

The Old Cottage Clock.

Oh! the old, old clock of the household stock
Was the brightest thing and the neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were
few,
Yet they lived though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and
young,
When the voice of friendship faltered;
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick to bed—
For nine I've given warning;
Up, up and go, or else you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning."

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time, with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked gray on the misty
way,
And the early air blew coldly;
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick to bed—
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get
wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning."

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever;
Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move, though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!
"Tick, tick," it said—"to the churchyard
bed—
The grave hath given warning—
Up, up and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning."
—Christian Intelligencer.

"GOOD ADVICE."

THE STORY OF A MISTAKE.

Rising and falling on the sparkling
waters some two miles distant from a
coast-line which is the glory of the
beautiful Channel Islands, plashing
musically in rhythmic consonance with
the wave-beat faintly audible from the
holder-straw shore, floats the Lively
Polly, a taut little Guernsey fishing-
boat, occupied by two men—David
Syvret, its master, and Lionel Hardy,
a wandering member of the great
brotherhood of the brush. One of
these, a broad-shouldered and stalwart
islander of some fifty years of age,
whose honest bronzed face seems to
have absorbed into itself much of the
sunlight which for nine months of the
year sheds itself prodigally upon Moulin
Huet bay, is occupied in selecting mus-
sels from a shining black heap banked
up under the forward thwart of the
boat, scraping them free of seaweed,
and serving them up as
bait for the somewhat fastidious
whiting pout and codling, into whose
cool haunts, fifteen fathoms below,
they are temptingly lowered. The
other, an active, vivacious, resolute-
looking young fellow of five-and-
twenty, is lolling back in the stern in
a very ecstasy of enjoyment, airily
poising in his hand a horn of ice-cold
water drawn from the famed well of
St. Martin, in which he has been
pledging successively the island, and
the bay, and the boat, and letting his
eye roam appreciatively from headland
to headland and reef to reef.

"And now for our last toast, David
—the Guernsey Lily!" he says, rever-
ently.

"Miss Doris, God bless her!" ex-
claims David, draining his glass; and
his young companion, joining him,
gazes over the waters, and apparently
finding the Guernsey Lily too sacred a
flower to be diluted on, relapses into a
dreamy abstraction, and remains lost
in thought, while David gathers
together the finny spoil, hauls in the
keg and finally sets the mainsail.

Let Doris hold up her sweet face
and in all her graciousness be intro-
duced to the gentle reader. Fair and
slim and beautiful is the maiden whom
young Lionel Hardy has alluded to as
the Guernsey Lily; a goddess among
the island fisher-folk; hedged in with
a divinity begotten of kindly actions
and quick sympathies; the possessor of
a love-compelling face, with eyes of
sun-decked hazel, of a shade as where
the golden rays strike through inter-
laced branches and penetrate to the
darkling undergrowth of stem and fol-
iage; and with lips from which pro-
ceeds a laugh, pure and fresh, and mu-
sical as one of the streams which
gurgles around the pebbles of her own
Guernsey water-lanes.

Moulin Huet village had known and
loved her for now close upon ten years;
for just that period had elapsed since
Dr. Awdry, her father, an antiquarian
and scholar, had lost the better part of
his fair fortune, and had brought her
over to settle in the island, and to be-
come the light of beautiful, old fash-
ioned Bella Luce farm, the house he
had made his home. There Doris
reigned supreme and held mimic court,
receiving deputations of the village
children, distributing her bounty, su-
perintending the daily operations inci-
dental to the maintenance of two Al-
dery cows and a host of shock-headed
chickens, flitting to and fro in her crisp
cotton frock among her roses and pio-
teas. Thus at Bella Luce she lived, and
worked, and won the love of all about
her, seeing little of society, yet too
busy in ministering to the wants of
those among whom her lot was cast,
and attending to her father, to feel
otherwise than content.

And latterly a strange new element
had entered her life, that seemed likely
to give it a wider scope and deeper
meaning. Into the garden one sunny
spring day, when she was delving
with her trowel among the flowers,
there had strolled young Lionel Hardy,
the bearer of a letter of introduction
to her father from some distant rela-
tion; as frank and debonnaire a young
wielder of the brush and mahl-stick as
had ever spoiled a yard of good canvas.

From the hour of that eventful

meeting just four months ago, there
had sprung up an intimacy between
the two which now seemed destined
to disturb their peace of mind. Lion-
el had stayed on, taking up his quar-
ters at a neighboring farmhouse, and
feeling it week by week more difficult
to tear himself away, yet, happily,
finding with the weeks an added
stimulus to work, as if his very
bread depended upon his labors—as,
indeed, it almost did. During those
four months, it is scarcely
necessary to observe, his steps had
tended frequently toward Bella Luce.
The doctor, good man—was it because
of the inornate affection the young
fellow had conceived for ancient re-
mains?—had taken to him marvel-
ously, and so far from discouraging
his visits had encouraged them. Thus
it fell out that Doris and he had seen
much of one another; and to see much
of Doris was to love her.

Lionel was not long in making this
discovery; and as he sat at work in the
little room he had fitted up as his
studio, his brain would often be busy
in the evolution of day-dreams. Though
the little income he was making was,
he knew, painfully diminutive as in-
comes went, he nevertheless did not ig-
nominously rail against fortune, but set him-
self manfully to redress her deficiencies
in so far as regarded himself.

"And if thou lovest me as I love
thee, we require little else," he would
say, half aloud, as his hand would fall
to his side, and he would bend in a
sudden accession of tenderness over
the picture which he was limning
Doris' fair form. "Love will make
our cottage pleasant; and I love thee
more than life." But then he wasn't
a lord of Burleigh, as he would a little
ruefully reflect, and the only acres he
had to offer her were a few acres of
rather indifferently painted canvas.
"But the hand, lady, shall grow
stronger as the days pass on!" he
would continue, still apostrophising
the picture; and judging from the
draughtsmanship, it really did begin
to look as if the hand were growing
stronger. The picture bore for title
"Good Advice," and was being
painted surreptitiously.

Its subject was the Lady Doris giving
admonition, out of the fullness of her
experience of the world, to her
little handmaid, Lizzie Syvret, daugh-
ter of David, who was about to leave
her on domestic service in the great
city of St. Peter Port—Doris, supple,
slyph-like, with her hazel eyes full of
wisdom looking well into the future;
Lizzie, reverential and receptive, in the
crisp and daintiest of mop caps,
kerchiefs and aprons; the two wend-
ing their way through the water-lane
which skirts the garden of Bella Luce;
their setting, a tangled wealth of dog-
rose and bramble—emblematic, may-
hap, of the thorns to be carefully
avoided in little Lizzie's path.

But to return to the Lively Polly,
which, coquetting with each wavelet
as she scatters it into spray, sensibly
nears the shore. David is sitting for-
ward, meditatively puffing a pipe of
honeydew, while Lionel, with his hand
resting on the tiller, is directing the
course of the boat, and, judging from
his expression of dreamy abstraction,
is still lost in the reverie which con-
cerns the Guernsey Lily. Suddenly
addressing his companion, he exclaims,
solemnly:

"David, the masterpiece shall be un-
veiled to your eye this evening. The
private view shall take place."

"What, the picture, sir?" asks
David, removing his pipe from his
mouth in deference to the subject.

"The picture, David, the picture;
and if your little daughter and Miss
Doris don't walk before you to the life,
why—rip the canvas from the frame
and trice it up as a new top-sail for the
Lively Polly."

"Thank'ee, Master Lionel," replies
David, looking well pleased—whether
at the invitation to the private view or
the prospect of the new top-sail, does
not appear. After a pause he adds,
regretfully: "How Lizzie will miss her,
sir!"

"Nay, David," says the younger
man, with quick sympathy, "we
mustn't call it a parting. Miss Doris
will be often getting over to see the
little woman. What, after all, is five
miles?"

David slowly withdraws his pipe
from his mouth, and, gazing across to
Lionel with a face which betokens
wonder tempered with incredulity,
gasps out:

"Why, hast thou not heard the news,
lad?"

"News? No, what news? How
could I? I've been staying away at
Ancrese for the last two days."

David gives vent to a long, low whistle,
and leans forward:

"Why, the news is just this, sir:
Somebody or another that nobody's
ever heard on afore has gone and
died, and the doctor's come in for
thousands upon thousands o' pounds!"
he says, in a sepulchral whisper.

"Thousands and thousands! As soon
as I heard what folks said, I upped
and asked the doctor himself, and
'Thousands and thousands, David!'
he says. Them were his exact words;
and, lor! Master Lionel, how he did
rub his hands together and laugh! So
now he'll be off with Miss Doris to
London town. I suppose, more's the
pity; and—Put your helm down!
Master Lionel; put your helm down!
G-r-r-r! Bless me! if she hasn't gone
and jibed!"

And the Lively Polly, which had
been flapping her sail ominously to
draw attention to her unheeded tiller,
had swung up to the wind, and now
lay rolling uncomfortably from side to
side. Requiring her sheets to be let
go and hauled in before she would con-
sent to proceed on her course, the little
craft distracts David's attention
from the deep effect his news has pro-
duced on his young companion; and
there is no time, even if there were in-
clination, for questions and answers,
for after one more short board the boat

is beached. Leaving the task of haul-
ing her up to David and a fellow-
fisherman who happens to be standing
near, Lionel hurries off, and ten min-
utes afterward is seated in the solitude
of his studio, dazed and bewildered,
with a great sorrow clutching at his
heart.

Thousands and thousands! Yes,
there they were; repulsive in their
coarse, barbarous glitter, whole bat-
tions and battlements of them, form-
ing an impassable barrier between him
and the woman he loved!

The woman he loved! He started up
from his chair, and restlessly crossing
the room stood before the easel which
supported his recently finished picture,
and gazed upon her face. Ah, how he
did love her! He had never quite re-
alized how much till then.

Subjected to one of those mental
freaks by which, with strange over-
sight of relative magnitudes, some
trivial issue is temporarily obtruded in
place of one of vital moment, his eye
became arrested by some trifling tech-
nical omission; and taking up his pa-
LETTE and brush he proceeded to rectify
it. Yes, that was better, he reflected,
as he leaned back and regarded it criti-
cally. While he gazed his thoughts
hurried tumultuously into the future.
Her father would settle down in Eng-
land; and the exigencies of her wealth
would throw her much into society, and
the old life in the little island would
fade in her memory till it remained
only as a dream—a pleasant dream,
perhaps, but still a mere dream—and
she would grow conventional and
worldly-wise; the pity of it!

A knock at the door. Ah! he had
forgotten.

"The private view," he mutters to
himself, with a ghastly attempt at a
laugh. "Come in, David."

Enters the Guernsey Lily, and with
folded hands and meek eyes which seek
the ground, says, "Sir Painter, Sir
Painter, I am no David, but a simple
maiden, who has just had tidings of
your return, and bears a mandate from
her father bidding you come and smoke
a pipe with him over some beautiful,
new, old fossil remains. And the cham-
ber of Bluebeard being invaded,
perhaps he would stand on one side and
let me gaze upon his treasure?"

The hazel eyes are raised demurely,
and the sunshine of a smile is lighting
up the fair petitioner's face.

Inarticulate from conflicting emo-
tions, Lionel steps silently from before
the easel and discloses the picture;
and with a rapturous little cry of de-
light Doris recognizes its subject. For
a moment or two she stands leaning
forward and gazing intently upon the
canvas; and then, dimpling and blush-
ing in her confusion, timidly holds
forth her little hand and exclaims:

"Oh! What am I to say, Mr.
Painter? Can't you find me words to
express my appreciation? Can't I—"
Her eye suddenly catches the title of
the picture, and she clasps her hands.

"See!" she cries, "I can give good
advice. Let me promise to give you
good advice whenever you may ask for
it."

His forehead is clammy and cold,
and his tongue cleaves to the roof of
his mouth.

"Tell me the news, Doris; tell me
what has happened," he says, hoarsely.

"The news?" she repeats, sur-
prised.

"About this death and this will," he
blurts out, almost angrily.

"Oh! haven't you heard?" she asks;
then, with a laugh which bubbles forth
spontaneously, protests, "It was too
cruel!"

Cruel! If she had any intuition of
the anguish he was suffering could she
allude to the tragedy in that light
way? He motions her to a chair, and
with the laughter still dancing in her
eyes and dimpling her sweet face, she
sits down and recounts.

"You must know, Sir Painter, that
many years ago my dear innocent fa-
ther was seized with a passion for
business, and persuaded an equally in-
experienced friend to enter into a gi-
gantic scheme with him for supplying
London with iced soda-water at some
abnormally small sum per bottle."

He bows. Yes, he recollects the
doctor having alluded to the scheme in
some reminiscence.

"Somehow," she continues, demur-
ly, "the soda-water fell flat. It is a
laughing matter now, but it wasn't so,
by any means, at the time. Poor papa
lost a very large sum of money; and,
what he felt far more, his friend lost a
very large sum, too. He never forgave
papa—except—that is, till he died the
other day." And her face, from which
the laughter had momentarily faded,
again becomes dimpled over with ir-
repressible smiles.

"I see," murmurs Lionel, with his
heart, sunk to an abyssal depth, feel-
ing like lead. "And so he came to
think better of his churlishness, and
now has died and left a will in the
doctor's favor?"

"Yes," whispers Doris.

"Made over those thousands and
thousands of which David spoke?"
continues Lionel, as if the words would
choke him.

"Dear David! How papa will ex-
ult!" murmurs Doris, with another
irrepressible gurgle of laughter. "Yes,
thousands and thousands," she as-
sents, lowering her voice in an awe-
stricken whisper.

"Ah!" he groans, as his worst fears
are confirmed.

"Of the empty soda-water bottles,
you know," she continues, softly.

"Now, wasn't it too elaborate a joke,
Sir Painter?"

"What!" he almost shouts, as he
takes a sudden step forward, the re-
vulsion of feeling sending the blood
coursing like wildfire through his
veins.

But she has risen, and is already at
the door.

"Here's the dear legatee come to
look for me," she says, as she opens it
and takes her father's hand in hers.

"You shall tell him how David took

his joke, while I run away and look
after the chairs being taken out into
the garden. And as to your picture,
Sir Painter—here her musical voice
became very earnest and subdued—
"I can't tell you all I think of it; but,
as I said before, if you ever should re-
quire any good advice—"

The rest of the sentence was lost,
for she had tripped down the stairs
and passed out of the house into the
summer air like some sweet melody.

Then Lionel seizes the astonished
doctor by the hand, and forcing him
into a chair tells him from out the
depths of his heart the story of his love
for the maid Doris. And the doctor, re-
turning the honest grip of the hand,
abruptly asks:

"And you really do take an interest,
Lionel, in ancient fossil remains?"

"—Yes, sir; certainly!" replies the
bewildered lover.

"Then, perhaps, you'll have the
goodness, my boy, to regard me in that
light," he says, with a merry twinkle
of the eye, "and let me pass the few
remaining years of my life in your
home. I mean, if your suit be
successful, you must take up your resi-
dence at Bella Luce; for I can't afford
to part altogether with my little girl."

And then, with feeling too deep for
utterance, Lionel again wrings the
kind hand that is stretched out to
him, and leaving the doctor to inspect
the picture, goes whirling out of the
house like a tornado and tears off in
pursuit. It is just at the end of the
water-lane that he overtakes the ob-
ject of his quest, threading her way
daintily among the dog-roses and
brambles; and there and then, in a
voice which thrills her gentle heart
with emotion, he tells her a tale of an
artist who loved an island maiden
with all the passion of his soul, and
with his arm still round her waist
asks her for good advice as to the
course the artist should pursue.

What advice was given is not reported.
Rumor says that it came rather indistin-
tly; it being impossible for lips to
acquit themselves with anything ap-
proaching to justice of two tasks at
once. That it must have been good
advice is, however, clear; for not only
is the artist allude to making very de-
cided headway in his profession, but
he is also wedded to the most blithe-
some little wife in an island where
blithesome little wives abound—a fact
attested by the musical laughter which
now comes echoing from out of the
shady alcoves of Bella Luce garden,
and anon rippling from the deck of the
Lively Polly over the dancing waters
of Moulin Huet bay.

Five Million Baseballs.

"Baseballs are like human beings—
you never know what's in them until
you cut them open," said Al Reach, the
old-time second-baser, as he placed one
of his professional league balls before a
circular saw, and after some little trou-
ble halved it. "There! What do you
think of that? A great deal of science
and hard work is required in the man-
ufacture of balls. For instance, the
ball known as 'Reach's professional,'
adopted last week by the American and
the Interstate associations, is patented.
In the center is a round piece of the best
Para gum. Then there is the best stock-
ing yarn. This is stretched first by ma-
chinery to its utmost tension. Then it
is wound by hand so tight that, as
you see, it resembles one solid
piece of material. The wind-
ing is done by single strands at a time.
This makes it more compact. A round
of white yarn is now put in, and the
whole covered with a rubber plastic
cement. When this becomes hard it
preserves the spherical shape of the
ball, and prevents the inside from
shifting when the ball is struck. You
have seen some balls knocked egg-
shaped the first blow they are struck.
Well, with this cement covering that
is impossible. Then comes more yarn,
and finally the cover. The covering
for all the good balls are made of
horse-hide. Long experience has
shown this to be the best. Cow or
goat-skin will become wrinkled and
wear loose. Why, there is as much
change in the making of baseballs in
the last ten years as there is in the
game itself. The sewing on of the
covers is done by hand, and the thread
is catgut."

No one man makes a ball complete.
One person becomes proficient in the
first winding, then some one else takes
it; another man will fit the cover, but
there are a few of the workmen who be-
come proficient in the art of sewing
the cover. A dozen men in the course
of a day will turn out about twenty-
five dozen first-class balls, and as a
rule they make good wages. Some
manufacturers put carpet list in the
balls, but this can easily be detected
when the batting begins, because the
ball soon loses its shape. Of course,
for the cheap balls, such as the boys
begin with, not so much care is exer-
cised in the manufacture. They are
made in cups, which revolve by fast-
moving machinery. The insides are
made up of scraps of leather and
rubber, and then carpet listing is
wound around the ball. It takes a
man about ten minutes to turn one of
these out complete. The Reach pro-
fessional ball weighs from five to five
and one-quarter ounces, and is nine and
one-quarter inches in circumference.
All the other balls used by the profes-
sionals and high class amateurs are
of the same proportions. It is calculated
that about five million baseballs are
made each year, and these are not ex-
travagant figures, when it is consid-
ered that upon every vacant lot in the
large cities and upon every village
green in the country there are crowds
of men and boys banging away at a
ball whenever the weather permits.
And yet people say the national game
is dying out.—Philadelphia Record.

During the past year 160,000,000
pounds of barbed wire has been made
in the United States.

FOR THE LADIES.

Household Decoratives.

The latest oyster plates are of plain
white china and represent six single
shells.

Something new and unique in a
Japanese teapot comes in the form of
a dragon.

Huge candlesticks of brass have
taken the place of flowers for dinner-
table decoration.

Open fireplaces become more and
more extravagant and have now
reached the acme of elegance.

Tile floors are becoming quite com-
mon for the kitchen. They are easily
washed, and if properly laid do not
wear out.

Animals' heads, pugs, spaniels, mice,
cats and chicken cocks are an impor-
tant feature of many new and odd
decorative articles.

A pretty wall-pocket for a small
parlor or bedroom is made of two
Japanese fans joined together at the
edges with narrow satin ribbons.

Carnations are a good plant for win-
dow decoration. They should be
potted in fine soil, and not kept very
wet, particularly if the soil is retentive.

Very bright-colored shades on wax
candles for the dinner table should be
avoided, as the reflection of too much
color is trying to those sitting at the
table.

Pretty and inexpensive screens can
be made by covering an ordinary
clothes-horse with dark felt or plush,
upon which Chinese-cape pictures may
be mounted.

Scroll patterns in raised work in
geometrical or arabesque designs are
rapidly gaining in popularity, and will
soon take the place of the popular ar-
abesque embroidery.

For a pretty floor covering, but one
which is very costly, take three eastern
rugs of the same length and form for
the center, and for the border use rugs
of different designs and deeper colors.

A new style of brass "fire-dogs"
stand about three feet from the ground,
and represent two charming women
of the sixteenth century, their coquet-
tish heads emerging from wide ruffs,
every fold and jewel of which is beauti-
fully and correctly molded.

The favorite decoration for plush
covers for sofa tables and chair seats is
embroidery of araras for the leaves
and puffs of ribbon for the petals
of flowers. The effect is won-
derfully artistic when the work is well
done.

Fashion Notes.

The straight, slender lace pin is
generally worn, but the tendency of
fashion is toward brooches in odd,
fantastic shapes.

Alligator-skin satchels, pockets and
portmanteaus are much used. They
come in all shades of yellow and black,
but pale yellow is the preferred color.

White woolen evening dresses with
accessories and trimmings of colored
or white velvet, plush, brocade satin,
lace and chenille fringes will be much
worn.

Steel buttons as large as trade dol-
lars with incised figures cut on their
polished surfaces are used to trim the
skirt draperies of many imported cos-
tumes.

The richest among the new silks are
the ottoman velours in heavy wide
repped surfaces with large scattered
flowers and figures in long pile plush
and velvet.

Plush coats with black braid orna-
ments looped across the front, military
fashion, are worn by young ladies over
a variety of skirts, for both indoor and
outdoor wear.

Light silk, of pale sea-green, delicate
pink and lilac are combined, for even-
ing ware with dark garnet, dark blue,
brown and royal purple velvets with
admirable effect.

The fancy of the present moment is
decidedly for monotone costumes, and
while combinations of two or more
materials in the same dress continue
fashionable, these different fabrics are
in most cases of the same color. Very
dark colors are selected for the street.

Chenille hoods with capes, in black
and in all colors, are most comfortable
for wearing at night or for driving in
cold weather. The hoods have white
or black lace falling round the face and
are trimmed with bows of ribbon. The
cape falls to the shoulder and the hood
is tied closely under the chin.

The Watteau shoe is for dancing or
full dress ball wear. It is of cream
suede; the toe is embellished with silver
and gold beads in a floral design. The
bow on top is of cream satin and the
high French heels are covered with
suede. The stockings should match the
shade of the shoes, and they may be
embroidered in the same designs.

Most attractive is a toilet of white
Indian silk, with flounces bordered
with white Spanish lace; the skirt is
made rather short to show the little
red satin shoes, with bars across the
foot of the stockings of Spanish lace.
The jacket corsage is of red satin, with
frills and flounces of Spanish lace and
a large bouquet of white gardenias at
the side.

The tailor-made tweed coats, with
the colored waistcoat showing below
the waist in front, are worn with va-
rious skirts; the gray ones especially
with red waistcoats over black or dark-
blue skirts. A few white waistcoats
can be seen, and these have gold
braiding and gold buttons. Gen-
d'arme, navy-blue, black, brown and
very dark dresses show these coats off
to advantage.

A rich and becoming dinner dress
for a young lady is made of pale pink
cashmere, with a tunic and bodice of
the same, and a wide sash of crimson
velvet draped above it. The under-
skirt is of crimson velvet, laid in wide

single box plaits. To another, the
underskirt is laid in three deep killings
of the pink cashmere, each of the kill-
ings being first trimmed around the
bottom with bands of crimson velvet
five inches deep. The bodice is in the
"Marguerite" shape, laced in front,
also of the pink cashmere, with an
under chemisette of crimson velvet,
embroidered with pink and silver, and
extending to the peak of the bodice,
where it is met by a bunch of crimson
roses set into a large knot of pale pink
satin ribbons that fall in loops and
ends over the whole length of the
skirt-front. Pink satin slippers, silver
ornaments and a Portia fan of pale
pink ostrich feathers, with a cluster of
crimson roses in the center, finish this
very charming toilet.

St. Bernard Dogs.

Among the most notable of recent
fashions in large dogs is the St. Ber-
nard, which has almost suddenly
pushed its way to the foreground.
In England it is fast supplanting the
collie, which has ruled as a prime fa-
vorite ever since the Newfoundland
dog was dethroned, and perhaps as a
result of this English fancy the de-
mand for St. Bernards in this city is
growing. "It is but lately that dogs
of this kind have been asked for,"
said a prominent dealer to a reporter
for the *Mail and Express*, "but they
are very scarce. Only people of means
can afford to own them, for they range
in price—mind, I speak only of the
genuine breed—from \$500 to \$3,000.
Even puppies sell for \$200. Now,
there is a fine eighteen-month-old fel-
low," he said, as a large, splendid-look-
ing dog walked majestically into the
room. That dog knows as much as a
majority of men. I have a regular
bed for him and at night he puts
his head on a pillow, I cover him
up with a blanket and he sleeps just
like a baby. Worth much? I ask
\$2,000 for him and I'll wager his equal
cannot be found on this side of the
Atlantic."

There are two varieties of the St.
Bernard, rough-coated and smooth-
coated, both having the same charac-
teristics except in the length of the
hair. The points supposed to be the
distinguishing marks of a genuine St.
Bernard are: A tawny or brindle color;
a clearly-marked line up the face and
a similar one around the neck, and a full,
square head. These animals are very
intelligent and seem to be endowed
with the instinct of saving life. Their
attachments are very strong. They re-
quire plenty of room for exercise, and
fanciers assert that a dog of this species
raised in the country where he can
have plenty of exercise, will grow to
a much larger stature than one raised
in the city.

Among the owners of St. Bernard
dogs in this city is Samuel J. Tilden,
whose Askim, one of the rough-
coated species, has carried away many
prize. Mrs. D. P. Foster, of South
Fifth avenue, is the owner of Tureo, a
tawny brindle rough-coated St. Ber-
nard, five years old, who was imported
from the St. Bernard Pass, and who is
considered one of the best specimens
of his species in this country. Her-
man Clausen, the owner of Barry, a
tawny rough-coat imported from Lu-
cerne, who is valued at \$500. H. H.
Baxter, of Fifth avenue, owns a splen-
did fawn-colored, smooth-coat dog, five
years old, named Turk, and H. M. Hoar,
of East Fifty-sixth street, is the pos-
sessor of a tawny rough-coat, three years
old, called Rover. John P. Haines, of
Tom's River, N. J., is anoted admirer
of St. Bernards. His Don, an orange,
tawny and white smooth-coat, is a
splendid animal, gentle and playful as
a kitten. His owner values him at
\$1,500.—New York Mail and Express.

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