



Once upon a time there was a handsome man who lived like a great lady in the poultry yard of a rich farmer, surrounded by a numerous family which clucked about her, and none of which clamored more loudly or pecked up the corn faster with its beak than a poor little deformed and crippled chicken. This was precisely the one that the mother loved best. It was the way with all mothers; the weakest and most unlovely are always their favorites.

This misshapen creature had but one eye, one wing and one leg in good condition; it might have been thought that Solomon had executed his memorable sentence on Coquerico, for that was the name of the wretched chicken, and cut him in two with his famous sword. When a person is one-eyed, lame, and one-armed, he may reasonably be expected to be modest; but our Castilian ragamuffin was prouder than his father, the best-spurred, most elegant, bravest and most gallant cock to be seen from Burgos to Madrid.

He thought himself a phoenix of grace and beauty, and passed the best part of the day in admiring himself in the brook. If one of his brothers ran against him by accident he abused him, called him envious and jealous, and risked his only remaining eye in battle; if the hens clucked on seeing him he said it was to hide their spite because he did not condescend to look at them.

One day, when he was more puffed up with vanity than usual, he resolved no longer to remain in such a narrow sphere, but to go into the world, where he would be better appreciated.

"My lady mother," said he, "I am tired of Spain; I am going to Rome to see the pope and cardinals."

"What are you thinking of, my poor child?" cried his mother. "Who has ever heard of a chicken going to Rome?"

His mother gives him some advice, such a folly into your head? Never has one of our family been known to quit his country, and, for this reason, we are the honor of our race and are proud of our genealogy. Where will you find a poultry yard like this—mulberry trees to shade you, a white washed hen roost, a magnificent dunghill, the most beautiful everywhere, brothers that love you, and three great dogs to guard you from the foxes? Do you not think that at Rome itself you will regret the ease and plenty of such a life?"

Coquerico shrugged his crippled wing in token of disdain. "You are a simple woman, my good mother," said he, "everything I accounted worthy of admiration by him who has never quitted his dunghill. But I have wit enough to see that my brothers have no ideas, and that my cousins are nothing but rusties. My genius is stilling in this hole; I want to roam the world and seek my fortune."

"But, my son, have you never looked in the brook?" resumed the poor hen. "Don't you know that you lack an eye, a leg and a wing? To make your fortune you need the eyes of a fox, the legs of a spider and the wings of a vulture. Once outside of these walls you are lost."

"My good mother," replied Coquerico, "when a hen hatches a duck she is always frightened on seeing it run to the water. You know me no better. It is my nature to succeed by my wit and talent. I must have a public capable of appreciating the charms of my person; my place is not among inferior people."

"My son," said the hen, seeing all her counsels useless; "my son, listen at your mother's last words. If you go to Rome take care to avoid St. Peter's church; the saint, it is said, looks like cocks, especially when they crow. Shun, moreover, certain personages called cocks and scoundrels; you will know them by their paper caps, their tucked-up sleeves and the great knives which they wear at their sides. They are licensed assassins, who attack our steps without pity and cut our throats without giving us time to cry mercy. And now, my child," she added, raising her claw, "receive my blessing. May St. James, the patron saint of pilgrims, protect thee!"

Coquerico pretended not to see the tear that trembled in his mother's eye, nor did he trouble himself any more about his father, who bled his plumage and seemed about to call him back. Without caring for those who he left behind he glided through the half open door, and, once outside, flapped his only wing and crowed three times to celebrate his freedom, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

As he half flew, half hopped over the fields, he came to the border of a wood which had been dried up by the sun. In the middle of the sands, however, stood a tiny thread of water, so small that it was choked by a couple of dried leaves that had fallen into it.

"My friend," exclaimed the streamlet at the sight of our traveler, "my friend, you see my weakness. I have not even the strength to carry away these leaves which obstruct my passage, much less to make a circuit, so completely am I exhausted. With a stroke of your beak you can restore me to life. I am not an ingrate. If you oblige me, you may count on my gratitude the first rainy day, when the water from heaven shall have restored my strength."

"You are flitting," said Coquerico, "do you see the one whose business it is to sweep up the brooks? Ah, to those of your own sort." And, with his scowling, he leaped across the streamlet.

"You will remember me when you least expect it," murmured the brook, but with so feeble a voice that it was lost on the proud cock.

A little farther on Coquerico saw the wind blowing breathless on the ground.

"Dear Coquerico, come to my aid," cried; "here on earth we should help each other. You see to what I am reduced by the heat of the day; I, who in former times uprooted the olive trees and lashed the waves to frenzy, lie here weak and slain by the dog star. I suffered myself to be lulled to sleep by the perfumes of the roses with which I was playing, and lo! here I am, stretched almost lifeless upon the ground. If you will raise me a couple of inches with your beak and fan me a little with your wing, I shall have the strength to mount yonder white clouds which I see in the distance, where I shall receive aid enough from my family to keep me alive till I gain fresh strength from the next whirlwind."

"My lord," answered the spiteful Coquerico, "your excellency has more than once amused himself by playing tricks at my expense. It is not a week since your lordship glided like a traitor behind me, and diverted himself by opening my tail like a fan and covering me with confusion in the face of nations. Have patience, therefore, my worthy friend. Mockers always have their turn. It does them good to repent and to learn to respect those whose birth, wit and beauty should set them from the jests of a fool." And Coquerico, bristling his plumage, crowed three times in his shrill voice and proudly strutted onward.

A little further on he came to a newly mown field, where the farmers had piled up the weeds in order to burn them. Coquerico approached a smoking heap, hoping to find some stray kernels of corn, and saw a little flame which was charring the green stalks without being able to set them on fire.

"My good friend," cried the flame to the newcomer, "you are just in time to save my life; I am dying for want of air. I cannot imagine what has become of my cousin, the wind, who cares for nothing but his own amusement. Bring me some dry straw to rekindle my strength, and you will not have obliterated an ingrate."

THE FANCIES OF FASHION.

Great Variety in Shade Hats, and Most of Them are Charming—Novelties for Garden Wear—Something Just Lost from a French Watering Place. Fashions in Shoes.

In former years flowers were only used as trimming for hats, but the present fashions have determined that hats should be entirely made of flowers. One of our chief novelties in millinery is a mushroom shaped hat with drawn tulle foundation and a flat crown, looking like a flower bed in full bloom.

Shade-hats were never more charming nor in greater variety than this season. Even for the beach are wide shapes made of white or yellow lace. For garden parties there are lovely models that are both poetic and picturesque. Silk muslin hats rival those of lace and tulle for sultry summer wear.

Here is something fresh from a French watering place, where the newest toilettes intended for watering place and seaside wear are expected to combine elegance and simplicity, and in so doing display beauty in quite a new light.

The fancy for low shoes over dark silk hose, even for promenade, is more than ever general this summer. For the house and for full-dress wear the very low-cut Dieppe sandal of black satin tipped with jet embroidery, or of dark-tan Swedish kid, are two styles very popular abroad.

The colored silk bodies, red, pale blue, light pink and cream color have gained a new charm by the introduction of a novel sleeve made half of gold lace and half of silk.

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THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

Water polo, to be played by swimmers, which has established a position for itself in recent times, I had occasion to write about last season when I anticipated that it would be found necessary to make alterations in the rules, several regulations as to the mode of playing the game being then very unsatisfactory.

THE LATEST DESIGN. which shall serve as a monument to the soldiers and sailors of the civil war. In doing this, Brooklyn follows the example of Hartford, as it has so often in the past patterned itself on Connecticut.

THE ACTION OF THE OWNER OF THE MONUMENT RACE TRACK IN CUTTING OFF ALL TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF THE RACES DURING HIS PROGRESS IS INSPIRED BY THE SINGLE PURPOSE OF COMPELLING MEN TO PAY TOLL TO HIM FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF MAKING THEIR BOOKS OR DOING THEIR BETTING.

THE RESULT OF THIS POLICY IS TO SQUEEZE THE BOOKMAKERS, TO FORCE COMBINATIONS BETWEEN THE MEN WHO ENTER HORSES OF THE JOCKEYS WHO RIDE THEM AND THE MEN WHO, AND THUS TO REDUCE THE WHOLE BUSINESS TO A DISHONEST GAMBLING GAME INSTEAD OF A SQUARE AND SPLENDID SPORT.

THIS WILL PROBABLY BE THE LAST YEAR FOR THE NUMEROUS BOAT HOUSES ALONG THE HUDSON RIVER, IN THE VICINITY OF THE ELYSIAN FIELDS, AND THE AMATEUR OARSMEN WHO HAVE HAD MANY YEARS' ENJOYMENT OF THE PLACE ARE BEGINNING TO LOOK FOR NEW PLEASURES.

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BROOKLYN'S MONUMENT.

TO THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS OF THE CIVIL WAR. It is to cost \$250,000 and will be in the form of an arch at the main entrance of Prospect Park. The Architects Ideas and How They Have Been Put in His Work.

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THE DEFENDERS OF THE UNION 1861-1865

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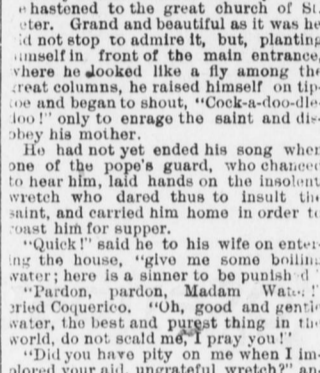
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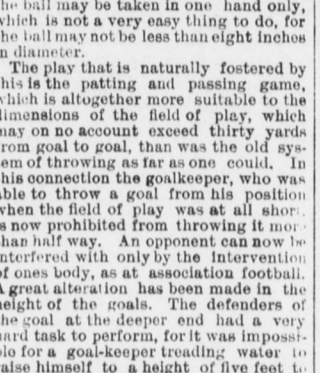
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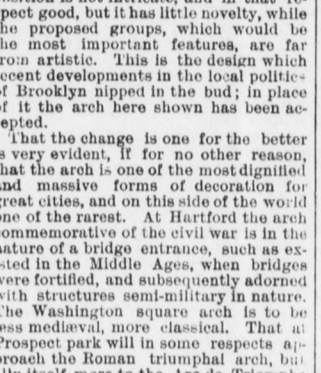
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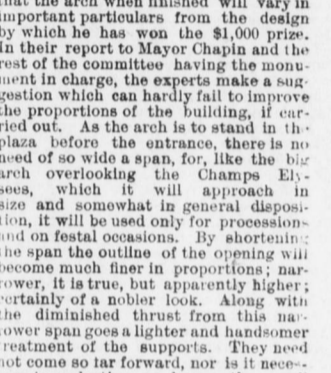
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