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## ALLAN PERCY.

It was a beauteous lady, richly dressed,
Around her slender neck are jewels rare,
A velvet mantle shrouds her snowy breast,
And a young child is sweetly slumbering there.
In her own arms, beneath the glowing sun,
She bears him onward to the greenwood tree.
"Is the dun heath, thou fair and faultless one,
Where an earl's son should ever cradled be?
Lullaby! lullaby!

"Though a proud earl be father to my child,
Yet on the sward my blessed babe shall lie;
Let the winds lull him with their murmurs wild,
And toss their branches upward to the sky.
Well knows that earl how long my spirit pined;
I loved a forester, gay, bold, and free,
And had I wedded as my heart inclined,
My babe had cradled 'neath the greenwood tree.
Lullaby! lullaby!

"Slumber then still, mine innocent, mine own,
While I call back the joys of other days:
In this deep forest I feel I'm less alone
Than where yon palace's splendors mock my gaze.
Fear not! my arms shall safely bear thee safely back;
I need no squire, no page on bended knee,
To bear my baby through the wild-wood track,
Where Allan Percy used to roam with me.
Lullaby! lullaby!

"Here I can sit, and while the wild wind blows,
Waving the ringlets of thy shining hair,
Giving thy cheeks a deeper tint of rose,
I can dream dreams that comfort my despair;
I can make visions of a different home,
Such as in other days we hoped might be;
There no proud earl's unwelcome footsteps come,
There, Allan Percy, I might dwell with thee.
Lullaby! lullaby!

"Thou art mine own! I'll bear thee where I list,
Far from the dull proud tower and dungeon keep;
From my long hair the pearl chains I'll untwist,
And with a peasant's heart sit down and weep.
Thy bright embroidered robe, my precious one,
Changed for a simpler covering shall be,
And I will dream thee Allan Percy's son,
And think poor Allan guards thy sleep with me.
Lullaby! lullaby!"

—*Ronald.*

## A TALE OF ST. PETERSBURG.

**The Apparition in the Throne-Room.**

[Translated from the German by A. W.]

It is a well-known fact that St. Petersburg owes several of its most magnificent edifices to the Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great and Catharine the First. Scarcely prevailed upon Count Rastrelli, the first architect of the eighteenth century, to come to St. Petersburg; and under his direction the Winter Palace, the Escurial of the North, was built. About the same time Rastrelli also built the Pagencorps, formerly the Palace Gernitscheff, a superb edifice; the imposing Palace Stroganoff, and the Church of the Smolna Monastur, constructed in a style as noble as it is beautiful. The Palace Beloselski-Beloserski, now called Kotschubei, also owes its origin to Rastrelli. It was restored and ornamented with balconies of beautiful design by the Russian architect Stackenschmidt, who had also erected numerous palaces.

While the Winter Palace was in process of construction Elizabeth occupied a small palace—Bolschol-Morskol—situated in the broad avenue bordering on the sea. This building exists no longer. It once stood on the identical spot—a fact which is not known even to all Petersburgians—where the Frenchman Jacot has now built his immense house.

When the Winter Palace was finished the Empress appointed a day for taking possession of it; and the Elite of the Guards, a corps which was composed entirely of noblemen, mounted guard in the new castle. A long dark corridor leads to the middle door of the white or throne-room. In the corridor two young noblemen were posted. It was approaching 10 o'clock and the arrival of the Empress was momentarily expected. Suddenly the attention of the young men was attracted by a bright streak of light, which seemed to glide between them into the dark passage. Their eyes followed the light and they saw that it streamed through the key-hole of the throne-room. Who could have any business, at such an unusual hour, in a room which was designed only for the reception of foreign ambassadors? One of the young men considered it his duty to investigate the matter, and approached the door for that purpose; but, as soon as he had glanced through the key-hole, he called to his comrade in a whisper to come nearer.

"The Empress has already arrived," whispered he; "she is seated on the throne, directly opposite to the door."

The other also looked through the aperture, and soon verified this to be a fact. The Empress was seated in tranquil dignity on the elevated golden stool, under the red velvet canopy richly adorned with the imperial arms of Russia, the double eagle. The room was brilliantly lighted; but it was impossible to ascertain if any other persons were present as the thickness of the door-lock allowed no side view of the apartment. The young men returned to their posts, and waited. Not long after one of the higher officers appeared and said:

"We can all now retire; the Empress will not come to-night."

"But her Majesty is already here."

"What? Who?"

"Her Majesty is in the throne-room."

"Impossible."

"You can see for yourself."

The officer looked, immediately recognized the Empress, and said wonderingly:

"I cannot understand what the marshal means. He has just arrived, and ordered that all the guards be withdrawn; the Empress has changed her mind and will not arrive to-night. Nevertheless I see that she is here. Could she have come secretly? At all events I will ascertain what new orders the marshal has issued. Meanwhile do you remain here, as the Empress may pass this way." The marshal, Prince Kuratin, was fortunately still in the Palace, and, as soon as he heard of the mysterious report, hastened to the corridor, and peeped in his turn through the key-hole.

"By God! It is the Empress! Her Majesty herself! What can it mean!" exclaimed he. "How can this be possible, when I have just left her presence! She was dressed in her usual every-day attire, and now I see her arrayed in all her royal robes and jewels. There must be some mystery behind this. Let all the entrances to the throne-room be guarded! Let no one be allowed to go in or out! I will hasten to report." The distance between the two halls being quite short, the marshal soon reached the small palace, temporarily occupied by the Empress.

"Where is the Empress?"

"In her sleeping apartment!"

The Prince looked at the lady of honor with suspicion, and said sharply:

"Are you sure that the Empress is here?"

"Of course; she is preparing to retire."

"Inform her instantly that I am here."

In a few minutes Prince Kuratin, much excited, was conducted into the Empress's chamber. The Empress stood before him in night negligee.

Kuratin turned pale.

"Well," said the Empress, "you look as if you had seen a ghost. What in Heaven's name is the matter with you? Is there any news from the army?"

Kuratin hurriedly stated what he had seen.

"It is a knavish trick," cried Elizabeth; "we will take a nearer look at these counterfeits. I will go in your sleigh, Kuratin; you can mount behind. Hurry!"

Arrived at the Winter Palace, the castellan was ordered to bring the key of the throne-room; six grenadiers were commanded to load their guns, and, led by the Empress, the little troop betook themselves to the corridor.

The light shone as before through the key-hole. The door was cautiously opened and a flood of light filled the corridor. The Empress stepped within the room, followed by her guards, who placed themselves around her. The room was brilliantly illuminated, but empty. On the throne was seated a shape, the counterpart of Elizabeth, arrayed in purple and ermine, covered with diamonds, and crowned with the royal diadem. One instant Elizabeth gazed steadfastly at her double; then moved forward a few steps. Simultaneously, the apparition stood up, stepped down from the throne, and then remained standing as immovably still as the Empress.

It was a thrilling moment!

"Fire!" cried the Empress.

The guards raised their guns, and all six aimed directly at the ghostly visitant. The triggers snapped. At the same instant the figure clapped its hands together, and the room was suddenly plunged into intense darkness. Then followed a great commotion and confusion, while the Empress called:

"Bring lights!"

Lights were speedily produced, and each corner was thoroughly searched; but absolutely nothing could be found to elucidate the mystery. Every door was locked and guarded. The guards had seen no one leave the palace. The Empress ordered a more thorough search to be made, but in vain were all efforts made to discover the perpetrator of the trick, if trick it were.

The occurrence had made a deeper impression upon Elizabeth than she would admit. Eight weeks afterward she died.

The Emperor Nicolas once heard this strange occurrence related, with the supplement that it was inscribed in the "Fourir Books." Since the reign of Peter the First there exists the regulation that these very serviceable books should contain an accurate account of all events that take place at court.

Everything that the Emperors did, ordered, all expeditions, audiences, even, if possible, every oral command and every utterance of any importance, was written in these books; which custom having existed during a hundred and seventy years, these books form a well prepared library, and a precious mine for history.

The Emperor Nicolas ordered that this remarkable story should be searched for in these books; but nothing relating to it was found inscribed therein.

**A Mixed Drink.**

A somewhat scientific composition may be prepared of chocolate and coffee, the alliance of which, balancing admirably their virtue and excellence, partly corrects their evils, the first being rather heavy, the other more irritating. This was first invented by M. de Voltaire, who, consequently for his breakfast partook of half *coffee-au-lait* and half chocolate, which were served at the same time in separate vessels in a boiling state, and poured from each slowly, about eighteen inches in elevation from the cup, which, he said, made it extremely light and digestible. Years afterward Napoleon Bonaparte became so fond of it that he used it constantly. After the great excitement and fatigue of a battle he frequently partook of two or three cups, which seemed to restore all the strength and energy which used to characterize his life.

**Kendalls Quikick the Middies.**

ANNAPOLIS, MD., Dec. 4—Foot ball at Naval Academy: Kendall Greenes (near mates from Kendall College, Washington, sixteen; Naval Cadets nothing.

## THE FASHIONS.

Hand-painted coal scuttles have made their appearance in many artistic households.

The most dressy opera bonnets shown thus far this season are made of pink or cream-white velvet trimmed with folds and loops of the same, short fluffy white ostrich tips and odd gold pins and other ornaments glittering with tiny Irish diamonds.

Nearly all the bodices upon evening gowns have either open fronts over delicate white lace waistcoats, or plastrons with revers beyond, made to simulate a vest. Young ladies have the evening corsages to silk and satin toilets cut to button very snugly down the back, the front opened in heart or casement shape, over a Russian guimpe of pearled net, crepe lisse laid in soft folds, or embroidered India muslin shirred at the throat and again at the lower edge, which meets the corsage.

The newest buttons come in two sizes of the same design, the largest about the circumference of a silver dollar. Many of the smaller buttons for rich costumes are veritable jewels both in coloring and device, the more expensive kinds being set like gems in low mountings of silver or gold. Parisian-diamond buttons are used upon velvet gowns, and among the magnificent beaded passmenteries imported are buttons to match these garnitures made in two sizes, the one for the bodice, the large buttons to fasten the wraps to be worn *en suite*.

Heliotrope, in millinery particularly, is likely to become a very popular color, as the shade meets the eye at every turn. After being unfashionable for so long, the color strikes the fancy and claims as much attention as would an absolutely new dye. Pale pink velvet is combined with many of the evening bonnets of heliotrope, also trimmed with pale heliotrope leaves and aigrettes, thus rendering this peculiarly trying color more generally becoming than it otherwise would be.

One of Fashion's unalterable decrees is that hoods are to be in high vogue. Hoods appear upon imported coats of unmistakable English cut and style, upon jaunty French jackets, both for in-door and out-door wear, upon dresses, tea gowns, Russian pelisses, and even upon dressing sacques. There is literally no appeal against them, and though as an adjunct to dresses or dressing-gowns they are useless, the general verdict is that in most cases they are not altogether objectionable on the score of comingness.

Long draperies with full effects, and the short plastron in place of a vest, are, with fur bordering and fur panels, the leading features of tailor-made gowns for the winter season. The smooth or fancy cloth is draped in Grecian style, opening up the left to disclose a panel handsomely trimmed, or else made of pleats of a contrasting color, banded across with velvet, the long black drapery falling in soft Redonin folds at the top. This is very effective in heliotrope cloth with fawn-colored pleats of faille Francaise on the sides, crossed with bands of velvet, the short violet pleated plastron arranged to correspond. Black, or deep blue Isle of Wight serge, with Neapolitan red serge, pleated panels, and plastron, crossed with velvet, also makes a most tasteful gown.

Softly-tinted felt bonnets, with nap like velvet to the touch, are worn *en suite* with the natty street suits of wool. Beached aigrettes are mingled upon the front of the bonnet, with face trimmings of velvet, the full towering effects above the waves of hair being but little modified. Some of the more dressy models are trimmed with wide ribbons of plush and satin brocade. Others show a garniture of narrow-striped velvet, with backgrounds of the most exquisite changeable effects. Among a number of pretty and inexpensive bonnets the evening was one of cream-white felt trimmed with pale blue velvet and cream-colored lace. The front portion was decorated with loops of the velvet and silver thistle aigrettes powdered with diamond dust.

New Parisian gowns are remarkable for the manipulation of stripes, which are, on certain portions of the dress, to be placed vertically. The plain skirts show horizontal stripes, but the tunic which falls in heavy pleats at the back is in front caught into the waistband, forming a diagonal apron, and beneath it is a second tunic cut on the cross. Judging from these French models, the sleeves to many dressy bodices are to be shaped *a la Henry Deux*, and to make the draping of the skirt accord with the unique and intricate arrangement of these sleeves, the modiste who would follow their wondrous lines successfully must first attach the skirt to the waistband, and then literally cut right and left with her scissors, so that the gown shall be short here, long there, closed at one side and slashed from belt to hem on the other; and lastly, the stripes shall run horizontally, perpendicularly, and crosswise, all on one costume, and yet produce a highly satisfactory result—an undertaking most difficult to essay except in the hands of taut deftest of all manipulators of textures, from Holland to Lyons velvet—a Frenchwoman.

Mousquetaire gloves are shown in six, eight, and twelve-button lengths, and are worn equally with tailor suits of cloth and on full-dress occasions with white and delicate-hued satins. Bright golden shades of tan are now most favored. Kid gloves in evening colors are shown in polished or dressed kid, in cream, flesh, roseate white, pale wheat color, ecru, and Persian lilac. These gloves are imported with long sleeves of eight, twelve, sixteen, twenty, and thirty-button lengths. Undressed gloves are shown in all the delicate tints of polished kid. A long Mousquetaire kid of ivory white, soft and lustreless as velvet, is still preferred for brides, while bridesmaids wear gloves in pale mauve, pearl primrose, cream color, or brightest golden tan. If the bride is married in her traveling costume, she wears a buttoned or Mousquetaire glove of dressed kid in dark tan, dove-gray, or of the same shade harmonizing with her dress. These are made with piqué-stitched seams and embroidered on the back with extra-heavy English seams. For utility and winter comfort are said kid gloves made in long Mousquetaire style, warmly lined with finest silk plush and finished with plain backs or chain-stitched, like a gentleman's glove. Shorter stockinged gloves, which fit snugly at the wrist, are shown, with plush linings and tops of otter, coney, and dark-brown fur. These are manufactured in colors and black. Ladies' seal gloves are $10, $12, and $15 a pair. Seal gauntlets cost $12, $15, and $20 a pair.

Plush will be a very fashionable fabric for the long Russian cloaks for the opera that envelop the wearer from head to foot. One model which proved very popular last year is copied still more generally this season. It consists of a wrap made of plush whose fronts lengthen into panels which reach quite to the bottom of the skirt. In the back is a mere jacket-shape only, with dolman-like sleeves, which join to the front portion over the shoulders. This manifestation enables a lady to wear a trained dress with ease, the long folds of which she can reach and gather up over her arm. Fawn color, pale dove-gray, and bright golden-brown are favorite shades for opera cloaks, these lined with lilac or pink quilted satin, and trimmed with softest marabout bands. White basket-cloth lined with pink, and trimmed with white feather trimming, or the more costly ruffy Zibelinette, are quite as effective for evening as the more expensive wraps. Red pilot cloth trimmed with black bearskin is an English caprice, and high-born Frenchwomen appear at the opera in mantles made of white plush or velvet brocade, trimmed with raven black Zibelinette or fur, or otherwise with cloaks of black velvet bordered with white marabout. So report modistes returned from abroad. The combination of black and white is considered highly becoming and effective in evening wraps.

Striped satin surah is much used for pretty house dresses, made with plain full skirt, finished with a tiny frill (pleating only) and polonaise bodice, with a Fedora pilgrim and marine collar and cuffs of dark colored velvet. These satins come in Persian and Algerian stripes, and in quaint tri-colored deep blue, red, and gold, and various other bright combinations, that render them so effective for dressy home wear. Upon more elaborate toilets made of these satins are drawn some fantasies of embroidered nets and laces in ecru shades, especially in the Egyptian and canvas designs. Above this is a short Russian jacket of velvet, simply finished with a beaded or corded edge, beneath which shows a vest strapped across with narrow velvet bands. Another way of arranging the striped skirts is that of having clusters of pleats of the satin alternate with pleated ecru lace, these pleats extending from belt to hem. The overdress is a trim-fitting French polonaise, with elbow sleeves, finished with a full of medium wide ecru lace of a very delicate pattern, with a scarf of ecru net of the same design draped from the shoulders and falling some inches below the belt in front. In the back is an immense sash of plain satin matching one of the satin stripes in color.

Long jet boas are again in high favor.

Among novelties in sealskin garments are bodices made wholly of this fur, and cut with seams, darts, and position back, exactly in the style of a dress waist. They are simply lined with quilted silk, and are suitable only for the slenderest forms.

Among elegant dinner dresses brought out are those with velvet skirts made short, and showing a long French opera hose, made of cross bar satin, striped with colors, and floriated bands, these very bouffant at the back, but parting to reveal the rich underdress, "cutlass" in and immediate front the right down or otherwise cut up at the sides to show siklings of the velvet skirt caught together with beaded cords and pompons. These form gay, dressy toilets for late dinners.

Costumes of corduroy are quite in vogue this winter, especially in golden-brown and dove-gray shades. Suits made of this fabric are finished in regular tailor style, with short English jackets and natural beaver; Grecian lynx and silk astrachan are used to trim them. A few stylish costumes made of this material are shown, made with a plain skirt edged at the foot with a band of fur. Above this is worn a long French surtout open down the back upon the skirt, the entire garment *boutonné* with bands of the fur, chinchilla or blue fox being frequently used upon these longer coats.

French milliners, who are supposed to be the highest authority upon the subject, say that it is a recognized rule that bonnets shall correspond in line either with the mantle or the gown with which it is worn. Many attempts have been made in Paris to revive the Marie Stuart shape, but it is found becoming to very few faces, and this it is considered result from the fact that bonnet modelers do not sufficiently follow the lines indicated by the head covering that was patronized by the unfortunate Queen whose name it bears. The curve of the pointed face is not sufficiently pronounced, as any one can see by an examination of portraits of Marie Stuart.

The exquisitely fine cambric shirt goods brought out this winter are in intervals of delicacy in their quality, and are found to combine more effectively with velvet than most of the varied winter fabrics of all wool. A novelty in shirt goods is a fine quality of Quaker-gray camel's hair forms a costume of once becoming, tasteful, and elegant. If the gray is not becoming to the wearer, it can usually be made so by the addition of Stuart collar and vest of velvet, matching that forming the skirt. Camel's hair has an apparent art of draping itself and of naturally falling into graceful sinuous folds and curves.

When strings are attached to bonnets they are usually made up with tiny chicks bows fastened at one side either by a common safety pin placed so as to be invisible or else by an ornamental fastening, the *ne plus ultra* being a brooches, fancy clasps, or gem-headed pins alike being employed for the purpose.

**Not Afraid to Fight Duels Now.**

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

An amusing story has been going the round of the French papers respecting a General whose recent duelling exploits have excited considerable comment both in England and on the Continent. This worthy brave is said to be possessed of an extraordinary coat of mail. One day, so the story goes, an agent of Cerberus arrived in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail, to be worn under his ordinary dress, which should be absolutely sword and bullet proof. The man promised to do as requested, naming 19,000 francs as the price of it. The bargain was speedily concluded, and in due time the article was brought round to the General's house. The General took it up, carefully examined it, and, turning to the man, told him to put it on. The man did as he was bid.

"As you guarantee the efficacy of your coat, you will have, I presume, no objection to my testing it," drily remarked the General, and before the astonished artisan could protest he took a piece of pistol and discharged it full at his breast. Half dead with fear, the man stood the fire, and, to the great credit of his workmanship, with complete impunity. But the General was not content with one trial. He fired a second and pistol at the back of the man, and afterward discharged a fowling piece at him with the similar effect, or rather non-effect. He also tried in vain to pierce the coat with a sword. The gallant Gallifet was so delighted with his new garment that he handed the artisan two checks for 19,000f., the first being the sum agreed on, and the second check in compensation for the fright he had given him.

**Toothpick vs. Toothbrush.**

[Providence Star.]

"The toothpick," said a well-known Providence dentist, "is the real preserver of human ivory. The brush is all very well in its way, and is entitled to a position on every well-regulated toilet stand, but its usefulness is very limited. It serves only to give a deeding polish to the surface of the teeth, and it does not reach the inner decay. The best set of teeth that I ever knew anything about was owned by a man whom I once employed as an assistant. He was thirty-five years old, had thirty-two perfect teeth and had never used a toothbrush in his life. But he was always very careful to pick his teeth thoroughly after each meal. The result which followed was a person's denials, if left there to decay, will soon dislodge the strongest set of teeth, and, as it infuses the cavities to remove the particles by suction, the toothpick is the ultimate. The wooden one is the best, as it is soft and flexible and does not scrape the teeth."

## SEA MEMORIES.

When sunlit clouds fall deep within the West,
Across the beauty of the shadowy wold,
Save far in radiant space one golden crest,
Hovers beyond the dark blue mountain's fold,
A distant glory, then in rapture dies,
In grandeur and resplendent mysteries.

Afar in realms remote, a silver chime
Of lorelies upon the deep blue sea,
Echoes space in harmony divine,
Like memories of vast eternity.
And thro' the ebb and flow of evening tide,
Is heard the boatmen's laughter side by side.

Beyond the widening stretch of moonlit foam,
In snowy innocence the sails gleam there;
Infinite and beautiful in summer gloam,
The stars shine darkly bright thro' dim grey air,
Ere twilight throws her darkening mantle round,
There falls a silence, wondrous and profound.

Half-veiled in feathery foam the sombre sea,
Thro' lurid haze and solitudes of light,
Lies blended in a grace of majesty,
Within the beauteous shades and deeps of night,
Till Dawn in crimson splendor, there afar
Has folded in her wake the last gold star.

MABEL HAYDEN.

## TURF NOTES.

Mr. Frederick Gebhard will have a strong stable next spring if he doesn't change his present plans. He has had many successes on the turf and deserves more.

Jockey Garrison says it is his ambition to win more races next season than McLaughlin. Garrison is young, ardent, skillful, and honest, and his ambition may be gratified.

The Dwyers have not weeded out their yearlings, as was expected. In their two-year-old form in the spring they will be tested and the poor ones will have to go.

The able and honest turf writer, "Centaur," thinks that with proper handling Portland will yet develop speed and staying power of a high order. "Centaur" was always sweet on Portland. The Dwyers don't think much of the colt.

C. H. Pettengill and Green Morris will race their horses at New Orleans. Both have been slapped in the face by fortune of late, and picking up $200 purses is now a necessity with them. The ups and downs of the turf are indeed curious.

Mr. Porter Ashe denies in a San Francisco paper that his retirement from the turf was caused by heavy losses during last season. He says he has come out ahead each year he has been on the turf, and that he retires simply to resume the practice of law.

Tremont and Hanover, of the Dwyer string, who are the favorites for the Withers, having not yet pleased certain wise critic by breaking down or showing signs of lameness. The colts look well and the Dwyers consider the Withers and Belmont as good as won.

Volante, so Mr. Baldwin's trainer writes from California, is as sound as a good silver dollar, and doesn't show much of the wear and tear of the recent campaign, in which he earned nearly $25,000 for the Santa Anita stable. Volante is my ideal of a good race-horse.

Clifton Bell thinks his crack Pacific sloper Beaconsfield will prove a paying investment next season. He gives promise of wintering well. Beaconsfield was a great failure last summer and autumn, and many a turfman remembers his performances with sorrow.

The race meeting of New Orleans will open on Wednesday or Thursday. Col. Simmons will be one of the judges. Among the fixed events to be run during the first week are the St. Charles Stakes, the Citizens' Handicap, and the Christmas Selling Sweepstakes. The added money in each event amounts to $300. The lessee of the track is Leon Lamothe. He is sanguine of success in case the weather proves favorable.

A majority of the gamblers who were frozen out by the weather at Clifton have departed for New Orleans. The vigilance of the judges will not be able to prevent crooked racing there. A number of gamblers, owners of horses, and known jockeys, are banded together for plunder. They have no hesitation about making a combination or dosing a horse, and their continued recognition on the turf is a discredit to racing. It will come to pass by and by that horses raced on tracks after the regular season has closed will be ruled off all the tracks of the legitimate racing associations.

Jockey clubs ought to lay aside their selfish ideas for personal aggrandizement and seek to strengthen and purify the turf by forming a national organization designed to embrace every legitimate jockey club from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. Stringent rules to protect the public and reputable owners of racing stables ought to be enforced on every track, and a crime against one jockey club ought to be a crime against all. When this is done racing will cease in a great measure to be impregnated with fraud or the suspicion of fraud, and gentlemen of high social position will not be ashamed to connect themselves with the turf.

The *Turf, Field and Farm* thinks Jennie Treacy will win the Kentucky Oaks, barring all accidents of training, and that Monitrose or the Duke of Bourbon will win the Kentucky Derby. Duke of Bourbon and Monitrose are to be sold next week at Lexington, but of course that has nothing to do with the *Turf, Field and Farm's* opinion. A mere advertisement of sale would not induce it to go upon record for the Derby unless the high qualities of the colts warranted the statement.

Wouldn't it be a good feature for the management of the jockey clubs to make the lowest weights at the big handicaps one hundred pounds? Horses that need a greater allowance have no business in the rich handicaps. They are not worth the value of the stake, and are a drawback to the cultivation of speed and staying power. As long as the present system of handicapping remains in force men who own grand thoroughbreds like The Bard, Barnum, Volante, and Hidalgo will be at a disadvantage, while comparatively worthless brutes like Valet and Springfield will carry off the money.

**A New Restaurant in Washington Under the Management of the Keystone Hotel Company.**

No more complete metamorphosis can be imagined than that which has recently taken place in the management and equipment of the restaurant at the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Station in Washington City. Some weeks ago it passed into the hands of the Keystone Hotel Company, an organization which has won fame and the good-will of the traveling public by reason of the excellent restaurants it maintains at Jersey City, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Pittsburg.

In taking charge of the Washington restaurant the company so completely remodeled and refitted it that those who knew it before would hardly recognize it now as the same place. The room has been tastefully repainted, and very handsomely fitted with new and attractive furniture. Several pieces of furniture, notably a buffet of hand-carved oak, and a high clock of the same material, are very handsome features of utility combined with ornamentation. The large bow windows looking out on B street are draped with curtains of appropriate coloring, and the large number of tables, with snowy linen, glistening silverware, and tasteful china, form as cheery and as bright a dining-room as the most exacting apostle of sweetness and light could demand.

The entire equipment of the establishment, from cook to finger-bowl, is spanking new. The silver is particularly noticeable, and the china and glassware not only of the best, but of the most tasteful designs.

Over the culinary department one of the best and most experienced *chefs* of the company presides; the corps of waiters is composed of trained men, who have all seen service in the employment of the company elsewhere.

The stock of provisions carried is amply sufficient for any emergency. It embraces everything the local and metropolitan markets afford. Chicago corned beef, New York the canned goods and fancy groceries and rare game, Philadelphia its world-renowned butter, the local markets and Baltimore oysters, game, and other delicacies. The wine-room holds a fine assortment of wines and description of liquor that the veriest epicure could order to perfect his feast. The liquors are the best obtainable, and the wines and cordials are the direct importation of the company.

The daily menu covers the whole field of gastronomic essentials, and a glance at its well-filled pages is evidence that one may order what his taste suggests, and get it.

To the traveling public the new restaurant is a welcome boon. It supplies a want which has been long and keenly felt. Travel whets the appetite, and the opportunity to appease hunger and quench thirst at so good an inn cannot fail to win the favor of the travel.

The people of Washington will also find it a most desirable place to breakfast, lunch, or dine. There is room for all, and abundant provision for every comfort. The location is convenient, and the dining-room being out of the track of the bustle and hurry of travel, one may enjoy a meal in as much quiet as if he were blocks away from the busy scenes of a great railway station.

It is an institution of which Washington may well be proud.

**The Georgetown Amateur Orchestra.**

This orchestra will give its twenty-first public rehearsal next Tuesday, December 28, in the Congregational Church, on which occasion it will have the assistance of Miss Hattie Bricker, a talented young soprano singer, lately of New York City, who now makes her first appearance in Washington. To those who have taken advantage of the invitation extended by this orchestra to its subscribing members and attended any of its weekly Monday night rehearsals, it has become evident that great progress has been made by it since last season, and its more perfect interpretation of the works of our best composers, and it is also evident that the various instruments are handled by the additions of several new members, is quite noticeable among the wind instruments, almost every variety of those used in an orchestra being now represented and played by amateurs in a manner which would reflect credit upon professionals. Since Professor Josef Kaspar has taken the baton in hand the improvement in correctness, shading, and expression is marked, and we think this concert, although not given at the season as was expected, promises to be thoroughly enjoyable. Why will not some one start the subject of a music hall in Washington? Why should not all the organizations as this, and others in our city, be dependent upon the churches for a place in which to hold a concert? We need a large music hall, one built with a view to the purpose for which it is to be used—one in which a large first-class pipe concert organ can be erected, and with a stage sufficient to accommodate the large orchestra. Who will see that it is built, and so built that people will not be afraid to go into it, and not until then, will we have such entertainments as our music-loving people would delight in and be willing to pay for.

**Mr. D. I. Murphy.**

Where the "line of force" is so often met with as in this city, it is a pleasure to have occasion to interview an officer who is at all times a gentleman. Coming, as this does, from one who is not an applicant for favor at his hands, it is an small compliment to say that it is a positive pleasure to meet as the writer sometimes does, one who never allows petty annoyances to disturb his demeanor. There is perhaps no more difficult position to fill under our Government acceptably to superiors, subordinates, and the public than the chief clerkship of the Pension Office. In his selection of an officer for such a position Gen. Black exhibited the usual tact and judgment. Commencing at the lowest round of the clerical ladder years ago, Mr. Murphy has worked his way up to his present position. He does not know of a case where his gentlemanly instincts have for one moment deserted him, or where he has, though sorely tried, seen anything but kindness and courtesy under his shield; and yet the good of the office was not lost sight of among all these conflicting interests. Patient, intelligent, just, and conscientious, he stands a model for some lesser lights we wot of.

A REPUBLICAN.

**At the Matinee.**

[Chicago Herald.]

"At the last matinee," said Tom Pryor at the box-office of the Chicago Opera House, "a lady noticeably dressed came and occupied a seat here, limited in material only by the length of the box, and shaped like a watermelon, and I thought to myself there will be trouble about that before Booth hurls the curtain at home. Well, as soon as the curtain rose and all the low squeaks had ceased that and held it in her lap. Then with the cutting off she replaced her bonnet, taking it off when the second act commenced, and then repeating it at the end of the play. Was there? Why, a delegation of gentlemen met in the foyer and informed her that there was a carriage waiting for her, and when she got into it she found a beautiful floral display and several little presents, and that night the delegation went down to her home on Prairie avenue and serenaded her."

## THE PASSING HOUR.

"I saw Mrs. Langtry looking through the jewelry at Tiffany's the other day," writes the New York correspondent of the Boston *Home Journal*. "The store was crowded, but every one stopped to watch her. She was worth looking at, for I never saw her in better spirits, or look better. She wore a long tight-fitting garment of blue brocaded velvet, trimmed elaborately with gold bead passementerie. It was very showy, of course; but then she always goes about in her carriage. She really thinks strongly of having a theatre in New York, and would like the old tabernacle on West Twenty-third street, which was altered into a theatre for the late Salmi Morse's Passion Play, which was never produced, and where the great painting of 'Christ before Pilate' is now exhibited. 'I shall either take that location,' said Mrs. Langtry recently, 'or else build on Fifth avenue. It has been suggested to me that a theatre in the immediate vicinity of the Windsor Hotel would do well. I understand there are several gentlemen, who are known in the fashionable clubs of New York, and who have plenty of money, who would favor the scheme of a genuine Fifth-avenue Theatre. 'We have long had the name of "The Fifth-avenue Theatre," but we have never had a theatre so located,' said a member of the Union Club. Mr. Fred Gebhardt is one of the prime movers, backed by many of his friends. 'Would Mrs. Langtry play all the time?' was asked; to which the answer given was that Mrs. Langtry would play about three months each season, with a change of bill monthly. Her recent popularity in New York seems to warrant this. Be she capable or not as an actress, the fact remains the people flock to see her. The remaining months of the year would be given up to English companies producing plays that had long runs in London. There are a great many delightful comedy successes that never find a hearing in New York, of course, and the new theatre would be for these bright society plays. Mr. and Mrs. Kendall would come, and Mr. Charles Wyndham and company. No one play would be permitted to run more than a month. It is the intention to keep the fact of a theatre on Fifth avenue a secret as much as possible, as that the price of the land required will not be exorbitant, and it is said that is why Mrs. Langtry's friends have given out she intended purchasing the old Twenty-third-street Tabernacle. 'It is a splendid location for a theatre near the Windsor Hotel,' said a gentleman supposed to be interested. 'Look at the immense population of fashionable people above there, and around Central Park; then, too, it would be but a short distance from the Grand Central Depot, and the many hotels adjacent, like the Murray Hill, for instance.' It seems as though the time never was in New York when a new theatre somewhere in the city was not talked of."

The autobiographical chapters which Mr. Howells will contribute to the *Youth's Companion* during the coming year will be perused with great interest by his friends and readers. There will be three installments. From one of them the Boston correspondent of the *Critic* has been permitted to make an extract relating to the novelist's log-cabin days: "In the fall of 1850 my father removed to a property on the Little Miami River to take charge of a saw mill and grist mill, and to superintend the never-accomplished transformation of the latter into a