THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City.—The fitted jacket basque that can be worn indoors or as part of a street costume never goes out of style. This season it is short and embodies some hint of the military influence that renders it especially smart. As illustrated the May Manton model is made from fine broadcloth in a rich brown, with vest of cream white and trimming of brown braid edged with white, but all suiting materials are suitable, vicuna and Venetian cloths being generally good.



FITTED JACKET BASQUE.

The basque is cut with a centre seam, side backs and under-arm gores, and is fitted with double darts, the many seams, as well as the narrow vest, tending to give a tapering effect. While it is excellent for all figures, it suits the stout ones as few models can, and reduces apparent size as far as it is possible to do. The sleeves are two-seamed and fit snugly to the wrists, where they are slashed and flare over the hands. The high standing collar fits smoothly, and is singularly effective made of the two colors, although it can be of either one entire, if preferred.

To cut this jacket basque for a woman of medium size one and three-quarter yards of material forty-four inches wide, of one and three-eighths yards fifty inches wide, with five-eighths yards for vest and collar, will be required.

Misses' Bolero Waist.

Whatever other styles the season may have in store, the bolero will remain a favorite for young girls, as well as for their older sisters and mammas. The very chic May Manton design shown in the large engraving is youthful at the same time that it is eminently practicable and suited to a variety of materials. As illustrated, the jacket is of fawn-colored vicuna cloth, with bands of rich red braid, the waist of soft-finished taffeta in a slightly lighter shade with embroidered dots of red, that match the braid, and worn with a crush belt and collar of panne velvet ribbon in the same warm color. Velvet could, however, be substituted for the bolero with admirable effect, and all suiting materials are entirely appropriate.

The waist is made over a fitted lining that closes at the centre front. On it is arranged the full front, that is tucked to form a pointed yoke. As shown, it is included in the right shoulder and under-arm seams, and hooked over to the left; but, if preferred, can be opened at the centre, the closing being concealed by the folds. The little jacket can be made entirely separate and slipped on over the waist. It is simplicity itself, fitted with shoulder and under-arm seams only, and is lined throughout with silk. The sleeves are two-seamed and are finished at the wrists with roll-over flare cuffs.

To cut this bolero waist for a miss of fourteen years of age two and three-eighths yards of material twenty-one inches wide, one and one-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, or one yard fifty inches wide, with one yard of silk twenty inches wide for the full front, will be required.

Up-to-Date.

A golf skirt up-to-date has a new fangled pocket added to hold a few extra golf balls as a reserve for an emergency. This is an outside pocket, and has an envelope flap, which buttons over to keep the balls from hopping out during exercise. The pocket must be placed at the left side. It would be in the way of the player if arranged at the right side. This can only be made on a heavy skirt, such as corduroy or cloth. The weight of the balls would drag a pique skirt out of shape. The pocket should be capacious, or there is no need, otherwise, for its existence.

The Pointed Belt Front.

The newer leather belts for wear with morning gowns are slender all around, except in front, where the lower edge broadens to dip down and produce the desirable long-waisted effect. These new belts have two buckles, only one of which is fastened. They are on both sides of the pointed piece of leather. A white oozo leather belt is machine stitched with black, and the black patent leather belts are sometimes decorated with a narrow facing of white leather on the edges, or as often as not are stitched with white thread.

Detachable Sleeves.

This, the latest idea in house gowns, with its patent removable sleeve, will no doubt prove a boon to women who dislike getting the cuffs of their wrapper sleeves soiled while engaged in household duties. Besides, it gives a much greater freedom of movement. By means of the clasp fastening, familiar as a glove fastening, the lower portion of these sleeves may be easily and quickly removed at pleasure. These house gowns may be had in calico or in fleece-lined materials for colder weather, quite attractively and tastefully trimmed and designed, in patterns to suit all tastes.

For Larger Sleeves.

All the intimations from fashion centres are to the effect that sleeves are to be loose this winter. Not that there is any danger of a return to the overgrown monstrosities of a few years ago, but it is not going to be fashionable to have the sleeve fitted closely to the lines of the arm. Sleeves will be draped. They will have dainty caps and ruffles and shirrings, and will otherwise be made an attractive feature of the gown of the coming season.

Almost to the Elbow.

Very long cuffs of lace are worn over the forearm. They are close-fitting, rather a tight envelope for the crepon or mohair beneath. They continue their journey upward from the wrist, and frequently reach the elbow, where they are lost to sight beneath the elbow puff of silk, or of chiffon. As the upper edge of the lace cuff is not visible, you can use piece lace for the cuff, if you have no edge lace with border of the suitable depth.

For a Youthful Belle.

A soft blue veiling of light weight



MISSES' BOLERO WAIST.

is made up into an afternoon frock for a little girl. The skirt comes to the knees and a little further. It is laid in accordion pleats, and has no trimming whatever. The bodice has a yoke and epaulets of tucked blue taffeta. Over the yoke the plain blue veiling is softly draped to the waist line, which is indicated by a broad, deep belt of blue taffeta. The sleeves are entirely plain.

Chains Still the Vogue.

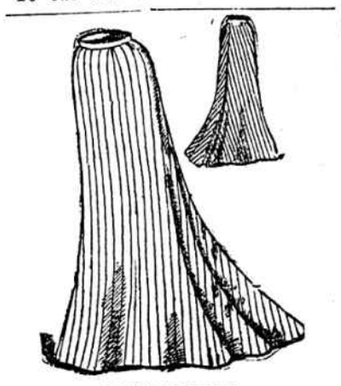
Long chains of antique design will be popular during the season. Some are hung with odd charms and pendants.

Ladies' Circular Skirt.

Skirts that fit snugly at the upper portion and flare freely at the feet make a marked feature of autumn styles. The circular model lends itself to the mode peculiarly well and is becoming to all slight and medium figures, at the same time that it is singularly well adapted to cloths and all wide materials. Indications point to many striped materials for fall and winter wear, and the illustration by May Manton shows the skirt in a tan cheviot with lines of brown, but all plain and small figured materials are equally suitable.

The skirt is cut in one piece, with the seam at the back. It is fitted about the hips with small darts, and the fulness at the waist is laid in an inverted pleat at the centre back. The folds formed are graceful, and the flare provided means abundant freedom for the feet. When plaid goods is used, a good effect is obtained by making a seam at the centre front, the pattern being laid on the bias edge of the material in place of on the double fold. The plaid must, of course, be carefully matched, but when that is done the result is a good one, and the sides, falling on the straight, are not so liable to sag.

To cut this skirt for a woman of medium size three and one-half yards of material fifty inches wide, or three and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, will be required.



CIRCULAR SKIRT.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: Lessons to Be Learned From the Three Crosses—On Right Unbelief and Remorse, on Left Penitence and Content, in the Centre Everlasting Love.

[Copyright 1900.]

WASHINGTON, D. C. — The famous paintings in the picture galleries of Munich seem to have suggested the topic of this discourse, which Dr. Talmage sends from the quaint Bavarian town, but the theme which inspired the painters awakens in the great preacher thoughts of the redemption of the human race, which was the supreme design of that scene of suffering and death. The text is Luke xxiii, 33, "There they crucified Him and the malefactors, one on the right hand and the other on the left."

Just outside of Jerusalem is a swell of ground, toward which a crowd are ascending, for it is the day of execution. What a mighty assemblage! Some for curiosity to hear what the malefactors will say and to see how they will act. The three persons to be executed are already there. Some of the spectators are vile of lip and bloated of cheek. Some look up with revenge, hardly able to keep their hands off the sufferers. Some tear their own hair in a frenzy of grief. Some stand in silent horror. Some break out into uncontrollable weeping. Some clap their hands in delight that the offenders are to be punished at last. The soldiers with drawn swords drive back the mob, which presses on so hard. There is fear that the proceedings may be interrupted. Let the legion, now stationed at Jerusalem, on horseback, dash along the line and force back the surging multitude. "Back with you!" is the cry. "Have you never before seen a man die?"

Three crosses in a row—an upright piece and two transverse pieces, one at the top, on which the hands are nailed, and one at the middle, on which the victim sat. Three trees just planted, yet bearing fruit—the one at the right bearing poison, and the one at the left bitter aloes; the one in the middle, apples of love. Norway pine and tropical orange and Lebanon cedar would not make so strange a grove as this orchard of Calvary. Stand back and give a look at the three crosses.

Just look at the cross on the right. Its victim dies scoffing. More awful than his physical anguish is his scorn and hatred of Him on the middle cross. This wretched man turns half around on the spikes to hiss at the One in the middle. If the scoffer could get one hand loose, and he were within reach, he would smite the middle sufferer in the face. He hates Him with a perfect hatred. I think he wishes he were down on the ground that he might spear Him. He envies the mechanics who with their nails have nailed Him fast. Amid the settling darkness and louder than the crash of the rocks hear him jeer out these words: "Ah, you poor wretch! I knew you were an imposter! You pretended to be a God, and yet you let these legions master you." It was in some such hate that Voltaire in his death hour, because he thought he saw Christ in his bedroom, got up on his elbow and cried out, "Crush that wretch!" What had the middle cross done to arouse up this right hand cross? Nothing. Oh, the enmity of the natural heart against Christ! The world likes a sentimental Christ or a philanthropic Christ, but a Christ who comes to snatch men away from their sins—away with Him! On this right hand cross today I see typified the unbelief of the world. Men say: "Back with Him from the heart! I will not let Him take my sins. If He will die, let Him die for Himself, not for me." There has always been a war between this right hand cross and the middle cross, and wherever there is an unbelieving heart, there the fight goes on. Oh, if when that dying malefactor perished, the faithlessness of man had perished, then that tree which yields poison would have budded and blossomed with life for all the world.

Look up into that disturbed countenance of the sufferer and see what a ghastly thing it is to reject Christ. Behold in that awful face, in that pitiful look, in that unblessed death hour, the stings of that sinner's departure! What a plunge into darkness! Standing high upon the cross on the top of the hill, so that all the world may look at him, he says, "Here I go out of a miserable life into a wretched eternity!" One, two, three! Listen to the crash of the fall, all ye ages! So Hobbes, dying after he had seventy years in which to prepare for eternity, said, "Were I master of all the world I would give it all to live one day longer." Sir Francis Newport, hovering over the brink, cried out: "Wretch that I am, whither shall I fly from this breast? What will become of me? Oh, that I were to lie upon the fire that never is quenched a thousand years, to purchase the favor of God and to be reconciled to Him again! Oh, eternity; oh, eternity! Who can discover the abyss of eternity? Who can paraphrase these words, 'Forever and forever?'"

That right hand cross—thousands have perished on it in worse agonies. For what is physical pain compared to remorse at the last, that life has been wasted and only a fleeting moment stands between the soul and its everlasting overthrow? O God, let me die anywhere rather than at the foot of that right hand cross! Let not one drop of that blood fall upon my cheek. Rend not my ear with that cry. I see it now as never before—the loathsomeness and horror of my unbelief. That dying malefactor was not so much to blame as I. Christianity was not established, and perhaps not until that day had that man heard the Christ. But after Christ had stood almost 1900 years, working the wonders of His grace, you reject Him.

That right hand cross, with its long beam, overshadows all the earth. It is planted in the heart of the race. When will the time come when the spirit of God shall, with its ax, hew down that right hand cross until it shall fall at the foot of that middle cross and unbelief, the railing malefactor of the world, shall perish from all our hearts? Away from me, thou spirit of unbelief! I hate thee! With this sword of God I thrust thee back and thrust thee through! Down to hell! Down, most accursed monster of the earth, and talk to those thou hast already damned! Talk no longer to these sons of God, these heirs of heaven!

"If Thou be the Son of God." Was there any "if" about it? Tell me, thou star, that in robe of light did run to point out His birthplace. Tell me, thou sea, that didst put thy hand over thy lip when He bade thee be still. Tell me, ye dead, who got up to see Him die. Tell me, thou sun in mid-heaven, who for Him didst pull down over thy face the veil of darkness. Tell me, ye lepers who were cleansed, ye dead who were raised, is He the Son of God? Aye, aye! respond the universe. The flowers breathe it; the stars chime it; the redeemed celebrate it; the angels rise on their thrones to announce it. And yet on that miserable malefactor's "if" how many shall be wrecked for all eternity! That little "if" has enough venom in its sting to cause the death of the soul. No "if" about it. I know it. Ecce Deus! I feel it thoroughly—through every muscle of the body and through every faculty of my mind and through every energy of my soul. Living, I will preach it; dying, I will pillow my head upon its consolations—Jesus the God.

Away, then, from this right hand cross. The red berries of the forest are apt to be poisonous, and around this tree of carnage grow the red, poisonous berries of which many have tasted and died. I can see no use for the right hand cross, except it be used as a lever with which to upturn the unbelief of the world.

Here from the right hand cross I go to the left hand cross. Pass clear to the other side. That victim also twists himself upon the nails to look at the centre cross, yet not to scoff. It is to worship. He, too, would like to get his hand loose, not to smite, but to deliver the sufferer of the middle cross. He cries to the railer cursing on the other side: "Silence! Between us innocence in agony. We suffer for our crimes. Silence!" Gather round this left hand cross, O ye people! Be not afraid. Bitter herbs are sometimes a tonic for the brain, and the bitter aloes that grow on this tree shall give strength and life to thy soul. This left hand cross is a repenting cross.

As men who have been nearly drowned tell us that in one moment, while they were under water, their whole life passed before them, so I suppose in one moment the dying malefactor thought over all his past life—of that night when he went into an unguarded door and took all the silver, the gold, the jewels, and as the sleeper stirred he put a knife through his heart; of that day when, in the lonely pass, he met the wayfarer and regardless of the cries and prayers and tears and struggles of his victim he flung the mangled corpse into the dust of the highway or heaped upon it the stones. He says: "I am a guilty wretch; I deserve this! There is no need of my cursing. That will not stop the pain. There is no need of blaspheming Christ, for He has done me no wrong, and yet I cannot die so. The tortures of my body are undone by the tortures of my soul. The past is a scene of misdoing. The present a crucifixion. The future an everlasting undoing. Come back, thou hiding midday sun! Kiss my cheek with one bright ray of comfort. What, no help from above—no help from beneath? Then I must turn to my companion in sorrow, the One on the middle cross. I have heard that He knows how to help a man when he is in trouble. I have heard that He can cure the wounded. I have heard that He can pardon the sinner. Surely, in all His wanderings up and down the earth He never saw one more in need of His forgiveness! Blessed One! I turn to Thee! Wilt Thou turn for the moment away from Thy own pangs to pity me? Lord, it is not to have my hands relieved or my feet taken from the torture. I can stand all this, but, oh, my sins, my sins, my sins, they pierce me through and through. They tell me I must die forever. They will push me out into the darkness unless Thou wilt help me. I confess it all. Hear the cry of the dying thief, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.' I ask no great things. I seek for no throne in heaven, no chariot to take me to the skies, but just think of me when this day's horrors have passed. Think of me a little—of me, the one now hanging at Thy side—when the shout of heavenly welcomes takes Thee back into Thy glory. Thou wilt not forget me, wilt Thou? 'Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.' Only just remember me."

Likewise must we repent. You say, "I have stolen nothing." I reply: "We have all been guilty of the mightiest felony of the universe, for we have robbed God—robbed Him of our time, robbed Him of our talent, robbed Him of our services." Suppose you send a man out as an agent of your firm and every month you pay him his salary, and at the end of ten years you find out that he has been serving another firm, but taking your salary, would you not at once condemn him as dishonest? God sent us into this world to serve Him. He has given us wages all the time. Yet how many of us have been serving another master! When a man is convicted of treason he is brought out; a regiment surrounds him and the command is given: "Attention, company! Take aim! Fire!" And the man falls with a hundred bullets through his heart. There comes a time in a man's history when the Lord calls up the troop of his iniquities, and at God's command they pour into him a concentrated volley of torture.

You say, "I don't feel myself to be a sinner." That may be. Walk along by the cliffs, and you see sunlight and flowers at the mouth of the cave, but take a torch and go in, and before you have gone far you see the flashing eye of a wild beast or hear the hiss of a serpent. So the heart seems in the sunlight of worldliness, but as I wave the torch of God's truth and go down into the deep cavern of the heart—alas, for the bristling horrors and the rattling fangs! Have you ever noticed the climax in this passage of Scripture, "The heart is deceitful." That seems enough. But the passage goes on and says, "The heart is deceitful above all things." Will you not say that is enough? But the passage goes on further and says, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." If we could see the true condition of the unpardoned before God, what wringing of hands there would be! What a thousand voiced shriek of supplication and despair! But you are a sinner, a sinner. I speak not to the person who sits next to you, but to you. You are a sinner. All the transgressions of a lifetime have been gathered up into an avalanche. At any moment it may slip from the cliffs and crush you forever. May the Lord Almighty, by His grace, help us to repent of our sins while repentance is possible.

To this middle cross look, that your souls may live. I showed you the right hand cross in order that you might see what an awful thing it is to be unbelieving. I showed you the left hand cross that you might see what it is to repent.

Now I show you the middle cross that you may see what Christ has done to save your soul. Poets have sung its praise, sculptors have attempted to commemorate it in marble, martyrs have clung to it in the fire and Christians dying quietly in their beds have leaned their heads against it.

This hour may all our souls embrace it with an ecstasy of affection. Lay hold of that cross. Everything else will fail you. Without a strong grip on that you perish.

Oh, that I might engrave on your souls ineffaceably the three crosses, so that if in your waking moments you will not heed, then in your dreams at night you may see on the hill back of Jerusalem the three spectacles—the right hand cross showing unbelief, dying without Christ; the left hand showing what it is to be pardoned, while the central cross pours upon your soul the sunburst of heaven as it says: "By all these wounds I plead for thy heart. I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Rivers cannot quench it. Floods cannot drown it."

And while you look, the right hand cross will fade out of sight, and then the left will be gone, and nothing will remain but the middle cross, and even that in your dream will begin to change until it becomes a throne, and the worn face of Calvary will become radiant with gladness, and instead of the mad mob at the foot of the cross will be a worshipful multitude, kneeling. And you and I will be among them.

But, no; we will not wait for such a dream. In this our most aroused mood we throw down at the foot of that middle cross sin, sorrow, life, death—everything. We are slaves; Christ give deliverance to the captive. We are thirsty; Christ is the river of salvation to slake our thirst. We are hungry; Jesus says, "I am the bread of life." We are condemned to die; Christ says, "Save that man from going down to the pit; I am the ransom." We are tossed on the sea of trouble; Jesus comes over it, saying, "It is I; be not afraid." We are in darkness; Jesus says, "I am the bright and morning star." We are sick; Jesus is the "balm of Gilead."

We are dead; hear the shrouds rend and the grave hillocks heave, as He cries, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." We want justification: "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." We want to exercise faith: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." I want to get from under condemnation; "There is now, therefore, no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." The cross—He carried it. The flames of hell—He suffered them. The shame—He endured it. The crown—He won it. Heights of heaven sing it and worlds of light to worlds of light all round the heavens cry, 'Glory, glory!" Let us go forth and gather the trophies for Jesus. From Golconda mines we gather the diamonds; from Ceylon shores we gather the pearls; from all lands and kingdoms we gather precious stones, and we bring the glittering burdens and put them down at the feet of Jesus and say: "All these are Thine. Thou art worthy." We go forth again for more trophies and into one sheaf we gather all the scepters of the Caesars and the Alexanders and the Czars and the Sultans and of all royalties and dominions, and then we bring the sheaf of scepters and put it down at the feet of Jesus and say: "Thou art King of kings; all these Thou hast conquered." And then we go forth again to gather more trophies, and we bid the redeemed of ages, the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, to come. And the hosts of heaven bring crown and palm and scepter, and here by these bleeding feet and this riven side and by this wounded heart cry, "Blessing and honor and glory and power unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

GOD'S MESSAGE TO MAN.

PREGNANT THOUGHTS FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST PROPHETS

"At Evening Time There Shall Be Light"—Wherein Is Pride Sinful?—The Christian the Proof—Obedience Learned Through Suffering—"Sauntering" Ones

I cannot see the way that I shall go,
As I wind down around life's dizzy height,
Although I pray and plead; and yet I know
That "at the evening time there shall be light."

I hear the waves caress the rocks below;
I hear their voices murmur in the night:
They speak to me of life's sweet afterglow,
When "at the evening time there shall be light."

Sometimes a cheering ray glints to and fro,
And wavers from the blue before my sight;
I feel a handclasp and a presence, though
My step uncertain is, and dull and slow,
And "at the evening time there shall be light."

Keep near the rock that shelters thee, and lo!
The path grows wider in its downward flight;
Don't let the little trials greater grow;
The sea is near, thy haven just below,
And "at the evening time there shall be light."

—Emma Playter Seabury in Zion's Herald.

Wherein Is Pride Sinful?

It would be sinful to have no pride. It is just as wrong to be devoid of true and proper pride as it is to exhibit unholy pride. He who lacks that just estimation of himself, that purpose to insist in all legitimate ways that others shall deal with him properly, shall yield him his fair rights, he who regards his relation to the community and his work in life as honorable, to be treated as dignified and worthy and to be defended from encroachment and stain of any kind, in other words, he who has a proper self-respect therein illustrates true pride. When, then, is pride sinful? When it becomes the excess of the underlying virtue. It is regarding one's self from a mistaken point of view in reference to one's abilities, characteristics or disposition. It is centering thought upon self to the exclusion of others, their interests and the obligation which one sustains to them more than is consistent with duty to them. In other words, it is selfish, and whatever is selfish is so far sinful. But he who lacks honorable, unselfish pride, the pride which exults in its own powers, not that it may conquer other men and gain the glory which they otherwise would receive, but that it may do greater and nobler service to God and to the race, that pride, which is an inspiration and a bulwark to a safe, fruitful and praiseworthy career, is to be pitied and usually blamed.

The Christian the Proof.

Christianity is essentially life, and life is essentially indefinable—its one proof is itself. It is proves that it is. So Christianity is proved by the Christian. The fruit proves the tree. When it comes to the proof of Christianity, historical, philosophical or ethical, that is another question. Many are searching for proofs among ruins of buried cities, in fragmentary records of dead empires, in the cuneiforms and hieroglyphics of lost tongues, and are trying to trace its beginning in moral protoplasm and its development through all moral and religious evolution. But essential life is not proved that way.

By their fruits ye shall know them. The Christian is the living fruitage of Chrstianity. He stands the most advanced and highest of the foremost phalanx of humanity. He is of purest morals, firmest integrity, truest benevolence, broadest philanthropy, and deepest self-sacrifice. The world has noted this spirit in men for centuries, and has come to give to it the title of Christianity. It demands these proofs of genuineness in those who call themselves Christians. As Jesus pointed to his works, such as "none other man did," as proof of His divine character and mission, so now he points to his disciples and says: "These are they that testify of Me;" and to his followers he says, "Ye are My Witnesses."

Obedience Learned Through Suffering.

It is not strange that now and then the harpstrings snap as they are being drawn tight enough for some master's hand to call from them the sweetest harmony. Notes that angels might listen to, and which thrill all human hearts, come from heartstrings quivering with pain. The very captain of our salvation must be made perfect through suffering before He could bring many sons unto glory. "Even though He were a Son, He learned obedience through the things which He suffered." This blessed sacrament of suffering conveys the needed graces of discipline, and affords the opportunities of service, even though it be broken to us, as it was to our Lord and His apostles, by the hands of wicked men. They know not what they do who drive the cruel nails and thrust the thirsty spear. They may mean it for evil, but our God overrules it for good. It is the triumph at once of suffering and of grace to be able to say with Stephen—his face shining like an angel's—"Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."—Bishop E. R. Hendrix, in "Skilled Labor for the Master."

"Sauntering" Christians.

The kind of life many so-called members of the church have marked out for themselves should be strictly called not walking, but "sauntering." The very origin of this word conveys an instructive lessons. In the ages when a pilgrimage to Palestine was held in such esteem there sprang up a set of idle impostors who wandered about everywhere in the country and sought alms at the hands of the inhabitants under the pretext that they were preparing to go a la sainte terre—to the Holy Land. It was soon discovered that they had never left their native shores; and such disgust did their vain professions inspire that a new word was coined to reprobate the shameful practice, and they were called "saunterers." With equal truth may the term be applied to all who profess to be Christians without moving forward energetically to the heavenly goal.—J. P. Lilley.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes.
—Lowell.

Do not despise the small uses of things or the uses of small things. The grains of sand in the mortar are the associated giants that keep the great building from tumbling down.

Thistles For Fodder.

Several farmers in Sully County, N. D., who sowed a large acreage of wheat last spring, and who did not secure a crop on account of the dry weather, have cut the growth of wild grass and thistles with what wheat did show up for fodder for their cattle. Several tests which have been made show that when thistles are cut before the thorns harden cattle will leave the best hay for the thistles, and these fields yielded far larger tonnage to the acre than did prairie hay.

A Cold Winter Prophesied.

The prophets are announcing that we are going to have a cold winter.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR SEPTEMBER 30.

Review of the Quarter, Matt. xvi., 21-26, John x., 7-11—Golden Text: Jas. i., 22—Summary of Preceding Thirteen Lessons.

Introduction.—During the quarter we have had some very important and precious truths presented by the great Teacher. Christ is the bread of life; the true foundation to His church and the Good Shepherd. It is our duty to be humble, to always forgive, to love and assist those in distress, to keep ourselves from covetousness and to watch for the coming of the Lord. The one who is wise will heed these things.

Summary.—Lesson I. Topic: Prayer and faith. Place: On the sea of Galilee. The five thousand had just been fed; Jesus sent the disciples across the sea toward Capernaum; sent the multitude away; went alone to pray; between three and six o'clock in the morning He came to the disciples walking on the sea; Peter walks on the water; begins to sink; calls for help; Jesus caught him; rebukes him for doubting; Christ is worshiped.

II. Topic: The true bread. Place: Capernaum. The multitudes seek for Jesus; He again heals their sick; many follow Him for the "loaves and fishes;" we should labor for meat which endureth. What are the works of God? Answer, To believe on Christ. Desiring a sign; think Moses greater than Christ; manna in the desert; their error—the Father giveth true bread; they desire this bread; Jesus the bread of life; will receive all who come; will lose nothing committed to Him.

III. Topic: Casting out an unclean spirit. Place: The borders of Phoenicia. Sermons on bread of life, just delivered; the people plot against Him; Jesus and His disciples go to the borders of Phoenicia; a Gentile woman beseeches Him to cast the devil out of her daughter; Jesus replies that it is not proper to give the children's bread to dogs; she asks for the crumbs; "for this saying" the devil was cast out—her request granted.

IV. Topic: The Christ. Place: Cesarea Philippi. Jesus asked His disciples who men said He was; some said John the Baptist, and others Elijah, Jeremiah, or one of the prophets. Whom do you say I am? Peter answers, The Christ. Jesus blessed Peter; man had not revealed it, but the Father had; the foundation rock; gates of Hades shall not prevail against it; the keys of the kingdom of heaven given; Christ's death; Peter rebukes Him; Get behind me; saving and losing the life.

V. Topic: Christ revealing His glory. Place: Mount Hermon. Peter, James and John go with Jesus into the mount to pray. As Jesus prays He is transfigured; Moses and Elijah appear; converse regarding His departure from the world; the disciples though sleepy are now fully awake; they see Jesus and the two men in their glory; enter into a cloud; hear a voice; Jesus commended; alone with Jesus.

VI. Topic: Humility. Place: Capernaum. The disciples ask a question; Jesus sets a child in their midst; entrance to the kingdom is by conversion; the humblest is the greatest; to receive Christ's little ones is to receive Him; the sin of causing one of His little ones to stumble; if hand or foot cause thee to stumble cut them off; angels guard His little ones; He came to save; He seeks the one gone astray.

VII. Topic: Our duty to others. Place: Capernaum. Peter asks if he shall forgive seven times. A parable: A king reckons with his servants; one owes ten thousand talents; commanded to be sold; pleads for mercy; is forgiven; this servant will not forgive his fellow servants; is delivered to the tormentors; we must forgive from the heart.

VIII. Topic: Opening blind eyes. Place: Jerusalem. Jesus saw a blind man; Jesus is the light of the world; makes clay spittle; anoints the blind eyes; commands the man to go to Siloam and wash; he obeys; comes back seeing; neighbors are stirred; ask him questions; he gives an account of his healing; is taken to the Pharisees; Jesus is accused of breaking the Sabbath.

IX. Topic: The true and the false contrasted. Place: Jerusalem. Christ is the Door and the Good Shepherd. He leadeth the sheep; they know and follow Him; flee from strangers; they know not the voice of strangers. Christ gives life to the sheep and gives His life for the sheep. The hireling fleeth and the wolf catcheth. Other sheep must be brought, and there shall be "one flock."

X. Topic: Christ directing the affairs of His kingdom. Place: Uncertain, probably in Perea. The Seventy appointed; sent forth; two and two; whither He Himself would come; the harvest plenteous; requests disciples to pray for laborers; Go, as lambs among wolves; hasten; ask that peace may rest upon the house; heal and preach; the return with joy; names in heaven.

XI. Topic: Who is my neighbor? Place: In Perea. A lawyer questions Jesus; What shall I do to inherit eternal life; Jesus asks him to answer; love God and thy neighbor; Jesus commends him; Who is my neighbor; parable; man among thieves; a priest and a Levite pass by; a Samaritan cares for the man; Who was neighbor to him? The Samaritan. Go, and do likewise.

XII. Topic: Covetousness. Place: In Perea. One in the company asked Jesus to divide inheritance; Jesus refused; warned them against covetousness; spoke a parable; a rich man; plenteous harvest; greater barns must be built; an address to the soul; God speaks; Thou fool; soul to be immediately required; an application made; be not anxious about temporal supplies.

XIII. Topic: The coming of Christ. Place: In Perea. Let loins be girded and lights burning—be ready and waiting for the coming of Christ as servants wait for the return of their master from the wedding. Christ will come as a thief, suddenly, when we least expect Him. The faithful, wise, just steward was promoted. The riotous and drunken servant was destroyed. 1. The duty of watchfulness. Jesus says, "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." (1) Watch ourselves. (2) Watch the enemy. He may come as a friend; artfully, full of cunning, as an angel of light. (3) Watch for opportunities to do and receive good. (4) Watch over each other in the Lord. (5) This is our duty, and very necessary if we continue to maintain our integrity, and if we are found ready when Christ cometh. 2. The faithful servant rewarded. Christ offers great rewards, both in this world and the next, for faithfulness. (1) Our influence will increase. (2) Our capacity for work will enlarge. (3) Our field of usefulness will broaden, and in the next world it doth not yet appear what we shall be. 3. The profligate servant punished. No favor will be shown. Those who wilfully reject Christ and enter into sin will be destroyed. Matt. 25: 46

TO USE PORTABLE SCHOOLHOUSES.

Boston to Try a New Scheme in Districts Overcrowded With Population.

Ten experimental portable wooden schoolhouses are to be set up in different parts of the congested districts of Boston, following the example set by St. Louis. The ten portable buildings will accommodate 600 extra pupils. The buildings are to be single storied and identical in size and construction. The dimensions are to be 25x35 and 22 feet to the ridge pole, or 11 feet 10 inches in the clear. The floor is to be composed of twelve sections, the side walls twenty sections and the roof six sections. Thus the structure can be packed away when taken down into small space.

GIRL LETTER CARRIER.

Miss Ethel Hill Begins Her Trips From Greenwich to North Kingston.

Miss Ethel Hill, the only woman engaged in the United States rural free delivery service, began her trips from Greenwich to North Kingston, R. I., Rural Route No. 1, a few days ago.

Miss Hill is the daughter of C. F. Hill, of North Kingston, who will be her substitute in severe weather. She drives a horse and covered carriage, the latter having been built and fitted especially for this service. The carrier drives twenty-one miles after reaching the point where she begins to deliver before she completes her trip each day.

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Liquor Saloon Eclipses All Other Evils in the Widespread Disaster Which It Brings to Society—Hardly a Hamlet Where It is Not Entrenched.

"The curse of the United States to-day is the saloon," says a writer in the Appeal to Reason. "Other evils, monstrous and perplexing, like the vampire, suck the life-blood of society, but they are all eclipsed in the widespread disaster they bring, by the liquor saloon. It dots the hillsides and the plains of nearly every State in the Union. There is hardly a hamlet where it is not entrenched. Our great cities marshal their saloons by the thousands. To what extent is 'the saloon as such' responsible for the incalculable disaster—crime, poverty, disgrace, disease and death—that intemperance, like a mighty flood, night and day, year after year, leaves in its path? Is the appetite for alcoholic stimulants, hereditary or acquired, the cause of all the intemperance that prevails? Suppose that liquor drinking should be shorn of all the artificial and attractive trappings that now attend it; suppose that the business of supplying those who desire alcoholic stimulants should be rid of all the glitter that gilds it, and should suffer the elimination of the factor of avarice—what would be the result? 'It would lessen intemperance one-half.' Stand as I did the other day in the bar-room of a great hotel for an hour, and note what transpires. Occasionally a man comes in alone—more frequently he goes directly for the counter—orders his drink, drinks it—pays for it and goes out. More frequently men go in by twos and three and drink together. Does each one have his own liquor? Never. One treats the other.

"See that man walking straight to the bar evidently with no thought of drinking. A man standing at the counter has ordered drinks for himself and friends, espies him, stops him, introduces him to the two others, asks him what he will take, and then the four drink together.

"A friend meets another on the street. From a mistaken notion of politeness he invites him to take a drink in a near-by saloon. The invitation is accepted from the same mistaken idea of good breeding. Neither are thirsty; neither would have drunk had he been alone, but both drink in accordance with the abominable treating custom. Abolish treating, and you will do away with one-quarter of the drinking done in bar-rooms. Abolish saloons and you abolish treating."

The Liquor Habit Growing.

Again the charge is made publicly that the vice of inebriety is largely increasing among women of good social position. It has been made repeatedly in New York by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and at the annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, held the other day in Philadelphia, one of the vice-presidents, Mrs. M. L. Lake, of St. Louis, said: "With the virtues, purity, patience and endurance of local women drowned in the punch bowl and wine glass of wealth and the beer can of poverty, God pity our children, our homes and our country!"

She also said, among other things: "Why, treatment for the drink habit among the 400 is now almost as common among physicians as treatment for coughs and colds. Dr. H. A. Gillette says that many women acquire the taste for alcohol from cologne, which they drink constantly, and which contains ninety-six per cent. of alcohol. They drink all the essences which are for toilet use—compound tincture of lavender for one thing. One New York woman of whom I know drinks eight ounces of lavender tincture every day. They also drink the essence of cinnamon and cloves. A well-known physician has written us that this habit is growing to an alarming extent among women."—Detroit Free Press.

Weight of Precedent.

There is a story reported as having been told by Colonel Fred N. Dow, of Portland, Me., which shows well how customary usage "broadens down from precedent to precedent." And no less plainly does it show the weight of the exceptional precedent.

Colonel Dow once visited friends at Quebec, and while seeing the sights of the city and its surroundings, he took a public carriage to visit the Falls of Montmorency. At a half-way house on the road the driver pulled up his horses and remarked, "The carriage always stops here."

"For what purpose?" asked the colonel.

"For the passengers to treat," was the reply.

"But none of us drink, and we do not intend to treat."

The driver had dismounted, and was waiting by the roadside. Drawing himself up to his full height, he said, impressively, "I have driven this carriage now more than thirty years, and this has happened once before. Some time ago I had for a fare a crank from Portland, Me., by the name of Neal Dow, who said he wouldn't drink, and what was more to the point, he said he wouldn't pay for anybody else to drink."

The son found himself occupying the same ground as that on which his father had stood.

The Luck of Kansas.

In answering the question, "What has prohibition done for Kansas?" the Kansas State Temperance Union says: "It has reduced the annual consumption of intoxicants from above fifteen gallons per capita, the average throughout the United States, to less than one gallon per capita in Kansas. It saved an average of over $6,000,000 in liquor sales which otherwise would go to the saloon. It has reduced the internal revenue collections from above $1.25 per capita, the average throughout the United States, to less than twenty cents in Kansas. Last, but not least, it saves annually more than 1200 souls from drunkards' graves."

A Temperance Revival.

The Illinois Citizenship League has put to test a new method of anti-license work in saloon towns, and found it very successful in creating sentiment. It is called a "Temperance Revival," and consists of a series of meetings, at least four, and a children's meeting. At these meeting the people are asked to come forward and sign a pledge to the effect that they will do all in their power to prevent the sale of intoxicating and malt liquor in their own town, except for medicinal and mechanical purposes. On each signer a bit of red ribbon is pinned; also on the children at their meeting when they promise to help.

The Crusade in Brief.

Germany, the land of beer and "personal liberty" in beer drinking, is about to try legislation as a remedy for drunkenness.

You owe it as a duty to yourself and to the cause of temperance to know as much as possible about the history, development and meaning of the temperance movement.

Bishop Thoburn, writing to the Indiana Witness concerning the Philippines says: "Every alternate place of business seems to be a liquor shop of some kind, and the soldier has temptation before his eyes whichever way he may turn."

There are 10,928 saloons in Ohio, compared with 10,871 a year ago.

If the United States of America would rule the world, if she would whiten the distant seas with the sails of her commerce, if she would extend her intellectual realm till her voice is law in the capitals of the distant Orient, then let her for two generations abandon alcohol, and she can realize her ambition.

The City Council of Rochester, Minn., recently passed an ordinance which is now in effect, which guards against the illegal sale of liquor at forbidden hours, by providing that screens and curtains shall be removed from the windows of saloons and drug stores during all Sunday and on other days, from 11 p. m. until 7 a. m.