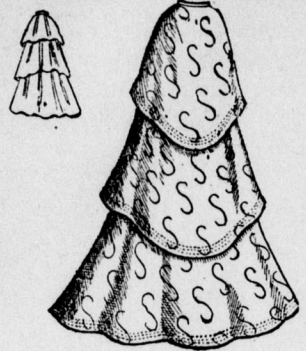


NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—The new skirts do not show any great difference as yet from those of last season. They are all close fitting, but



A TYPE OF THE NEW SKIRTS.

not exaggeratedly so; and, oddly enough, all those that are intended for stout women are made with a small bustle, to be worn about two inches below the waist directly in the middle of the back. The reason for this is, that any skirt that fits perfectly flat in the back emphasizes the width across the hips, whereas the small bustle that is round in shape, and attached to the ends on either side in the middle of the back by a belt, gives another line that breaks the look of width, and also makes the skirt hang much better. This bustle should be of hair, and should not measure over six inches in width and three in length. All the tailors put it



LADIES' GOWN OR WRAPPER.

in their new skirts. The skirts, by-the-way, are not to be quite so long—those to be worn in the street—and it is said that there is every probability of going back to the sensible short skirt. Certain it is that some very smart gowns are in process now that clear the ground, but as the present style of skirt is very difficult to manufacture in any graceful way when it is cut short, the probabilities are that the cheaper quality of skirt will continue to be long. In making up a winter costume it would be well to get the very best pattern and the very latest one, and to avoid any extreme. The smart look that is necessary, and that is difficult to obtain on a plain skirt unless it is well cut, can this year be had by using some of the new trimmings which are very cleverly made both in passmenterie and in velvet. Some kind dressmakers are telling their customers that in buying material for the autumn gowns it is well to get an extra width, for if they should be a sudden change from the narrow sheath-like skirt to a wider, the material will be on hand to make the alteration. This alteration, though, will not be needed for some months to come.

Stylish and Serviceable Gown.

Black polka dots on a mauve ground was shown in the fine French flannel which formed the model for the serviceable and stylish gown illustrated in the large engraving. The feather stitching is of black embroidery silk and a frilling of inch-wide mauve satin ribbon edges the turn down collar and openings of sleeves.

ribbon or cordeliere may be worn around the waist.

The one-seamed shirt waist sleeves are gathered top and bottom in moderate fulness opened at the back, and joined to a square cuff of fashionable depth, the closing being made with studs or buttons, as preferred. The sleeve may be made without opening and the band or cuff joined around if cut large enough to slip the hand through.

Merino, cashmere, drap-d'ete, camel's hair, challie, and all soft woolen fabrics, flannelette, outing, domestic and French flannel.

To make this wrapper for a lady of medium size will require six and one-half yards of material thirty-six inches wide.

Veils Are Not Popular.

Notwithstanding all that has been written and said about veils, it remains a fact that they are not popular. It is the exception and not the rule to see veils worn by society folk now. This is a direct result of the present style of hat, which, with its curious curves, does not allow of a satisfactory adjustment of the veil. On a tulip toque, or of one made of soft chiffon, it is quite impossible to arrange a veil so that it will not flatten this material.

Boys' Outing Shirt.

Plaid madras is chosen for this tidy and comfortable shirt, the blue silk bow-tie matching a tone of the coloring in the goods. The shirt is simply constructed with smooth fitting fronts that close in centre through a box plait.



OUTING SHIRT.

teen years will require two and three-eighths yards of material thirty-six inches wide.

DR. TALMAGES SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: Music in Worship—Distinction Between Music as an Art and Music as an Aid to Devotion—National Airs of the Kingdom of Heaven.

(Copyright, Louis Klepisch, 1899.)
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dr. Talmage, in this sermon, discusses a most attractive department of religious worship—the service of song. His idea will be received with interest by all who love to lift their voices in praise in the Lord's house. The text is Nehemiah vii., 67, "And they had two hundred forty and five singing men and singing women."

The best music has been rendered under trouble. The first duet that I know anything of was given by Paul and Silas when they sang praises to God and the prisoners heard the notes. Covenanters, hounded by the dogs of persecution, sang the psalms of David with more spirit than they have ever since been rendered. The captives in the text had music left in them, and declare that if they could find amid all their trials two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women then in this day of gospel sunlight and free from all persecution there ought to be a great multitude of men and women willing to sing the praises of God. All our ships need arousal on this subject. Those who can sing must throw their souls into the exercise, and those who cannot sing must learn how, and it shall be heart to heart, voice to voice, hymn to hymn, anthem to anthem, and the music shall swell jubilant with thanksgiving and tremulous with pardon.

Have you ever noticed the construction of the human throat as indicated of what God means us to do with it? In only an ordinary throat and lungs there are fourteen direct muscles and thirty indirect muscles that can produce a very great variety of sounds. "That does that meant such a purpose?" "It is to sing, to suppose that God, who gives us such a musical instrument as that, intends us to keep it shut? Suppose some great tyrant should get possession of the musical instruments of the world and should look up the organ of Westminster abbey, and the organ of Lucerne, and the organ at Baarlem, and the organ at Freiburg, and all the other great musical instruments of the world. You would call such a man as that a monster—a demon—a creature to be feared with the human voice, a musical instrument of more wonderful adaptation than all the musical instruments that man ever created, you shut it against the praise of God."

Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God, But children of the heavenly King Should speak their joys abroad.

Music seems to have been born in the soul of the natural world. The omnipotent voice with which God commanded the world into being seems to linger yet with its majesty and sweetness, and you hear it in the grainfield, in the swoop of the wind amid the mountain fastnesses, in the canary's warble and the thunder shock, in the brook's tinkle and the ocean's psalm. There are soft cadences in nature, and loud notes, some of which we cannot hear at all, and others that are so terrific that we cannot appreciate them.

The animals leave their music, and the speula of hay and the globe of water are as certainly resonant with the voice of God as the highest heavens in which the armies of the redeemed celebrate their victories. When the breath of the flower strikes the air and the wing of the firefly cleaves it, there is sound and there is melody. And, as to those utterances of nature which seem harsh and overwhelming, it is as when you stand in the midst of great orchestra and the sound almost rends your ear because you are too near to catch the blending of the music. So, my friends, we stand too near the desolating storm and the frightful whirlwind to catch the blending of the music; but when that music rises to where God is, and the invisible being who float above us, then I suppose the harmony is as sweet as it is tremendous.

At the judgment day, that day when we will be no dissonance to those who can appreciate the music. It will be as when sometimes a great organist, in executing some great piece, breaks down the instrument upon which he is playing the music. So when the great march of the judgment day is played under the hand of earthquake and storm and conflagration the world itself will break down with the music that is played on it. The fact is, we are all deaf, and we should be made the whole universe is but one harmony—the stars of the night only the ivory keys of a great instrument on which God's fingers play the music of the spheres.

Music seems dependent on the law of acoustics, and we should be made to understand that all the art is practiced. There are to-day 500 musical journals in China. Two thousand years before Christ the Egyptians practiced the art. Pythagoras learned the laws of harmonic intervals, and Plato and Aristotle introduced it into their schools. But I have not much interest in that. My chief interest is in the music of the Bible.

The Bible, like a great harp with innumerable strings, swept by the finger of inspiration, trembles with it. So far back as the fourth chapter of Genesis you find the first organist and harper—Jubal. So far back as the thirty-first chapter of Genesis you find the first choir. All up and down the Bible you find sacred music. Moses, at inaugurations, at the treading of the wine press. The Hebrews understood how to make musical signs above the musical text. When the Jews came from their distant homes to the great festival of Jerusalem, they brought harp and tambour and trumpet and poured along the great Judaeian highways a river of harmony until in and around the temple the wealth of a nation sang and gladness had accumulated. In our day we have a divided labor in music, and we have one man to make the hymn, another man to make the tune, another man to play it on the piano and another man to sing it. Not so in Bible times. When Israel sang, it was after the passage of the Red Sea, composed a doxology, set it to music, clapped it on a slymbal and at the same time sang it. David, the psalmist, was at the same time poet, musical composer, harpist and singer, and the majority of his rhythm goes vibrating through all the ages.

There were in Bible times stringed instruments—a harp of three strings played by feet and bow; a harp of ten strings, responding only to the fingers of the performer. Then there was the crooked trumpet, fashioned out of the horn of the ox or the ram. Then there were the sistrum and the cymbals, clapped in the dance or beaten in the march. Then 4000 Levites, the best men of the country, whose only business it was to look after the music of the temple. These 4000 Levites were divided into two classes and officiated on different days. Can you imagine the harmony when these white-robed Levites, before the symbols of God's presence, and by the smoking altars, and the candlesticks that sprang upward and branched out like trees of gold, and under the wings of the cherubim, chanted the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Psalm of David? Do you know how it was done. One part of that great choir stood up and chanted, "Oh, give thanks to the Lord, for he is good; for his goodness endureth forever." Then the other part of the choir, standing in some other part of the temple, would come in with the response, "For his mercy endureth forever." Then the first part would take up the song again and say, "Unto Him who only doeth great wonders." The other part of the choir would come in with overwhelming response, "For his mercy endureth forever," until in the latter part of the song, the music floating backward and forward, harmony grappling

with harmony, every trumpet sounding, every horn blowing, one part of this great white robed choir would lift the anthem, "O give thanks to the Lord of heaven," and the other part of the Levite choir would come in with the response, "For his mercy endureth forever."

But I am glad to know that all through the ages there has been great attention paid to sacred music. Ambrosius, Augustine, Gregory the Great, Charlemagne gave it their mighty influence, and in our day the best musical genius is throwing itself on the altars of God. Handel and Mozart and Bach and Durante and Weel and scores of other men and women have given the best part of their genius to church music. A truth in words is not half so mighty as a truth in song. Luther's sermons have been forgotten; but the "Lauden Hymn" he composed is resounding yet through all Christendom.

I congratulate the world and the church on the advancement made in this art—the Edinburgh societies for the improvement of music, the Swiss singing societies, the Exeter hall concerts, the triennial musical convocation at Dusseldorf, Germany, and Birmingham, England, the conservatories of music in Munich and Leipzig, the Handel and Haydn and Harmonic and Mozart societies of this country, the academies of music in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Charleston, New Orleans, Chicago and every city which has any enterprise.

Now, my friends, how shall we decide what is appropriate, especially for church music? There may be a great many differences of opinion. In some of the churches they prefer a trained choir; in others, the old style prespector. In some places they prefer the loudest voice, but the corner of the organ. In other places they think these things are the invention of the devil. Some would have a musical instrument played so loud you cannot sing it, and others would have it played so soft you cannot hear it. Some think a musical instrument ought to be played only in the interstices of worship and then with indescribable softness, while others are not satisfied unless there be some contrast and accented passages that make the audience jump, with great eyes and hair on end, as from a vision of the witch of Endor. But, while there may be great varieties of opinion in regard to music, it seems to me that the general spirit of the Word of God indicates what ought to be the great characteristics of church music.

And I remark, in the first place, a prominent characteristic ought to be adaptiveness to devotion. Music that may be appropriate for a concert hall, or an opera house, or the drawing room, may be inappropriate in church. Glees, madrigals, ballads may be as innocent as palms in their places. But church music has only one end, it is devotion, and it is music which comes with the toss, the swing and the display of an opera house is a hindrance to the worship. From such performances we go away saying: "What splendid execution! Did you ever hear such a chorus? White of those souls, do you like the better?" When, if we had been rightly wrought upon, we would have gone away saying: "Oh, how my soul was lifted up in the presence of God while they were singing that dirge, by heaven, I never had such rapturous views of Jesus Christ as my Saviour as when they were singing that last doxology."

I remark also that correctness ought to be a characteristic of church music. While we ought to take part in this service, with perhaps a few exceptions, we ought at the same time to cultivate ourselves in this sacred art. God loves harmony, and we ought to love it. There is no devotion in a howl or a yelp. In this day, when there are so many opportunities of high culture in this art, I declare that those parents are guilty of neglect who let their sons and daughters grow up knowing nothing about music. In some of the European cathedrals the choir assembly every morning and afternoon of every day the whole year to perfect themselves in this art, and shall we begrudge the half hour we spend Friday nights in the rehearsal of sacred song for the Sabbath? Another characteristic of church music ought to be that it should be a spirit and life. Music ought to rush from the audience like the water from a rock—clear, bright, sparkling. If all the other part of the church service is dull, do not have the music dull. With so many things that can stir about, away with all drawing and stupidity. There is nothing that makes me so nervous as to sit in a pulpit and look off on an audience with their eyes three-fourths closed and their lips almost shut, murmuring the praises of God. I remember one of my journeys I preached to an audience of 2000 or 3000 people, and all the music they made together did not equal one skylark! People do not sleep at a concert because they do not use their ears as a Saviour's crowning.

Again, I remark church music must be congregational. This opportunity must be brought down within the range of the whole audience. A song that the worshippers cannot sing is not more useful than a sermon in Choctaw. What an easy kind of church it must be where the minister does all the preaching, and the elders all the praying, and the choir all the singing! There are but very few churches where there are "two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women."

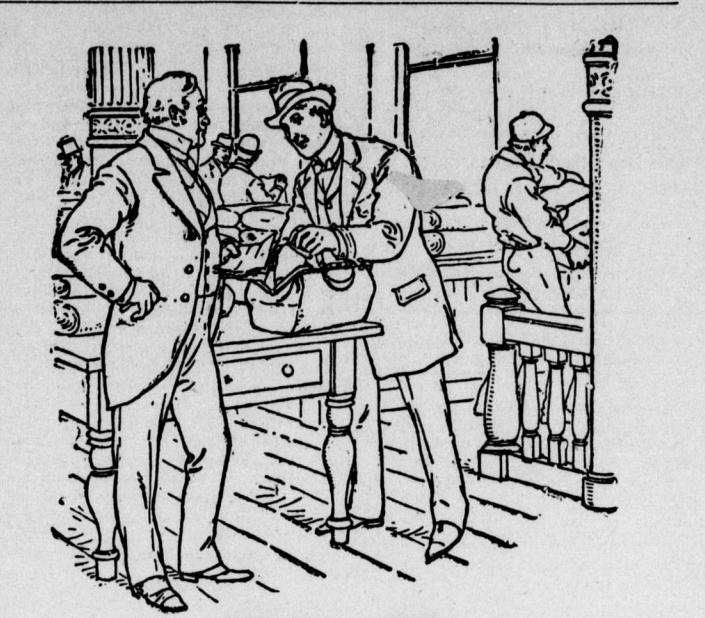
In same churches it is almost considered a disturbance if a man let his voice to full compass, and the people get up on tip-toe and look over between the spring and wonder what that man is making all that noise about. In Syracuse in a Presbyterian church there was one member who came to me when I was the pastor of another city, and he said to me, "I had trouble—how that as he persisted in singing on the Sabbath day a committee, made up of the session and the choir, had come to ask him if he would not just please to keep still. You have no right to sing. Jonathan Edwards used to set apart whole days for singing. Lot us wake up to this duty."

I want to rouse you to a unanimity in Christian song that has never yet been exhibited. Come, now, clear your throats and get ready for this duty or you will never hear the end of this. I never shall forget hearing a Frenchman sing the "Marseillaise" on the Champs Elysees, Paris, just before the battle of Sedan in 1870. I never saw such enthusiasm before or since. As he sang that national air, oh, how the Frenchman shouted! Have you ever in an English assemblage heard a band play "God Save the Queen"? If you have, you know something about the enthusiasm of a national air. Now, I tell you that these songs we sing Sabbath by Sabbath are the national airs of the kingdom of heaven, and if you do not learn to sing them here, how do you ever expect to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb? I should not be surprised at all if some of the best anthems of heaven were made up of some of the best songs of earth. May God increase our reverence for Christian psalmody and keep us from disgracing it by our indifference and frivolity.

When Cromwell's army went into battle, he stood at the head of it one day and gave out the long meter doxology to the tune of the "Old Hundredth," and that great host, by company with company, regiment by regiment, division by division, joined in the doxology:

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

And while they sang they marched, and while they marched they fought, and while they fought they got the victory, Oh, men and women of Jesus Christ, let us go into all our conflicts singing the praises of God and then, instead of falling back, as often we do, let us march on to defeat, with our marching on from victory to victory. "Gloria in Excelsis" is written over many organs. Would that by our appreciation of the goodness of God, and the mercy of the Father, the great Father of Heaven, we could have "Gloria in Excelsis" written over all our souls. "Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!"



OFF FOR A TRIP.

"All ready to start?"
"Yes; here is my Ivory Soap, that finishes my packing. I always lay in a supply before going on the road. It is one of the comforts a traveling man can carry with him." IVORY SOAP—IT FLOATS.

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Origin of Staterooms.
The use of the word "staterooms" as applied to the cabins on a steamer or other vessel is of curious origin. In the palmy days of steamboating on the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers the passenger packets were fitted up with every accommodation for the guests. It was the custom on the better class of boats to name the cabins after the various States of the Union. Thus there would be a "Virginia" cabin, a "Massachusetts" cabin, a "Maryland" cabin, etc. There was considerable rivalry as to which State should have the most handsomely furnished cabin named after it. Passengers coming from different parts of the country took sides and often made it uncomfortable for steambot captains when they imagined that the State of their birth had been slighted. In consequence it gradually became the custom to number the cabins instead of naming them. This is now the universal rule, the "Texas" alone surviving. As is fitting, the "Texas" is always the largest cabin on the boat. It is used for sleeping quarters by the crew and is located immediately under the pilot house. But the name stateroom has stuck and is now in universal use.

One of Scott's Heroines.
"Jeanie Deans," the heroine of Scott's novel, "The Heart of Midlothian," was in real life named Helen Walker. The incidents related in regard to the trial and conviction of her sister were true in every detail, and it was only by the efforts of Helen Walker in circulating a petition for her sister's pardon that the latter's life was saved. Sir Walter Scott created a tombstone to Helen Walker's memory in the churchyard of Irongray, with an inscription expressing his appreciation of her virtues.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Using Natural Gas in England.
A correspondent states that at last the natural gas at Heathfield, Sussex, has been put to practical use. The railway station has been lighted with it, after experiments with various burners. This new application has aroused a good deal of interest in scientific circles, and several natural history societies have visited the place and inspected the new arrangement. C. Dawson, F. G. S., who has visited the place and made an inspection, says it is, in his opinion, the first time practical use has been made of natural gas in Europe.—London Telegraph.

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