

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

BY BELLE MOSES.

John turned for the last time. He stood slightly and his searching gaze looked straight into the angry eyes just below him. 'It's a pity,' he said. 'You'd better change your mind, sir—the weather's horrid—cold—your horse—'

John glanced furtively at his superior, but no movement showed the trend of Jerry's thoughts. It was pretty poor work to sit and lounge on a bench with not even the usual threadbare conversation to beguile the way, and there was that devil of a row on his face when they were in the street. What was he spinning her for, anyway?

John turned for the last time, just as a figure emerged from the shadow and hastened toward the carriage. 'All right, John,' said the master cheerily; 'drive on, Jerry. He flung his cigar into the road, opened the carriage door and sprang in.

'I'll pay that five, Jerry, with my next month's wages.' John kept his eye on Jerry as he walked to the carriage door. 'Oh, keep your money,' he said, kindly. 'I ain't for bidding on a sure thing, only on a cobble stone. Jerry took good care that they did not. The young footman's right figure swayed and bumped incessantly against the coachman's stalwart front.

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BITS OF FEMINE GOSSIP.

One of the most wonderful conventions since the new regime of Woman's club has been inaugurated will convene at Saratoga July 7 and 8. It will be a gathering from the Women's societies and clubs of New York state. How the enormous program prepared can be carried out in the short time of two days is now an unsolved problem. The topics chosen are: 'Historic Saratoga: Past and Present in Summer Clubs'; 'Woman's Educational and Industrial Unions'; 'Ethical Culture'; 'Village Improvement Clubs'; 'State Federations'; and 'Working Girls' Clubs.'

The decorative possibilities of that standard, blue denim, are being shown this season as never before. It would seem as if the members of the decorative art society, who are so fond of the effects he can produce with this fabric. In combination with white, as an outline trimming on the stuff itself or in the form of a cover, it may be draped over or upholstering white enamel furniture, its use is especially successful. All-over chairs and divans that are upholstered in the blue denim are being offered, and a couple with white buttons and piping cord is a finish.

The three or four English weeklies devoted to women's interests have a delicious air of lefty infallibility as well as an amiable cleverness in laying down laws that are as much for as they are to the contrary. The paragraph in one of them last week started out with the general proposition that for smart wear for men and women patent leather boots are the order of the day. The second deduction that good things are usually trail, reached the obvious conclusion that patent leather, being good, must be the order of the day, and the order of the day, the raison d'être of the verbose paragraph that to protect this smart and desirable, and therefore easily injured, patent leather, a hat is the order of the day. The confidence (presumably rare in the genre) had told the author of the article just what to do. The climax having thus been duly reached, the writer proceeded to say that warm your patent leather boots before wearing the first time. Dear God Street boot-maker and all too credulous paragrapher, do not do this! It will ruin the leather. The store you may read a time-worn sign: 'To prevent cracking of patent leather boots in cold weather, warm before wearing.'

Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood of New York recently gave a lecture in Buffalo on Prof. Maria Mitchell. While a student at Vassar, she was the first woman to appear in public with a telescope. Her husband, an astronomer, once evening Mrs. Wood, while in the observatory, he told her the fortune of the planet, the intelligence of Jupiter over another. Just as it was almost over, Miss Mitchell came in. Mrs. Wood says: 'It was one of the greatest disappointments of my life. I know not to have made there to make the observation, not to have added this to her long list of discoveries. But there was nothing of this sort in the lecture. I must tell you that a wonderful observation that was made here last night. Then she called me to the board and made me illustrate the observation, and read the account of it during the time I was looking through the telescope.

Washington's coach, splendid once as the imperial equipage which France has borrowed from her ex-emperor to lighten the pomp of the czar's coronation procession at Moscow, is rusting away in an old stable in New York, serving as a roost for chickens and a catch-all for discarded things usually thrown into garbage. It is the coach for which Captain Benjamin Richmond paid \$5,500 a few years ago, says the New York Press. Many persons remember it as the chief of these parts of the century parade in New York, which put one in touch with the fine, fair, auspicious ceremonial time of our republicanism.

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hurry through her work to get to the street track, which is just across the block. Her hair is in curl papers and at a little distance you will declare it is Trenton again; that it is a wreath of blossoms which crown her so prettily, and that presently she will scatter roses before the wheels of the conquering hero—Washington. Instead she brisks to polishing the family cooking stove. This old coach ought to have better stabling than it gets at 164th street and Sheridan avenue. If it were as beautiful now as it was in its youth it would deserve a place in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is said that Augustus Fry of No. 150 East 125th street, the present owner, would be glad to get rid of it for \$500. Few are our property inheritances from the personal estate of Washington. Considering how finely proud their forefathers, who have in him only an abstract interest, would be of this legacy, we cannot but feel that it is a pity that it should have fallen into the hands of a family who would use it as a daily walk or a ride or a drive while in New York or Philadelphia. Was this the coach which used to swing up the Bowery and over the ancient Kissing Bridge on the thirteen-mile drive he liked so well? Evidently. He and his lady and her children passed many times on its leather cushions over part of the same drives which are still popular, and the most gay with fine carriages of any in the country, ranking in deed with the Cascade at Florida's Park Hotel and Boulogne at Paris or London's Pall Mall and Rotterdam Row. No English mail coach, decked with laurel and carrying the king's news of the victory of Salamanca or of Waterloo, ever soiled its wheels or followed a more distinguished path as this which carried the serene, black-suited, glorified general and his family in those early days of the republic. Fancy it as a spectacle, and that is what to what it has been put at last. Hello hunters had cut away the leather hammercloth of the box and chipped off scrolls at the corners of the moldings. They eat their meals from a deal table spread with a newspaper, and set so close as the corners of that table, as if they were a boon to economists in this direction. One woman with three half-grown daughters is having manna plain Utah milk and puffed wheat for her girls, with a black one for herself; these, with two or three sets of colar each, she proposes to use as morning wear in the city. The girl who is to be a girl for herself, with this serge and