

## THE TROTTING CIRCUIT.

Star Palace was recently sent his mile for 1800 and passed it in 2:30. Mabel Amber, the 4-year-old sister to Cosmos, 2005, has been a mile in 2:24.

"Ted" Sloane Avenue is the new name for the Rowley mile at Newmarket, England.

Bacaba, the Red Wilkes gelding that started at the Baltimore meeting, stands 17 hands high.

Bols M. 2:18 1/2, by Kankakee, recently worked a mile for Scott Hudson in 2:17 1/2, last half in 1:05.

The bay pacing stallion W. Wood, 207, by Steinar, is the fastest horse by the records in the Hawaiian Islands.

Little Better, the 3-year-old sister to Much Better, 2:07 1/2, has been changed over to the pace, and she takes kindly to that way of going.

In the class for American horses at the recently held Crystal palace show in London, George Watson's roan mare Flashlight was awarded the first prize.

John H. Gentry paced the Grasse Pointe track, Detroit, the other day in 2:06 1/2. The first quarter was done in 30 seconds, half in 1:04, last quarter better than 30 seconds.

Because of her poor showing at the Newburg track meeting, Cleveland, George Offutt has taken Louise Foster back to Kentucky. He says she was beaten owing to her hitting herself and that she is too good a mare to take chances with.

Eben J. Jordan's pair, Cyrano and Roxana, won second prize for carriage pairs at the Richmond show in England June 9. The pair left Boston less than a month ago and arrived in England in poor condition, and their winning is therefore especially commendable.—Horseman.

## THE GLASS OF FASHION.

Emeralds are the most fashionable jewels just at the moment.

There is said to be a great demand for lace hostery for summer wear.

A novelty in wraps is a half coat of lace, rounded up the back and trimmed with ruffles of chiffon.

Plaques will be used more than ever this year. Those with alternating stripes of openwork are an innovation.

Chemisettes for tailor made suits are losing that stiff, ungainly effect by the introduction of lace, insertion and fine checks.

In bonnets are seen the little, round capote, the trefal and the broad Dutch bonnet, which is similar to the old-fashioned tulle bonnet.

Embroidered, plain and flared of muslin, edged with valenciennes lace, are fashionable. The collars are mounted on stocks of colored satin.

Skirts of many of the thin gowns are rucked down several inches at the back, thereby giving the desired flat effect and some fullness at the same time.

Jabots of lace, scarfs with elaborate ends, tulle boas, flowers or anything suggestive of "fuffiness" will be worn to counteract the severe effect of tailor gowns.

Foreign fashion notes tell us that mitts are worn instead of gloves with ball and dinner gowns. They are presumably made of lace and fastened to the sleeve.

Little turn over collars of fine linen lawn, hemstitched in small battlement squares, each finished at the end with a design in heavy cream applique lace, are one of the many pretty novelties recently imported.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There are in the United States 23,000 summer hotels.

Even radishes are adulterated now in Berlin. They are dipped into aniline dye to make them look fresh and pink.

The Chicago Record tells of an absent-minded man who bought a ticket for the other day for his automobile.

A reasonably active man walks about 267,000 miles—more than ten times the earth's circumference—in 84 years, just starting about his house and office.

Forty additional lines of Juvenal's sixth satire have been discovered in a manuscript of the Bodleian library by Mr. Winstedt. They are as indecent as the rest of the satire.

Between 8,000,000 and 10,000,000 people in the United States take a vacation every summer, according to a fiend with a fondness for estimating. They spend more than \$400,000,000.

A young woman, whose leg was broken in an accident on the Orleans railroad in France, has received \$8,000 damages on the ground "that her value from the matrimonial standpoint had deteriorated" through the damage done to her.

## GARDEN NOTES.

In growing a good crop of onions, clean, thorough cultivation is essential.

Powdered hellebore, dry or in solution, is a sure remedy for currant worms.

Other things being equal, a young tree will make better growth than an old one.

All beds on broodstock, except the one inserted, should be removed as they start to grow.

The finest varieties of fruit are usually the most difficult to produce and are the most profitable.

It is best to get a stout stake by each tomato vine and as the plants grow tie them to it. If allowed to lie down, the fruit will rot.

Edible plants need a warm, rich soil. Set the plants in rows two feet apart and the plant 18 inches apart in the row. Give clean cultivation.

## Looking To at Gibraltar.

Perhaps the favorite sight of Gibraltar is the daily procession at sundown for the locking of the town gates. The keeper of the keys, looking very like a prisoner despite his uniform, marches through the town in the center of a military guard, preceded by a regimental band, which plays inspiring and familiar tunes. The keys, of enormous size, are borne aloft before him as an outward and visible emblem of the vigilance of Britain in guarding her prize military treasure.

On arriving at the gates the guard salutes, the martial strains strike up with a redoubled peacocks of triumph, while the great doors slowly swing to and are solemnly locked for the night. Then right about turn, and the procession marches back to the convent to deposit the keys in the governor's keeping, conveying by its passage an assurance to the people and garrison that they may rest in peace.

Once the gates are shut, it were easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for any unauthorized person to go into Gibraltar. Even a belated officer returning from pig sticking beyond the lines would be confronted by so many formalities and the necessity of inconveniencing so many high personages that he would probably prefer to encounter the discomfort of a Spanish inn without.

## Countess Ito's Bravery.

Many years ago, when quite a young man, during a rebellion, Count Ito was hiding from his enemies, who, having tracked him to his house, sent a band of "soldis" to assassinate him. On hearing his enemies approaching and trapped like a rat in its hole, the count drew his sword and prepared to die, but the countess whispered, "Do not die; there is hope still," and removing the "hibachi" or firebox, and lifting up the mats and the planks beneath, she induced her husband to conceal himself in the hollow space which exists under the floors of all Japanese houses.

The murderers broke into the room just as the floor had been replaced and demanded of the countess their victim. In vain they threatened and cruelly treated her, dragging her about the room by her long black hair, but she shook her resolute fidelity. Thanks to her courage Count Ito escaped and has lived to give to his country a new constitution and become one of the greatest statesmen of modern Japan. I often wonder when I see the countess, now a delicate, gray haired, little lady, at the courage and presence of mind that she displayed at that critical moment of her life.—Cornhill Magazine.

## The Idiocy of Some Ideas.

"Once in the joyous springtime," casually remarked the man with the ingrowing chin, "I threw a rug on the grass plot beneath my window. Days flew by as days will, and I picked it up again to find that the healthy green of luxuriant growth had given way to the sickly yellow of death and decay. Just so it is, my boy, when the brain is covered over with the rug of old fashioned ideas. From infancy I was taught by my preceptors to give useful presents, silly gewgaws that would last but a moment. Thus was the rug thrown over the green of my gray matter, so that today I haven't got sense enough left to follow the plot of a farce comedy."

"I got in the name of"—began the listener.

"Silly this, my boy; I gave my best girl nothing but useful presents, and of course she's gone and married another fellow. Pleasant to think that my useful presents have given them a start in housekeeping, isn't it?"—Kansas City Independent.

## Japanese Ideas of Women.

The five worst maladies that afflict the female mind are indolence, discontent, slander, jealousy and silliness. Without any doubt these five maladies afflict seven or eight out of every ten women, and from them arises the inferiority of women to men. A woman should cure them by self-inspection and self-reproach. The worst of them all and the parent of the other four is silliness.—Cornhill Magazine.

## Normal Old Age.

The general tendency is for men to live longer. There is much evidence to show that in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries men of 70 were considered very aged, and that a man of 80 was a very rare phenomenon. If medical science, sanitation and general obedience to the laws of health continue to improve, the gauge of normal age may yet rise to 100.—Boston Post.

## Would Go With Ramona.

Little Girl (to visitor)—My papa's a good man. He'll go to heaven, won't he?

Visitor—Oh, yes, indeed. And are you going to heaven too?

Little Girl—Oh, no! I'm going with mamma!—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

## He Answered It.

The following story is told of how Thomas H. Reed was admitted to the bar in California. Mr. Reed was being examined as to his qualifications for the law floor with several companions. The question "Was the legal tender act, in your opinion, constitutional?" was asked of the candidate sitting next to Mr. Reed. The young man hesitated, as well he might, for even the justices of the supreme court had spent many weary days hearing arguments on that particular question, and after once deciding that it was unconstitutional afterward reversed their decision. While the young man hesitated, the judge turned to Mr. Reed, saying, "What do you think, Mr. Reed—was the act constitutional?"

"It was," replied Mr. Reed, without a moment's hesitation. "Very good," was the reply; "you are admitted to the bar. Any man who can answer offhand a question that is still puzzling the supreme court of the United States is certainly preeminently qualified to practice law before this court."—Washington Letter.

## The Mixed Dish.

A schoolmaster in a village school had been in the habit of purchasing pork from parents of his pupils on the occasion of the killing of the pig. One day a small boy crept up to the master's desk and inquired "if he would like a bit of pork, as they were going to kill their pig."

The schoolmaster replied in the affirmative. Several days having elapsed, and hearing nothing of the pork, the master called the boy up to him and inquired the reason he had not brought it.

"Oh, please, sir," the boy replied, "the pig got better."—San Francisco Argonaut.

## "Eaten a Mountain."

A good example of the caustic humor of a Scotch examiner flows this way from we know not where. It seems that Scotch parish schoolmasters are, on their appointment, examined as to their literary qualifications. One of the fraternity being called by his examiner to translate Horace's ode beginning "Exegi monumentum œre perennius," began as follows: "Exegi monumentum." (I have eaten a mountain.) "Ah," said one of the examiners, "ye needna proceed any further; for after eaten at a dinner this parish wad be a pair montifair's ye. Ye maun try some wider sphere."—"Foot Lare."

## She Will Get Over It.

Young Mr. Justwed—My darling, why are you crying?

Young Mrs. Justwed—I have just read here that all the world loves a lover. I swear to me that I will do the same. I'll be a North American.

## The Worst Ever.

Burgling Bill—is he lazy? Why, honestly, if dat feller was goin to commit murder, he'd do it in New York state so's he could sit down when he died.—Kansas City Independent.

## Lincoln's War.

At a time when Mr. Lincoln was under great mental stress during the civil war Mr. George H. Yeaman, then congressman from Kentucky, called upon him and thus describes the occasion in the New York Tribune:

"The president was alone at his desk, hard at work, and the congressman promptly offered to retire and call again.

"No," said Lincoln, "sit down. I'll be through shortly."

"Presently his little son partly opened the door. 'Papa,' said he, 'mamma says the company will soon assemble.'"

"The congressman rose. 'Please be seated; we'll get to it directly,' said Lincoln.

"He continued his work. His face was very grave; it showed anxiety and melancholy indescribable. Distasters had come in the field, and it was not all harmony among his supporters. Very soon his barber came in, and again the congressman offered to retire.

"No," said Lincoln; "just excuse me one moment." He got up, threw off his coat, seated himself in one chair and stretched his long legs across another. The barber lathered his face and commenced stropping a razor. When that was over the president turned his head and gently asked, "Now, what can I do?"

"The congressman told his mission. It was considered kindly, decided correctly and he went his way. We need not compare this with the court etiquette of emperors and kings, nor ask if Washington or Adams, or even Jefferson, would have so received a visitor on business; but it was what Abraham Lincoln did."

## Disappointed.

Sylvia—What's the matter? You look as if you had lost your last friend.

Maude—I went to see a fortune teller yesterday, and she told me I was going to marry a tall, dark man. The only tall, dark man I know is dummy and has red hair.—Oshago Times-Herald.

## Dramatic Up to Date.

"Anything new in that play of 'Mastop'?"

"Yes. They tied the man on an automobile, wound it up and let it go."—Chicago Record.

Duty is what goes most against the grain, because in doing that we do only what we are strictly obliged to and are seldom much praised for it.—La Bruyere.

## BACKACHE is a symptom.

Something makes the backache and that something requires attention or the backache can never be permanently stopped. "I suffered for years with a long list of troubles," writes Mrs. C. KLENK, of Wells, Minn. (Box 151), to Mrs. Pinkham, "and I want to thank you for my complete recovery. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine for women.

"I had severe female complaints causing terrible backache and nervous prostration; was dizzy most of the time, had headache and such a tired feeling. I never have taken seven bottles of your Compound and have also used the Sensitive Wash and feel like a new woman. I must say I never had anything help me so much. I have better health than I ever had in my life. I sleep well at night, and can work all day without feeling tired. I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound all the credit, for I know it has cured me of all my troubles. I would not do without your remedies for anything."

Mrs. E. FURTON, of Meade, Mich., writes: "Two years ago I was troubled with constant backache and headache and was very nervous. I resolved to try your medicine and took two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and on taking the third a tumor was expelled. I was a little

frightened and sent for the doctor; and he said that it was fortunate for me that it came away. I got quite well after that and have your Compound alone to thank for my recovery."

Multitudes of women suffer constantly with backache. Other grateful multitudes have been relieved of it by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine.



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## Her Old Rubber Doll.

The Rubber Doll whistles, the Rubber Doll squeaks, The Rubber Doll hatters and matters and speaks; It jumps, and it tumbles and off has a fall, But nothing can equal that old Rubber Doll.

A hundred times a day our Little One kisses it; A hundred times a day she makes it smile; A hundred times a day she makes it snarl, Then she catches it and kisses it And smooths it and caresses it And talks very sternly to her old Rubber Doll.

The Rubber Doll scolds, and the Rubber Doll squeaks, The Rubber Doll whimpers and grumbles and talks.

It moans, and it cries, with a pitiful wail, But baby just worships her old Rubber Doll.

A hundred times a day our Little One sighs for it; A hundred times a day our Little One cries for it; A hundred times a day she lets it fall, Then she catches it and smoothes it up, And fondly she hugs it up, And drops off to slumber with her old Rubber Doll.

—See Cooie in Little Folks.

## A Wonderful Doll's House.

Lady Victoria Bentuck, the little daughter of the Duchess of Portland, possesses one of the finest dolls' houses in England. Its reception rooms are covered with brocade, the stairs properly carpeted, the doors open and shut

and the bedrooms are most beautifully and artistically furnished. Everything is to measurement. Indeed, it is a veritable dolls' palace. Many of the dolls were dressed by the duchess herself, and every costume is fashionable and quite up to date and made upon the latest Paris models.

## How Dumas Amused Himself.

An interesting anecdote of the older Dumas, illustrating the author's perennial flow of fine spirits, has been told. A gentleman, calling on the creator of "Monte Cristo," had been ushered into a room adjoining the host's studio, the servant telling him to go in, as M. Dumas was alone.

At that moment (says the narrator) I heard a loud burst of laughter from the inner apartment, so I said:

"I would sooner wait until monsieur's visitors are gone."

"Monsieur has no visitors; he is working," remarked the servant, with a smile. "Monsieur Dumas very often laughs like this while at his work."

It was true enough; the novelist was alone, or rather in company with one of his characters, at whose galleys he was simply roaring.