

THE WORLD WOULD BE BETTER.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-fields and glory;
If writ in human hearts, a name
Seemed better than in song and story;

A BRIGHT FACE.

My name is Henry Debsen. I am
not ashamed of the name, even though
it was disgraced. My parents came to
Arkansas while I was very young.

One day our neighborhood was
shocked by the discovery that a Mr.
John Mapleson, one of the most prominent
men in the community, had been
murdered.

I succeeded in making my way to New
York. In the great city I was comparatively
safe. Under an assumed name I
went to work in a manufacturing
establishment.

"Oh, Mr. Debsen," said he, "ask the
Giver of all good to forgive your sins.
Only a few more days now and you will
stand at the judgment bar of God."

"I am not guilty, Mr. Gray."
"Oh, young man, do not hold out in
such obstinacy. Do not, I beg of you,
I implore you, do not perish with a
falsehood on your lips."

"I have committed no crime."
"Think of your perishing soul."
"I am innocent."
"I see, Mr. Debsen, that it is useless
to talk to you."

"Remember that day after to-morrow
you must die."
"Good-bye. I hope that the Lord
may change your mind."

first put on my suit of stripes. The
thought that I was entirely disgraced
took such deep root in my mind that I
doubt if I were, at the time, any better
morally than the most hardened
convict within the walls.

The uppermost thought in my mind
was the thought of escape. I had lost
everything but my desire for freedom.
My chance came. One night while a
number of us were penned in a stock-
ade, near a coal mine, into whose dark
vaults we were daily driven, I heard
not a word until we were fully a half
mile from the scene of our imprisonment.

By the time the sun rose, we were
quite a number of miles from the
"stockade," but we knew that we
would be pursued. Hunger began to
pinch us. This was serious, for,
dressed as we were, we dare not go
near a human habitation. The next
day we stopped and held a consultation.
It was better to risk re-capture than to
go hungry, accordingly we decided to
call at the next house. We soon came
upon a farm. Walking up boldly we
entered the house. There was no one
at home except a little girl, about
twelve years old. She was the most
beautiful child I have ever seen.

The dried milk of the bullet tree, or
Mimusopapalobos, from Guiana, is
likely to come into greater use as a
substitute for India-rubber and gutta
percha.

The trouble with a man engaged in
perplexing business affairs which
over-tax his brain, bring about loss of
appetite and general prostration is that
he will not recognize that he is a sick
man and that he must have rest and
medicines, and meantime turn over his
business matters to some well man to
manage until he recovers his own
health.

"No, my son, he replied as he put
on his hat, "you can't go to the circus."
"But why, father?"
"Well, in the first place I can't fool
away my money on such things."

"Yes, but I have enough of my own."
"And in the next place it is a rough
crowd, the sentiment is unhealthy, and
no respectable person can countenance
such things."

"That's enough, sir! You can't go!
I want you to enjoy yourself, but you
must seek some more respectable
amusement."

An hour later a curious thing
happened in the circus tent. A boy
climbed to the top flight of seats and sat
down beside a man who had just finished
a glass of lemonade and was lighting a
cigar. He had his plug hat on the back
of his head, and seemed to be enjoying
himself hugely. It was father and son.

The Town of Ayr.

There were the "two briggs" crossing
the yellow flood of the stream, whose
current here is muddier than in its
windings above the town. Half contemptu-
ously I crossed the larger bridge (I was
always an adherent of the testy "Auld
brigg") and walked through the narrow,
dirty, almost medieval street to where
the "Auld brigg" looked down with
delfiance on its ancient rival, no longer
new, but growing old, like itself, in the
service of years. But there was many a
year in the old one yet. It was paved
with cobblestones, laid with irregularity,
and was so narrow that the two wheel-
barrows of the poem would have found
difficulty in passing.

I stumbled up the dark stairs, pushed
open the door of a room on my left and
walked in. There was nothing remark-
able in this little, low-studded room. A
deal table ran the length of it, and the
wall on either side was lined with stiff-
backed chairs. It was quaint, but other
rooms are quaint which are passed by
unnoticed; yet many have sat in the old
chairs and looked at the dim portraits
on the wall at the chimney place with
its relics of bygone days. For the
scenes of a century ago come back
again, and we of the modern time may
sit and repeat what we can remember
of the poem that has made this spot
immortal, and then silently steal down
the stairs and depart.

The interest of Ayr centres in the
Tam O'Shanter tavern; but the houses
up and down High street, on which the
tavern is situated, are curious old build-
ings, small and irregular, and sufficing
the character of a Scottish shire town.
At one part of the street a tower pro-
jects beyond the line of dwellings,
known as the Wallace Tower, built on a
historic site which had some connection
with the Wallace family. Aye is full
of such relics, but the fame of Burns has
so far overshadowed the name of the
town that nothing unconnected with
the poet can attract much attention.

At a turning in the road three cot-
tages came into sight, unpretending as
the cottages in the neighborhood were,
with only one story with perpendicular
walls, and with a thick roof
thatched with straw. In one of these
the poet was born, and the place is
well preserved through the efforts of a
society formed for that purpose. The
room of the poet's birth is still in its
original fashion. The curious old fire-
place, the stiff, old-fashioned chairs,
the spinning-wheel in the corner, and
the bed, built into the wall like a cup-
board, still remained.

Substitute For India Rubber.

The dried milk of the bullet tree, or
Mimusopapalobos, from Guiana, is
likely to come into greater use as a
substitute for India-rubber and gutta
percha.

The Don itself is a picturesque little
stream, flowing modestly through the
green fields and crossed by a pretty
bridge. Near it is a monument to
Burns, erected by the society which has
taken his cottage in charge. But this
was quickly seen and did not particu-
larly interest me. I retraced my way
to the town, left the ubiquitous
water smiling, and took the train on a
little branch railway which connects
Ply and Mauchline, about eleven miles
distant.

With a Stage.

"No, my son, he replied as he put
on his hat, "you can't go to the circus."
"But why, father?"
"Well, in the first place I can't fool
away my money on such things."

"Yes, but I have enough of my own."
"And in the next place it is a rough
crowd, the sentiment is unhealthy, and
no respectable person can countenance
such things."

HORSE NOTES.

General B. F. Tracy wants to
match his stallion, Mambrine Dudley,
against Pilot Knox, the winner of The
Spirit cup, for \$500 a side and the gate
receipts.

The famous English 2-year-old colt
The Bard has won sixteen consecutive
races this year and \$45,940.

Milt Young has sold to William
Walker, colred, the yearling chestnut
colt by Lisbon-Spinola for \$2000.

The National Association should
suggest the word "Course" to be used,
instead of "Park," in connection with
the different race-tracks, as it is more
appropriate.

Herr H. Moessinger, Frankfurt-on-
the-Main, Germany, has bought from
Herr Prince Smith, Vienna, the stallion
France's Alexander, recently purchased
in this country.

Shilalong has proved a great disap-
pointment at the Kentucky meeting.
Her sensational Chicago race induced
many to back her at odds almost every
time she started, but she never won.

The prospects for a revival of
interest in the sport of horse racing in
Philadelphia, said Dr. Marshall, "are
very encouraging. A better element of
society is becoming interested in the
sport and in time I think it will be
elevated into the sphere where it be-
longs—that of the noblest sport in the
category."

In answer to the question, how is
Maud S? Mr. Burd, her trainer and
driver answered: "I have delivered her
to Mr. Bonner at his stables in New
York in better condition than she ever
was before. Mr. Bonner intends driv-
ing her for a short time and then turn-
ing her out for the winter. I do not
believe there is any foundation for the
rumor that she will be retired from the
track. I can state on pretty good
authority that she will be speeded again
next year, and it will be no trick for
her to come out in the spring and beat
2:04."

Eight thousand people witnessed
the stallion race at Mystic Park on the
30th ult. Everything was favorable to
the race. King Almont, Westmont,
Pilot Knox, Montgomery and King
Wilkes were the starters. Pool selling
was prohibited, but many private bets
were made. Pilot Knox was the favorite
before the race at \$25 to \$20 against
the field. The race was for a cup,
valued at \$1,000, offered by the Spirit
of the Times, and a purse of \$7,125.

Pilot Knox won the first heat, leaving
his own record by 1 1/4 seconds. Time,
2:19 1/2. When the horses were called
for the second heat it was announced
that Westmont had been drawn, having
become slightly lame. In the second
heat Pilot Knox won in 2:20 1/2, King
Wilkes second, Montgomery third.
The third heat was very exciting. Pilot
Knox winning by a neck, Montgomery
second, King Wilkes third. Time,
2:20.

FASHION NOTES.

Tinsel is a prominent feature in all
fabrics prepared for bonnets; gold is
not as much seen as it has been, copper,
silver and lead being foremost.

High full bodices of lace over a
low corsage of colored silk or satin,
and ornamented with a parure or
fichu of beaded tulle and lace, are
adopted for small evening receptions
and evening concerts.

Pilot cloth jackets, cut square and
fastened with gilt buttons, are stylish
for little girls. Children's gloves are
better made in Dresden than elsewhere;
they are known as Saxony gloves, al-
though of the soft undressed kid called
Suede.

New traveling dresses are made of
gray or tan-colored mohair. This ma-
terial sheds the dust easily, and is com-
fortable to wear on long country and
mountain jaunts. Dust cloaks are
made of mohair to protect nicer dresses
in traveling.

New and beautiful semi-long visites
of black velvet, brocaded with
bronze and gold leaves, are imported.
They are lined with gold-colored satin
sublime, and trimmed with broad bands
of black ZibINETTE, sprinkled with tiny
flecks of gold.

One of the new trimmings is a wide
band of galloon with a wide fringe at-
tached, of two shades of olive wool
beads, exquisitely carved, intermingled
with finely carved black wool beads
completed with a fringe of polished
rosewood beads shaped like fuchsias.

Small perlerines of muslin or eta-
mine are very graceful. These perler-
ines are trimmed with some sort
of pretty fancy lace, and with bows
of ribbon matching the dress, or else,
more soberly, with black velvet ribbon,
suitable to wear with any dress.

The latest in millinery, as is always
the case in summer, shows prefer-
ence to Capotes are made of tulle, silk
mull and the skeleton that looks as if
worn as a head cooler with the hair
straying through the open meshes.
These bonnets require but little trim-
ming, and the ties, to be in keeping,
should be of lace or tulle.

The crowns of many new felt bon-
nets are quite crescent shaped, lying
flat to the head. A perfectly plain princess
bonnet of felt, when worn with a
woolen suit that matches it exactly in
color, has a decidedly stylish air. In
this case it is best to choose the bonnet
first, as you can get more varieties of
color in the dress goods, almost any
and every good shade, in fact.

A puff at the top of the sleeve is
threatened in French dresses. It is
modified for those who dread to be
made broader, by the information that
it may be set in at the elbow only,
giving the pretty old-fashioned effect
of the hanging sleeve. The close fit of
the sleeve from elbow to the waist is
again softened by another long puff, as cuff,
which must fall over the hand.

With a Stage.

"No, my son, he replied as he put
on his hat, "you can't go to the circus."
"But why, father?"
"Well, in the first place I can't fool
away my money on such things."

"Yes, but I have enough of my own."
"And in the next place it is a rough
crowd, the sentiment is unhealthy, and
no respectable person can countenance
such things."

"That's enough, sir! You can't go!
I want you to enjoy yourself, but you
must seek some more respectable
amusement."

An hour later a curious thing
happened in the circus tent. A boy
climbed to the top flight of seats and sat
down beside a man who had just finished
a glass of lemonade and was lighting a
cigar. He had his plug hat on the back
of his head, and seemed to be enjoying
himself hugely. It was father and son.

The father had gone straight to the
grounds from dinner, and the boy had
run away. They looked at each other
for a half a minute, and then the boy
got in the first blow by whispering:

"Say, dad, if you won't lick me I
won't tell you you were here!"

The father nodded his head to the
agreement, and the great spectacular
parade in the ring began.

If a crooked stick is before you, says
Spurgeon, you need not explain how
crooked it is. Lay a straight one down
by the side of it, and the work is well
done. Preach the truth, and error will
stand abashed in its presence.

Full gathered coats are still the
style for very little girls, the skirts cut
like a long full basque and the neck
and fronts fitted into shape by the
gathers described as "smocking;" that
is a "Mother Hubbard finish;" by
honey-combing the gathers, both at the
neck and waist. Little hoods are popu-
lar and a broad satin ribbon ties in
these quaint coats. All that is neces-
sary is a plain sashque pattern with
seams only under the arms; upon this
you lay the material quite full and
gather the neck and waist loosely on
the pattern with a few threads before
cutting out the material at the arm-
holes. Striped flannels and camel's
hair make the coats, or for very little
children plain double cashmere or
bright plaid chevots.

Very pretty dresses for receptions
in country chateaux are made of faille
and very fine woolen lace. These
dresses are made princess fashion, with
a very short train; the close-fitting
bodice has a plastron of lace laid over it
in front, and two panels, also covered
with lace, fall on each side, gathered in
the middle, a trimming of superposed
lace flounces; at the foot three of the
latter extend on each side as far as the
train. There is a lace collar around the
neck, which is contained into a quilted
ruffle to the waist; long loops of ribbon
are attached on the left side; the sleeves
are finished at the elbow by a trimming
of lace, with a bow of ribbon.