

The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1897. VOL. XXII.—NO. 37.

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A Discourse on the Personal Magnetism of Christ.

The Wonders of His Character—The Opposites and Seemingly Antagonisms of His Nature, His Sorrows and His Victories.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, in the following sermon, holds up Christ to view from an unusual standpoint. The text is: His name shall be called wonderful.—Isaiah 42:8.

The prophet lived in a dark time. For some 3,000 years the world has been getting worse. Kingdoms had arisen and perished. As the captain of a vessel in distress sees relief coming across the water, so the prophet, amid the storm of ages, saw the light of the Son of God, and saw, 730 years ahead, one Jesus advancing to the rescue. I want to show that when Isaiah called Christ the Wonderful he spoke wisely.

In most houses there is a picture of Christ. Sometimes it represents Him with face effeminate; sometimes with a face despotic. I have seen West's grand sketch of the rejection of Christ; I have seen the face of Christ as cut on an emerald, said to be by the command of Tiberius Caesar; and yet I am convinced that I shall never know how Jesus looked until, on that sweet Sabbath morning, I shall wash the lead sleep from my eyes in the cool river of Heaven. I take up this book of Divine photographs and I look at Luke's sketch, at Mark's sketch, at John's sketch and at Paul's sketch, and I say, with Isaiah: "Wonderful!"

I think that you are all interested in the story of Christ. You feel that He is the only one who can help you. You have unbounded admiration for the commander who helped his passengers ashore while he himself perished, but have you no admiration for Him who rescued our souls, Himself falling back into the waters from which He had saved us?

Christ was wonderful in the magnetism of His person.

After the battle of Antietam, when a general rode along the lines, although the soldiers were lying down exhausted, they rose with great enthusiasm and buzzed. As Napoleon returned from his captivity his first step on the wharf shook all the kings, emperors and 250,000 men joined his standard. It took 3,000 troops to watch him in his exile. So there have been men of wonderful magnetism of person. But hear me while I tell you of a poor young man who came up from Nazareth to produce a thrill such as has never been excited by any other. Napoleon had around him the memories of Asterlitz and Jena and Badajos; but here was a man who had fought no battles; who wore no epaulettes; who brandished no sword. He is no titled man of the schools, for He never went to school. He had probably never seen a prince, or shaken hands with a nobleman. The only extraordinary person we know of as being in His company was His own mother, and she was so poor that in the most delicate and solemn hour that ever comes to a woman's soul she was obliged to lie down amid camel drivers grooming the beasts of burden.

I imagine Christ one day standing in the streets of Jerusalem. A man descended from high lineage is standing beside him, and says: "My father was a merchant prince; he had a castle on the beach at Galilee. Who was your father?" Christ answered, "Joseph, the carpenter." A man from Athens is standing there unrolling his parchment of graduation, and says to Christ, "Where did you go to school?" Christ answers, "I never graduated. Ah! the idea of such an uneducated young man attempting to command the attention of the world! As well some little fishing village on Long Island shore attempt to arraign New York. Yet no sooner does he set foot in the towns or cities of Judea than everything is in commotion. The people go out on a picnic, taking only food enough for the day, yet are so fascinated with Christ that, at the risk of starving, they follow Him out into the wilderness. A nobleman falls down flat before Him, and says, "My daughter is dead." A beggar tries to rub the fineness from his eyes, and says: "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." A poor, sick, panting woman pressing through the crowd, says, "I must touch the hem of His garment." Children, who love their mother better than any one else, struggle to get into His arms, and to kiss His cheek, and to run their fingers through His hair, and for all time point Jesus so in love with the little ones that there is hardly a nursery in Christendom from which He does not take one, saying: "I must have them; I will fill Heaven with these; for every seed that I plant in Heaven I will have 50 white lilies. In the hour when I was a poor man in Judea they were not ashamed of me, and now that I have come to a throne I do not despise them. Hold it not back, oh weeping mother! lay it on My warm heart. Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

What is this coming down the road? A triumphal procession. He is seated, not in a chariot, but on an ass; and yet the people take of their coats and throw them in the way. Oh, what a time Jesus made among the children, among the beggars, among the fishermen, among the philosophers! You may boast of self-control, but if you had seen Him you would have put your arms around His neck and said: "Thou art altogether lovely."

Jesus was wonderful in the opposites and seeming antagonisms of His nature. You want things logical and consistent, and you say: "How could Christ be God and man at the same time?" John says Christ was the Creator. "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made." Matthew says that He was throughout: "Where two or three are met together in My name, there I am in the midst of them." Christ de-

clares His own eternity: "I am Alpha and Omega." How can He be a son, under His foot, crawling kingdom, and yet stand looking the hand that slays Him? At what point do the throne and the manger touch? If Christ was God, why flee into Egypt? Why not stand His ground? Why, instead of bearing the cross, not lift up His right hand and crush His assassins? Why stand and be spat upon? Why sleep on the mountain when He owned the palaces of eternity? Why catch fish for His breakfast on the beach in the chill morning, when all the pomegranates are His, and all the vineyards His, and all the cattle His, and all the partridges His? Why walk when weary, and His feet stone-bruised, when He might have taken the splendors of the sunset for His equipage and moved with horses and chariots of fire? Why beg a drink from the wayside, when out of the crystal chalices of eternity He poured the Amazon, Mississippi and the Ganges, and dipping His hand in the fountains of Heaven, and shaking that hand over the world, from the tips of His fingers dripping the great lakes and the oceans? Why let the Roman regiment put Him to death, when He might have ridden down the sky followed by all the cavalry of Heaven, mounted on white horses of eternal victory?

You can not understand. Who can? You try to confound me. I am confounded before you speak. Paul said it was unsearchable. He went climbing up from argument to argument, and from antithesis to antithesis, and from glory to glory, and then sank down in exhaustion as he saw far above him other heights of divinity unsealed, and exclaimed, "What in all things he might have done for me!"

Again: Christ was wonderful in His teaching. The people had been used to formalities and technicalities; Christ upset all their notions as to how preaching ought to be done. There was a peculiarity about His preaching: The people knew what He meant. His illustrations were taken from the hen calling her chickens together; from salt, from candles, from fishing-tackle, from a hard creditor collaring a debtor. How few pupils of this day would have allowed Him entrance? He would have been called undignified and familiar in His style of preaching. And yet the people went to hear Him. Those old Jewish rabbis might have preached on the side of Olivet 50 years and never got an audience. The philosophers sneered at His ministrations and said: "This will never do." The lawyers caricatured, but the common people heard Him gladly. Suppose you that there were any sleepy people in His audience? Suppose you that any woman who ever mixed bread was ignorant of what He meant when He compared the kingdom of Heaven with leaven or yeast? Suppose you that the sunburned fishermen, with the fish-scales upon their hands, were listless when He spoke of the Kingdom of Heaven as a net? We spend three years in a college studying ancient mythology, and three years in the theological seminary learning how to make a sermon, and then we go out to save the world; and if we can not do it according to Claude's "Sermonizing," or "Blair's Rhetoric," or Kane's "Criticism," we will let the world go to perdition. If we save nothing else, we will save Claude and Blair. We see a wreck in sight. We must go out and save the crew and passengers. We wait until we get on our fire cap and coat and find our shoddy oars, and then we push out methodically and scientifically, while some plain shoresman, in rough fishing smock, and with broken oarlocks, goes out and gets the crew and passengers, and brings them ashore in safety. We throw down our delicate oars and say: "What a ridiculous thing to save men in that way! You ought to have done it scientifically and carefully." "Ah!" says the shoresman, "if those sufferers had waited until you got out your fire boat they would have gone to the bottom."

The work of a religious teacher is to save men, though every law of grammar should be snapped in the under-taking, and there be nothing but awkwardness and blunders in the mode, all hail to the man who saves a soul.

Christ, in His preaching, was plain, earnest, and wonderfully sympathetic. We can not drag down men into Heaven, but we can drive them in with the butt-end of a catechism. We waste our time in trying to catch flies with acids instead of the sweet honeycomb of the Gospel. We try to make crabs-apples do the work of pomegranates.

Again: Jesus was wonderful in His sorrows. The sun smote Him, and the cold chilled Him, the rain pelted Him, the parched Him, and hunger exhausted Him. Shall I compare His sorrow to the sea? No; for that is sometimes lashed into a calm. Shall I compare it with the night? No; for that sometimes gleams with Orion, or kindles with Aurora. If one thorn should be thrust through your temple you would faint. But here is a whole crown made from the thorns of Spina Christi—small, sharp, stinging thorns. The mob makes a cross. They put down the long beam, and on it they fasten a shorter beam. Got Him at last. These hands, that have been doing kindness, that have been wiping away the hammer driving the spikes through them. Those feet, that have been going about on ministrations of mercy—battered against the cross. Then they lift it up. Look! look! look! Who will help Him now? Come men of Jerusalem—ye whose dead He brought to life; ye whose sick He healed; who will help Him? Who will seize the weapons of the soldiers? None to help! Having carried such a cross for us, shall we refuse to take our cross to Him?

Shall Jesus bear the cross alone, and all the world go free? No; there's a cross for every one. And there's a cross for me.

You know the process of grafting. You bore a hole into a tree, and put in the branch of another tree. This tree of the cross was hard and tough, but into the holes where the

nella went there have grafted branches of the Tree of Life that now bear fruit for all nations. The original tree was bitter, but the branches grafted were sweet, and now all the nations pluck the fruit and live forever.

Again: Christ was wonderful in His victories. First—Over the forces of nature. The sea is a crystal sepulchre. It swallowed the Central America, the President, and the Spanish Armada as easily as any fly that ever floated on it. The inland lakes are fully as terrible in their wrath. Galilee, when aroused in a storm, is overwhelming; and yet that sea crouched in His presence and licked His feet. He knew all the waves, and winds. When He beckoned, they came. When He frowned, they fled. The heel of His foot made no indentation on the solidified water. Medical science has wrought great changes in rheumatic limbs and diseased blood, but when the muscles are entirely withered no human power can restore them, and when a limb is once dead, it is dead. But here is a paralytic—his hand lifeless. Christ says to him: "Stretch forth thy hand!" and he stretches it forth.

In the eye infirmity how many diseases that delicate organ have been cured! But Jesus says to one born blind, "Be open!" and the light of Heaven rushed through gates that have never before been opened. The frost or an ax may kill a tree, but Jesus smites one dead with a word.

Chemistry can do many wonderful things, but what chemist, at a wedding, when the refreshments gave out, could change a pail of water into a cask of wine? What human voice could command a school of fish? Yet here is a voice that marshals the scaly tribes, until in the place where they had let down the net and pulled it up with no fish in it, they let it down again, and the disciples lay hold and begin to pull, when, by reason of the multitude of fish, the net broke.

Nature is His servant. The flowers—He twisted them into His sermons; the winds—were His lullaby when He slept in the boat; the rain—it hung glittering on the thick foliage of the parables; the star of Bethlehem—it sang a Christmas carol over His birth; the rocks—they beat a dirge at His death.

Behold His victory over the grave! The hinges of the family vault become very rusty because they are never opened except to take another in. There is a knob on the outside of the sepulchre, but none on the inside. Here comes the Conqueror of Death. He enters that realm and says: "Daughter of Jairus, sit up!" and she sat up. To Lazarus, "Come forth!" and he came forth. To the widow's son He said: "Get up from that bier!" and he goes home with his mother. Then Jesus snatched up the keys of death, and hung them on His girdle, and cried until all the graveyards on earth heard Him: "O Death! I will be thy plagues! O Grave! I will be thy destruction!"

But Christ's victories have only just begun. The world is His, and He must have it. What is the matter in this country? Why all these financial troubles? There never will be permanent prosperity in this land until Christ rules it. This land was discovered for Christ, and until our cities shall be civilized, and north, south, east and west shall acknowledge Christ as King or Redeemer, we can not have permanent prosperity. What is the matter with Spain? with France? with all the nations? All the congresses of the nations can not bring quiet. When governments not only theoretically, but practically, acknowledge the Saviour of the world, there will be peace everywhere. In that day the seas will have more ships than now, but there will not be one "man-of-war." The foundries of the world will jar with mightier industries, but there will be no molding of bullets. Printing presses will fly their cylinders with greater speed, but there shall go forth no iniquitous trash. In laws, in constitutions, on earth as in Heaven, Christ shall be called Wonderful. Let that work of the world's regeneration begin in your hearts, oh hearer! A Jesus so kind, a Jesus so good, a Jesus so loving—how can you help but love Him?

It is a beautiful moment when two persons who have pledged each other, heart and hand, stand in church, and have the banners of marriage proclaimed. Father and mother, brothers and sisters, stand around the altar. The minister of Jesus gives the counsel, the ring is set, and the organ sounds, and amid many congratulations they start out on the path of life together. Oh, that this might be your marriage day! Stand up, immortal soul. Thy Beloved comes to get His betrothed. Jesus stretches forth His hand and says: "I will love thee with an everlasting love," and you respond: "My Beloved is mine, and I am His." I put your hand in His; henceforth be one. No trouble shall part you—no time cool your love. Side by side on earth—side by side in Heaven! Now let the blossoms of Heavenly garden fill the house with their redolence, and all the organs of God peal forth the wedding march of eternity. Hark! "The voice of my beloved! Behold, He cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills."

Cross of Glory.

We see the fruits of Buddhism in India, of Confucianism in China, of Mohammedanism in Turkey. We see the fruits of Christ's teachings in England and America. Then let Him take the crown of glory and honor.—Rev. Lucian Clarke, Methodist, Washington, D. C.

Waiting.

The earth is so waiting a good deal more than a waiting room, and, in fact, those who do nothing here but wait will be the last in condition to go aboard the train when the signal bell sounds.—H. Parkhurst, Presbyterian, New York City.

THE "CLOST PLACES."

The Sage of Rocky Creek Has "Went the Galts."

The Mortgage and the "Warranty Note"—A Plan That Worked as Smooth and Slick as Molasses.

But precious few men can make the long hard drive from the cradle to the grave without landing in a tight place now and then. Everything which goes up must come down. The weather may be fine, and the horse fresh and track light when the race is called, but there most in generally always comes a time and place somewhere down the line when the man and the ceiling must meet. It is a blame lonesome road that never had a washout nor a smashup.

On Slippery Grounds.

Hit was somewhere late along in the sixties and times were monstrous hard. Prices had run way up, money was hid out, and a man had to hump and hump and hustle some and late to make tongue and buckle meet. But his doctrine is that poor folks must have poor ways or mean ones, and I was fighting it out on that line tolerable clost, when a blame fool notion worked through my hair and consequently landed me in a tight place. All of a sudden like I took up with the notion that I must have more land. I had a gracious plenty of land right then to do my farm in, and with one more good crop I could lift the mortgage higher than a kite. But I watched a woods paster to head off the stock law descript with, and so nothing would do but I must pitch in and buy another eighty down there on the creek from John Henry Ashcraft. Mother was agin the move, and she put her little foot down on it so:

"You are plantin your feet on slippery ground, Rufus," says she. "You won't rest now till you wade up to your eyes in debt ome more and then you will bust loose and fret and fuss and yonder like as if somebody else way off would be to blame for the contortment. Better let well enough alone. Folks have got to crawl some and then walk a little before they go flyin'."

But in the meantime my head was set on the trade, and trade I bought. I bought the whole tract for \$100—\$100 spot cash and give John Henry a warty note for the balance. That was in the summer, when the corn was in full silk and tassel, and the cotton fields were bloomin like a nest of roses. I didn't know anything about the washout ahead, but it was there. In less time than a month after I made that trade and signed up the papers the game was runnin agin me like a shot. The dry drouth and the rust and the boll worms and the caterpillars all rounded up and closed in and swooped down on the farm. Crops fell every where, and prices went off in a grand tumble down to rock bottom. I took the blues all over in spots as big as a bed quilt. But mother went on singin and hummin and bustin around as busy as a bee in a tar bucket. She didn't talk about my big land trade, nor the sorry crops, nor the store account, but went on tendin to her own business as gentle and tender like and happy as ever.

Sing It Soft and Sweet.

Well, after thinkin and smokin and dreamin over the general circumstances of the surroundin, I lowed it might be better to lift the mortgage and then take my chances with John Henry and the warty note. If I could omeat more read my papers and titles clear to the old farm my fight would be half whippid. I settid up at the store and had \$100 in the clear. Two hundred more would lift the mortgage. Bill Simpkins, one of the settlement's favorite boys, had took and moved off to town and got rich runnin of a bank, and I made up my mind to go and hit him for the necessary two hundred. The best way to reach a man's heart and pocket is through his good wife, and the best way to touch the wife is through the children, and the way to hit the whole family at one lick is to shoot with molasses. Sing your song soft and sweet.

So consequentially I looked the old bay horse to the spring wagon, loaded her down with fresh butter and red apples and plumcans and other farm productions, and thowered in a Thanksgiving turkey for good measure. Then I put on my Sunday-go-to-meetin clothes and my calf skin boots and a standin collar—which stood so high till I blamed if I didn't have to clamp up on the fence to spit—and sailed out to town. The trappings and fixments set rather awkward and unpleasant with me, but the stakes was worth the game. I reasoned with myself that Bill was at the bank, so I driv by his house to unload the spring wagon on his good lady. I up and told her how I had come to town to see Bill in regards to a little business matter, and I thought whilst I was comin I mought as well to fetch along some of the good things that grew on a first-class farm. She thanked me over and over. It had been two months since they had any fruit at their house and she was jest thinkin about advertisin in the paper for a Thanksgiving turkey. Then the children come in—which I loaded them down with red apples and pleasant words, and told them they would only come down to our house I would go hay ridin and chokinpin hustin with them, and build fying Jennies, and grapevine swings, and see-saw and such like till they couldn't rest for the fun.

White Ones About the Baby.

And in the meantime I didn't forget that another one of the Simpkins boys had turned up at Bill's house, and

I was itchin for a chance to praise the youngster. I lowed to myself that praisin the mother and tellin a few little white ones about the baby would be as good as gilt-edged endorsement and a blame sight cheaper. Then comin right down to business and rock bottom, says I:

"By the way, Miss Simpkins, how is the only baby in the created world comin on?"

"Fat and fine," says she, "and jest the sweetest thing in town."

Then she went and fetched the youngster and I sized him up. I told her there was a blemish on that boy from foretop to fetlock. I told her he was smart as his daddy, as handsome as his mother and a dead sure winner for congress by-and-by.

Naturally of course I was lyin like a yaller dog to some extent, but I had went into the game to win. Presently I told her I must be goin as I had a right smart tradin and knockin around to do, and I wanted to see Bill and the bank, remarkin with a bold, off-hand voice that I needed a little lift from him in business.

AFFECTING ODD WAYS.

Idiosyncrasy Means Variety More Often Than Genius.

It would be interesting to know how many people experience within themselves a struggle not to be what is called "odd." An eccentric young acquaintance who revealed in gowns and hats of bizarre patterns, never by any chance got anything like anybody else's. She got up in the middle of the night, saddled her pony and took long, lonely rides. She dissected mice and all sorts of available animals, rejoicing in the shrieks of the "other girls," for the sake of shocking whom she doubtless indulged her whims. She carried little snakes around in her pockets. Finally she became engaged to a man whom she had known only two days, and was married to him within a week. It is not strange that after living with her husband less than a year they were divorced. Then, with a broken heart, which had its use as an antidote for "oddity," she retired with her caprices to an upper room in her father's house, and the outside world heard little more from her. * * *

It is quite worth while for parents to consider, when they find "oddity" cropping out in a child, whether his little foibles are not cherished by him as much through a desire to make himself conspicuous, to "show off," as from a spontaneous and irresistible impulse. Oddity is a thousand times oftener mere silliness or vanity than genius, and all the common sense in the family may well be brought to bear upon its destruction.

One of the chief accomplishments to be taught the young is what the clergy author of the "Petrie Estate" calls "the art of living with others." The odd person is apt to miss this altogether, and thus be shut out from those sweet, common blessings which should bloom daily in every peaceful and well-ordered household. It may be complained that conventionality, if too strictly insisted upon, warps and degenerates our civilization. This is undoubtedly true, but, on the other hand, a certain amount of conformity to routine, and to what is known as "good manners," must be exacted from each individual, or the happiness of large numbers will be impaired. Conformity to higher precepts requires a considerable degree of uniformity as well.

There are some so good to live with that we can not get along with them. As long as I know that I am doing my duty as a man what do I care how others like my style?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Dalrymple replied, "what you mean. In what way have I been worrying about what other folks think of me?"

"Oh, in a hundred ways," her husband answered. "You wouldn't wear the shirt waist you have on if it were not for the fact that all the other women wear them, and would think you couldn't afford it if you didn't have one. You wouldn't care whether you had lace curtains at the window if other folks didn't have them. You wouldn't spend money for a hundred and one other things that you could get along without just as well as not if you were not always trying to pose before other people."

"Well," Mrs. Dalrymple assented, for she was not disposed to quarrel over the matter, "it is perhaps as you say. I am sorry that it is so, but I can't help it. Aren't you afraid you'll be late at the office this morning? And you haven't put on your necktie this morning. How did you come to forget it?"

"By George!" he exclaimed, looking at his watch, "it's nearly eight o'clock now. I don't know how I happened to forget my necktie. Where is it? I must hurry."

"Oh, never mind the tie this morning," his wife said; "you've got a clean shirt and collar on. Go without the tie."

"What?" shouted William Dalrymple, "go downtown without a necktie! You must think I'm crazy! Why, the boys in the office would guff the life out of me, and people would think I didn't have money enough to buy one! Here it is, Good-by."

Then Mrs. Dalrymple sat down and thought, and two little wrinkles with merry curves appeared at the corners of her mouth.—Cleveland Leader.

Chiffon Scarfs.

A pretty feature of the new evening dresses is the long, soft scarf of chiffon. It may be black, white or colored, and very effective by dotting them over with applique figures of lace in contrast, black and white and the reverse. Plain chiffon with a frill of lace all around the edge is also used, and the sashes of white organdie have innumerable rows of narrow lace insertion across the edge. Ruches of tinted chiffon are fastened around the skirts of plain and brocaded satin evening dresses, and one charming gown is of yellow chiffon in the skirt. The bodice has tiny bolero fronts of jeweled lace and a soft, full vest of the chiffon, caught up at one side with green and pink hydrangea blossoms. The striking yet simple evening gown is of pale blue brocaded satin, with plaited bolero bows and a belt of green velvet.—Leisure Hours.

One Rock Avoided.

Mrs. Worrin—How in the world did you ever persuade yourself to marry a baker?

Mrs. Wise—I was determined to marry a man who could make his own bread. You know he is my second husband.—Epilo-Data.

Getting in Practice.

Bidad—I expect to leave my wife a great deal when I die.

Lebbed—You're getting in practice, I suppose, by leaving her so much now?—Topsy Topics.

SMART SHIRT WAISTS.

Pink and Blue Batiste with Stocks

The smart shirt waist in this season quite different from any of the ready-made ones, since the haberdashers have gone a bit farther than the manufacturers of cheap shirts have dared to do. The fashionable shirt sleeve is set into the cuff with no fullness at all, and of about the same width all the way up, the top pouching a bit, but having no fullness to droop. The cuff is about as wide comparatively as a man's, and is always attached, while the collars are detachable and of plain white, of course.

The shape of the body of the shirt depends largely upon individual preference, several seen of late being laid in clusters of encircling tucks, the fastening being down one side with a plisse frill of white linen. The belt of ribbon, holds the shirt with a few gathers in front and behind, where is placed the belt buckle. The four-in-hand worn with this is of white linen sprigged with flowers, the ends edged with a plisse frill.

Collars of stiffened white pique can be got now, about which any fancy Ascot cravat is arranged, the pique stock fastening behind. These have the same effect, as the stocks that come with the white neck band and the Ascot ends all in one piece, but the separate arrangements are more conveniently kept fresh.

Rumchunda Ascot scarfs in reds and yellows, and staining worn with neutral colored shirts, and there are charming plaided and striped gingham and batistes that are sufficiently quiet.

Pink and periwinkle blue batiste waists are very fetching with white embroidered lawn four-in-hands, and a band of white pique down the center, the batiste fastening across this with a series of buttoned square cremlations. Silk four-in-hands are of the narrowest possible, and the string ties are shaped to form butterfly bows.

Stocks of white pique with Ascot ends of the sheers white batiste are very dainty, and string ties of this delicate white dimity, faintly starched, are worn about pique neck bands.

Some French waists have sleeves of plain pink, beige or green batiste, the body being embroidered with white and perforated, and worn over a thin slip of muslin of the same color. These have cravats of coarse white lace, or of embroidered white lawn, and belts of the grayest colored kids with great buckles.

Slips of plain-colored lawn are worn beneath many of the shirts of the thin batistes and muslins, while under light summer gowns there are the daintiest possible little bodies of white china silk, a flounce of lace being sewn about the armholes, the edges gathered upon baby ribbon to tie about the arm, making a curious little cap that is both a pretty and a serviceable finish, without increasing the warmth of the frock to any extent. These china silk slips are often fitted very carefully, and boned, so that unlined waists may be worn over with success.

The little handkerchiefs that are so daintily tied about the shoulders to protect the necks of gowns are built of alternate strips of lace and insertion, a tiny lace edge finishing them. They look very charming beneath muslin gumpies.—Boston Herald.

FAD OF THE SMART GIRL.

Up-to-Date Young Women Take Pride in Being Able to Design.

The smart girl's latest fad is to design, and to design some very commonplace belongings. That is to say, she hasn't taken up modeling in clay or the designing of carpets or rugs, but she is happy when she can tell you that the hat, gown, or jacket which she wears was designed by herself. Sometimes she is able to add that she made it, but oftener she grows enthusiastic, describes the picture she drew first in black and white, then in water-colors, and then how out of tissue paper she cut the practical pattern. She and a number of her kind joined a dressmaking class last winter, and the result is a shirt waist next week for some special charity. Each bodice must bear the name of its designer and its maker, and the proudest girl is the one who both designed and made the pretty blouse which is her offering. Then, too, she is studying up interior decoration. Mamma permits her to arrange certain effects in the reception-room, in her own room, or wherever a change is needed.

One of her wisest studies has been learning how to set a table artistically, and at the least expense. When you think of the days when girls were given over to making that useless lace out of twine or putting silk pieces together to form that abomination known as the crazy quilt, it certainly does seem as if the girl of to-day, not permitted to go out into society at a very early age, is teaching herself something that will be worth while when she is the mistress of a house.—Chicago Tribune.

Tired Feet.

Housekeepers who are compelled by their work to stand for some time often suffer from tired feet. There is no remedy for this so efficacious as the daily footbath, followed by brisk rubbing of all parts of the foot with a moderately rough friction towel. Professional dancers wet the soles of their feet with alcohol after bathing them, and this offers a hint to all women who stand or walk a great deal. Low shoes and slippers are also more wholesome footwear than high shoes. If the ankles swell when they have no support from the shoe it shows that the general health is below the proper standard and tonics are needed.—N. Y. Tribune.