IS DEATH WORTH DYING?

Is life worth living?" she asked of me,
One day of days by the singing sea.
"Is death worth dying?" I asked in turn;
"Beyond the grave or the gilded urn
Is there a star-land,
A miracle far-land,
That equals—half equals—our sphere terrene?
Answer me, answer me, oh, my queen!"

"But, oh, for the heaven of heavens!" she cried;
"And oh, for the souls of the purified!"
The sunfire sprinkled upon her there
And turned to a glory her golden hair;
A zephyr stole from a perfumed place
O'er seas of gladness and shoals of grace;
It tossed the lily bells to and fro,
While the birds sang loud and the birds sang low:
It rippled the roses with hearts of fire
Till they swooned the swoon of a rapt desire,
And all the universe was aflame
With a jubilant joy that I cannot name.
As I spake,
For her sake,
And without a shame:
"This is the heaven of heavens to me,
And thou art the purified soul I see:
And oh! if this life and this love were immortal,
I never would sigh for the star-flaming portal,
Nor seek in the far-away sky to discover
An hour diviner than this for a lover."

—Kenneth Lamar, in Chips.

The Earl's Daughter.

(After Naseby.)

FOR a moment my sudden and unexpected advent threw the three men into some confusion, but quickly recovering from their surprise they rushed upon me with drawn swords. Parrying a fierce blow which the foremost trooper dealt at me, I got under his guard and passed my blade through his right lung.

"A brave thrust."

As the man fell his two comrades dropped back, and I had an instant to look around. The maiden stood beside me, watching the conflict with brightly flashing eyes; her bosom heaved; her whole form was alive with the keenest excitement. Truly, it was no peasant blood which ran in her. "A brave thrust," she cried again.

"The king," I shouted; "the king, and confusion to his enemies."

Somewhat taken aback by the death of their comrade, the two remaining men seemed to be in no great hurry to renew the combat. But I placed my back to the wall and stood on guard awaiting their onslaught, and when they held back taunted them for cowards. I looked again toward the maiden, and she gave me a glance which set my heart a-throbbing faster than the flashing swords. Presently, recovering something of their lost courage, the two men again approached, but this time with less fury and more method. The trooper came first and engaged me, while the sergeant remained behind, ready to spit me under his companion's arm if opportunity should offer. For some moments there was a ring of steel against steel, as we struck and parried, neither being able to obtain a mastery, while ever and anon, at a fiercer blow, bright sparks shot forth from the meeting blades. After the first few thrusts, indeed, I felt I had the measure of my adversary, but I dared not devote to him the whole of my attention, requiring to be continually on my guard against a subtle stroke from the sword of the sergeant. At length, with a swift and upward stroke, I deprived my opponent of his weapon. It flew from his hand and fell with a clink and a jangle upon the stone floor.

It seemed, however, that the blow was likely to cost me dear, for in striking I stumbled over the body of the fallen trooper, and in a trice the sergeant was upon me with flashing sword. I felt that my last moment had come and made ready to die as became a servant of the king. Instead of a death thrust, however, a most astonishing and somewhat ludicrous thing came to pass; for I found a most useful ally in the brave young lady who had displayed so much interest in the struggle. She seized the pot she was seething on the fire, and with a quick movement poured the whole of the scalding contents into the face of the sergeant.

He sprang with a cry of rage and pain, and when he turned round again I had much ado to restrain my mirth, for his face at that moment resembled nothing so much as a boiled lobster. It seemed to be his purpose to wreak vengeance upon the lady who had caused his discomfiture, but I had time to recover and when he turned he found my sword point to his throat. Inferring, maybe, from that circumstance that nothing to his advantage was likely to result from a continued stay, he turned on his heel and, followed by his disarmed trooper, went rapidly from the house, using as he did so many ungodly words such as I trow he had never found in his prayer book.

We waited in silence until the sound of their horses' hoofs had died away in the distance. For myself I could even then do naught but laugh at the thought of the grotesque and most disfigured figure which the burly sergeant had cut. But the brave lady to whom I owed so much was of a different humor. She plucked my sleeve and looked into my face with such grave and earnest appeal that at once I checked my merriment.

"Sir, I pray you lose not a moment, but depart forthwith, for I fear me yon sergeant will most surely return."

"Nay, fair lady," I answered, "I depart not alone; for, if I mistake not, this same fellow went off in a worse humor at thy greeting than at mine."

"You speak in riddles, sir; whither would you have me go?"

"To my home, sweet lady."

"And where may that be, most sagacious sir?"

"Nay, I know not; yet am I sure 'tis not a cottage such as this."

The maiden stood pensive, while a man might have slowly counted ten, and when she looked up there was a change over her, for she had laid aside her bantering manner, and spoke in a voice of such exceeding softness that it was like the music of some sweet instrument most skillfully tuned.

"Most valiant gentleman," she said, "I will tell you who I am, and whence I come, and why you find me here; for you have borne a brave part tonight, and it would ill become me to deceive one who has wielded for my sake so trusty a sword. I am the daughter of the earl of Morvale, whose purpose it was to drive me in marriage to a certain courtier of the king, a man I had never seen, and who, I did not doubt, was devoted to puffs and frills and such things as are becoming only to women—that kind of a man, indeed, which in my injustice I did at first conceive you yourself to be. But since I had no great desire to be passed from hand to hand whether I would or no, like a piece of merchandise, and my father not ceasing to press me, I left his roof to seek that of my mother's sister, who lives on the border of the county of Worcester, until such time as his humor should have changed. But being unused to traveling unaccompanied, I mistook the path and went grievousy astray, so that when night fell I had wandered far from my direction, and this good dame, seeing my dilemma, took me in and gave me shelter. Then the trouble broke out in this quarter and I could not with safety resume my journey. So my good mother lent me this peasant's dress that I might be the less easily recognized, and here for six days I have abided."

A most astonishing but vastly pleasing possibility had borne itself in upon me while she spoke. Yet could I not be wholly certain, so I said:

"You have told me much, madam, and yet not that which most I desire to learn. Your father being the earl of Morvale, have I the privilege of addressing the Lady Canstance Temple?"

She inclined her head to signify assent.

"Is it then possible that the courtier of whom you speak is Sir Lionel Mordaunt?"

"You have again guessed rightly," said the lady, gazing at me in some astonishment; "though how you come to know so much that concerns me I assure you, sir, I am at a loss to understand."

"And yet," I answered, with a bow, "it is by no means wonderful, as you will presently perceive. For the moment, we must make your safety our chief concern. The castle of Morvale lies from here not six leagues distant. The night is fine, and by pressing forward without delay we should reach it before the dawn. Once there you will be safe, for the earl of Morvale has taken no active part in the troubles. Shall we go thither?"

"But the courtier, sirrah?" exclaimed the lady. "You forget the courtier. My father will surely seek to force this marriage upon me."

"As to that," I replied, "you need apprehend no further embarrassment; and for this very reason, that the unwitting cause of all your trouble stands before you." I made her a low bow. "I, madam, am Sir Lionel Mordaunt."

I feared then that I had made my announcement somewhat too suddenly, for the lady was covered with confusion. A crimson flush suffused her cheek and neck, and she dropped her head. When at last she looked up, she was smiling through her blushes.

"Yet I fear, sir," she said, with a comical look, "that the earl will still refuse to relinquish his desire."

"And you, madam," I answered; "you can refuse."

"But, sirrah"—she looked at me with a merry twinkle in her eyes, and yet with a passing sweetness—"I am a dutiful daughter."

I took her tiny hand in mine, and bending low before her, kissed it.

The old woman had listened while we talked, sitting on a low stool before the fire, her withered lips ever and again emitting a muttered exclamation. I laid a purse of money on the table, that she might not regret the kindness she had shown to us both, and taking my lady's hand again in mine, led her gently forth into the open. There I placed her upon my own horse, and mounting myself the one which had belonged to the dead trooper, we rode out into the night.—David Wechsler.

My Own Love Story.

How I Saw, Met and Finally Came to Know Actor George Brudenell.

Reprinted from the Current St. Paul's of London.

I HAD never been called an impressionable woman, and for weeks I refused to be candid with myself. I think it was only when I went into the shop and bought the man's photograph, after tearing myself away from the window at least a dozen times, that I realized what an idiot I had become. Then it was manifest. At 30 odd years of age I had fallen in love, as romantically, as preposterously, as any girl of 17, for I had fallen in love with an actor whom I did not know.

I have said that I had never been called an impressionable woman, but I may say more: I had in my youth occasioned my worthy mother great trouble by my "peculiar disposition." Dances were abhorrent to me, and as to flirting, I did not know how to do it. No; men did not attract me a bit—doubtless, too, I wearied them. I asked nothing better than to be left alone with my pen.

Today I had made myself just such a life as I had required. My books were successful; my house was a pleasant one; and, if I did not go into society a great deal, my circle of friends contained a number of clever, and even celebrated, people.

Well, I went one night to the Diadem theater. It was the first time I had seen Brudenell; he interested me immensely. His quiet voice, his earnestness held me from the beginning, and after the big scene came, and his passionate outburst came with it, I told myself he was the first actor on the stage.

I do not suppose, if I had been doing dramatic criticism for a paper, that my enthusiasm would have carried me to the length of recording such an extravagance as that, but one often feels things which one lacks the courage to write, and before the expiration of a week I found myself among the audience at the Diadem theater again.

I was affected as powerfully as before. He appealed to me intellectually and emotionally. I liked the piece and I liked his performance. In a word, I took seats at the Diadem more times than I care or than I am able to count.

Of the development of my feelings into ridiculous proportions I have spoken already. I stopped to look at the shop window every morning for a fortnight, and at last, thoroughly wearied of fleeing a temptation which I knew would recur next day, I went in and asked for his likeness.

The man brought me a number, but I chose the one I had intended—a profile. He wanted me to have another as well, assuring me that "this sold largely—among young ladies." I said "Really?" as indifferently as I could manage, being very ashamed of myself, and was so disgusted at my weakness that I did not take my purchase out of the envelope till evening.

Then I put it on my study-table, where I could see it while I wrote. I thought how characteristic a face it was, how much it said. I accepted several invitations I should otherwise have refused, because I gathered it was possible that the popular actor-manager would be present, and I wished, more fervently than I had wished for anything before, that I were a playwright instead of a novelist, that I might have the felicity of hearing my lines interpreted by him.

One Sunday we met. The hostess introduced him to me: "Mr. Brudenell—Miss Cleeve—George Effingham, you know!" and I wondered if he had read my books.

He did not say that he had, but he was very nice, speaking in the low, grave tones in which he uttered his commonplaces on the stage.

I congratulated him on the success he was making, and he thanked me. He said how difficult it was to get hold of good pieces. I found he was to take me down to dinner, and exerted myself to talk as well as I was able. Over the entrees I made him laugh, and I turn hot when I remember the delight this "triumph" gave me.

The theater formed the principal topic of our conversation, and I referred to the admirable support given to him by his leading lady.

"You must find her an enormous help in your great scene?" I said. "She plays up to you splendidly."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It is easy business," he answered; "the part really plays itself."

I was surprised, for it had appeared to me that it would be singularly ineffective in weaker hands.

"She is a favorite with the public, and in a theater like mine one is obliged to have well-known names," he added; "but, as a matter of fact, the piece would go quite as well with a company at half the cost."

"You do not mean without Mr. Warrington, too?"

"Why not?" he said. "What has Warrington to do? The whole burden of the piece rests on me."

Momentarily I was dismayed; the coolness of the statement struck me as almost conceited. Then I realized that I understood nothing about the matter, and that my companion knew all. "It must certainly be a tremendous strain," I agreed.

"You would say so if you had seen me the first night! Nobody but an actor knows what frightfully hard work a big part is."

He gave me an interesting account of his experiences. I was astonished to learn that it was years before his salary touched the point of three guineas a week.

"I ran away from home, and I had sworn to conquer," he said; "but it was a terrible change to the life I had been used to—terrible! Still, I stuck to my profession in the face of more discouragements and hardships than you can imagine. I shall never forget the turning point of my career."

"Tell me?" I said.

"I was engaged for quite small business in a stock company in Edinburgh, and at one of the rehearsals we got a message to say that the leading man was too ill to appear that night. It was a tremendous part. I may as well name it; it was Hamlet. The manager was in despair. He looked around at all the company helplessly. Suddenly his eye fell on me, stripling that I was. Why he selected me I shall never understand, but the next moment he beckoned me forward. 'Brudenell,' he exclaimed, 'you will play Hamlet tonight!' Everything swam before me. I almost fainted. Then I grasped that my chance had come at last. 'I will sir,' I answered; 'and I will make a success of it.' I knew and loved the part. I went out on Calton Hill, and there declaimed Shakespeare's lines to the blue sky. When the hour approached for me to go down to the theater, my teeth chattered, Miss Cleeve. The thought of the critical audience awaited me, of the Edinburgh press sitting there in solemn judgment unnerved me so completely that it seemed to me I should never dare to open my mouth upon the stage. My companions in the dressing-room chaffed me. They were jealous; but, as it happened, it was the best thing for me they could have done. All my resolution returned. The call-boy summoned me; I strode to the wings, my heart on fire. My cue came. From that hour I have never looked back!"

He tossed off his champagne, swept the hair from his forehead, and smiled at me pensively. "But you are encouraging me to bore you with my reminiscenses," he said. "Talk to me of yourself."

I did. I spent a very enjoyable evening, and heard afterwards that George Brudenell had called me a "charming woman." It was arranged that I should accompany our hostess to a celebration supper at the Diadem theater, and I looked forward to meeting him again.

The play had been running 200 nights, or 300 nights—I am sure I forget which. It was a great success anyhow, and there were toasts and congratulatory speeches, and that sort of thing.

George Brudenell paid me great attention. This time he did speak of a book I had written, and—shall I ever forget my ecstasy?—asked me if I would care to collaborate with him on a drama.

"I am not an author," he said, "but my knowledge of the stage will be useful. I have an idea for a piece! Of course, I play the leading part."

I consented rapturously, and he sent me his "idea" the following day. I cannot say that I liked it very much, but I went to work on it zealously, and sometimes he called on me, to see how I was getting on.

At least, to see how I was getting on was ostensibly the motive of his visits, but instead of discussing the play I generally found that we were talking of ourselves. He confessed to me that he was not a happy man; that his had been a mistaken marriage; and when he sighed, and leaned his head wearily on his white hand, my heart ached for him.

That he liked me there was no doubt. Whether I was in danger or not, I would rather not determine, even to myself. But he came often, and we corresponded, and—well, I cannot say what the end might have been; I only know what it was.

At last the play was done, and I sent it to him. After a week, I got a note begging me to call. He was in his "sanctum," as he termed it, when I was shown in. The MS. was lying on the desk.

"Sit down," he said, with a bright smile; "how happy it makes me to see you here!" I took a chair in front of him.

"You like the drama?" I asked.

"I like it," he said; "yes; but there are a good many alterations needed. The leading lady's part must be weakened."

"Weakened?"

"It detracts from me," he said; "she has too many good lines. Look here, for instance; I have marked some of the places."

I looked. He had marked fifty places if he had marked one.

"And something else," he said. "You have not let me finish every act. I must bring down all the curtains."

"But—but—is that artistic under the circumstances?"

"Oh, artistic!" he laughed. "This is business, not art, my dear Miss Cleeve. The applause is too distributed as you have written the piece. I have to stand on the stage in one of the scenes while the leading lady gets two distinct 'rounds.' You must cut those lines out, and give something as good to me instead."

The servant came in with a message and he begged me to excuse him.

I was glad to be left alone; I was dumbfounded. This was "business, not art!" The piece must be weakened that Mr. Brudenell might obtain more rounds of applause from the pit and gallery. Was I dreaming?

He was absent some time. I turned the pages of the MS., and read the suggestions he had penciled. Merciful powers! and this was the man I had thought was an artist! Anything more puerile, more contemptible it had never entered into the human imagination to conceive.

There were some proof-sheets lying on the desk. I saw they were the proofs of an "interview" sent him for correction. What was that?

"Mr. Brudenell raised his clever head"—the "clever" had been inserted by Mr. Brudenell! Here was a whole sentence written in: "Mr. Brudenell, like Sarah Bernhardt, might have distinguished himself in many of the arts. He is a talented amateur painter, models with singular felicity, and earlier in life was frequently tempted by the appreciation accorded to his literary work to desert the footlights for the study. The British play-goer may be thankful that he did not." Heavens above!

Here was another line the subject of the interview had put in: "Like most clever men, Mr. George Brudenell is singularly modest. It was with the greatest difficulty we could get him to speak of himself. 'The interviewer,' he said with a musical laugh, 'appalls me!'"

When he re-entered the room I told him that I would consider his valuable hints and rose to take my leave. Perhaps it was quite as well for me that I "collaborated" with him on a play, though the work was never produced. It was certainly the means of restoring my common sense. I never met him again, and now there is a cabinet photograph of George Brudenell to be had cheap. That is the end of my own true love story—it might have ended worse.

WHAT FASHION DEMANDS

Of America's Fashionable Women and Girls.

EXQUISITE CREATIONS DESCRIBED.

A Long List of Fetching, Up-to-Date Novelties in Dainty Feminine Wearing Apparel.

The blouse bodice still continues its triumphant career and seems to increase in elegance, if such a thing is possible. It is now a costly confection, and yet it does not seem so very long ago when its chief recommendation was its economy, and it was used for strictly neglige costumes. But each year, each month, even, has marked its progress, and it is now a favorite style with the most fastidious, as well as those that must practice the strictest economy. The contrast of overtrimmed bodices and perfectly plain skirts is as popular as ever, although an effort is being made toward harmony between them, and also toward lessening the sharp division of light and dull colors between waist and skirt. It is found that such a division cuts the figure in two and makes short people suffer by losing in inches. There never was and never will be a more delightful mode of dress than that which prevails now, and one groans inwardly when there is the slightest murmur of a coming change or of fashion's intention to insist on an entire dress of one material. The plan of having many bodices for one or two skirts has proved so pretty and so convenient that women hope that the change, which must come, may be deferred long, and in the meantime let them enjoy their freedom. One change in the loose blouse front is that the latest bodices are not bulged out, as formerly, but well drawn in at he waist.

A mode of the last century is being revived in a garment convenient to put on over low evening bodices. It is a straight garment frilled in at the neck with a chiffon boa and fastened with one ornamental button or ribbon bow in front, and it falls just below the waist on the hips. The sleeves are wide and open. The garment is made of silk and unlined. A skirt of light blue taffeta veiled with light blue silk crepon can have two bodices to wear with it, one high necked and made with the silk and crepon, with large puffed long sleeves, and the collar and waistband of white silk with a blue line or square upon it. The other bodice, which can be worn with any other skirt, is of cloudy white tulle, well drawn down into the waistband and made on white silk. The low neck is trimmed with folds of tulle about the shoulders.

A very smart and closely fitted blouse is of biscuit silk muslin over coral silk. The cosset bodice is of French passementerie of the same shade over coral satin. The passementerie forms two points that hang down on the skirt. The same trimming forms the deep cuffs, which also have two points on each sleeve that lie upon the puffs above. The four tiny ruffles are of silk muslin and form a round yoke. This bodice may be worn with a red silk skirt or one very different in texture and color.

Another bodice made for full dress is cut square in the neck, back and front. The sleeves are of black fancy satin with narrow blue stripes. The blouse is of turquoise satin, and made very full. Accordion pleated black lisse is put about the square neck in a shell device, and the neck is finished on the left side with a large satin bow. The large puffed short sleeves are caught in with two blue satin rosettes. The ribbon belt is tied with a full bow. Blue suede gloves of a delicate tint are worn with the costumes and a narrow band of black velvet is tied about the throat.

A pretty house gown is made of pink and gray striped linen, the skirt and waist being very full. The waist is a blouse with a yoke of guipure over pink silk. The full puffs of the sleeves are of plain pink linen and the lower part of guipure over pink silk. The bodice is finished with dark red silk about the throat and waist, with a large bow on the left side. Another pretty pink gown with which to finish the summer festivities is of pink and white alpaca with a pink spotted muslin blouse made with horizontal tucks and a cape over the shoulder. The broad white hat is trimmed with pink roses smothered in white lisse.

Large white satin collars, marked in a well defined design in jet, are worn with hats having white satin crowns with the same jet adornment. The hats have open-work straw brims of black, and are trimmed with a large bunch of flowers only. The collars are separate from the waists and can be worn with any gown, but the correct thing is to use them with black dresses. A novel change in an evening gown is that the large sleeves are composed entirely of flowers. In one model they were so cleverly arranged that the arm could be seen through the flowers. And still they kept the balloon shape. The effect was decidedly odd, but satisfied the aspiration of anything for a change.

The coat and skirt fashion of gown continues as much in vogue as ever, the coats short and opening over a vest in a masculine way. The jacket, too, is rivalling the short round waist in favor. It may be worn with a stiff shirt front, collar, and vest, or in a more feminine way with a soft blouse front of silk or lace. The variety seems endless.

One of the earliest fall gowns exhibited is made of mixed tweed in green, blue, and brown. It has a full godet skirt and is fastened on the hips with smoked pearl buttons with a greenish-bluish sheen. The same buttons are used to fasten the tight-fitting double-breasted bodice, which has wide coat revers. A check of golden brown and dull red makes a very striking combination for another gown. It can be made with a slightly full round-waisted bodice, and for a belt a broad band of glace ribbon of a color seen in the checks and an open-front coat. The skirt is full and plain, fastened at the sides with red buttons. A softer toned camel's hair is made with a long double cape. The skirt has strapped seams and is worn with a bright plaid bodice.

Tartan vests and waistcoats will be greatly used with the coats and jackets that will appear for fall wear, and very bright and warm they look for the cool, dark days that will soon be here. A mode of trimming that will be largely adopted for cloth dresses is to set straps of the cloth mounted on velvet around the front edge of the skirt, the revers, vest, and cuffs of the coat. The straps may be put on plain or in conventional designs. The effect is excellent. The velvet is of a darker shade of the color of the cloth, or if mixed goods be used, of one of the prevailing colors. The sleeves must be elaborately goved and tucked, or Dame Fashion will not smile upon them. As yet there are no signs of any diminution in their size.

A new metallic iridescent button, which is singularly effective and matches perfectly any of the beautiful mixed rough goods, is shown for fall wear. Buttons will be a very prominent feature of the fall and winter gowns.

A felt toque was trimmed with satin ribbon and a Japanese pheasant's feather of a most brilliant metallic green was held in place by a bunch of white plumes. There is no doubt that the cloven crowns of hats have but little longer popularity before them, and many women have already adopted the square and flat crowns. Mixed plumes are the future feather trimming for hats. Birds of paradise, herons, and ospreys will furnish many of them.

The cool nights and mornings that herald the approach of fall make one feel the need of extra wraps. Styles, colors, and shapes are numerous. As the large sleeves of dresses are also to be borne in mind, many coats are without sleeves. Long capes fall gracefully over the arms and button down the front, making a coat effect. The short rough capes for early wear are very chic and becoming. A very useful yachting or mountain coat of navy blue serge is cut very full and rather long, and has a very becoming double cape. Both capes are pointed and edged with a narrow gold braid, the upper and smaller being of red. The lining throughout is of red satin. Another of alpaca is lined with shot green silk and finished with machine stitching in a superior manner. This has little tabs across the pockets and steel buttons upon them. There are many beautiful tweeds—black, white, and colored—that, although shower proof, are not associated with waterproofs or mackintoshes. They are of much lighter weight. The double capes are cut very full and finished with velvet collars. The capes may be used independent of the long coats that are made with a long sleeveless coat, the cape lapping over the front and fastening there with one button at the neck. The material is black tweed with a velvet collar. The hood at the back is lined with tartan plaid. The hat that goes with it is a broad brimmed, low crowned black felt, trimmed with a tartan ribbon about the crown and argus quills. A new boucle cloth in mixtures of bright navy blue and black furnishes a very useful tailor-made coat for cool days, and still another novelty is a chestnut fleece cloth with collar and wide flowing cuffs of brown velvet.

The new cape coat is decidedly comfortable to wear over the huge sleeves. The fulness is drawn down from a yoke into a strapped band at the back, and fastened across with a button. The band continues around the waist through the side seams, and is fastened under the front, which hangs loose and is blind buttoned, but fastened at the throat with a pointed strap attached to the coat by a white pearl button on either side. On the shoulders are cape sleeves finished with wide bands of white leather. This coat is made of the new shade of blue and lined throughout, coat and capes, with silk of the same shade. A new jacket is cut very short and the basque very full. The sleeves are very full at the top, but fit closely about the forearm and have large flowing cuffs. One made of fawn-colored cloth shows a pink shirt, and is trimmed with a darker shade of velvet.

The Inverness cloak is a most useful garment. One of a pale tan box cloth has white pearl buttons which are also used on the cape. The arms are free and the cape is lined with a checkered silk of brown and white. The coat has useful little pockets on the side.

An ideal ulster is one made of plaid. It is fitted closely in the back and has loose fronts with many buttons. The long full cape is lined with either white, red, or blue, and has a hood at the back lined with the same material. The skirt of the coat is cut very full, following the godets of the skirt worn underneath it. The hat is of dark blue soft felt, with a sunken crown, with plaid ribbons the color of the coat.

The long driving coat, that is needed absolutely now at country homes as the cooler days advance by those who have not caught the bicycle craze and are just as fond of their ponies as ever, is made of a coachman's gray with a brown velvet collar and mother of pearl buttons. The coat is cut double breasted and a cape is attached. The cape has a small strap attached to the lower edge underneath at one side and a button to correspond on the other. This arrangement is of the greatest convenience when driving, as by it the cape may be prevented from flying out. The revers, pockets, and sleeve straps are all machine stitched. The tan colored, low crowned derby has a band and small bow of brown.

Capes are shown in all shades and colors. Most of them are of very rough, heavy, reversible cloth. Many have thick woolen fringe which seems a continuation of the cloth and which actually is part of it in the Scotch plaids. The cloths come in beautiful combinations. Both sides may be of a plain color, or the cloth may be plain on one side and have a plaid lining. One for mourning is black on the outer side, while the under side has just a dash of white through it, the roughness of the cloth giving it a very appropriate shade for deep mourning. The hoods are detachable and the capes have straight turn-over collars.

A long cloak for evening wear is of beige silk trimmed elaborately with ecru guipure over moldore velvet. The double pelerines have a row of the broad guipure about each, and the fronts of the long cloak are turned back with revers at the top and extended to the bottom faced with guipure. The cuff of beige chiffon is finished with a loose pleated front with a band of the guipure. This is lined throughout with moldore silk and is extremely graceful. There is a novelty in a loose coat for calling and eminently suited to wear over the large sleeves. It is made of gray bengaline, kilted, and has braces traced with moonlight and steel beads hanging over the shoulders to the hem, front and back. The sleeves are gathered full and frilled at the wrist with pink and gray chiffon. The same combination of chiffon appears at the throat, while the entire lining is of pink silk. It is very fine for dress occasions, and would look equally well in black with the braces traced in jet. Another jacket for elaborate dress is made of the new bright blue heavy silk with a white silk collar ornamented with a handsome applique of guipure. The jacket itself is tight fitting and the basque is cut very full. The sleeves have deep flaring cuffs of guipure over white silk. The finishing touch to this jacket is a soft white silken scarf which is placed under the collar and hangs far below the coat in front, giving an appearance of length to the waist and gracefulness to the figure. The scarf is also made use of when one wants to close the coat. It is then tied across the chest in a large full bow, which gives additional warmth.

The exquisite Louis XVI coats will be limited almost entirely to house wear. A charming coat of chine grounded silk with a frise velvet design upon it in white, has a white satin waistcoat embroidered with flowers, traced with crystal sequins, and yet another little coat, made of black brocaded with pink, has two rows of gold buttons down the pink waistcoat. A pink chiffon and lace cravat was worn with a lace ruffle around the neck and down the front. The elbow sleeves were finished with frills of pink chiffon. A little cape made to wear over ample sleeves is of dark blue velvet, cut in two broad tabs or squares, back and front, and reaching to the waist only. The lining is of silver gray satin. The novelty of this little cape is, that where the sleeves should be are series of loops and floating ends of rich silver gray satin ribbon, which give a very jaunty air to this little fall pelerine. This is accompanied by a Louis XVI toque of dark blue velvet trimmed in front with bats' wings of cream lace and at the side with a high black and white aigrette. Just under the brim at the back is one perfect dark red rose.

GEMS FROM THE PULPIT

And the Rostrum of the Nation at Large.

MORSELS OF INTELLECTUAL DIET.

A Concensus of Bright Sayings by Some Bright Men Who Pose as Popular Teachers.

LEADERSHIP.—The great American leaders, Washington, Lincoln and Grant, were just as truly raised up to God for the deliverance of the new country from political bondage as was Moses. God's leadership with these great minds was different from that with lesser minds only in degree. God becomes a leader to anyone willing to permit the leadership. The impress of the spirit on the human heart requires only the condition of willingness.—Rev. Dr. Martin, Methodist, Indianapolis, Ind.

TRUSTS.—Private control of capital is being eliminated by the trusts. Capitalists have abdicated their functions, and managers, private employes, take their place, and production goes on exactly the same. By and by the managers will be changed to salaried public servants, and capitalists' profits will be withheld from them. Concentration will result either in complete organized capital or complete organized government. People will decide that the latter shall prevail and that means collectivism.—Laurence Gronlund, Collectivist, Seattle, Wash.

THE BUDDHISTS.—The Buddhists are very devout people. If Christians would only take as much interest in their worship and the welfare of their church as do these poor heathens, what a glorious world this would be. Converting one of these Buddhists to Christianity is like bringing a lost soul back into the house of God. They make even better Christians than those who have had the opportunities and advantages of a Christian training.—Rev. T. J. Stanley, Presbyterian missionary, Philadelphia, Pa.

DEATH.—Life is always interesting. Death is much more so. The deathbed is the dial of life from which we reckon the past and future. As we are worshipped in life, we will be watched in death. All is finished. Redemption is accomplished; the atonement is complete. Heaven is triumphant; hell is confounded. All that the world has waited for, longed for, needed, is realized; all is yours, dying saint; all may be yours, dying sinner.—Rev. John Allison, Reformed church, Yonkers, N. Y.

MORAL LAW.—In ceasing to do evil men cannot justify themselves by the deeds of the law. It is Christ alone who makes that possible. This does not divorce morality from religion. Religion is necessarily moral; but morality is not religion. The great moral force in the Christian religion is faith in God and in his Christ and love to man begotten of that faith. The great wrong for which man is punished is forgetting Christ. It is the rejection of his offer of salvation.—Rev. W. R. Bingham, Presbyterian, Oxford, Pa.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.—Religion is one thing, theology is quite another. Religion is eternally the same and unchangeable under the influence of the spirit of the wind. So is man's theology always changing under the influence of the Holy Spirit, who is guiding the world into a clearer and more comprehensive grasp of this one unchangeable religion. It is the glory of theology that it changes; it is the glory of religion that is unchangeable.—Rev. J. J. Lanier, Episcopalian, Augusta, Ga.

POLITICAL CAMPAIGNS.—Long and bitter political agitations are not favorable to the development of moral and spiritual virtues in the people, because they disturb the equanimity and breed strife and hatred. Among the worst of these are class antipathies. Prejudices are developed between people in country and town, animosities which crop out even in religious gathering and make co-operation in work for religious and educational enterprises difficult. Public opinion is unsettled, and respect for law and order are broken down, and the door opened for crime.—Rev. C. S. Gardener, Baptist, Greenville, S. C.

THE MILLENIUM.—The millenium comes by slow stages, not suddenly; not by any immediate effort or purpose of man. It is the end of a very long and tedious process of evolution; the result of innumerable endeavors, partly intended, partly unconscious, to improve the conditions and readjust the relations of life. Any swift realization of the dreams of philanthropy would throw out of place and arrest the progress of man in all directions. Were ignorance abolished in other way than by the gradual discovery of knowledge, knowledge would lose its value and the love of truth be quenched.—Rev. M. H. Harris, Universalist, Worcester, Mass.

SUICIDE.—The suicide theory of curing earthly ills by ending life is fast becoming a matter of creed with many people. Does death end it all? It is quite the thing for ill-health, business reverses, social trouble—to offer an excuse to put an end to them all with the pistol, the knife or the rope. Human life is the most precious thing God ever created. A single life is worth a million worlds to God. In his infinite mercy he has made human life but the vestibule of eternal life. Life is what all can have, but none can give.—Rev. James E. Williams, Methodist, Pittsburg, Pa.

HOPELESSNESS.—The death of a hopeless man is the most agonizing thing in this world. I have stood on a ship when the storm seemed each moment about to engulf her; I have stood on the battlefield where death was reaping a bloody harvest all around me; I have seen pestilence slaying its hundreds, and felt the earth trembling under me, and heard the roar of internal disturbances, sending terror to the hearts of the bravest, but the most horrible sight I know is to see the storm-tossed waves of hell mirrored in the glazing eyes of a hopeless man.—Rev. Joseph H. Wilson, Charleston, South Carolina.

UNIVERSAL RELIGION.—The church is not doing its work when half the people never go near the church or care anything about it. Christianity was given to the world to be a universal religion. It can become universal only by being accepted by all the people in so-called Christian countries at the same time that it is being carried to those nations which now are totally ignorant of it. If it is not accepted by all the people there must be something wrong, either with Christianity itself or with those who do not accept it, or with those who do profess to accept it.—Rev. A. W. Gross, Universalist, Boston, Mass.

CHRISTIANITY.—The life of the church is not altogether in harmony with the teachings of Christianity. Too much luxury exists, and the church has drifted away from the people. It should come more in contact with them. We must have Christians who not only confess Christ, but prove their works by leading a good Christian life. Christianity is not meant to be applied to Sunday only. It should prevail equally as forceful every day, in both business and social circles. The doctrines taught by Christ should be lived up to in reality. The mere profession of goodness and honesty has no weight; they should be practiced in daily life.—Rev. Rasmus Anderson, Danish church, Brooklyn, New York.

MOTHERHOOD.—Mary, the mother of Christ, had queenly qualities. She is not to be worshipped as a deity, but reverenced as a true mother. True queenship shows itself in a self-sacrificing disposition. What Mary was to Christ, as a rule, all mothers are to their children. The goddess Diana was the protector of innocence in womanhood. Why was this protector of innocence represented as a woman? Because the mother is the obstacle between the destructive world and innocence. In America woman is seen everywhere as the Goddess of Liberty. Because America knows that the mothers instill into the minds of the children principles that keep the nation free.—Rev. Chas. H. Elder, Methodist, Trenton, N. J.

THE HEART.—The heart is the workshop of the life. Every act of the hand becomes moral because the heart stamps that act with motives. The heart determines the moral character of all you consciously do, and you do right only when your heart is right in that particular act. The heart must be kept, it won't keep itself. It must be presided over by the will, commanded, ordered, controlled. If one leaves it to follow impulse and moods it will deteriorate in itself and contaminate the very citadel it dwells in. Keep it as you keep a garden—by destroying the weeds and fostering the good seed.—Rev. J. H. Hartman, Baptist, Cleveland, O.

MEN AND ANGELS.—There is greater dignity in being a man than in being an angel. His relations are nearer, and the dignity conferred on him is higher than that conferred on an angel. Hence, to be a man means being next to God himself. A man is not an imitation. A man is not a two-legged animal, as the philosopher Plato once defined him. But a man is the friend of God, possessing the earth, inheriting heaven, crowned with glory and honor—one who thinks, reasons, acts, and lives, conscious of destiny, and conscious of immortality which links him to the throne of God, and makes him a joint heir with the son of the highest.—Rev. W. L. Auston, Presbyterian, Baltimore, Md.

CHARITY AND SYMPATHY.—There must be sympathy, love and companionship in all our gifts. There are hundreds and thousands rushing to darkness and doom for the want of a cheering word and the belief that someone cares for them, and for the want of that sympathy and love that might go even with the little gifts that we do give. People subscribe to funds to aid the poor in the slums, but they never go there themselves and see where their money goes. If those who are charitably inclined visited the poor in person and added words of sympathy, consolation and love to their other gifts, there would be less misery in the slums and a great many more could be saved.—Rev. W. R. Perrett, Presbyterian, Clinton, N. Y.

THE MONEY BARONS.—The wealth of the few has increased so fast that there is talk of limiting its acquisition to a specified amount. Beecher said we were coming to a reign of the common people. It seems to me that we are coming to a reign of the money barons. Men sit down and calculate whether it might not pay to buy a legislature. Our fathers came over here to escape from tyrants, but the money tyrants bid fair to become almost as oppressive. The time is coming when every man will ask himself whether he really and actually owns his own soul and body, and whether by legislation or in some other way the power of the money tyrants cannot be overthrown.—Rev. J. M. Wallace, United Presbyterian, Pittsburg, Pa.

IF CHICAGO CAME TO CHRIST.—There are a good many people who would feel lonesome if Chicago came to Christ. There are people who believe the city wouldn't do business; that it would be a dead town. If Chicago should come to Christ she would bring more enterprise, more brain, more heart than has ever at one time been given to our Lord. What would she leave behind? Sixty-five hundred saloons, 20,000 men who are directly engaged in the retail liquor business, but $85,000,000 would be saved annually to bless the homes. If Chicago should come to Christ gambling would be a thing of the past. If Chicago should come to Christ she would bring 20,000 women who grope shuddering at the gates of night. Each year it is estimated that 4000 women and girls die in this city as the result of dissipation and sin. Their coffins, allowing six feet for each, would make a continuous line for four and a half miles. Of course, if Chicago should come to Christ, she would save this sorrow, crime and death.—Rev. W. M. Smith, Chicago, Ill.

VALUE OF NEWSPAPERS.

There are certain persons who affect to despise "the newspapers." But this is mere affectation. No man despises a newspaper when he wants to use it, and nine men out of ten would find life a barren waste without it. But however this may be, it is worth while to put against expressions of disparaging opinions of newspapers, by whomsoever made, those of some of the master minds of the world.

Dr. Johnson said:

I never take up a newspaper without finding something I should have deemed it a loss not to have seen; never without deriving from it instruction and amusement.

This is from Thomas Jefferson:

I would rather have newspapers without a government than a government without newspapers.

And this from Hallam, the great English historian and publicist:

For almost all that keeps up in us, permanently and effectually, the spirit of regard for liberty and the public good, we must look to the unshackled and independent energies of the press.

And this from Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, one of the most acute intellects that ever lived:

The newspaper is the chronicle of civilization. It is a daily and sleepless watchman and reports to you every danger which menaces the institutions of your country and its interests at home and abroad. It is a law book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor.

And this from Hunt:

The newspaper is the familiar of all men of all