Bab's Reflections On Country Life.

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I have always had a weakness for heroes. That is I do not in company and vulgarly brand as the "whole." Its homage to the blood that can be driven by women, children or the new cash of Polish origin. Yes, he is a few little weaknesses of his own, but you admire him notwithstanding what might be called his nervousness. He never passes a free rose without making a stop. The finest beauty in the world would not compel him, on a particularly slow night, blushing on one side, or a tender peach, looking most too good for this world, charms him, so that he has been known to really stop the ship and demand, in a lower's way, the fruit that he loves best.

This particular "twin" which I have contributed during the summer months, unfortunately got what was called in the gentlemen's vernacular, as they took it so coldly in the fire-up. During the time we drove, to our service, a horse, or, rather, a pair, blind of color, good of shape, but with a temper that all the tempers that were ever made and then consolidated in one horse. I never drove for hot once, and that once was quite enough for me. The shed at a reporter ran down the road, dumped me in the grass, sent my slippers flying through the air, while my companions were scratched and bruised and accused me of trying to kill them, while, between you and me, I think they were glad, after the first ache was better, to devote themselves as heroes and to end of the adventure after the fashion of a detective story.

After this I was content with the "twin," and I drove him with a lower rein and a feeling that my heart was free to bite even if he did whose and had a queer fashion of going into the barnyards of people who were entirely unknown to me. He was a sociable horse. At least that's the way we have worked out his idea. He longed to get acquainted with the relations. One afternoon the "twin," whose name was Prince and who had good blood in his veins—at least we were told so—agreed with me that it would be pleasant to give all the children a drive. So off we went, little and big, wearing hats from a dress hat to a large bonnet hides with white plumes. Prince went along very well for a short time, but at the foot of a certain hill he took his stand and refused to budge.

Prince was determined to go up that hill, and I concluded it was just as well to let him go, and so learn what object he had in view. He sailed up the hill, while the children hit street boys with peanuts and fired chewing gum at the dogs, and at the very top Prince stood quite still, and looked round at us all, as much as to say: "Who among you poor miserable two legged creatures is worthy of a monument like that? You can get hold of a wounded sky day, you can get hold of some respectable man any day, but it is only once in a century that a Hambletonian appears." And then the smallest boy, who was in the second Reader, read out the inscription on the obelisk of plate granite. He was pretty slow about it, but he succeeded in making every one understand. The inscription read:

HAMBLETONIAN,
The Great Progenitor of Trotters,
Foaled May 1, 1849,
Died March 27, 1876.

So, you see, after all, a good trotter, like the small child in a Sunday school book, has a monument raised to his memory, but it's a Dogrean, with a capital D, that some of the numerous horses who contributed to Hambletonian and who had gained thirsts by him do not have the grounds kept in order and the fence painted. Having been born a Quaker, I can't bear to see things not quite tidy, but for once in my life, and that's the exception, I felt so much tiddeous that I turned and fled.

Things were arranged this way: There was an owner who fell on every matchbox to hold dead matches. By dead matches I mean those that have had the breath of life burned out of them. In the corner of the room was a trap he chest intended to hold waste of paper, and if he chance you dropped your dead match in your fun chest or your piece of paper in your shell the ladies of the house would be in a fan of as "girls," though it's been many a day since they clapped hands for mamma, come down upon you with a wash that only a boarding house keeper can exhibit. They were the cleanest people I ever saw. Cleanliness is their most Christianity, but it was impossible to be as good on cleanliness as they are and still be a Christian. They hadn't a pet around the house—they considered pets unladylike—and one of the family who had that sort of tension that broke out like a big Fourth of July cracker and Snow and Sunny would have tied to wash the water in the well. The Lord Almighty and she couldn't arrange this, as they took it as it came. Having seen such slim shamelessness, I shall in the future be charitable to those who regard dust as the home of time.

I've been trotting around a good bit this summer and have formed a good many conclusions, and one of them is the more a man's income is, the a Christian the less likely is he to give you anything to eat. He waters the milk at the expense of his soul, and he takes a drink usually of whiskey for his stomach, wife and his information, but at the expense of the boarder. Then, too, it has been tempt to open on that the book who prays the loudest at the prayer meeting another day with the greatest vigor when kissing games are played at the annual picnic.

The women are different in kind, but all have one great gain and grief, and that is to pinch every farther off the line of the summer corsets till she looks as if pressed for a vacation. The average woman owns just enough clothes to marry her single, they are, after, you think in the front and then take about you to somebody else. She thinks you're financial because your fingers is adorned with lace and ruffles, she sees you're you if you're too familiar with your own father, and her general estimate of everybody is that the road leads ends as awful, but that people are all such fools. Sometimes you come across an exception, and you find her able to talk to point to and it doesn't bore you. Dyspepsia cannot, but I mean the fellow on her table are palatable and ready to enjoy herself in any way possible. We've struck one of this kind, and from shooting frogs down to chasing yourself thoroughly acquainted with it, and you will have any number of friends.

The horse with whisky at your arrival, the great big dog will give a burst of welcome, the cows will "moo" in their pretty fashion, while the duck and the chickens will twitter and cluck about, making so much noise that you don't know whether it's welcome or defiance. And they call those home comforts. Some of us must be good that they can't speak, and some of us may regret it. But nothing up to me is a little for horses, who is getting to be and the chickens will twitter and the geese keep lying, shall somebody or know whether the heart is gay or the eyes full of tears—those eyes and that heart which belong to

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New Parisian Fancies.

Vagues will be exceedingly fashionable for autumn wear, and Paris models show combinations of jet, sequins and beads as bestowed in bands and bows on fine and not for mellow bright colored tissue. Velvet draperies in rich emerald, pelican and orange velvets are veiled with crisp net, and embroidered with sparkling jewels, and jewel and one of some due tasteful soups and twists or corsets draperies on the most elaborate bodices.

Butterfly bows of black net, incrusted with glittering stones and jet are mixed in with twists and folds of bright hued velvet, and while black pansies under the more elaborate coiffures, the darkest tropics are adorned with crocked quill or feather aigrettes and a flock of bright ribbon or velvet. Hats turned up in Punchinello fashion are "le dernier cri" in Paris and Vienna, but here are quite as popular silver velvet hats, and those belonging to the American type of face, which does not so well wear a hat needing the trimmed.

The greatest trade of fall is turned fancies and is very rich and deep and has embroidery from cherry red or purple, although everything both Attic is in the fashion of the silver velvet and is contrast with the prince gray, blue or mouse pink. Velvets produced with small embroidered designs or stripes are very fine, the elegance of material will be largely used for millinery, and embroidered velvet will still find favor for evening wear.

Sketch of Maria Christina.

A newspaper correspondent of Madrid personal description of Maria Christina, queen of Spain, a slim, quiet, pale, cold and thoughtful as marble, instinct of the American type, with full lips and projecting mouth, blond hair, with an air of warmth, what the French call soleil brûlé, pale, cool blue eyes, with sparkle below and enlighted with soft or tender glowing, which partaking hazel, white and blue, is rarely graceful and charming in its proud carriage, especially fitted for an equestrienne, and she rides frequently.

A Woman's View Of Our Jackies.

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And I never longed so much in my life, and the pretty girl, as the day we went down to the ship to visit their husbands, sweethearts and lovers. Never in his life did anything harder than had a million. As we climbed on board the ship we encountered in a dirty, disagreeable place, a tattered hulk, the irreproachable Charley. He was sweeping the side of the ship, and he looked as force as a Spanish grandee. There he stood, his red cap over the side of the ship, and he looked at us with