

# NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

New York City (Special).—There is more genuine novelty in the wraps of cloth and fur designed for the present season's clothes market than in



THE NEW WINTER COAT.

either the gowns or hats that are already costing their shadows before them. None of the fashionable newcomers at the furriers or cloakmakers is braided. The whole creed of decoration is cloth stitched on cloth and fur on cloth. Not one of the new coats or capes make the slightest pretense of fitting the figure. What the English call box and what the French volante shape wraps are being pushed for popularity most vigorously by the manufacturers, and the chances are just even whether this style, so frequently and emphatically rejected and despised by women, will now be accepted.

Clumsily large capes of the same type as were worn last winter are eligible for use in the coming season, and the handsomest are made of thick sleek-surfaced dark cloth with broad borders of gray and brown fur and finished by tall kaiser collars. An-

they are "going out," they are still in great demand.

Styles vary, and special designers in the large shops always are working out novelties. The new flannel and silk waists merit going a long distance to see, for they are beauties, and not at all expensive. Of course, the best are tailor-made, as they should be to have the quiet style so necessary in this garment; but of all things worn by woman the shirt waist is, perhaps, the only article which can be made at home and really look the real thing. There are good patterns, which fit, too, and if the maker is careful about stitching well and pressing correctly, she can turn out a really good waist.

But silk ones are another story, with their endless number of tiny tucks; the delicate hemstitching; the rolled edges, with narrow embroidery slipped in, and all the perplexing details. So much depends upon the set at the back, the hang of the sleeve, the way buttons are sewed, and, above all, the cravat, that it is small wonder that a woman prefers to be well dressed in one expensive waist rather than have several badly made or inferior in quality.

For silk waists, tucks and hemstitching are the proper mode. The tucks may run lengthwise in groups, may be tiny or large, or stitched in squares. So long as tucks are used one cannot fail to be in the fashion.

For flannel a combination of stripes has the smartest effect. The examples shown in the large engraving, taken from the New York Press, are both of flannel, and for style and comfort no design can be found which will surpass them.

## Reducing the Fashionable Chain.

The fashionable chain is reducing, in some instances, both its dimension and weight. It is neither so long nor so heavy as heretofore. There seems an approach to the delicate beauty of the slender gold chains which our grandmothers wore reaching to the waistband into which the watch was tucked. Some of the newest chains are quite fine, and extend about half way to the waist, supporting a small watch or a fine pendant.

## A Tailor-Made Pelerine.

There is now a tailor-made pelerine. It is very simple except at the neck, where it is heaped with lace, silk muslin ruffles, accordion-plaitings, single,



ATTRACTIVE NEW FLANNEL SHIRT WAISTS.

other mode shows a cape with long kersey skirts to the hem of the dress and then over this to the hip falls another cape of fur, and it is perfectly patent that the long-haired pelts are to be first in the hearts of our country women this year.

Long cloth coats that might easily be called ulsters and made of broadcloth, vienna or Venetian cloth, are out on the Chesterfield and Raglan pattern, as those for men are modeled; their pockets are ample and the one feminine suggestion is the tall, up-turned collar, often lined with mole's fur that gives the tenderest, most grateful touch to the face possible, and the smoked pear-gray color, which forms a soft becoming background for the face. The majority of these long coats are made to fasten with the buttons out of sight, or one or two very choice out steel disks hold the fronts together and twinkle in the soft, deep hair.

There is a pretty fashion coming in of using bullet-shaped buttons of brass as trimmings on sleeves and yokes and the fronts of cloth suits. These are copies of the buttons that small boys in livery wear, and they are not the first brass ornaments that have crept into women's wardrobes. Brass is evidently the successor to much of the popularity accorded to gun metal, and by treating it to a high polish and overlaying it with a peculiar lacquer it neither loses its luster nor conveys any ugly odor to the hands.

## Shirt Waists Still Things of Beauty.

Among the really indispensable things exhibited in the shops are the new shirt waists. Notwithstanding the fact that these comfortable garments have been in vogue many years and each season some one asserts that

double and triple, with broad-ribbon bows or choux fastened here and there.

## Gloves and Shoes For Winter Wear.

Heavily stitched stout gloves are the only kind allowable for the winter season. Thick, round-toed shoes are the proper footwear, and hats positively must be devoid of gewgaws and fussy trimmings.

## A New Robe Design.

A modest design in a robe conceived of cambric is here introduced. Half inch tuckings form the yoke and the trimming across the upper part of the



CAMBRIC ROBE.

sleeves. The wrists are finished with a soft, bell-shaped fall of lawn edged with lace, and that also outlines the fastening.

# DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: The Glory of the Navy—Naval Heroes Deserve Full Measure of Praise—Useful Lessons Drawn From Their Bravery and Devotion.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—At a time when the whole nation is stirred with patriotic emotion and heroic exploits are being made, George Dewey and his gallant men on the Oregon and the magnificent reception accorded to them, the Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, in his sermon, preaching to a vast audience, appropriately recalls for devout and patriotic exposition of the great naval deeds of olden and more recent times. Text, James III, 4, "Behold also the ships."

If this exclamation was appropriate about 1875 years ago, when it was written concerning the early fishing snags that were Lake Galilee, how much more appropriate in an age which has launched from the dry-docks for purposes of peace the Oceanic of the White Star line, the Lucania of the Chem, the St. Louis of the American line, the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse of the North German Lloyd line, the Augusta Victoria of the Hamburg-American line, and in an age which for purposes of war has launched the screw sloop like the Idaho, the Shenandoah, the Oosteppe, and our ironclads like the Kalamazoo, the Roanoke and the Dunderberg, and those which have already been buried in the sea, like the Monitor, the Housatonic and the Vebawkeet, and the ironclad frigates like the Monitor, the Oregon, and the Brooklyn, and the Texas, and the Olympia, the Iowa, the Massachusetts, the Indiana, the New York, the Marietta of the last war, and the scarred veterans of our shipping, like the Constitution or the Alliance or the Constellation, that have swung into the naval yards to spend their last days, their decks now all silent of the feet that trod them, their rigging all silent of the hands that clung to them, their portholes silent of the brazen throats that once thundered out of them.

Full justice has been done to the men who at different times fought on the land, but not enough has been said of those who fought in the sea, and it is fitting that, Lord God of the rivers and the sea, help me in this sermon! So, ye admirals, commanders, captains, pilots, gunners, boat-swains, sailmakers, surgeons, stokers, messmates and seamen of all names, to use your own parlance, ye might as well get under way and stand out to sea. Let all land-lubbers go ashore. Full speed now! Four bells!

It looks picturesque and beautiful to see a war vessel going through the Narrows, sails in now zig zags,

## A Home on the ocean wave.

A home on the ocean wave, the colors gracefully slipping to passing ships, the decks immaculate and the guns at quarantine firing a parting salute. But the poetry is all gone out of that ship as it comes out of that engagement, its decks red with human blood, wheels broken, the hull split, the masted masts and masts destroyed, furniture, steering wheel broken, smokestack crushed, a hundred pound Whitworth rifle shot having left its mark from port to starboard, the shrouds rent away, ladders splintered and decks plowed up and smoke blackened and scalded corpses lying among those who are gasping their last gasp far away from home and kindred, whom they love as much as we love wife and parents and children.

On men of the American navy returned from Manila and Santiago and Havana, as well as those who are survivors of the naval conflicts of 1863 and 1864, men of the western gulf squadron, of the eastern gulf squadron, of the Andros and the Florida, of the north Atlantic squadron, of the Mississippi squadron, of the Pacific squadron, of the West India squadron, and of the Potomac flotilla, bear our thanks! Take the benediction of the churches. Accept the hospitality of the nation, which had our way, we would get you not only a pension, but a home and a princely wardrobe and an equipage and a banquet while you live, and after your departure a catalogue and a museum of sculptured marble, with a model of the ship in which you won the day. It is considered a gallant thing when in a naval fight the flagship with its blue ensign goes ahead up a river or into a bay, its admiral standing in the stern waving and giving orders. But I have to tell you, O veterans of the American navy, if you are as loyal to Christ as you were to the government, there is a flag going ahead of you, which is the flag of the admiral, and He watches the stars in the sky, and He leads you toward the harbor, and all the broadsides of earth and hell cannot damage you, and ye whose garments were once red with your own blood, and have now become white and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Then strike eight bells! High noon in heaven!

While we are heartily greeting and banqueting the sailor patriots just now returned from the war, let us not forget the veterans of the navy now in marine hospitals, spending their old days in their own or their children's homesteads. Oh, ye veterans, I charge you bear up under the aches and weaknesses that you still carry from the war, and do not let the men of your age who have been here for that terrible exposure. Let every ache and pain, instead of depressing, remind you of your fidelity. The sinking of the Westhaver on Morris Island, December 8, 1863, was a tragedy. She was not under fire. The sea was rough. But Admiral Dahlgren from the deck of the flag steamer Philadelphia saw her gradually sinking and finally she struck the ground, but the flag still floated above the water in the sight of the shipping. It was afterward found that she sank from weakness through injuries in previous service. Her plates had been knocked loose in previous years. So you have seen that the flag and bone and dimmed eyesight and difficult hearing and shortness of breath many intimations that you are gradually going down. It is the service of many years ago that is the cause of your infirmities. We owe you just as much, though your lifeblood had gurgled through the scuppers of the ship in the Red river expedition or as though you had gone down with the Melville off Hatteras. Only keep your flag flying, and did the patriotic Westhaver. Good cheer, my boys!

Sometimes off the coast of England the royal family have inspected the British navy, maneuvered before them for that purpose. In the Baltic sea the czar and carina have reviewed the Russian navy. To bring before the American people the debt they owe to the navy I go out with you on the Atlantic ocean, where there is plenty of room, and in imagination review the war shipping of our four great conflicts—1776, 1812, 1863 and 1898. Swing into line all ye frigates, ironclads, fire rafts, gunboats and men-of-war! There they come, all sail set and all furnaces in full blast, sheaves of crystal tossing from their cutting prows. That is the Delaware, an old Revolutionary craft, commanded by Commodore Deatur. Yonder goes the Constitution, Commodore Hull commanding. There is the Chesapeake, commanded by Captain Lawrence, whose dying words were, "Don't give up the ship," and the Niagara of 1812, commanded by Commodore Perry, who wrote on the back of an old letter rest on a navy cap, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." Yonder is the flagship Washburn, Admiral Dupont commanding, yonder, the flagship Minnesota, Admiral Goldsborough commanding, yonder, the flagship Philadelphia, Admiral Dahlgren commanding; yonder, the flagship San Jacinto, Admiral Bailey commanding; yonder, the flagship,

Black Hawk, Admiral Porter commanding, yonder, the flag steamer Benton, Admiral Foote commanding; yonder, the flagship Hartford, David G. Farragut commanding; yonder, the Brooklyn, Rear Admiral Scoble commanding; yonder, the Olympia, Admiral Dewey commanding; yonder the Oregon, Captain Clark commanding; yonder, the Texas, Captain Philip commanding; yonder, the Navy York, Rear Admiral Sampson commanding; yonder, the Iowa, Captain Robley D. Evans commanding.

All those of you who were in the naval service during the war of 1863 are now in the afternoon or evening of life. With some of you it is 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4 o'clock, 5 o'clock, and it will soon be sundown. If you were of age when the war broke out, you are now at least 63. Many of you have passed into the seventies. While in our Cuban war there were more Christian commanders on sea and land than in any previous conflict, I would revise in your minds the fact that at least two great admirals of the civil war were Christians, Foote and Farragut. I feel that the Christian religion was a cowardly thing they would have had nothing to do with it. In its faith they lived and died. In Brooklyn navy yard Admiral Foote held grand and magnificent services on the receiving ship North Carolina and on Sabbaths, far out at sea, followed the chaplain with religious exhortation. In early life, aboard the sloop-of-war Natchez, impressed by the work of a Christian sailor, he gave his spare time for two weeks to the Bible, and at the end of that declared openly, "Henceforth, under all circumstances, I will act for God." His last words while dying at the Astor House, New York, were: "I thank God for all His goodness to me. He has been very good to me." When he entered heaven, he did not have to run a blockade, for it was amid the cheers of a great welcome. The other Christian admirals will be honored on earth until the days when the angels above shall lick up the waters from beneath and there shall be no more sea.

Oh, while old ocean's breast  
Bears a white sail  
And God's soft stars to rest  
Guide through the gale,  
Men will him ne'er forget,  
Old heart of oak—  
Farragut, Farragut,  
Thunderbolt struck!

According to his own statement, Farragut was very loose in his morals in early manhood and practiced all the evil of his age. One day he was called into the cabin of his father, who was a shipmaster. His father said, "David, what are you going to be anyhow?" He answered, "I am going to follow the sea." "Follow the sea," said the father, "and you'll be kicked about the world and die in a foreign hospital!" "No," said David; "I am going to command like you." "No," said the father; "a boy of your habits will never command anything." His father burst into tears and left the cabin. From that day David Farragut started on a new life.

Captain Pennington, an honored elder of my Brooklyn church, was with him in most of his battles and had his intimate friends, and he has often said, "I heard elsewhere, that Farragut was good and Christian. In every great crisis of life he asked and obtained the Divine direction. When in Mobile bay the monitor Tecumseh sank from a torpedo and the great Brooklyn lay at anchor, and the squadron, turned back, he said he was at a loss to know whether to advance or retreat, and he says: 'I prayed. O God, who created man and gave him reason, direct me what to do, and I will do it.' And he said, 'I will do it, and I went on.' Was there ever a more touching Christian letter than that which he wrote to his wife from his flagship Hartford? 'My dearest wife, I write and leave you, and I know you will find me on Mobile bay in the morning if God is my leader, and I hope He is, and in Him I place my trust. If He thinks it is the proper place for me to die, I am ready to submit to His will in that as all other things. God bless and preserve you, my dear wife, and my dear boy, if anything should happen to me, may His blessings rest upon you and your dear mother.'

Cheerful to the end, he said on board the Dalipoon in the last voyage he ever made, "It would be well if I died now in harness." The sublime Episcopal service for the dead was never more appropriately rendered than over his casket, and well did all the forts of New York harbor thunder as his body was brought to the water. He did the minute guns sound and the bells toll as in a procession having in its ranks the President of the United States and his cabinet and the mighty men of land and sea, the old admiral was carried, amid hundreds of thousands of onlookers, to the Broadway, and laid on his pillow of dust in beautiful Woodlawn, September 30, amid the pomp of our autumnal forests.

We hail with thanks the new generation that will bring to the world a new era, are so near their marvelous deeds to fully appreciate them. A century from now poetry and sculpture and painting and history will do them better justice than we can do them now. A defeat at Manila would have been an infant disaster. Our nations not over-foond of our American institutions would have joined the other side, and the war so many months past would have been raging still, and perhaps a hundred thousand graves would have opened to take down our soldier and sailor. It took this country three years to get over the disaster at Bull Run at the opening of the civil war. How many years it would have required to recover from a defeat at Manila, had the opening of the Spanish war, I cannot say. God averted the calamity by giving triumph to our navy under Admiral Dewey, whose coming up through the Narrows of New York harbor day before yesterday was greeted by the nation with such a jubilation as has not ceased to resound until to-morrow, and next day in the capital of the nation the jeweled sword voted by Congress shall be presented amid booming cannonade and embarrased hosts, and our admiral's night shall become a celebration of splendor, but the tramp of those processions and the flash of that sword and the buzz of that greeting and the roar of those guns and the illumination of those cities will be seen and heard as long as the page of American history remains inviolate.

Especially let the country boys of America join in these greetings to the returned heroes of Manila. It is their work. The chief character in all the scenes of our country's late history was Dewey. Let the Vermonters come down and find him older, but the same modest, unassuming, almost bashful person that they went to school with and with whom they sported on the playground. The honor of all the world cannot spoil him. A few weeks ago at a banquet in England some of the titled noblemen were affronted because our American minister plenipotentiary associated the name of Dewey with that of Nelson. As a soldier might be affronted because the name of Nelson is associated with that of our most renowned admiral. The one man in all the coming ages will stand as high as the other. So this day sympathizing with all the festivities and celebrations of the past week and with all the festivities and celebrations to come this week, let us anew thank God and those heroes of the American navy who have done such great things for our beloved land. Come aboard the old ship Zion, ye sailors and soldiers, whether still in the active service or honorably discharged and at home having resumed citizenship. And ye men of the past, your last battle on the seas fought, take from me, in God's name, salutation and good cheer. For the few remaining fights with sin and death and hell make ready. Strip your vessel for the fray. Hang the sails on the mast, and stand down the topgallant masts. Barricade the water. Rig in the flying jib boom. Steer straight for the shining shore, and bear the shout of the great Commander of earth and heaven as He cries from the shrouds, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." Hosanna! Hosanna!

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## Unique Fishing Experience.

A well known Albany angler had a unique experience last summer trout fishing up in Canada. He was sent out from camp to catch a mess for supper. He was fishing with three flies on a single leader. At the first cast his fly was taken by a good-sized trout that leaped from the water to grab it. He evidently got the leader on a "slack" before the line was tightened from the rod, as he snapped it off and went swimming away with the two flies and broken leader trailing behind. Next day the angler revisited the lake, and as he was looking over the side of the boat he espied in ten or fifteen feet of water the big trout that had taken his leader the night before. A closer examination revealed that his troutship was safely hitched to the dead branch of a tree which had fallen into the water. In swimming about one of the two free hooks on the leader had caught in the branch and that ended the migrations of the trout still firmly hooked by the fly he had grabbed.

Rowing ashore the angler stripped and dove for his prize. He secured it and a piece of the branch, and to-day has the stuffed trout with hook still in his jaw and the other hook imbedded in the broken branch mounted as a piscatorial study and souvenir of the incident.—Albany (N. Y.) Argus.

## An Invitation to the Queen.

Queen Victoria was very accessible while in the Highlands, and says Mainly About People, it not frequently happens that when her majesty visits one of her old friends among the village cronies the weather turns cool and stormy, and on such occasions when the queen prepares to depart she will be greeted thus:  
"Deed, ma'm, and you'll no gang awa till ye tak a cup o' tea to warm ye against cold."

## Fleas May Disseminate the Plague.

A French observer has come to the conclusion that the bubonic plague is widely disseminated by fleas. As the result of a series of experiments, he affirms that fleas taken from infected rats can communicate the disease to healthy rats, which in their turn become centres of infection.

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