## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE BROOKLYN PREACHER.

Subject: "Divinity in the Stars."

TEXT: "Seek Him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."-Amos v., S.

A country farmer wrote this text-Amos of Tekoa. He plowed the earth and thrashed the grain by a new thrashing machine just invented, as formerly the cattle trod out the He gathered the fruit of the sycamore tree and scarified it with an iron comb just before it was getting ripe, as it was necessary and customary in that way to take from it the bitterness. He was the son of a poor shepherd and stuttered, but before the stammering rustic the Philistines and Syrians and Phoenicians and Moabites and Ammonites and Edomites and Israelites trem

Moses was a law giver, Daniel was a prince, Isaian a courtier and David a king; but Amos, the author of my text, was a peasant, and, as might be supposed, nearly all his parallelisms are pastoral, his proph-ecy full of the odor of new mown hay, and the rattle of locusts, and the rumble of carts with sheaves, and the roar of wild beasts devouring the flock while the shepherd came out in their defense. He watched the herds by day, and by night inhabited a booth made out of bushes, so that through these he could see the stars all night long, and was more familiar with them than we who have tight roofs to our houses and hardly ever se the stars, except among the tall brick chimneys of the great towns. But at sea sons of the years when the herds were in special danger, he would stay out in the open field all through the darkness, his only shelter the curtain of the night heaven, with the stellar embroideries and silver tassels of

What a life of solitude, all alone with his herds! Poor Amos! And at 12 o'clock at night bark to the wolf's bark, and the lion's roar, and the bear's growl, and the owl's te-whitte-who, and the serpent's hiss, as he unwit-tingly steps too near while moving through tingly steps too near while moving through the thickets! So Amos, like other herdsmen, got the habit of studying the map of the heavens, because it was so much of the time spread out before him. He notice! some stars advancing and others receding. He associated their dawn and setting with certain seasons of the year. H had a postic nature, and he read night by night, and month by month, and year by year, the poem of the constellations, divinely rhythmic. But two rosettes of stars especially attracted his attention while seated on cially attracted his attention while seated on the ground or lying on his back under the open scroll of the midnight heavens—the Pleiades, or Seven Stars, and Orion. The former group this rustic prophet associated with the spring, as it rises about the first of May. The latter he associated with the winter, as it comes to the meridian in January. The Pleiades, or Seven Stars, connected with all sweetness and joy; Orion, the herald of the tempest. The ancient were the more apt to study the physiognomy and juxtaposition of the heavenly bodies, because they thought they had a special in fluence upon the earth, and perhaps they were right. If the moon every few hours lifts and lets down the tides of the Atlantic ocean, and the electric storms of the sun, by all scientific admission, affect the earth, why not the stars have proportionate effect?

And there are some things which make me think that it may not have been all superstition which connected the movements and appearance of the heavenly bodies with great moral events on earth. Did not a mateor run on evangelistic errand on the first Christmas night and designate the rough cradle of our Lord? Did not the stars their courses fight against Siseca? Was it merely coincidental that before the destruc-Wasit tion of Jerusalem the moon was eclipsed for twelve con utive nights? Did it happen so that a new star appeared in con-stellation Cassiopeia, and then disappeared just before King Charles IX of France, who was responsible for the St. Bartholomew died? Was it without significance that in the days of the Roman emperor Jus-tinian war and famine were preceded by the dimness of the sun, which for nearly a year gave no more light than the moon, alth there were no clouds to obscure it:

Astrology, after all, may have been something more than a brilliant heathenism. der that Amos of the text, having heard these two anthems of the stars, put down the stout rough staff of the he into his brown hand and cut and knotted fingers the pen of a prophet and advised the recreant people of his time to return to God, saying, "Seek Him that return to God, saying, "Seek Him tha maketh the the Seven Stars and Orion." This command, which Amos gave 785 years B. C., is just as appropriate for us, 1893

In the first place, Amos saw, as we must and Orion must be the God of order. was not so much a star here and a there that impressed the inspired herdsman, but seven in one group and seven in the other group. He saw that night after night and season after season and decade after de cade they had kept step of light, each one in its own place, and sisterhood never clashing and never contesting precedence. From the time Hesiod called the Pleiades the "seven daughters of Atlas," and Virgil wrote in his Æneid of "Stormy Orion" until now, they have observed the order established for their coming and going; order writen not in man-uscript that may be pigeonholed, but with the hand of the Almighty on the gome of the sky, so that all nations may read it. Order. Persistent order. Sublime order. Omnipo-

tent order.

What a sedative to you and me, to whom communities and nations sometimes seem going pellmell, and world ruled by some fiend at haphazard and in all directions maladministration! The God who keeps seven worlds in right circuit for six thous and years can certainly keep all the affairs of individuals and nations and continents in djustment. We had not better fret much for the peasant's argument of the text was right. If God can take care of the seven worlds of the Pleiades and the four chief worlds of Orion, He can probably take care of the one world we inhabit.

So I feel very much as my father felt one day when we were going to the country mill to get a grist ground, and I, a boy of seven years, sat in the back part of the wagon, and our yoke of oxen ran away with us and along a labyrinthine road through the woods, so that I thought every moment we should be dashed to pieces, and I made a terrible out-cry of fright, and my father turned to me with a face perfectly calm, and said: "De Witt, what are you crying about? I guest we can ride as fast as the oxen can run." And,my hearers, why should we be affrighted and lose our equilibrium in the swift movement of worldly events, especially when we are assured that it is not a yoke of unbroken

steers that are drawing us on, but that or-der and wise government are in the yoke? In your occupation, your mission, your sphere, do the best you can and then trust to God; and if all things are all mixed and disquieting, and your brain is hot and your heart sick, get some one to go out with you into the stariight and point out to you the Pleiades, or, better than that, get into some observatory, and through the telescope see Pleiades, or, better than that, get into some observatory, and through the telescope see further than Amos with the naked evecould—namely, two hundred stars in the Pieudes, and that in what is called the sword of Orion there is a nebula computed to be two trillion, two hundred thousand billions times larger than the sun. Oh, beat peace with the God who made all that and controls all that—the wheel of the constellations turning in the wheel of galaxies for thousands of years without the breaking of a cog or the slipping of a band or the snap of an axle. For your placidity and comfort through the Lord Jesus Christ I charge you, "Seek Him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two groups of the text was the God of light. Amos saw that God was not satisfied with making one star or three stars, but He makes seven; and having finished that group of worlds makes another

group—group after group. To the Pleiades He aids Orion. It seems that God likes light so well that He keeps making it. Only one being in the universe knows the statistics o solar, iunar, stellar, meteoric creations, and that is the Creator Himself. And they have all been lovingly christened, each one a name as distinct as the names of your children. "He telleth the number of the stars; He calleth them all by their names." The seven Pleiades had names given to them, and they are Alcyone, Merope, Celæno, Electra, Sterope, Taygete and Maia.

But think of the billions and trillions of daughters of starry light that God calls by name as they sweep by Him with beaming brow and lustrous robe! So fond is God of light—natural light, moral light, spiritual light. Again and again is light harnessed for symbolization—Christ, the bright morning star; evangelization, the day-break; the redemption of nations, Sun of Righteousnes rising with healing in His wings. O men and women, with so many sorrows and sins and perplexities, if you want light of comfort, light of pardon, light of goodness, in earnest prayer through Christ, "Seek Him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion.

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that Again, Awos saw, as we must see, that the God who made there we dearch a configuration of stars and a configuration of stars and a configuration of stars and a configuration of the stars and the graphic to watch the amount of the there is a configuration of the figuration of the first there also and the Edelia of the first the configuration of the first the first the first the configuration of the first the first the first the first the first the configuration of the first the there had been no change in his lifetime. father, a shepherd, reported to him that ance in this herdsman's lifetime, and his -wedde relies ent up except ou used pru culates the clipses; the same as when Elihu, according to the book of Job, went out to study the aurora borealis; the same under Ptelemaic system and Copernican system; the same from Calisthenes to Pythagoras, and from Pythagoras to Herschel. Surely, a changeless God must have fash-ioned the Pleiades and Orion! Oh, what an anodyne amid the ups and downs of life, an t the flux and reflux of the tides of prosparity to know that we have a changeless God, the

same "yesterday, to-day and forever!" Xerxes garlanded and knighted the steers man of his boat in the morning and hanged him in the evening of the same day. The world sits in its chariot and drives tandem, and the horse ahead is Huzza and the horse behind is Anathems. Lord Cobham, in King James's time, was applauded, and had thirty-five thousand dollars a year, but was afterward execrated and lived on scraps stolen from the royal kitchen. Alexander the Great after death remained unburied for thirty days, because no one would do the honor of shoveling him under. The Duke of Wellington refused to have his iron fence mended because it had been broken by an infuriated populace in some hour of political ment, and he left it in ruins that men night learn what a fickle thing is human avor. "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting to them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto the chil dren's children of such as keep His covenant, and to those who remember His commandments to do them." This moment "Seek Him that maketh the Seven Stars and

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two beacons of the oriental night sky must be a God of love and kindly warning. The Pleiades rising in midsky said to all the herdsmen and shepaerds and husbandmen, "Come out and enjoy the mild weather and cultivate your gardens and fields." Orion, coming in wingardens and heids. Orion, coming in win-ter, warned them to prepare for tempest. All navigation was regulated by these two constellations. The one said to shipmaster and crew, "Hoist sail for the sea and gather merchandise from other lands." But Orion was the storm signal, and said, "Reef sail, make things snug or put into harbor, for hurricanes are getting their wings out.' the Pleiades were the sweet evangels of the spring, Orion was the warning prophet of the winter.

There are two kinds of never want to preach—the one that presents God so kind, so indulgent, so lenient, so imbecile that men may do what they will against Him and fracture His every law and put the pry of their impertinence and re-bellion under His throne and while they are spitting in His face and stabbing at His heart. He takes them up in His arms and kiss s their infuriated brow and cheek, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The other kind of sermon I never want to preach is the one that represents God as all fire and torture and thundercloud, and with red hot pitchfork tossing the human race into paroxysms of infinite agony. The ser-mon that I am now preaching believes in a God of loving, kindly warning, the God of spring and winter, the God of Pleiades and Orion.

You must remember that the winter is just as important as the spring. Let one winter pass without frost to kill vegetation and ice to bind the rivers and snow to enrica our fields, and then you will have to enlarge your hospitals and your cemetaries. "A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard," was the old proverb. Storms to purify the air. Thermometer at ten degrees above zero to tone up the system. December and Jan-uary just as important as May and June. I tell you we need the storms of life just as much as we do the sunshine. There are more men ruined by prosperity than by adversity. If we had our own way in life before this we would have been impersonations of selfish-ness and worldliness and disgusting sin, and puffed up until we would have been like Julius Cæsar, who was made by sycophante to believe that he was divine, and that the freckles on his face were as stars of the firm-

One of the swiftest transatlantic voyages One of the swiftest transatiantic voyages made last summer by our swiftest steamer was because she had a stormy wind abaft, chasing her from New York to Liverpool. But to those going in the opposite direction the storm was a buffeting and a hindrance. It is a bad thing to have a storm shead, pushing us back; but if we be God's children and aiming toward heaven the storms of life will colve chase us the scorar into the life will only chase us the sooner into the harbor. I am so glad to believe that the monsoons and typhoons and mistrals and siroccos of the land and sea are not unchained maniacs let loose upon the earth but are under divine supervision! I am so glad that the God of the Seven Stars is also the God of Orion! It was out of Dante's suffering came the sublime "Divina Commedia," and out of John Milton's blindnes came "Paradise Lost," and out of miserable infidel attack came the "Bridgewater nfidel attack came the "Bridgewater freatise" in favor of Christianity, and out of David's exile came the songs of consolation, and out of the sufferings of come the possibility of the world's relemp-tion, and out of your bereavement, you

persecution, your poverties, your mistor-tunes may yet come an eternal heaven. Oh, what a mercy it is that in the text and on, what a mercy it is that in the text and all up and down the Bible God induces us to look out toward other worlds! Bible astronomy in Genesis, in Johua, in Job, in the Psalms, in the prophets, major and minor, in St. John's Apocalypse, practically saying: "World's! worlds! Get ready for them!" We have a nice little world have that we stick to, as though losing that we lose all. We are afraid of failing off this little raft of a world. We are afraid that some meteoric iconoclast will some night smash it, and we want everything to revolve around it, and are disappointed when we find that it revolves around the sun instead of the sun revolving around it. What a fuss we make about this little bit of a world its existence only a short time between two spasms, the paroxysm by which it was hurled from chaos into order, and the paroxysm of

its demolition.

And I am glad that so many texts call us to look off to other worlds, many of them larger and grander and more resplendent.

"Look there," says Job, "at Mazaroth and Arcturus and his sous!" "Look there," says St. John, "at the moon under Christ's feet!" "Look there," says Joshua, "at the sun standing still above Gibeon!" "Look there," says Moses, "at the sparkling firmament!" "Look there," says Amos, the herdsman, "at the Seven Stars and Orion!" Doo't let us be so sad

about those who shove off from this world under Christly pilotage. Don't let us be so agitated about our going off this little barge or sloop or canal boat of a world to get on some Great Eastern of the heavens. Don't let us persist in wanting to stay in this barn, this shed, this out-house of a world when all the King's palaces already occupied by many of our best friends are swinging wide open

When I read, "In My Father's house are many mansions," I do not know but that each world is a room, and as many rooms as there are worlds, stellar stairs, stellar gal-leries, stellar hallways, stellar windows, stellar domes. How our departed friends must pity us, shut up in these cramped apartments, tired if we walk fifteen miles, when they some morning, by one stroke of wing, can make circuit of the whole stellar system and be back in time for matins. Perhaps yonder twinkling constellation is ence of the martyrs; that group of twelve luminaries is the celestial home of the apostles. Perhaps that steep of light is the dwelling place of angels cherubic, seraphic, archangelic. A mansion with as many rooms as worlds, and all their windows illu

Oh, how this widens and lifts and stimuthe present and how stupendous it makes the present and how stupendous it makes the future! How it consoles us about our pious dead, who, instead of being boxed up and under the ground, have the range of as many rooms as there are worlds, and come everywhere, for it is the Father's house, in which there are many mansions! Ob, Lord God of the Seven Stars and Orion, how can I endure the transport, the ecstasy of such a vision! I must obey my text and seek Him. I will seek Him. I seek Him now, for I call to mind that it is not the material universe that is most valuable, but the spiritual, and that each of us has a soul worth more than all the worlds which the inspired herdsman saw from his booth on the hills

I had studied it before, but the Cathedral of Cologue, Germany, never impressed me as it did the last time I saw it. It is admitted the grandest gothic structure in the world, its foundation laid in 1248, only eight or nine years ago completed. More than six hundred years in building. All Europe taxed for its construction. Its chapel of the hundred years in building. All Europe taxed for its construction. Its chapel of the Magi with precious stones enough to purchase a kingdom. Its chapel of St. Agnes with master-pieces of painting. Its spire springing five hundred and eleven feet into the heavens. Its stained glass the chorus of the beavens. Its stained glass the chorus of the colors. all rich colors. Status encircling the pillars and encircling all. Statues above statues until sculpture can do no more, but raints and falls back against carved stalls and down on pavements over which the kings and queens of the earth have walked to confession. Nave of the earth have walked to confession. Nave and aisles and transept and portals combining the splendors of sunrise. Interlaced, interfoliated, intercolumned grandeur. As I stood outside looking at the double range of flying buttresses and the forest of pinnacles, higher and higher and higher, until I almost reeled from dizziness, I exclaimed: "Great doxology in stone! Frozen prayer of many retions."

But while standing there I saw a poor man enter and put down his pack and kneel be-side his burden on the hard floor of that cathedral. And tears of deep emotion came into my eyes as I said to myself: "There is a soul worth more than all the finaterial sur-roundings. That man will live after the last pinnacle has fallen, and not one stone of all that cathedral glory shall remain uncrum-bled. He is now a Luzaras in ragbled. He is now a Luzaras in rag-and poverty and weariness, but immos-tal and a son of the Lord Goi. Almighty, and the prayer he now offers, though amid many superstitions, I believe God will hear, and among the apos-ties whose sculptured forms stand in the sur-rounding niches he will at last he lifted and rounding nuches he will at last be lifted, and into the presence of that Christ whose sufferings are represented by the crucian be-fore which he bows, and be raised in due time out of all his poverties into the glorious home built for him and built for us by"Him who maketh the Seven Stars and Orion.'

### How Was It Done?

The following has been submitted for publication in this department: A chambermaid is said to have put twelve commercial travelers into eleven bed-rooms, and yet to have given each man a separate apartment. Here we have the eleven rooms:

## 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11

"Now," said she, "if you two gentlemen will go into bedroom No. 1 and wait a few minutes I'll find a spare room for one of you as soon as I have shown the others their rooms." Having thus stowed the first two in No. 1, she put the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9 and the eleventh in No. 10. Having completed the task she went back to room No. 1, where you will remember she had left the twelfth gentleman along with the first, and said: "I have now furnished each of the others with a room, and have a room to spare; if you please, step into room No. 11 and you will find it empty." How was it done! -St. Louis Republic.

## Big Grapevines.

There is a phenomenal grapevine in Gaillac, a southern town in France. Although the plant is only ten years old, it selded last year 1287 bunches of delicious fruit. There is but one vine which excels this wonderful shrub, and that is the noted historical vine of Hampton Court, England, which was planted in 1768, and now measures forty-seven yards. In the first year of the last comet it gave from its single growth over 2500 bunches of grapes. The fruit from this vine is kept exclusively for the use of the table of the Queen, and the surplus is made into wine for Her Majesty and her samily .- Baltimore American.

## To Remedy the Smokeless Powder.

A certain Herr Paul Riehm has invented a mist or fog ball with which to envelop your enemy in a deep mist-nay, even a thick fog-which shall not be surpassed, claims the intentor, even by a London particular. These fog balls are easily-broken spheres, containing ammonia and acids, which upon escaping create a fog that envelops all around it until blown away by the wind. Battles, though, are not always fought on windless, calm days. But, says the inventor, with this fog around them it will be impossible for the enemy to find the range or to reply to the fire of the attack .-- Western News.

# The Elevated Railways.

On the Sixth Avenue line in New York City, there are 500 trains daily each way; on the Third Avenue line, 504 trains; or the Second Avenue line, 272 trains-each way daily. The trains are run from one minute to eight minutes apart, depending upon the hour of the day. From midnight to 5 A. M., fifteen minutes apart. Fare, five cents .- Scien-

#### LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

WOMEN PHRENOLOGISTS.

Among the curious additions to the professions of women is the woman phrenologist. She is fast gaining in popularity, and, in short, it is expected she will rival the fortune-teller in her mysticisms, and trickeries, though, of course, you must admit that she has science of a certain kind on her side. Just now she is quite a refined faddist and performs only among the select "400," who pay her amuse only those of their set. -[San Francisco Examiner.

OLD FASHIONS REVIVED.

In looking over a rare old book of illustration of fashions 120 years ago it is noted that many of the modes of the present day are almost identical in feature with those of long ago. For instance, the bell skirt, with borders, ruches and other horizontal trimmings; bodices with round waists finished with clasps, girdles and chatelaine ornaments; the leg-o'-muttop sleeve buttoned half way up the arm, etc. These fashion prints also show the coiffure corresponding in several styles to the present method of arranging the hair .- [Chicago Post.

WOMEN KEEPING BANK ACCOUNTS.

The president of one of the big uplown banks, situated near Murray Hill, tells me that during the past few years a wonderful change has come over womankind. Hundreds of women now keep small bank accounts and when they pay their bills they draw checks for the amounts, just the same as men and thus avoid a good deal of annoyance. Time was when women were as much afraid of keeping a bank acount as of a buzz saw in action, and they grew nervous, blushed and hemmed and hawed when they signed a check. All this is changed now. New York women are becoming accustomed to business ways. They no longer carry rolls of bills in their pockets or knotted in their handkerchiefs. Instead they carry dainty little check books. It's the fashion, and who ever knew a New York woman to be out of the fashion? -[New York Mail and Express.

WOMAN'S STATUS IN CHINA.

During her first ten years the girl enjoys as much freedom as a boy-Like a boy, she wears her hair in a long "pigtail," and frequently goes about in boy's attire, especially where there are no sons in the family, for in that case the Chinese wish to maintain the illusion that the house is not without male decendants. During this time also, no matter what her station, she is trained in all household duties and woman's handicrafts, writes Professor Arendt in the Chautauquan. A high value is put on becoming demeanor, decent bearing and clothing, and in many houses it is considered a | very bright blues. point of honor for the daughter to be able to prepare a large part of her dowry with her own hand.

While the Chinese girl may be no less fortunate than a European child. during these years of impressionable childhood the Chinese parents, with few exceptions, commit the first wrong to their daughters by letting them grow up without any schooling. This applies especially to the North; in the South, particularly in the Quang-Tong province, in which Canton lies, a better report was obtained; although there education among women did not begin to be so common as among men, there were a few schools for girls under women's direction, while many

HOW MEN PROPOSE.

The I. S. O. S. Club was talking the matter over a few evenings ago and one woman held the floor.

"Of course, Charlie's case has brought the matter forcibly before me just now," she said mournfully; "but I always have contended that men don't know when and how to propose. I've refused at least three whom I'd have married if they had asked me at the right time."

A woman in a brown ulster, who might have been bad policy to marry all of them, but the speaker treated this remark with the contempt it de-

"Charlie, you know," she went on, "poured the story of his passion into my ear at Harrigan's Theatre, during a performance of the "Last of the Hogans," and while the Knights of the trains; on the Ninth Avenue line, 205 Mystic Shrine were singing their touching lay. He said it reminded him that he had been worshipping at a certain shrine, etc. I refused him on the spot.

"A man whom I'll call George popular.

selected a particularly cold evening last month, when the mercury was burrowing in the ground, and made his little speech on my front steps. My teeth were chattering, my nose was red. I had a cold in the head and it was getting worse every minute.

My refusal of George was kind but prompt." "My experience was worse than that," said another member. "The youth proposed to me at supper, after the theatre, and his remarks were varied by bites of bread and butter,

a goodly sum to keep exclusive and and by delicate attentions in the way of urging food upon me. I actually became so confused before he got through that I didn't know whether he was offering me himself or the cold chicken. Anyhow, I declined them both. I want a man who can stop eating long enough to ask a woman to be his wife."

"The most interesting proposal of my experience," remarked a third, "was that of an absent-minded young man who used notes. I was giving a little reception, and of course, my time was much occupied. The young man realized that this would be the case and, to facilitate matters, he brought with him a memorandum. I afterwards found it on the floor, where he had dropped it in his agi-

"Mention raise in salary.

"Mention loneliness.
"Mention pleasure in her society.

"Mention prospects from Uncle Jim.
"Never loved before.

"I'm being a sister to him now."

"You're all very critical," said the President, "but what do you think a man ought to do?"

"He should exercise tact," said one. "He should wait until the two are alone, with no chance of interruption," said another.

"He should be sure that the surroundings are in harmony with the

"He should give his undivided attention to the woman." Above all this rose the quiet voice

of a little woman who had not spoken "The man who doesn't propose at

the right time is exasperating," she said softly; "but what of the man who doesn't propose at all?"

There was a sudden calm, and over the face of every member settled a look of patient suffering .-- [New York World.

FASILION NOTES.

Plaids and checks are very large at

Enameled jewelry is made to imitate rosettes and bows of ribbon.

Spangles of different sizes and colors are employed in profusion for trim-

Striped taffetas sprinkled with jardimere effects are only found in light, delicate shades.

Blue, in all shades, is in great demand, and especially the medium and

A pretty fashion for dressing the hair is the use of soft puffs fastened

with jeweled pins. linmense buttons of bone, ivcsy or smoked pearl fasten the openings on

long basques or jackets. The newest skirt is either the um-

brella shape or that with a crosswise seam down the centre of the front. The buttonnole flower of the season

is the green pink. Thanks to chemical invention everything can be changed now to suit fashionable caprice. The green pink looks like tissue paper cleverly cut. It is frightful, but correct.

Evening gowas are made of veloureceived instruction from private tines, of very heavy soft silks emteachers at the homes of their par- broldered in Byzantine patterns, silken crepes, changeable gauze embroidered in Japanese designs, bamboos and chrysanthemums in silken and golden

The most popular wrappers just now are dainty, airy creations, to be worn over the night-robe. These are of India silk, accordion-plaited from top to toe. A bow, made of wide satin ribbon with long ends, is tied at the collar, and the ends should fall to the bottom of the wrapper.

The newest dress wraps are a sort of princess garment with doublesat off in one corner, suggested that it breasted front opening down the entire length of the side over a panel of some centrasting material. There are full elbow sleeves of plain goods edged with fur, over close-fitting sleeves of the material like the panel.

Black silks are to be worn more than ever for dress occasions, but they will be brightened up by admixtures. A front and sleeves of black silk, with a rosebud spray, will be used with the plain goods. They will also be made with narrow ruffles around the skirteach ruffle headed with a colored gimp. The Louis Quatorze waist will remain | put upon strings .- [St. Louis Rep ab-

#### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

FREE THOROUGHFARE. In hollow trees Live white owis, chipmunks, bats, and bees. If I were a chipmunk, bat, or bee, I'd pack my stores in an empty tree!

Under the ground Ants and beetles and snakes are found: And troth! the snake with a leather skin Needs a cellar to hide him in!

By the brook's brink, Splash! go the beaver, muskrat, mink. Clasped in a doublet close as he, A beaver's hut were the place for me!

High o'er the rocks, Lord of his watch-tower, dwells the fox; Were I more fleet than the west wind is, I'd have a staircase steep as his!

Of nose and beak, Tooth and tail, it were long to speak; Every creature I much admire Who lives in winter and needs no fire. Whome'er one meets

Has roofed his chamber or paved his streets; Yet of all their wits, not one, you see, Has learned the secret of lock and key. -[Dora R. Goodale, in Harper's Young People.

GOLDEN RULE ARITHMETIC. "Phil," whispered little Kenneth Brooks, "Twe got a secret to tell you after school."

"Nice?" asked Phil.

"Yes," was the answer-"nice for

"Oh!" said Phil; and his eyebrows fell. He followed Kenneth around behind the school-house after school to hear the secret.

"My Uncle George," said Kenneth, "has given me a ticket to go and see the man that makes canary birds off pistols and all that. Ever see him?"

"No," said Phil, hopelessly. "Well, it's first-rate, and my ticket will take me in twice," said Kenneth, cutting a little caper of delight.

"Same thing both times?" asked "No, sir-ree; new tricks every time. I say, Phil!" Kenneth continued, struck with the other's mournful look,

"I ain't got any Uncle George," said

"won't your Uncle George give you

"That's a fact. How about your mother, Phil?"

"Can't afford it," answered Phil, with his eyes on the ground.

Kenneth took his ticket out of his pocket and looked at it. It certainly promised to admit the bearer into Mozart Hall two afternoons. Then he looked at Phil, and a secret which stole into his heart that he hadn't said anything about his ticket; but, after a few moments' struggle, "Phil," he cried, "I wonder if the man wouldn't change this, and give me two tickets that would take you and me in one

Phil's eyes grew bright, and a happy smile crept over his broad little

"Do you think he would?" he asked,

window at the hall.

"Let's try." said Kenneth; and the two little boys started off to the office-

"But Kenneth," said Phil, stopping short, "it ain't fair for me to take vour ticket."

"It is, though," answered his friend, stoutly, "cause I'll get more fun from going once with you than twice by myself."

This settled the matter, and Phit gave in. "So you want two tickets for one

time?" said the agent. "Yes, sir," said Kenneth, taking off his sailor hat-"one for me and one for Phil, you know."

"You do arithmetic by the Golden Rule down here, don't you?" asked the ticket-man.

"No, sir; we use Ray's Practical," answered the boys; and they didn't know for a long time what that man meant by the Golden Rule .- [Daughters of America

## Okra or Gumbo.

The okra is a native of the West Indies, writes C. W. Murtfeldt. It is one of the most delicate of vegetables, often given to invalids whose stomachs will refuse almost everything else. It is mostly used in soups and stews,

This esculent requires also a warm, rich soil and frequent cultivation. Like the asparagus, it needs cutting every day when the seed pods are formed. If left over a day or two longer they become woody and tasteless and indigestible.

It should be sown in May when the season is well advanced, the soil warm, in rows about three feet apart. The seeds are quite large and hard; a twenty-four hours' soaking in warm water will help their germination. The dwarf variety is preferred for the family garden. The seed pods (the parts used for table) can also be used when prepared as dried apples are,