

NOW AND THEN.

Oh, now and then there comes a day
When all our skies are light,
And all of life's appointed way
Is bathed in golden light.

SEVEN DAYS.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.



It was a hot day
In early summer.
The tide of
Mountain travel
Had not yet set
In for the season,

Nina Caldwell was eighteen and
Very pretty. She was also exceedingly
spoiled, and subject to occasional fits
of unreason.

She had leisure and to spare for
bitter reflection. She tried to read,
yawned, counted the flies, attacked
some caramels and finally relapsed
into somber depression.

Under the great maple, from which
the house was named, a gentleman
lay asleep, his straw hat and newspaper
beside him.

Maple Hotel was, perhaps, the
dullest place in the world. To call it a
"one-horse concern" would be rank
flattery.

Nina explained her position. She
was in advance of friends obliged to
delay their arrival (!) after which they
were all going to the mountains.

Next day she made further acquaintance
with Mr. Bryce on the basis of
the book addressed. They discussed
its characters and incidents.

"The story is entertaining. But the
heroine—" and Nina made a little
grimace.
"Exactly my ideal," smiled Mr.
Bryce.

"I wonder how many men have said
that," flashed Nina. "She is absolutely
slavish. Most women, thank
heaven, have a little pride left."

"The next morning she had her breakfast
sent up to her. Then she slipped
out of doors to a fragrant nook she
had discovered. But the air was vitiated
by a cigar, where Mr. Bryce sat
smoking. He rose and tossed it away.

"What is the attraction in fishing?
The idea, after centuries of civilization,
of reverting to the original
savage."

"I am going fishing to-day," he said
presently.
"Who, Jimmy! Who, there!"
Nina started and looked around in
bewilderment. A moment later the
driver's snubbed face appeared at
the door. She must have slept a
little.

"Here you are, miss, Maple Hotel.
Stop half an hour, then change with
coach from Greene. Goin' to stay,
though, you be?"
Nina, even in alighting, took in her
roundness at a glance. Maple
Hotel was a stopping-place
of lingering. Dr.
sojourner here a good
so she had decided—
joined her.

"The only cool place," thought
Nina. "How intensely selfish."
From the piazza, the yellow paint
glared hot in the sunshine, she looked
disdainfully at her recumbent enemy,
a man of about thirty, and so far as
could be judged from his position, decidedly
good-looking. His hair was
light and close cut, his forehead square,
and his mouth, even in sleep, and under
the shadow of his mustache, wore
a look of imperturbable good humor.

"You ought, Miss Caldwell," he urged
as she objected. "I am used to roughing
it, and run no risk whatever, but it
is dangerous for you. Very well,"
imperturbably, as she still refused. "I
will try it outside."

"Is the shower over?" she asked,
coldly.
"Regarding this ark, I will
act the double role of Noah and the
dove," he rejoined in a seeming unconsciousness of her altered manner.
"I will send myself forth to see if the
rain has abated."

legal gentleman, Merrick Bryce was
taken aback. "Beware of generalities,"
he mused, and made his peace
as best he might.

"My idea of the battle of life, he
said suddenly, "is to treat the mind
and body to their utmost, and then
give up the contest."

"Yes—just audible.
"As for me, I envy the earth
beneath your feet. What if I have known
you but seven days? That is the talk
of fools. Nina said that you have a
heart, and that it belongs to me."

"The stage-coach is due," taking
out his watch. "Shall we go to the
piazza?"
The coach came lumbering up. A
young man sprang off, and assisted a
pretty blonde girl to alight.

"So you have been flirting here
these seven days by yourselves? Well,
I can assure you that your own Charley
and the future Mrs. Bryce have
taken ample revenge for their wrongs."

"You know I never approved of
your ball-room engagement with Charley
Fernald, Nina," he had said.
"Miss Nellie Linwood is much better
suited to him. She is perfectly shallow
and rattle-headed. Fancy her telling
us indignantly that she and Mr.
Bryce were engaged, but did not care
anything for each other. He is her
guardian, and she declares that she
believes he was going to marry her because
she bothered him and he did not
know how else to dispose of her."

"But what makes you fancy, you
absurd Fred, that there is anything
between Mr. Bryce and me?"
The blindness of a bat has not
hitherto been considered one of my
distinguished characteristics," responded
Fred oracularly. "But there is
Ethel waiting for me. Tell me when
you expect congratulations, eh, Nina?"

Glassblowers From Thuringia.
There is settled now upon the edge
of the German quarter in New York
a little colony of artistic and scientific
glassblowers from Thuringia. The
colonists say they are the first and
only persons to undertake in the
United States exactly such work as
they are doing.

The glass flowers are the pride and
specialty of the proprietor. He was
one of the earliest men in Germany to
make them, says his valetable assistant,
and they are really marvelous products
of the glassblower's art. There are
roses, red, white and yellow, with soft
and pliant-looking petals, curiously
like the genuine rose. There are
sprays of lily of the valley, a plant in
which the Germans specially delight;
moss-rose buds, forget-me-nots, and
all of fifty other flowers that one may
name. The glassblowers use ordinary
illuminating gas, to which they
communicate extra pressure by a simple
device. They work with astonishing
rapidity and nicety.—China, Glass and
Lamps.

TRAGEDY OF DRESS.
SACRIFIZES FOR FASHION.

Men Areas Bad as Women, Says Tal-
mage—Effort to Be in Style.

TEXT: "Whose adorning let it not be
that outward adorning of plaiting the hair
and the wearing of gold or putting on of
apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the
heart."—I Peter III, 3, 4.

That we should all be clad in proved
by the opening of the first wardrobe in
paradise, with its apparel of dark green.
That we should all, as far as our means allow us, be
beautifully and gracefully apparelled is
proved by the fact that God never made a
wave but He gilded it with golden sunbeams,
or a tree but He varnished it with blossoms,
or a sky but He studded it with stars, or al-
lowed even the smoke of a furnace to ascend
but He columned and turreted and domed
the smoke into the outlines of indescribable
gracefulness. When, on the other hand,
the charms of the spring and the pageantry of
the autumnal forests, I come to the conclusion
that, if nature does ever join the church,
while she may be a Quaker in the silence of
her worship, she never will be a Quaker in
the state of dress. If she is to be a Quaker,
a fern leaf or the stem of a water lily?
Why, when the day departs, does it let
the folding doors of heaven stay open so long
when it might go in so quickly?

One summer morning I saw an army of a
million spears, each one adorned with a
diamond of the first water. I mean the
grass, with the dew on it. When the
prodigal came home, his father not only
put a coat on his back, but jewelry on his
hand. Christ wore a beard, Paul, the
apostle, not afflicted with any
sentimentality, admitted the arrangement of
a woman's hair when he said, in his epistle,
"if a woman have long hair, it is a glory
unto her."

There will be a fashion in heaven as on
earth, but it will be a different kind of
fashion. It will decide the color of the dress,
and the population of that country, by a
beautiful law, will wear white. I say these
things as a background to my sermon to
show you that I have no prim, precise,
prish or cast theories on the subject of
human apparel. It is the goddess of
fashion has set up her throne in this world,
and at the sound of the timbrels we are all
expected to fall down and worship. The
Old and New Testament of her Bible are
the fashion plates. Her altars smoke with
the sacrifices of the bodies, minds and souls
of 10,000,000 of the human race. From
people stand in the organ loft, and from
them there comes down a cold drizzle of
music, freezing on the ears of her worshippers.
This goddess of fashion has become a rival
of the Lord of heaven and earth, and it is
high time that we unlimbered our batteries
against this idol. When I come to
count the victims of fashion, I find an easy
masculine as feminine. Men make an easy
trade against woman, as though she were
the chief worshiper at this idolatrous
shrine, and no doubt some men in the more
conscientious part of the pew have already
done so. The fashion of the day is to
wear dark clothes, and the fashion of the
pew, their look a prophecy of generous dis-
tribution. My sermon shall be appropriate
for one end of the pew as for the other.

Men are as much the idolaters of fashion
as women, but they sacrifice on a different
part of the altar. With men the fashion
goes to cigars and clubs and yacht-
parties and wine suppers. In the United
States the men chew up and smoke \$100,-
000,000 worth of tobacco every year. That
is their fashion. In London not long ago
a man died who started in life with \$750,000,
but he was so addicted to the habit of
agents to all parts of the world, that he
delicacy for the palate, sometimes one
Food costing him \$300 or \$400. He ate
up his whole fortune and had only a guinea
left. With that he bought a woodcock and
had it dressed in the very best style, ate it,
and went to bed. In the morning he
went to Westminster bridge and threw himself
into the Thames and died, doing on a large
scale what you and I have often seen done
on a small scale. But men do not abstain
from military and elaboration of skirt
through any superiority of humility. It is
only because such expenditure is the
blockade to business. What would
shoes and trains three and a half yards long do
in a stock market? And yet men are the
disciples of fashion just as much as women.
Some of them wear boots so tight they can
hardly walk in the passage of right-cousness.
And there are men who buy expensive suits
of clothes and never pay for them, and who
go through the streets in great stripes of
color like animated checkboards. I say
these things because I want to show you that
I am impartial in my discourse, and that
both sexes, in the language of the sur-
geon's office, shall "share and share alike."

As God may help me, I shall show you what
are the destroying and deathful influences
of inordinate fashion.
The first baneful influence I notice is in
fraud, flattery and avarice. Do you know
that Arnold of the revolution proposed to
sell his country in order to get money to
support his wife's wardrobe? I declare here
before God and this people that the effort to
keep up expensive establishments in this
country is sending more business men to
temporal perdition than all the causes
combined. What was that that sent Gilman
to the penitentiary and Philadelphia Morton to
the watering of stock, and the life insurance
presidents to perjured statements about
their assets, and has completely upset our
American finances? What was that that over-
threw the United States secretary at Wash-
ington, the crash of whose fall shook the
continent? But why should I go to these fa-
miliar defaulting to show what men will do
in order to keep up great home style and ex-
pensive wardrobe when you and I know
some of them who are put to their wives' end
and are lashed from January to December
in the attempt? Our politicians may as well
leave until the expiration of their terms of
office as to the best way of improving our
monetary condition in this country. It will
be of no use, and things will be no better
until we have put on our heads and
backs and feet and hands no more than we
can pay for.

There are clerks in stores and banks on
limited salaries who, in the vain attempt to
keep the wardrobe of their family as showy
as the folks in the palaces, are buying
diamonds and rubies and high priced
and they have nothing left except what they
live on to cigars and wine suppers, and they die
before their time, and they will expect us
ministers to preach about them as though they
were the victims of early piety, and after a
high class funeral with six hundred at the
expense of the coffin of extraordinary price,
ness, it will be found out that the under-
taker is cheated out of his legitimate ex-
penses. Do not send me to preach the
funeral sermon of a man who dies like that.
I will blunt out the whole truth, and tell that
he was strangled to death by his wife's
ribbons. Our countries are dressed to death.
You are not surprised to find that the put-
ting up one public building in New York
cost millions of dollars more than it ought
to have cost when you find that the man
who gave out the contracts paid more than
\$5000 for his daughter's wedding dress.
Cashmires of a thousand dollars each are
not rare on Broadway. It is estimated that
there are 10,000 women in these two cities
who have expended on their personal array
\$4000 a year.

What are men to do in order to keep up
such home wardrobes? Steal? That is the
only respectable thing they can do! During
the last fifteen years there have been in-
numerable fine businesses shipwrecked on
the waves of fashion. The temptation comes
in this way: A man thinks more of his family
than of the world outside, and if they
spend the evening in describing to him the
superior wardrobe of the family across the
street that they cannot bear the sight of the
man is thrown on his gallantry and on his
pride of family, and he is so much in a
feeling into plain language he goes into ex-

fortion and issuing false stock and skillful
penmanship in writing somebody else's
name at the foot of a promissory note, and
they all go down together—the husband to
the prison, the wife to the sewing machine,
the children to be taken care of by those who
were called poor relations. O, the tragedy
Shakespeare to arise and write the tragedy
of human clothes!

Will you forgive me if I say in tersest
shape possible that some of the men have to
force and to perjure and to swindle to pay
for their wives' dresses. I will say it whether
you forgive me or not!

Again, inordinate fashion is the foe of all
Christianity, almsgiving. Men and women put
so much in personal display that they often
have nothing for God and the cause of suf-
fering humanity. A Christian man cracking
his Palais Royal glove across the back by
shutting up his hand to hide the cent he puts
into the pocket. A Christian woman, at the
story of the Homeless, crying agonizing
tears into a \$25 handkerchief and then giving
it two cent pieces to the collection, trusting
it under bills so people will not know but
it was a \$10 goldpiece. One hundred dol-
lars for income to fashion; two cents for
God. God gives us ninety-nine cents for
God. The other ten cents by command of
His Bible belong to Him. Is not God liberal
according to His fitting system laid down
in the Old Testament? Is not God liberal in
giving us ninety cents out of a dollar when
He takes but ten? We do not like that. We
want to have ninety-nine cents for ourselves
and one for God.

Now, I would a great deal rather steal ten
cents from you than from God. I think one
reason why a great many people do not get
along in worldly accumulation faster is be-
cause they do not observe this divine rule.
God says, "Well, if that man is not satisfied
with ninety cents of a dollar, the other will
take the whole dollar, and I will give it to
the man or woman who is honest with Me."
The greatest obstacle to charity in the Chris-
tian church to-day is the fact that men ex-
pend so much money on their table, and yet
won't so much on their dress, they have got
nothing left for the work of God and the
world's betterment. In my first settlement
at Belleville, N. J., the cause of missions
was being presented one Sabbath, and a plea
for the charity of the people was being made,
when an old Christian man in the audience
lost his balance and fell right out in the
midst of the sermon. "Mr. Talmage, how are
we to give liberally to those grand and glorious
causes when our families dress as they do?"
I did not answer that question. It
was the only time in my life when I had
nothing to say.

In many of our churches the preliminary
exercises are taken up with the discussion
of wardrobes. It is pitiable. Is it not won-
derful that the Lord does not strike the
meeting houses with lightning? What dis-
traction of public worship! Dying men and
women, whose souls are soon to be
turned into dust, yet before these worlds
strutting like peacocks, the awful question
of the soul's destiny submerged by the ques-
tion of navy blue velvet and long fan train
skirt, long enough to drag up the church
aisle, the husband's store, office, shop, fac-
tory, fortune and the admiring eyes of the
people in the building! Men and women
come late to church to show their clothes.
People sitting down in a pew or taking up a
hymnbook, all absorbed at the same time in
personal array, to sing!

I do not the Episcopalian prayer and say,
"Good Lord, deliver us."
Inordinate fashion also betties the intel-
lect. Our minds are enlarged or they dwindle
just in proportion to the importance of
the subject on which we constantly dwell.
Can you imagine anything more dwarfing to
the human intellect than the study of fash-
ion? I see men on the street who, judging
from their elaboration, must have taken two
hours to arrange their apparel. After a few
years of that kind of thing, the intellect of
McAllister's magnificent glasses will be
powerful enough to make the man's charac-
ter visible? They all land in idleness.

I have seen men at the summer watering
places, through fashion, the mere wreck of
what they once were. Sallow of cheek,
hoarse in throat, hollow at the chest. Show-
ing no animation save in rushing across a
room to pick up a lady's fan. Simpering
along the corridors the same compliments
they simpered twenty years ago. A New
York lawyer at United States Hotel, Saratoga,
within our hearing, rushed from a
room to say to a sensible man, "You are
as sweet as peaches." The fools of fashion
are myriad. Fashion not only destroys the
body, but it makes idiotic the intellect.

Yet, my friends, I have given you only the
milder phase of this evil. It shuts a great
multitude out of heaven. The peal of
thunder that shook Sinai declared, "You
shall have no other God before Me," and
you will have to choose between the godless
of fashion and the Christian God. There
are a great many seats in heaven, and they
are all empty seats, but not one seat for the
devotees of fashion. Heaven is for those
who think more of their souls than of their bodies.
Heaven is for those who have more joy in
Christian charity than in dry good religion.
Why, if you, with your idolatry of fashion,
about somehow get into heaven, you would
be for putting a French roof on the
of many mansions." Give up this idolatry
of fashion or give up heaven. What would
you do standing beside the Countess of
Huntington, whose joy it was to build
mansions for the poor, when that Christian
woman of Boston who fed 1500 children of
the street at Faneuil Hall on New Year's
day, giving out as a sort of doxology at the
end of the meeting a pair of shoes to each
one of them, or those Disciples of modern
society who have consecrated their needles
to the Lord, and will never get eternal reward
for every stitch they take?

Oh, men and women, give up the idolatry
of fashion! The rivalries and the competi-
tions of such a life are a stupendous wretch-
edness. You will always find some one with
brighter array and with more palatial resi-
dence, and with lavender kid gloves that
make a tighter fit. And if you buy this thing
and wear it you will wish you had bought
something else and worn it. And the frets
of such a life will bring the crow's feet to
your temples before they are due, and when
a coming eternity, I would not pacify them
for their body, mind, and soul had been ex-
hausted in the worship of fashion, and they
could not appreciate the gospel! When I
kneel by their bedside, they were mumbling
out their regrets and saying, "O God! O
God!" Their garments hung up in the
wardrobe, never again to be seen by them.
Without any exception, so far as my mem-
ory serves me, they died without hope and
went into eternity unprepared.

The most ghastly deathbeds on earth are
those where a man dies of delirium tremens
and the other where a woman dies after hav-
ing sacrificed all her faculties of body, mind
and soul in the worship of fashion. My
friends, we must appear in judgment to
answer for what we have worn on our bodies
as well as for what repentance we have exer-
cised with our souls.

England got a snuffbox—he, the top of
ages, particular about everything, and
morals, and Aaron Burr without this
that down to old age he showed in
prove his early wicked gallantries, and
salom without his hair, and Marcellus
Fondador, without her titles, and
Arnold, the belle of Wall street, who
was the center of fashion, without her
peries of costume.

And in great haggardness they shall
away into eternal expatriation, while
the queens of heavenly society will be
Vandy, who wore the modest veil before
palatial ocellanals, and Hamlet, who
annually made a little coat for Samuel
temple, and Grandmother Lois, the sis-
tress of Timothy, who initiated her sis-
ter and Mary, who gave Jesus Christ to
world, and many of you, the wives of
mothers and sisters and daughters of
present Christian church, who, through
tribulation, are entering into the kingdom
of God. Christ announced who would
up the royal family of heaven when He
said, "Whosoever doeth the will of God,
is My brother, My sister, My mother."

The Wonderful Gulf Stream.
People who visit the east coast
Florida, and especially the Ind
river and the Lake Worth reg
often wonder why the climate of t
section is so delightful at all tim
of the year and so different in
most every particular from what
would expect in those latitudes.
Explanation is simple enough.
Difference between northern and
temptropical Flo ida, apart from
attitudinal distance, is due to
elevation of the former and the
sance from it of the Gulf stre
The waters of the Gulf of Mex
emper the immediate coast.
Their effect does not extend far
and. The stream is pressed close
the east coast shore along Dade Co
by the Bahama banks. Atlan
steamships southward bound,
avoid the force of the current, sta
in so near the shore that they can
some points be hailed from la
The Gulf stream is an old story,
It is a great fact. This vast, d
blue ocean river, a thousand ti
the volume of the Mississippi,
thirty miles wide, 2,000 feet de
and has a velocity of five miles
hour the year round. The temp
ture of the stream is eighty-four
rees, or nine degrees higher th
the waters of the ocean thro
which it flows. The trade win
blowing nine-tenths of the time, w
ter and summer from the eastwa
bear the stratum of warm air forc
by the Gulf stream westward ac
the land. This is why the east
is milder and more equable than
west coast in the same latitu
With the Gulf stream are found
other equalizing agencies—the tr
rivers, the Everglades, with a w
surface preventing a land bree
and the zone of high barometric
are. The midsummer heat, a
might otherwise be ninety-five
rees, is reduced to something
eighty-eight degrees. The mid
ter chill, which might get down
thirty degrees, is warmed up to so
like forty degrees.

A Government Puppy.
A propos of the distribution of seed
from the Department of Agriculture
which was under discussion in the
House recently, Representative Tuc
er, of Virginia, told a story. He sa
that down in Appomattox Count
there lived an old farmer to whom
had on several occasions sent pack
ages of seeds and shipments of fis
from the Fish Commission, with
which to stock the creeks and pon
on his place. One court day, wh
the Representative was in town, h
farmer friend approached and in
confidential way said: "Tuck, you
sent me seeds and fish two or thr
times, and I am very much oblig
to you for them, but there is o
other thing I wish you would do
you can."

"What's that?" asked the Repr
sentative.
"Well, I want a thoroughbr
hound pup for my kennel, and
thought maybe you folks up at Was
ington could send it down to me ju
as well as not, if I only asked for it."

"Why, certainly," responded Tuc
er. "It will give me great pleasur
to send the pup to you, and as so
as I get back to Washington you m
look out for him." The Represent
tive said that, so far as he could se
there was no reason why the Gover
ment should not go into the busin
of supplying the constituents'
Congressmen with dogs to impro
their breeds as well as seed to im
prove their crops and fish to add
to their food supply. "So," he co
tinued, "I hunted up a thoroughbr
hound pup, had him nicely crate
prepaid the express charges and se
him down. And you can bet the
constituent is solid for Tuck."
Washington Post.

Fruit Eating to Cure All Ills.
A new society of cranks has be
started by a former lieutenant in t
German army. His name is Wath
He is the leader of a new "ism," an
as such called recently from Sa
Francisco to Honolulu. The Fruit
rians" is the name of the new socie
he represents, and their belief—
rather notion—is that modern civil
ization is full of vanities and stran
gnotions, and greatly needs reformin
The members eat nothing but fru
fruit, eschew cooked food of an
kind, and drink only water. The
are to live in huts, bare of the con
forts of civilization, and go naked.
Ex-Lieut. Watte intends to buy
large tract of land in the Sandwi
Islands, or perhaps a small islan
outright, for the purpose of found
a colony.

Rubber Tires.
In the use of rubber tires for bl
cycles it must be borne in mind that
no oil, varnish or grease should be
allowed to touch them. Oil is ad-
enemy to rubber. Care in this re-
spect should be had in applying the
oil to bearings.