet daughter.

"I know what you would say," she answered with quick and ready sympathy. "I have seen how dear my child has been to

have seen low dear my entit has been to you almost from the very first. Indeed I do wish you happiness, Mr. Lane; but Mr. Vincent told you that—we once had other views for Mabel. It is only fair and right that you should know."
"How could it have been otherwise, Mrs.

Vincent? Is there any man quite worthy of her? Is there any station in life too high for one like her? I never dared hope that your consent could have been so freely given I do not dare hope that she can possibly care for me-yet. "I will not keep you longer, then," said

she, smiling through her tears. "I will see you after a while, perhaps. Mabel is in the library. Now I'll leave you." With tumultuously throbbing heart, he softly entered and quickly glanced around.

The tiers of almost priceless volumes, the antique furniture, the costly Persian rugs and portieres, the pictures, bronzes, bric-a-brac—all were valueless in his eager eyes. They sought one object alone, and found it in a deep bay window across the room. There, leaning back in a great easy reading chair, with a magazine in her lap, her fair head pillowed on a silken cushion, reclined the lady of his heart, smiling a sweet welcome to him, while the rosy color mounted to her brows as he came quickly forward and took her soft, white hand. How he was trembling! How his kind gray eyes were glowing! She could not meet them; she had to look away. She had begun some pleasant little welcoming speech, some half laughing allusion to the flowers, but she stopped short in the midst of it. A knot of half faded roses—his roses—nestled in her bosom, contrasting with the pure white of her dainty gown; and now those treas-ured, envied flowers began to rise and fall, as though rocked on the billows of some clear lake stirred by a sudden breeze.

What he said he did not know;

hardly heard, though her ears drank in every word. She only realized that both his hands were tightly clasping hers, and that, scorning to seek a chair and draw it to her side-perhaps, too, because he could not bear to release even for an instant that slender little hand—perhaps still more be siender little hand—perhaps still more be-cause of the old time chivalry in his nature that had prompted him to ask parental sanction before telling her of his deep and tender love—Capt. Lane had dropped on one knee close beside, and, bending over her, was pouring forth in broken, incoherent words the old, old story of a lover's hopes and fears and longings—the sweet old song that, day after day, year after year, ay, though sung since God's creation of the beautiful world we live in, never, never can be heard or sung except in rap ture. Even though she be cold to him as stone, no true woman ever listened to the tale of a man's true love without a thrill at heart.

Once, only once, in the lifetime of men like Lane—yes, and of men not half his peers in depth of character, in intensity of feeling—there comes a moment like this, and enthusiasm of youth or the intensity and strength of maturer years, it is the climax of a lifetime; it is the date from which all others, all scenes, trials, tri-umphs, take their due apportionment; it is memory of all others that lingers to the very last, when all, all but this are banished from the dying brain. Rome, in her pride of place, made the building of capitol the climax of mundane history; everything in her calendar was "ante urbem conditam" or the reverse. The old world measured from the flood; the new world—our world—measures from the birth of him who died upon the cross; and the lifetime of the man who has once deep-ly and devotedly loved has found its climax in the thrilling moment of the avowal. Have you no word to say to me, Mabel? not one word of hope?-not one?"

Then she turned her lovely face, looking into his deep eyes through a mist of tear.
"I do like you," she murmured; "I do honor you so, Capt. Lane; but that is not what you deserve. There is no one, believe me, whom I so regard and esteem; but—I do not know—I am not certain of myself." "Let me try to win your love, Mabel Give me just that right. Indeed-indeed 1 have not dared to hope that so soon I could win even your trust and esteem. You make

me so happy when you admit even that, "It is so little to give in return for what you have given me," she answered, softly, while her hand still lay firmly held in the clasp of his.

Yet it is so much to me. Think, Mabel, in four days at most I must go back to my regiment. I ask no pledge or promise. Only let me write to you. Only write to me and let me strive to arouse at least a little love in your true heart. Then by and by-six months perhaps-I'll come again and try my fate. I know that an old dragoon like me, with gray hairs sprouting in his mustache"——

But here she laid her fingers on his lips, and then, seizing both her hands, he bowed his head over them and kissed them pas-

sionately.
The day of parting came, all too soon. Duty—the mistress to whom he had never hitherto given undivided allegiance—called him to the distant west, and the last night of his stay found him bending over her in the same old window. He was to take a late teain for St. Louis, and had said fare well to all but her. And now the moment had arrived. A glance at his watch had told him that he had but twenty minutes

in which to reach the station.

She had risen and was standing, a lovely picture of graceful womanhood, her eyes brimming with tears. Both her hands were now clasped in his; she could not deny him that at such a time; but—but was there not something throbbing in her heart that she longed to tell?

It is good-by now," he murmured, his whole soul in his glowing eyes, his infinite love betrayed in those lips quivering under the heavy mustache She glanced up into his face.

"Fred"-and then, as though abashed at her own boldness, the lovely head was bowed again almost on his breast. "What is it, darling? Tell me," he whis-pered, eagerly, a wild, wild hope thrilling through his heart.

Would it make you happier if-if Itold you that I knew myself a little bet-

ter!"
"Mabel! Do you mean—do you care for And then she was suddenly clasped in his strong, yearning arms and strained to his breast. Long. long afterward he used

to me teast traveling cost of gray tweed from the trunk in which it was carefully stowed away, and wonder if—if it were indeed true that her throbbing heart had theilled through that senseless fabric, stirring wild joy and rapture to the very depths of his own.

"Would I be sobbing, my heart out," at last she murmured, "if I tild not love you and could not hear to have you go?"

Continued next Naturday.

Continued next Naturday

A FIRST CLASS JOURNALIST. Winifred Sweet, of The San Francisc Examiner, and Her Many Disguises.

(Special Correspondence)
SAN FRANCISCO, July 19.—The globe trotting exploits of Nellie Bly and Miss Bisland have made the names of these two familiar to all newspaper readers In San Francisco is a little woman who if less widely known, is none the less active in daring expedients and quite as successful in playing novel parts in real life dramas.

fe dramas. Winifred Sweet was born in Chicago twenty-three years ago. Her father was Gen. B. J. Sweet in the late war, and was appointed pension agent at Chicago by President Grant during his first term. At his death his daughter Ada Sweet, while but twenty years old, was made her father's successor in the

For eleven years, until requested to step down and out by Commissioner Black, during the Cleveland administration, she held the position. Her refusal to resign made her famous. Winifred is the youngest and, I believe, the only sister of ex-Pension Agent Ada Sweet. Her debut in journalism was in Chicago a little over two years ago. She wrote some stories for The Chicago Tribune over the name "Columbine." Her first regular engagement was with The New York Truth. In August of last year she came to San Francisco in search of employment, and took with her letters of introduction to the big boss of one of

the big dailies of this city.

This gentleman informed her that he would not have a woman employed in his office for anything; that "the coast" had not degenerated to a sufficient degree to give desk room to any woman in newspaper sanctum. But Miss Sweet was not entirely crushed by this unprom ising outlook. She went to another office and proposed to do some work for the paper if permitted. She was given some little encouragement, and submitted a story which was accepted. In few days a flower show came on, and she was assigned to "do" it for the pa-per. She did it to the satisfaction of the managing editor, and was soon given a desk and regular assignments in the local room.

When she had gained a footing and inspired some degree of confidence she began to divulge some rather daring schemes in the sensation line. Her first exploit in this direction was to answer an advertisement for ballet girls. She joined a ballet in a spectacular play at the Grand Opera house, and turned in



WINIFRED SWEET. Rumors of bad management in the receiving hospital were rife, but positive roof was wanting. Annie Laurie, for such was the name Miss Sweet had chosen, decided to test the matter. She dressed herself up in shabby genteel clothes, and going into a crowded street fell in a voluntary fit. She was duly picked up and carted off to the receiving hospital. She says the treatment effectually cured her of fits for the future. The papers were all filled with pathetic descriptions of the poor and friendless maid-

en who had fallen in the street and lodged in the hospital. When the reporters called to get the case she could not suppress laughter, and had to feign hysterics in order to conceal her shamming. When the stately matron remarked "Thare is a reporther, and we must kape him away from the facts or he will be afther making a column of it, so he will," she had to summon her wits to keep a straight face. She was made to drink a hot mustard decoction to remove the poison which the wise doctor declared she had taken with suicidal intent. Her recovery followed in due time, and after her release a reporter for a rival paper sought her home to interview her about her hospital experience. In the interview she posed as the friend

of "poor Annie Myers" who had been in the hospital. The story she gave that reporter unfolded a tale whose lightest breath made 'each particular hair stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine," as it were, and awakened such interest in the "poor girl" that she was flooded with letters of sympathy and gifts of money and clothing from kind hearted women. But when her story was printed a sensation was aroused. The governor of the state telegraphed to have the doctor dismissed pending investigation, and when the investigation was made he

was bounced for brutality. Next she obtained letters and passports and went to visit the leper island of Molokai, in the Hawaiian group. Here she was the first and only woman who ever set foot on that accursed land except some half dozen Sisters of Mercy, whose lives are spent there as nurses to the suffering 1,200 lepers upon whose life the sun of hope has forever set. Here she found no startling episode. Only sorrow, deep and dark, gathered around the victims of the vile disorder. But her story of the place was a graphic and

pathetic recital. After returning from the lepers' colony she resumed the every day work of society editor and reporter. Her last adventure was in joining the Salvation Army, and in a hallelujah bonnet she went to the jail with an armful of War Crys and a tambourine. She peddled War Crys to the prisoners and took notes while the captains shouted and prayed, and her story was a good one. W. G. Benton,

Word comes from various places showing that accidents at pole vaulting, mostly the breaking of the poles, still continue, and one recently at Staten Island, where the athlete landed heavily on his spine so that he could not get up for some time, rather dampened the whole games. The main trouble is that athletes wishing to excel in this game use poles far too light for them, which when grasped high up to clear a great elevation snap between the grip and the ground. There are cases on record of athletes meeting with such an accident having been impaled on the lower end, falling directly down on it. At almost any competition five or six different sizes of poles can be found brought by different athletes, and it is not unusual to see a 160 pound man vaulting with his neighbor's pole, made for a 130 pound man.

## WEALTHY BUT WIFELESS.

NTERESTING GOSSIP ABOUT NEW YORK'S RICH YOUNG BACHELORS.

Men of Ability Who Have Achieved Sucess in Business, Politics, Literature and War-Yet They Remain Impervious to Feminine Charma.

Between seasons, or before the summer gayety of Newport or Saratoga is at the height, is the best time to become ac-quainted by sight with the jeunesse dorse of New York. Then the young nen famous in society as leaders of



JOHN JACOB ASTOR, JR.

german, as originators of "swagger" bals masque, as governors of aristocratic clubs, whose names fill out the newspaper reports of society's doings, have a breathing spell. They are not yet due at the watering places; the club festiv-ities have released their hold on them, and they are free to tool in the park and on the Riverside drive, or to sit lazily in the balconies of the "Knickerbocker."

How do they look? The pictures of some of them, copied from the most recent photographs, will help the reader better than any descriptive writing to recognize them when he meets them on the street.

Nevertheless, the description is necessary, for after all the camera is not so good a portrait painter as Rembrandt or Sir Joshua. Look, for instance, at the portrait of John Jacob Astor, Jr. While it affords an excellent idea of his lineaments, the observer would not be able to tell his height, his age or his com-plexion. This inheritor of the Astor millions-the future "landlord" of New York, as was his grandfather before him is 24 years of age, tall, slender, but with muscles toughened to strength like



ANDREW A. BIBBY. grapevines. His hair is light brown, his complexion between brune and

blonde, his eyes gray.
No tuft hunter could carry his folly so far as to call him handsome, but there is a pleasant, open expression in his countenance which reassures whoever goes to ask of Mr. Astor a favor. He was educated at Harvard, and has been Indeed it is said by the real estate agents who have dealings with the Astors that this representative of the young generation possesses the shrewdness and firmness that ought to go with the name, if there is anything in blood. Every morning at 10 o'clock, when he is in town, John J. Astor, Jr., is to be found in the handsomely appointed offices in West Twenty-sixth street. At this season, however, he loves to play truant. He is devoted to hunting, and is a fine shot. Two weeks of May he spent in company of Lispenard Stewart, another devoted amateur Nimrod, at Clayton, N. Y., hunting in the neighboring hills.

Mr. Astor is also fond of all athletic sports. He is an excellent horseman and bicyclist, but prefers the latter form of exercise. At Newport, where he is now



LISPENARD STEWART.

with his mother, Mr. Astor is the recipient of all the modest favors that society permits the fair sex to shower upon an eligible parti.

Andrew Aldridge Bibby, being in some degree related to the Astors, naturally follows in this veridical article. John Jacob Astor's uncle and Mr. Bibby's father were consins on the maternal side. But a very excellent ancestry is this young man's, his great grandfather being that staunch Hollander John C. Van der Heuvel. Mr. Bibby, who is 26 years old, was graduated at Columbia and immediately engaged in real estate, wherein he has large personal interests. Business and pleasure seem to alternate in just the right proportions in his life. He is very popular in society and deservedly so, for his manners are cordial to a degree, and in appearance he is one of the handsome bachelors of New York. He is a member of the St. Nicholas so ciety and of the Sons of the Revolution -the old society of that name -the president of which is Frederic de Peyster. Mr. Bibby has also lately been elected to membership in the Union club.

The career of Mr. Lispenard Stewart is one that his peers in worldly advantages and opportunities would do well to study. Well born, thoroughly educated and public spirited he has furned aside from the bypaths of dilettanteism and early identified himself with the government of his state and country. In the fall of 1889 he was elected senator from the Eighth district. That was but one of the honors the year had brought him. Society will not forget the admirable leadership of Mr. Lispenard Stewart in the german of the great New Year ball. Mr. Stewart was born in Westchester county in 1855, but he has been a resident of New York city for thirty years. He was prepared for college at the boarding school of Dr. Morris, and entering Yale graduated there-

from with the degree of A. B. in his twenty-first year. He immediately began the sindy of law, and in 1878 graduated from the Columbia Law school with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. Owing to the care demanded by important that the states. portant trust estates Mr. Stewart re-linquished the practice of law to occupy elf with them at his downtown of fice. Here, when the assembly is not sitting, he is always to be found, except, indeed, when the hunting season opens. Then, if he is free, Mr. Stewart, who is an enthusiastic sports-man, takes a holiday. He has crossed



RIDGWAY MOORE. the Rockies several times in pursuit of this pastime, and scarcely another man in New York society has traveled so extensively in this country. It is said that Mr. Stewart has visited every state in the Union.

Mr. Stewart is a member of the Union, the University, the Riding and the Down Town clubs and many other organizations. In two clubs he is one of the board of governors. He is a man slightly above the average height, slen-der, but very muscular. His complexion, if ever free from the livery of the sun, would show itself fair to match his hair, which is a chestnut brown in color. These augmentations of the portrait—an excellent likeness — accompanying this will serve our readers like a personal introduction.

Ridgway Moore is a descendant of an old Philadelphia family. He was born there, and left to join the army during the war of the rebellion, serving as a staff officer. He is the nephew of Miss Clara Bloomfield Moore and is the president of the Moore Paper company, a fact which will surprise even some of his intimates, for Ridgway Moore is generally considered to be the type of the elegant dilettante. Besides his business cares this gentleman is a true bibliophile. He is a great collector of rare books and an



LOVELL H. JEROME.

omnivorous reader. His handsome bachelor's "den" in the old Coney Island Club rooms is absolutely overrun with books-from the library proper they overflow into the drawing room and even the bedchamber. A splendid athletic man is Ridgway Moore, magnificent in physique, tall and spare like a veritable soldier. His military training can still be traced in the way he carries himself. Cricket is his favorite game, which he practices on the ground at Staten Island, and for three weeks each

enturn he goes south Lovell H. Jerome comes next, and he is a true soldier. He is the son of Lawrence R. Jerome, whose name without further comment will call up a number of lively memories. Lovell was graduated with honors at West Point, and in actual fighting at the west has shown himself to be a brave officer and an expert Indian fighter. He held the rank of lieutenant under Gen. Miles when, recalled two years ago by his mother, who needed the attention and assistance of her son in the management of her estate, he left the service. He is the only white man who was ever exchanged for an Indian, the exchange having been made in the case of Chief Joseph, of the Nez Perces. Lovell Jerome is broad shouldered, inclined to be stout, with hair slightly grizzled and an earn est countenance, always offset by a twinkling eye. He greatly feels the inactivity of his life, and no doubt he will return as soon as possible, rejecting the fleshpots of New York for the bustle and hardship of the camp. WINNER OF THE TENNIS DOUBLES.

Clarence Hobart, Who Together with V. G. Hall Holds the Championship Clarence Hobart is a young tennis player



CLARENCE HOBART. is only 20 years old, but plays like a veteran and shows great improvement over

his work of last season. He first began playing in tournaments 1886, when he won the doubles in the New York open tournament with G. P. MacMuilen as partner in the club doubles In 1887 he did not play much tennis, enter ing only two tournaments, and only win ning the singles in the New York oper

In 1888 he won the singles at Montelair N. J., and the doubles also, with A. W. Post, and also at New York and the Staten Island Athletic club tournaments with Mr. MacMullen. In the tournament at Staten Island for the Nations' association doubles championship of 1888, playing with Mr. MacMullen, after beating Slocum and Keen, who were by some considered the best team entered, Hobart and MacMullen were defeated by Hall and Campbell in the

final, getting second place themselves. In 1889 Mr. Hobert played a good deal singles and also the singles at Flushing, Orange, Englewood, Montelair and New York, partnered in all with Dean Miller This car he has only played in three tourname its, winning the doubles at New York and Grange and the eastern championship at Staten Island, playing in all three with V. G. Hall. Against Eames, the English "crack," and MacMullen in the finals of New York he had a very close contest, winning the fifth set 7-5. Mr. Hobart has won twenty-five prizes at tenals, and this year has eclipsed all his previous records, and is now one of the uncomal champions

## A HINT AT REVOLUTION.

IS LOVELY WOMAN PREPARING TO APPEAR IN MALE ATTIRE!

The Possibilities Suggested by the Divided Skirt, the Swagger Costume and the Desire to Ride Astride-A Penn sylvania Protest.

One afternoon not long ago a hand-some young woman alighted from her carriage in front of a New York whole-



AS SHE ENTERED THE COSTUMER'S army of clerks entered the private office. Her husband, one of the partners, was at the telephone as she opened the door, and she heard him utter this sen-

"Remember, now, Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue, 7:30 sharp."

Mme. X. = it is as well to call her that as anything else—chances to be of a jealous disposition, and she scented an intrigue. Therefore she dissembled, and smiling sweetly said:

"I was shopping in your neighbor-hood, and thought I'd step a moment to learn if you had yet decided on the day when we shall start for the country.' "I talked the matter over a little while ago," he replied, "with the other

probable we can get away Monday. Will that suit?" "Yes, I think so. Well, good-by till dinner time, Harry."
"I'm afraid you must dine alone tonight, my dear. I shall have to stay

down town a good part of the evening.

members of the firm, and I think it

you must. Good-by." By the time Mme, X. had reached and re-entered the carriage her mind was

"Indeed! But of course if you must,



WATCHING FOR HER HUSBAND. to drive to the establishment of a noted costumer to whom in former days she had been much indebted for success as

That evening a dapper little man, whose features were redeemed from effeminacy only by a fiercely glowing pair of eyes, haunted the corners of Fourteeenth street and Sixth avenue. Several times he came near getting into trouble for following couples who sauntered along the pave. At 9 he disap-peared. At 10 Mme. X reached her ouse. She found an anxious husband

awaiting her. "Where in the world have you been?" he exclaimed. "I managed to get through early, and rushed home to give you a

pleasant surprise. "I've been making a fool of myself," she responded hysterically, and then, after a good cry, explained her suspicions and how, in male attire, she had watched and waited and found them baselesss. "But, do you know, dearest," she added after securing forgiveness, "in all my agony I couldn't help think ing how much more comfortable that suit felt than skirts. I wish I could wear coats and trousers all the while."



DRIVING A MOWER. Harry made no answer. He only nused gratulatingly to himself: "Deuced lucky that appointment was made for to-morrow morning instead of for to-

Mme. X.'s desire to "wear the breeches" is one shared by many of her sex who have other incentives than jealousy to attract them toward male attire. They wish equality with men in all things, and it is small exaggeration to say that they have achieved their pur pose save in two directions-they still clothe themselves with gowns and their right of suffrage is limited. But on many states they vote at local elections, and as to the matter of garb the adoption of the divided skirt and the vogue of the "swagger" suit seem to presage the ultimate abolition of the present style of feminine dress. An incident of recent occurrence shows that the male, how ever, will not give up his individuality of attire without a struggle.

The other day Mrs. Anderson, the wife of a farmer living near Emmaus, Pa., rigged herself up in a snug fitting waist coat, a pair of her husband's trousers and a broad brimmed barvest hat. Thus at tired she went into the hav field and took charge of one of the mowers. She made a picturesque figure and she drove well, but the farm hands, fifteen in number, first protested, and, when that proved unavailing, quit work. The latest report from Eurmans is to the effect that Mr. Anderson can get no one to help him unless he guarantees that his wife will "keep outen the fields" and wear the raiment prescribed by custom and prejudice.

cares to remember Mrs. Bloomer started the movement for a reform—so called of the female costume. That ridicule scotched but did not kill it is shown by the present prominence of various que tions relating to woman's garb and to such knotty points as her right to smoke,



THE PRETTY CABIN BOY.

to hold office and to use the cross saddle Away back in the 80's, when "old fash ioned" views obtained, Anne Jane Thornton, a girl of 13, created a sensation by disguising herself and shipping as cabin boy on a vessel commanded by Alexan-der Burke, with whom she had fallen in love. She kept the secret of her sex for mouths. On its discovery she was promptly returned to her English home. Sixty years ago Miss Thornton's conduct was thought to be "shocking," but today Dr. Mary Walker promenades the streets of Washington in tall hat, Prince Albert coat and trousers, and attracts little notice and less comment. Is it to be that in a not distant future

the sexes will dress alike? Possibly Already there exist female baseball nines and cricket clubs, and some of the daughters of London are organized into a fire brigade. In many ways woman is intrenching on the domain that man once thought peculiarly his own. From the ranks of the fair sex employers now recruit a good percentage of their clerks, reporters, typewriters and confidential secretaries. Women have claimed and secured recognition as doctors, artists, preachers, scientists and experts along various lines of research. Their place in literature has long been an honorable one, and recently their representatives have attained the highest college honors. A few are known as explorers, and one or two make tidy incomes as commercial travelers. So far whatever they have done has been done well, and if they storm the last intrenchment of mascu linity and capture the garments of the sterner sex it is probable that they may create waistcoats that will be poems and invent trousers that will not bag at the FRED C. DAYTON.

New York as a Horse Market. New York has come to be looked upon as the great mart for blooded being displayed, as of yore, in their ancestral paddocks they are transported to that city and exhibited in the document to the can institute building. The dangers of travel are more than offset by the larger attendance of rich buyers secured in the metropolis and the consequent increase in prices obtained. The smallest man and the shrewdest inspector of horses at some of the sales of last spring was Robert Steel, of Phfladelphia, the introducer of the Happy Medium strain into the trotting blood of the United States and one of the first men to largely en-

As he looked with kindling eyes upon the glossy skins of the youngsters being paraded before him on one occasion he said: "How marvelous has been the improvement in our trotting horses within the last ten years and, more wonderful still, with breeders increasing in numbers and consequently fast horses also, the prices of good horses have grown enormously. Less than ten years ago a brood mare which brought \$1,500 was a phenomenal animal and the announcement of such figures astounded people. Now such horses range in price from \$1,000 to \$15,000, and a man who possesses a brood mare one of whose progeny has made a great record owns enough to support him unless his ideas of living are extraordinarily lavish.

gage as a business in the breeding of fast

"Why is it that the price of blooded horse flesh has increased so rapidly? There are two chief reasons. The first is that horses today, as a result of additional knowledge on the part of trainers and owing to constant experiments in crossing strains, are finer bred than ever before in the history of the world, so that from the expression of twenty years ago, 2:40 on a plank road, being au expression of superlative awiftness we have come now to a condition of equine affairs in which if a man's every day roadster cannot trot down in the twenties he is sneered at by the drivers he

brushes with upon the road. "The second reason is that men who drive horses for pleasure keep more now than they did ten years ago. Then few men who enjoyed this most delightful pastime kept more than one horse, but they found that a lameness telay and a soreness to-morrow and a cough the next week doomed them to frequent disappointments, and so now gentlemen drivers who can afford the luxury rarely keep less than three fa lorses.

One of "Annie Laurie's" Feats.

Winifred Sweet (Annie Laurie) of The San Francisco Examiner has "livened up" the Pacific coast greatly with her journalistic feats. On one occasion she called on two or three lawyers who advertised to secure easy divorces. She played the part of a wife who sought release from matrimonial bonds, but who had no tangible grounds for divorce. She struck a rich lead in her interviews on this line, and when "Annie Laurie" gave away her information on "How divorces are obtained without just cause, or the knowledge of the other party to the wedding contract," a genuine sensation followed. One of the lawyers whose name she gave sued the paper for \$100,000 libel. The trial resulted in the plaintiff paying

the costs of the action. Another lawyer took a more practical view of the matter. He said the expose had brought him lots of business in the sham divorce line, and had really added a long list of clients who sought divorce "without publicity."

Loved Sonorous Diction.

Senator Conkling was very fond of sonorous words, especially those containing the letter O pronounced with its long sound. A knowledge of this fact enabled relatives to open the box containing Mr. Conkling's will. After trying the combination lock with various words they hit upon "Rome" and the door flew back at once.

## FASHIONS FOR THE FAIR

OLIVE HARPER WRITES FOR WO-MAN'S INFORMATION.

The Modes for the Coming Season Are

Going to Be Very Petching, the Says.
A Glimpse of the Goods at the Wholesalers-Two Costumes Illustrated. (Special Corresponde

[Special Correspondences]

New York, July 24.—The girl who
expects to go to balls this winter is going
to have some pretty dresses. I had a siy
peep at some tulle dress patterns in pale
blue, green, pink and white, with silk or
chenille patterns worked all over them, with a heavy border of the same near the



GRAY CHEVIOT WALKING GOWN. bottom, and some white pink and cream silk lace, with all over embroidery in silk in Persian pattern and color, with silver and gold thread intermingled. These

also have borderings.

Among the nicest fall and winter colored goods I saw some that would give any woman the heartache who couldn's possibly afford to buy them. The hand-somest of these is a black fleecy mate-rial fifty inches wide in subdued colors and in large plaid made by broken and and in large plaid made by broken and indistinct lines. The two handsomes out of the whole book of samples—for the goods are as yet in the great cases in which they have arrived—is an indigo blue in rather a light shade, with broken lines of gray and black, forming a plaid about three inches wide. The other is of Quaker drab, with white and dark brown lines. A gown and jacket of this material would require no other trimming than buttons, and five yards would make a full suit.

make a full suit. Among the novelties are a number of Among the novelties are a number of very fine camel's hair robe patterns, there being a woven border in white, black and silver in irregular points, like a rugged range of mountains, and indeed they are called iceberg points. These come in gray, drab, heliotrope, old rose, etc. There are some atripes in dull, faded colors, with combination of plain camel's hair or serge, and there are numberless cheviots and fine shepherds' plaids, all in very subduod colors. herds' plaids, all in very subdued o Scarcely one bright color is to be seen in dress goods. These and the rich gray cheviots in six different shades and sycral designs fill the bill for the sober I have been are to be variously trimmed, but the will be very little needed on these rich

and elegant goods.

But there are plaids, such a lot of them, nearly all clan plaids in regular Scotch style and weave, with all the lovely effect of a deep purplish the and dark green, with black as a background, and beach white white and and called hair them. bright white, red and yellow hair like a mesh thrown over the more so ber surface. These plaids, in blue green, were popular, in fact a rage, twenty-five years ago, in poplin. The present weave is the regular Scotch, with all the smoothness of poplin and the softness of cashmere. The course many bright colors in these plaids, but they are inseparable from the



CRYSTALLETTE AND CLAN PLAID. The pretty crystallette with its round glossy folds has sprung into favor with lightning rapidity, and there are few ladies who have not one or two such dresses. If I whispered to the elderly ladies that this is very similar to the well loved and long worn silk mohair alpaca perhaps the liking for it would be explained. It is fully as handsome as the finest silk, does not eatch dust, looks well on young and old, and is worn for every purpose except dancing, and I don't see why it wouldn't do for that, One of the most stylish ways of making it is to trim it with a flat band of bias plaid, and all plaid should be made bias plaid, and all plaid should be made bins to get the best results. For house yoke, sleeves, belt and foot trimmings can be plaid, or more or less elab-orate patterns in red or green or gold colored soutache braid. For street accordion plaitings or kilt or box plaits are very stylish, and it is trimmed sometimes with black velvet and mauve valvet ribbon at others with dark carvelvet ribbon, at others with dark gar-net, blue or green velvet, with ribbons of OLIVE HARPER.

A Caledonian Athlete. That well known Caledonian athlete, E. W. Johnson, who recently had a match at a lengthy all round programme with Archie Scott, is out with a challenge to any man in the world to compete against him in an all round programme. Johnson is about 48 years old, and has been com-peting for over twenty years. He is a tall, wiry man, standing 6 ft. 1 in. high, and his weight in athletic clothes is 163 pounds. He has made some great jumping records, and his ability at throwing weights is much better than the average. He wishes to compete in throwing twelve and sixteer pound hammers, throwing fifty six pound weight for both height and distance, tossing the caber, wrestling, putting fourteen and twenty-one pound shots, standing and running broad jumps, standing and run-ing high jumps, standing and running hop, step and jump, hitch and kick, pole vault, three standing broad jumps, 100 yard run, 120 yard hurdle race. He is now

residing at Toronto, Ont. A Doomed Island. Sable Island, off the Nova Scotian coast, famous for its herd of wild ponies, is gradually succumbing to the action of the sea, and mariners say will disappear entirely within the next fow years.