Something Concerning the Relations of The Sexes as They Were Created.

TEXT: "So God created man in His own image, the image of God created He him, made and female created He them,"—Genesis

In other words, God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work, and to move in particular spheres—man to be regnant in his realm; woman to be domi-nant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly ; than this distinction between the masculine and the empire feminine. So eatirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them, that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds; but where are the scales so delicate that he can weigh in them affection against | affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's world against a woman's world? You come out with your stereotyped remark, the man is superior to woman in intellect; and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron-typed thunderbolted writings of Harriet Martineza and Elijabach Essenger (1998).

and Elizabeth Browning and George Elio You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection; but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the Disciple, and Robert McCheyne, the Scotchman, and John Summerfield the Methodist, and Henry Martin the missionary? The heart and Henry Martin the missionary? The neart of those men was so large that after you had rolled into it two hemispheres there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven and set up the throne of the etermal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will aver define the spheres while there is will ever define the spheres while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a women is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. keep house, he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is, that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is right-eous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown-thraster should fly, or how deep a trout should plunge, as to try to seek out the height or the depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach, she will preach, and neither Conference nor Presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to hinder her. When a woman is prepared move in highest commercial spheres, she will have great influence on the Exchange, and have great of trade can hinder her. I want no boards of trade can hinder her. woman to understand that heart and brain can overfly any barrier that politicians may

set up, and that nothing can keep her back or

keep her down but the question of incapacity.

There are women, I know, of most undesir-

able nature, who wander up and down the

country-having no homes of their own, or forsaking their own homes-talking about their rights; and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote nor fit to keep house. Their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact, or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I shall show you this norning that the best rights that woman can own, she already has in her possession; that her position in this country at this time is not one of commisera-tion, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; that she sits to-day on a throne so high, that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot-box and the Congress-ional assemblage and the Legislative hall. Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him, and by the habits she inculcated made him President. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right, and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship! Why, my friends, the right of sufferage, as we men exercise it, seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot-box and you drop your vote. Right after you comes a libertine, or a sot the offscouring of the street—and he drops his vote; and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it,

and the influence of that vote will throb through the eternities.

My chief anxiety then is, not that woman have other rights accorded her; but that she. by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. This morning I shall only have time to speak of one grand and all-absorbing right that every woman has, and that is to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and they tarry a comparatively little while; but she, all day long, governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm har-bor in this world. You know as well as I do, that this outside world and the business world, is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Gougings. Underselling. Buyers depreciating : salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rents : landlords de-manding more. Gold fidgetty. Struggles manding more. Gold fidgetty. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in, Slips. Tumbles. Defalestions. Punies Catastrophes. O Defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. O woman! thank God you have a home, and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a Princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can, by your faith in God and your cheertuiness of decrease wild it with subandors such as an emeanor, gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled. There are abodes in the city—humble, two stories; four plain, unpapered rooms; undesirable neighborhood; and yet there is a man here this morning who would die on that threshold rather than surrender it. Why! It is home. Whenever he thinks of it, he sees angels of God hovering

around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to that house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels like those that broke over Bethlehem. It is home. These children may come up after a while, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence; but they will may have an antient residence that humble roof, under which their father rested, and their mother sang, and their sisters played. Oh, if you would gather up all tenler members of the heart. ories, all the lights and shades of the heart, ories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal, and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters with which to spell out that height and depth, and length and breadth, and magnitude, and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes, and trembling voice, and agitated hand write it out in those four living capital: H-O-M-E.

What right does woman want that is What right does weman want that is grander than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outposts of that realm. They say that the sun never sets upon the English empire; but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence, eternity never marks any bound, isabella fled from the Spanish throne, pursued by the nation's enatherms, but she who is queen in a home anathema; but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly prin-

wintomy of the transfer of the control of the control of a queen, you do not think of Catharine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or Marie Theresa of Germany; but when you want to

get your grandest idea of a queen, you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him armin-arm down life's pathway: sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish way-wardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she toiled for you so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to the God whom she had taught you to trust. O, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to tetch her; and as she went in, all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you teel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name, as tenierly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: "Mother! Mother!" An! she was the queen—she was the queen. Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman libs they would have to travel down before like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot-box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for altermen and common councilmen, and sheriffs, and constables, and mayors, and presidents. To make one such grand woman as I have described how many thousands would you want of those people who go in the round of golles-ness, and fashion, and dissipation, distorting their body until in their monstresities they seem to outlo the dromadary and hippopotamus, going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go, so as not to be arrested by the police—their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious, and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons; and tramping on, down through a frivolous and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal

damnation! O woman, with the lightning of your soul, strike dead at your feet all these allurements to dissipation and to fashion. Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage. God calls you up to empire and dominion.
Will you have it? O, give to God your heart: give to God your best energies; give to God all your culture; give to God all your refinement; give yourself to Him, for this world and the next. Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched, and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth. Father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand will be no more in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan, and you must start. Will it be a lone woman on a trackless moor? Ah, no! Jesus will come up in that hour and offer His hand, and He will say: "You stood by Me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of His hand and you are sick." One wave of His hand and the storm will drop; and another wave of His hand, and midnight shall break into mid-noon; and another wave of His hand, and the chamberiains of God will come down from the treasure-houses of heaven, with robes the treasure-houses of heaven, with robes lustrous, blood-washed, and heaven-glinted, in which you will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timorel of the Red Sea; and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight; and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord; and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were engels singing in the air; and with Florence Nightingale, who bound up the battle-wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

One twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time. I laid down upon the lounge to rest. The children said, play more. Children always want to play more. And, half a sleep and half awake. I seemed to dream this dream: It seemed to me that I was in a far-distant land—not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics—although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gar-dens; nor Italy—although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around, looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth and I saw the sun rise, and I

"When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said: "When will they put on workingman's garb again, and delve in the workingman's garb again, and delve in the raine, and swelter at the forgef but neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said: "Where do they bury the dead of this great sity?" and I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles, and towns, and battlements; but not a mausoleum, nor menument, nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship? where are the benches on which worship! where are the benches on which they sit!" and a voice answered: "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute; and I found mansions of amber, and ivory, and gold but no tear nor sigh did I see or hear. I was bewildered; and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said: "What am I, and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group; and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them; but their apparel that the step I was so different from anything I had

was so different from anything I had was so different from anything I had ever seen I bowed, a stranger to strangers, But after awhile, when they clapped their hands, and shouted: "Welcome! welcome!" hands, and shouted: "Welcome! welcome!"
the mystery was solved, and I saw that time
had passed, and that eternity had come, and
that God had gathered us up into a higher
home: and I said: "Are we all here?" and the home: and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered: Here: and while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh, and sing, and leap, and shout: "Home! Home! Home!"

Then I felt a child's hand on my face, and it woke me. The children wanted to play more. Children always want to play

One of the Crowd.

He returned to Detroit from a trip to Europe Saturday night. When he crossed the river and felt that he was home once more he stepped high. He expected a little crowd to meet him at the depot, and he was not disappointed. A score of people took him by the hand and welcomed him home. One of the score did more than that. He drew the returned aside and said: "So you have been to Europe?"

"Gone ninety days, eh?" "Yes, about ninety."

"Have a good time?" "Splendid!"

"Well, I am awful glad to see you back. So you had a good time?" "Indeed, sir, I did."

"Glad to get home, I 'spose?" 4. Yes.

"Did they treat you well over there?" "Oh, certainly. Let's see! You have the advantage of me. What is your name, please?"
"My name? Oh, I'm Green."

"Green? Green?"

"Yes-used to run a feed store on Michigan avenue, you know? You went off owing me \$1.65 for cats, but I haven't worried over it a bit. Just thought I'd drop down and welcome you, and if you had the change handy I'd receipt the bill "-Detroit Free Press.

Funniest Part of a Dog.

Hunter-"Can you tell me what is the funniest part of a dog?" Farmer-"His tail, I guess. It's such

"No. The funniest part of a dog is his lungs."

a wag."

"How do you make that out?" "They are the seat of his pants, don't you see!" - Texas Siftings.

At the Concert. At the Concert: A pianist has been

playing a monotonous piece for half an "It is not surprising," said some one; "he is deaf, and does not hear himself."

"Then make him a sign that he has maid. finished."-Exchange.

Regret.

If only we had loved them more, Our lost, whom never love can reach, Who thrill not at our tenderest speech,

If only for one little day, One day of days, they could return, How would our grateful spirits yearn To lavish treasures on their way!

Nor answer, though our hearts implore.

Our feet to serve them, ah, how swift! Our hands how gentle! and our eyes How clear to see, should shadows rise;

Or griefs their perfect gladness rift. Too late! Come back no vanished hours: But, living and beloved, there still Remain sweet friends. Be ours the will To strew their paths with thornless flowers



Budget of Breezy Gossip Relating Exclusively to the Fair Sex.

Accompanied by Some Notes on the Ever Changing Styles in Feminine Attire.

The Newest Costume.



syllable of that nonsense. If you want to test it, just notice and you will find the shabbily dressed girl neglected. You will see that the girl with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes will lose both the color and the sparkle unless she backs them up with pretty ribbons and well-made up dry-goods.

No, my dears; don't hug such a delusion to your hearts, or it will be the last thing you will have to hug to it.

The fair complexion and rosy cheeks will tan and freekle, if not taken care of; the pearly teeth will grow yellow and repulsive if not constantly cared for; the hands and feet will be anything but attractive if not kept in order by good gloves and shoes; and softclinging curls will grow tousled and unshiny if not constantly brushed.

There are certain rules that custom and nature demand we shou'd obey. and we must conform to some conventionalities in dress and many details of toilet. The world is full of beautiful things, and it is fusty-musty nonsense to believe we must not make use of them and keep ourselves up to the standard they set before us.

There is no longer anything romantic in setting one's self up as simplicity personified and going against society's

But, to be more definite, the hair is woman's crowning glory, and she cannot give it too much attent on. It should be brushed with a soft brush, smoothed with

her own soft hands,

ed Ladies with heavy, long su tes of hair are much exercised over keeping it freshly washed or shampooed tiresome thing nost washed or shampooed. It is a very tiresome thing to do one's self; but most of them try to do it. They break their backs, they say, bending over a basin for a half hour, only to swing their arms off fanning it dry the ensuing hour. Then, nine times out of ten, they do not get it thoroughly dried, give up exhausted, "let it dry itself," and wake up next morning with

a terr.ble cold in their heads. Consequently when a bright little woman said to us the other day, "i wash my hair every week, my bang sometimes every day, and it only takes less than five minutes to dry it," we went down upon our knees and besought her to reveal the how withal she did it.

"l'erhaps you will not want to try it," she said, "but all the fashionable hair-dressers recommend it, and I have tried it and find it makes the hair soft and fluffy, cleanses the scalp thoroughly, and the heaviest head of hair can be washed and dried in ten minutes. I wash my hair in gasoline."

"Gasoline!" we fairly shrick. "That dreadful smelling stiff? You would never get the odor out of your hair in your life.

"Yes, I do. It is all gone by the time you can shake your hair out thoroughly, leaving not a trace behind. The odor is certainly pretty strong while you are using it, but not stronger than ammonia, which so many ladies use. Ammonia and gasoline are the only cleaners you can use which will keep light-colored hair in its natural shade. There is no brand of soap but will make it darker. No lady who has once used gasoline will ever bother with anything else. You had better

try it. Well, shampoo your hair how you will, if you make any pretensions to youth and style you must adopt the

new "Diana" confiure as we illustrate it front and back. The hair and fastened with an invisible comb, not in the middle of the head as formerly, but almost over the forehead and then arranged there in a bunch of loops and curls, with small light curls all around the forehead and cars. The long back hair in three or is brushed up very high curls is held closely at the nape of the

This coiffure may be dressed in two ways. If the hair is short or thin all the hair should be brushed up in the front, and for the curls at the back false hair will be necessary, or if the politely." hair is thick, the front may be divided for the toupet or front bunch, and the back strand left to fall in the curls at the neck.

neck by a fancy pin.

How They Bathe.

The New York girl, when she bathes at all, attitudinizes with half her slight-

The Baltimore beauty plunges boldly

in and is generally seen head under els in one day. water with symmetrical incarnadine

same ocean with any one not of her set. The Boston belle prefers to take her ablutions in private, but her favorito wrinkle at Narragansett is to lie at the edge of the surf, and when it wets her on one side then roll over and get wet on the other.

French maids at the seaside hotels, as a rule, put on an old skirt, without as a rule, put on an old skirt, without When all so-called remedies fail, Dr. Sage's stockings, and go trooping into the Catarrh Remedy cares. ocean about dusk.

Timely Topics.



authoritively announced the great faverite is to be dark moss green trimmed with black. Black braiding is placed either around the extreme edge of jupe or in panels at each side pointing up toward the waist. Of course the black moire vest is worn as usual. Combination kid boots with green cloth tops, a lighter shade of green stockings, and tan Suede gloves complete the walking outfit, with a black felt hat and a plume or a dainty green cape of velvet or feit or both combined. Another color, more used for house wear as a demi-toilet or simply visiting dress, is the so-callled Bois de ! ose, a soft, ruddy brown like the mellow shading of the autumn leaf.

Black is to be used to trim everything, and a great comfort it will be to small purses, for it allows a black hat, umbrella, gloves, and boots, and does away with countless accessories as necessities.

In some of the present house dresses, broad-striped woolen materials are neatly combined with plain-colored fabrics. In one, navy blue camel'shair cloth composed the bas me and drapery, the skirt, which was made plain, being of a red and blue striped canvas cloth. This skirt was fully visible upon the sides, where the draperies were looped to the hips, and the stripes were ran verti ally. In front, however, the long, gracefully draped tailier almost entirely concealed it, the back draperies heing the same effect in the rear. The bas me was trimmed with cuffs having fine red braid embroideries upon them, a coller and narrow revers of the same being worn. The latter inclosed a plaited white chemisette. Silvered metal buttons were worn.

Dresses of white muslin, trimmed with embroidery and pearl buttons, with the occasional addition of lace, are exceedingly popular, and for coolness cannot be surpassed. The sleeves are usually left unlined, and in many cases the sleeves, together with round spaces on the throat and shoulders, are of lace. The latter fashion is not, however, commendable for its good taste.

A tasteful trimming for a round straw hat may be formed by drawing a broad band of dark-colored velvet about the base of the crown. Over this draw a band of cream-colored lace of exactly the same width. Ribbon of cream color, and of the same tint as the velvet, should be made up in bows or knots, which are then placed one above another, upon the front, to the height of the crown. A wing, or a spray of forget-me-not, marguerites, or similar simple blossoms completes the

hat. Heliotrope continues in favor for millinery purposes, all the colors employed being of the more delicate shades, as befits the season. Charles N. and "English" pink remain in favor, and the shades of green are particularly varied and numerous.

Tall straw shapes are most favored, and, with sailor hats and some turbans, almost monopolize the field of millinery. The capote is, however, difficult to vanguish and still remains fashionable, though these styles are not much worn by young or unmarried ladies. They seem to best suit matronly heads. The variety of capote most used is a helmet shape which comes to a sharp point just above the center of the forehead.

Queen and Princess.

Our readers may like to see how the Queen of England and the Princess of



ing-room reception. They went to be photographed in these toilets, and the pictures here given were drawn from those portaits, and first published in the Chicago Herald.

A Monkey Model.

I saw Mrs. B — to-day, papa, and I took off my hat and bowed to her very "I'm very glad to hear that. Where

did you learn to bow so nicely?" asked the fond father, blissfully anticipating that he had himself been the model, "I saw the hand-organ meakey do it," was the prompt reply. - Epech.

One million bushels of edible oysters, ly clad person out of water, looking it is estimated, were caught in the waters for all the world like a merry mer- of Long Island Sound during the past

Benator Riddleberger once fought two du-

Over-Worked Women.

water with symmetrical incarmadine hosiery waving high above the water's blue.

The New Jersey girl is timid and usually requires a pair of stout arms to hold her. If there is no gallant on hand to toss her through the breakers she hugs the rope.

The Virginia girls at Old Point and Cape May swim and tumble like dolphins, and love to swim out to the lifeboat, and clambering into it, take a long dive, coming up close to the shore.

The fashionable i'h.ladelphia g'rl is very particular to have somebody "nice" go in with her, and is usually so exclusive that she won't even bathe in the same ocean with any one not of her set.

Sea bathing by moonlight or starlight is an

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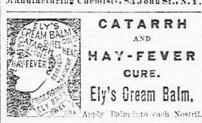
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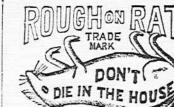


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