Vould learn to hate it and abhor it, If more relied on love to guide-The world would be the better for it. If men dealt less in stocks and lands, And more in bonds and deeds fraternal; If Love's works had more willing hands, To link this world to the supernal.

If men stored up love's oil and wine

And on bruised human hearts would pour

If "yours" and "mine" would once con The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of life, And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If bigotry would sheathe its knife
Till good became more universal; If custom, gray with ages grown, Had fewer blind men to adore it; If talent showed forth truth alon The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things-Affecting less in all their dealings-If hearts had fewer rusted strings To isolate their kindly feelings. If men, when wrong beats down the Right ould strike together and restore it, If right made Might in every fight-The world would be the bett r for it.

A BRIGHT FACE.

My name is Henry Debson, I am after several years of toil, he succeeded medical attention that could be procured they died, both on the same day. As I was the only child, the property, of course, came into my possession. Well, it is unnecessary to dwell upon this part of my eventful history, so I will-ignoring several years-proceed

to relate a painful experience. One day our neighborhood was shocked by the discovery that a Mr. It was better to risk re-capture than to John Mapleson, one of the most prominent men in the community, had been murdered. I was particularly shocked upon a farm. Walking up boldly we for during the evening before the mur- entered the house. There was no one der, Mr. Mapleson and I had strolled to- at home except a little girl, about gether through the woods; and starting twelve years old. She was the most to contemplate, he was found near a certain old house where we had separa- was frightened at first, but soon recovted. The next day after the body was found I was arrested, charged with the She exercised a strange influence on me. crime, and, after an examination before Her sweet face at once reminded me a justice of the peace, I was remanded that purity existed in the world. She to jail to await the action of the grand | took a special liking to me, and when jury. It would be in vain to attempt a I hinted that I would like to have an description of my embarrassment-of old suit of clothes, that I was tired of my indignation. Not before I saw my- wearing ugly stipes, she-not knowing self surrounded by iron bars did I real- that she was committing a crime-proize my awful situation. What stung cured for me an old suit of clothes. At me most was that a man named Evans | the gate I kissed her hand. My com--a man whom I well knew and who panions, three vile wretches, were not bore the reputation of being a gentleman-swore that he saw me strike Mr. Mapieson near the old house, but supposing that we were playing with each other, he paid no attention to the affair, but that in horror he soon afterward was a race tor liberty. I was fleet, discovered that Mapleson had been more so than the wretches, About stabbed. He did not stop at this-he the time night set in two of my fellow produced a knife-which he and several other men had seen lying near the one kept close to me. A gun fired. I murdered man-a knife bearing the

initials of my name. The grand jury found an indictment against me, and I was arraigned before | ing a canoe, I crossed the river. The the circuit court. I sold my farm and face of the little girl was constantly employed able counsel, experienced before me. lawyers, who did everything they could for me, but after a tedious trial I was York. In the great city I was comparasentenced to be hanged. A more mis- tively safe. Under an assumed name I erable, utterly disconsolate being never sat in a cell, waiting to be choked to lishment. I bent my every energy to death. Preachers came and prayed for the work, and, from time to time, I was me, but my mind was so distraught promoted. Three years from the time that I could not fix it upon death. One I entered the establishment, I was the preacher, a venerable old man, particu-

larly impressed me. Giver of all good to forgive your sins, money and became wealthy, yet, not Only a few more days now and you will stand at the judgment bar of God. Let fact that I was a convict. me beseech you not to throw your time away. You have friends in beaven, pray for the glorious privilege of meetlife beyond the grave."

"I am not guilty, Mr. Gray." "Oh, young man, de not hold out in implore you, do not perish with a false. hood on your lips." "I tell no falsehood when I swear

that I am innocent," "Mr. Debson, you need not hope for executive clemency. You are very

young, but the governor has refused to do anything in your behalf. "What do you want me to do, Mr.

"Acknowledge your crime and pray God for pardon. "I have committed no crime."

"Think of your perishing soni," "I am innocent, "I see, Mr. Debson, that it is useless

to talk to you. "Yes, on that subejet." you must die,'

"All right." "Good-bye. I bope that the Lord may change your mind,"

When the good man had gone I had said, yet there occurred to me no thought of regret that I had so plainly speken to him, There is a strange an enthusiastic ovation. resignation that comes to a man who is condemned to die. Weary nights of contemplation dull his dread, take off the keen edge of fear. It is not a philosophy; it is a "don't care" which set showed them the Arkansas paper. My tles upon him. I was not afraid to partners were rejoiced. They declared meet the king of the universe, and that such a vindication was worth half knowing that not a shadow of hope a litetime of trouble. remained, I surrendered myself to an

I was not hanged, the governor, on account of my youthfulness, commuted hand and said:
my sentence to imprisonment for life, "I was intima Even this was indescribably awful,

first put on my suit of stripes. The call upon the governor and intercede in thought that I was entirely disgraced your behalf. 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. 1 began to hate me, and the governor himself, came the world, to mock, within myself, the out, and in the presence of a great very idea of honesty and virtue. Sun-crowd thanked the Lord that a great days we were compelled to listen to wrong had been averted. During all not distinguished for eloquence, I the little girl whose beautiful face had sometimes thought that, knowing we banished my intentions of becoming an could not leave the chapel, they took a outlaw. I had gone to the house out, but he did not pay any special one in the neighborhood knew his attention to me. This stung me, and place of residence. One night at a as I sat on a bench looking at him-I | theatre in Little Rock, I saw that face. I cursed the old man: I ought to have ston of the performance, I followed the

gotten the meaning of shame. The uppermost thought in my mind was the thought of escape. I had lost everything but my desire for freedom. "I have seen you My chance came. One night while a she said, number of us were penned in a stockade, near a coal mine, into whose dark vaults we were daily driven, I heard one of the guards say to a companion | ter acquained, that he was so sleepy he could scarcely

hold his eyes open.

to-night. Crawling over where several of my not ashamed of the name, even though it was disgraced. My parents came to intelligence which I had caught. They Arkansaw while I was yery young. My agreed with me that our time had father hating the idea of ever living in come. We kept the secret closely a town, settled in the wilderness, where. guarded, knowing that a general rush would be fatal to our plans. We made in opening up one of the best farms in our stealthy move about 2 c'clock in the State. Being educated and refined, the morning. We climbed the fence my parents were the leaders of our with but little trouble. I passed near neighborhood society, and so familiar one of the guards. He was sitting, did our name become that we were leaned back against a stump, and was known far and wide. Just about the sound asleep. I took his gun and box time I attained my nineteenth year, of cartridges which he had deposited my parents were taken ill of a disease on the ground near him. We spoke which was at that time spreading over not a word until we were fully a half the country, and in spite of the best mile from the scene of our imprisonment. Then we stopped and laughed. 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. go hungry, accordingly we decided to call at the next house. We soon came beautiful child I have ever seen. She ering, she gave us something to eat. impressed by the little girl, and had I

> they would have robbed the house. convicts had been captured. The other heard a yell, Looking around, I saw him fall. The darkness and the dense woods protected me. I escaped. Find-

I succeeded in making my way to New went to work in a manfacturing estabsuperintendent of the entire works. My services became so valuable that I "On, Mr. Debson," said he, "ask the was admitted as a partner. I saved my for a moment did I forget the crushing

One day, while on a ferry boat, I took up a newspaper which some one had left on a chair. Opening it, I saw that

ling head lines appeared the following: "Several years ago a highly respected young man named Henry Debson was such obstinacy. Do not, I beg of you, I | convicted of the crime of murdering one our most prominent citizens, a Mr. Mapleson. Debson was sentenced to tragedy. About a month ago, a man named Evans, who swore that he had seen Debson strike Mapleson and who found, near the scene of the murder, a knife bearing the initials of Debson's name, was taken violently ill. Believing recovery to be impossible, and fearing to die with such a burden on by bitter enmity, had murdered Mapleconfession he began to improve, and "Remember that day after to-morrow soon became so well that he was taken to prison. After a short trial, during which he did not attempt to make a defense, he was sentenced to be hanged. The execution took place last Friday, and was witnessed by a large crowd of mused during a long time over what he people. The public deeply sympathizes had said, yet there occurred to me no with young Debson, and should he ever is the sweetest of all blessings? come back to the State he will receive

I cannot describe my sensations.

I immediate set out for Arkansas. I indeed received an ovation. Mr. Gray, the old minister, took me by the

did not see how his son could commit still, after thinking it over, I concluded that it was better than being hanged.

I shall never forget how I felt when I

long sermons, delivered by preachers this time I had not ceased to think of peculiar delight in lengthening their where I had seen her, but her father, a discourses. One day Mr. Gray came Mr. Miller, had moved away, and no won't say that I was listening to him- I knew it in a moment. At the conclubeen ashamed of myself, but I had for- girl, who in company with an old man, went to a hotel. I introduced myself to Mr. Miller and he introduced me to

"I have seen you before, somewhere,"

"Yon have seen me." "When?"

"I will tell you when we become bet I did tell her-told her one night when she had promised to be myswife. "So am I," the companion replied, Several years have elapsed since our "and, to tell you the truth, I wouldn't | marriage. We live in New York most be surprised if I do some litle nodding of the time and old man Miller lives with us. I have built a monument above Mr. Gray's resting place.

Spanish Vendettas,

About a year ago a gypsy named Moralis was assassinated at Zerza, in the province of Caceres, by one of his comrades named Silra. The latter was in due course tried and condemned to death, but his execution did not satisfy the vengeance of the victim's family. There had been ill-feeling between the two families for three years, but there had been no open quarret until the murder of Moralis. Soon after the execution of the murderer, which took place last month, the two families met on their return from a fair near the town of Caceres. They had their mules and cattle with them. There were about fifty on each side, including women and children. A regular pitched battle ensued, revolvers knives, and sticks being freely used by the men, while the women employed their nails with considerable effect, and the children threw stones indiscriminately. The result of the struggle was that the heads of the two families were both killed, two of the women, and several of the children. There were ten or tweive wounded, and the bodies of the dead were horribly mutilated. If the mounted police had not interrupted the fight, there would have been many more lives lost. Several of the mules were killed, and the baggage of the two families was strewn about in such disorder that the road for nearly half a mile looked as if a large army had beaten a retreat along it.

Substitue For India Rubber.

per and gutta percha. tute for India-rubl not possessed a gun I am sure that According to Sir William Holmes it possesses much of the elasticity of India pursuers came within sight. Then there much of the ductility of gutta-percha without its friability; while an American firm of manufacturers recently pronounced it "the best gum in the world. According to a recent report of Mr. Denman, government botanist, of British Guiana, its strength is very great, and it is specially applicable to belting for machinery. Balata withstands exposure to light and air, whereas gutta percha is apt to deteriorate under exposure. The electrical properties of the gum are also said to be equal to th see of gutta percha. Balata is now regularly collected in British Guiana, but it is usually worked up at home as a superior kind of gutta percha; whereas it is a different gum, being softer at ordinary temperatures and less rigid in cold ones. It appears, in fact, to occupy an intermediate place between India rubber and gutta percha, and is growing in use as it becomes better known.

Overtailing the Brain.

The trouble with a man engaged in perplexing business affairs which overtax his brain, bring about loss of appeing them. Do not think of the tor- it was an Arkansas sheet. The next tite and general prostration is that he tures of death, but think of the sublime moment I was thrilled. Below start. will not resognize that he is a sick man and that he must have rest and medicaments, and meantime turn over his business matters to some well man to manage until he recovers his own health. Instead of pursuing this course ne vexes the tired brain until it gives be hanged, but the governor commuted away altogether. It has always seemed his sentence to imprisonment for life, a sad affair that Horace Greeley could Debson escaped and went, no one not have been taken in hand earlier by knows whither. Now comes the real some firm and judicious physician and made to take the absolute rest he required. A horse may be driven to death, and a man of ambition, energy and will, with a fine nervous organization, will kill himself through abnormal strain if he cannot be arrested in time by friendly interposition and made to give nature a chance to recuperate. his heart, he confessed that he, inspired The loss of weight is often a good test as to the havor that is being made in son. From the very moment of the the system by mental harassment, and when the scales tell this story, a man ought to cry halt! and get rest at all hazards. People of phlegmatic temperament are not usually exposed to danger, but active brains and high strung nerves, when overtaxed, invite the most tragical calamities. Why will men never consider that physical health

An Ancient Prayer Book.

In the Vienna Hotbibliothek, there is parchment MS., written between the ears 1516 and 1519, the private prayer book of the Emperor Charles V. bears the traces of long use. In one place of the book the spot where the Emperor's spectacles used to lie is clearly marked and in other places the names of some of his near relatives are inscribed, as to his Aunt Margaret, the Elector Josehim of Brandenburg and "I was intimate with your father and others. It is adorned with beautiful miniatures by a Netherlandish artist.

The Town of Ayr.

There were the "twa brigs" crossing the yellow flood of the stream, whose current here is muddier than in its windings above the town. Half contemptuously I crossed the larger bridge (I was always an adherent of the testy "auid brig") and walked through the narrow, dirty, almost mediseval street to where the "auld brig" looked down with defiance 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 cobblstones, laid with irregularity, and was so narrow that the two wheelbarrows of the poem would have found difficulty in passing.

The posts at each end prevented the carts from going through, which rattled over its plebeian neighbor, and it was therefore quiet and deserted. At the other end of it was a bold Highlander from the garrison, who had persuaded a young lass (I know her name was Mary, for she looked it) that there was something in the stream of old Ayr that should be investigated, for hand in band they were gazing intently over the edge as I approached. I peeped over, but poor, prosaic mortal! I saw only the yellow current of the river, and therefore, left the bridge and walked slowly up the street to the Tam O'Shanter tavern.

I stumbled up the dark stairs, pushed open the door of a room on my left and walked in. There was nothing remarkable in this little, low-studded room. A deal table ran the length of it, and the wall on either side was lined with stiffbacked 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 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'Shauter tavern; but the houses up and down High street, on which the tavern is situated, are curious old buildings, small and irregular, and suiting the character of a Scottish shire town. At one part of the street a tower proects beyond the line of dwellings, known as the Wallace Tower, built on a lite before the race at \$25 to \$20 against bonnet of felt, when worn with a historic site which had some connection the field. The race was for a cup, woolen suit that matches it exactly in with the Wallace family. Ayr is full of valued at \$1,000, offered by the 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 cottages came into sight, unpretending as all 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 2.20. room of the poet's birth is still in its original fashion. The curious old fire-

"Alloway's auld haunted kirk" is farther along on the same road from Ayr, We had not gone much farther when rubber without its intractability; and and a little place it was, quite out of He does not own a team. His scheme thinnest rags, arose from one of the opening Tam saw the witches.

Witches are proverbial for the ease selves to circumstances; for otherwise they must have felt somewhat crowded, as the kirk seemed hardly large enough for a good-sized horse to turn about in. | a race." The Doon was not far distant. In the time of Burns, the man o'rags informed another direction. But, however that may be, the ride from the kirk to the \$14,239.25; Dwyer Bros., six races and broidery, is worn above a skirt of heavy banks of Doon seemed ridiculously \$8500; B. A. Haggin, \$7975; W. L. Ottoman satin or velvet of deep cactus short, but, doubtless, Cutty Sarks at one's heels lengthened out the time amazingly.

The Doon itself is a picturesque little stream, flowing modestly through the green fields and crossed by a pretty Jennings, three races and \$3105; Mr. bridge. Near it is a monument to taken his cottage in charge. But this was quickly seen and did not particu- Co., two races and \$2600; Mulkey & larly interest me. I retraced my way Co., one race and \$2256.50; J. to the town, left the ubiquitous waiter smiling, and took the train on a little branch railway which connects Ayr and Mauchline, about eleven miles distant.

With a Bulge.

"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."

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

An hour later a curious thing happened in the circus tent, A boy climbe to the top flight of seats and sat down beside a man who had just finished 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
won't tell ma you was 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

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, colored, 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 -Herr H. Moessinger, Frankfort-on-

France's Alexander, recently purchased in this country. -Slipalong 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, 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- band of galloon with a wide fringe atlongs-that of the noblest sport in the category."

-In answer to the question, how is Maud S.? Mr. Burd, her trainer and completed with a fringe of polished driver answered: "I have delivered her rosewood beads shaped like fuchsias. to Mr. Bonner at his stables in New York in better condition than she ever was before. Mr. Bonner intends driving her for a short time and then turnon the wall at the chimney place with ing her out for the winter. I do not believe there is any foundation to 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 ber to come out in the spring and beat

-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 of the Times, and a purse of \$7,125. Pilot Knox won the first heat, Leating

his own record by 11 seconds. Time, 2.193. When the horses were called for the second heat it was announced that Westmont had been drawn, having become slightly lame. In the second beat Pilot Knox won in 2.201, King Wilkes second, Montgomery The third heat was very exciting, Pilot Knox winning by a neck, Montgomery second, King Wilkes third, Time,

-Frank Siddal said recently in reference to the challenge by Gabe Case to The dried milk of the bullet tree, or place, the stiff, old-fashioned chairs, match a pair against the pacers, that he Mimusopsglobosa, from Guiana, is like- the sptnning-wheel in the corner, and had paid no attention to the challenge ly to come into greater use as a substi- the bed, built into the wall like a cup- and would not do so. "It is simply a part and I knew as soon as I read the challenge that it was not bona fide. proportion to its fame. As I approached is probably this: He will fix up his it a picturesque object, clad in the track and hire a scrub team to pit against mine. He would not race for graves and hastened to point out all the more than one thousand dollars, but details in the broadest Scotch. Here in would probably have no trouble in front was the grave of Robin's father. selling five thousand tickets at two Here within the building sat Old Nick dollars apiece. After deducting all his in a favorite niche, and through this expenses he would have a neat little sum remaining as the fruits of his venture. He would not have any with which they accommodate them- trouble in drawing a crowd of that size at that price. No, sir; I didn't buy the team for racing purposes and don't think that they will ever be entered in

> -The principal winning stables at me, the old road approached the kirk in Island Jockey Club were as follows: The Rancocas Stable, two races and Patton, two races and \$6140.50; R. P. blue. Ashe, three races and \$3175; D. O'Connor, three races and \$3175; Preakness Stable, three races and \$3596; William Kelso, two races and \$2190; William Burns, erected by the society which has | Lakeland, two races and \$2190; N. W. Kittson, one race and \$2121; Blohm & McDonald, one race and \$1880; M. T. Danaher, three races and \$1825; George L. Lorillard, two races and \$1755; Davis & Hall, one race and \$1740; P. C. Fox, two races and \$1840; Hayden & Barry, one race and \$1500; A. Shields, one race and \$1500; E. Corrigan, two races and \$1430; R. C. Pate, one race and \$1309; A. W. Weingardt, two races and \$1195; J. W. Thayer, one race and 1095; E. J. Baldwin, \$1018; M. N. Nolan, one race and \$1000; G. B. Buchanan, one race and \$900; F. T. Walton, one race and \$850; William Donohue, one race and \$825.

-The tamous brood-mare Ivy Leaf. property of General W. G. Harding, died at the Belle Mead Stud, Nashville, Tenn., on September 17, from colic. She was a chestnut, bred at Woodburn Farm, Kentucky, by the late R. A. Alexander, foaled 1867, and by imported Australian, dam Bay Flower, by Lexington, out of Bay Leaf, by imported Yorkshire. The following is a list of her produce:

1872-Missed to Enquirer. glass of lemonade and was lighting a 1873-Ch. c. Bazar (Waddell), by Jack Malone. 1874-Lost foal by imp. Bonnie Scot-1875-B. c. Bramble, by imp. Bonnie

1876-B. f. Bonnie Leaf, by imp. Bonnie Scotland. 1877-Ch. f. Bye-and-Bye, by imp. Bonnie Scetland. 1878-B. f. Brambaletta, by imp. Bonme Scotland.

1879-Ch. f. (died), by imp. Bonnie Scotland. 1880-Lost foal by imp. Bonnie Scotland. 1881-Ch. f. Eclat, by Enquirer,

1882-Ch. c. Thistle, by imp. Great

1883—Ch. c. by imp. Great Tom. 1884—Ch. c. by Luke Blackburn.

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 Dresdenthan elsewhere; they are known as Saxony gloves, although of the soft undressed kid cailed

the-Main, Germany, has bought from Herr Prince Smith, Vienna, the stallion gray or tanzcolored mohair. This ma--New traveling dresses are made of terial sheds the dust easily, and is comfortable 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 Ziblinette, sprinkled with tiny flecks of gold.

-One of the new trimmings is a wide tached, of two shades of olive wood beads, exquisitely carved, intermingled with finely carved black wood beads

-Small pelerines of muslin or etamine are very graceful. These pelerines 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 perfect taste, 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 trimming, and the ties, to be in keeping, should be of lace or tulle.

-The crowns of many new felt bonnets are quite crescent shape, lying flat were made. Pilot Knox was the favor- to the head. A perfectly plain princesse 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.

-It depends on the weather whether the excessively high bonnet trimmings will be ridiculous or otherwise. It is oney-making scheme on Mr. Case's not every face that can bear gilt feathers and bright colors piled up above it. so unless you are very sure of the becomingness keep the feathers and topknots of velvet down to quiet colors, otherwise they may transform an elegant woman into a coarse and vulgar show block. Individual taste and pecomingness are the only safe rules now for "what is worn."

-Cashmeres, both dressed and undressed, with machine-wrought embroideries in colors and metallic threads woven to resemble the richest applique work, are being made up in deep French polonaise shapes, to wear over skirts of velvet, poplin, and satin. These are so effective and rich looking that dinner, opera, and reception toilets of them are considered altogether the autumn meeting of the Coney distingue, For instance, a "Louise" polonaise of pale champignon woolen, wrought in point "coupe" or solid em-Scott, one race and \$6745; Morris & red, Vandyke brown, or dark sapphire

> -Black satin ribbon, with gold picot edges, is used to trim black velvet bonnets. The stylish high bows are full and more like a half rosette than a bow. Of ribbon two and a half inches wide six loops are made, each being deeper than the width of the ribbon, and two pointed ends are added; they are then strapped closely and set erect just back of the brim on top of the bonnet or slightly toward the left side. A bit of stiff net is the foundation for holding these loops. A skield-headed enamelled pm or perhaps two quills of feathers or of beads in quill shape are thrust through them. Still other cockade bows are made of velvet or plush cut from the piece and bunched in carelesslooking fashion.

-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 popular and a broad satin ribbon ties in these quaint coats. All that is necessary is a plain sacque 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-Striped flannels and camel's hair make the coats, or for very little children plain double cashmere or bright plaid cheviots.

-- 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 pannels, also covered with lace, fall on each side, gathered in the middle, a trimming of superposed lace flounce; 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 quilled ruffle to the waist; long loops of ribbon are attached on the left side; the sieeves are finished at the elbow by a trimming of lace, with a bow of ribbon,