WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

BLOW BUT SURE GROWTH OF THE "UNION" OR "HEALTH" GARMENT.

Fashions for Ladies' Underclothing in London and in New York—Great Diversity of Styles in Bonnets Designed for Midwinter.

Bonnets for midwinter include not only many styles, but styles showing great extremes, such as tulle and flower bonnets and velvet bonnets trimmed wtih fur. This diversity appears to be a necessity, some ladies of fashion must have a bonnet for every occasion if not absolutely one for every gown.

FUR TRIMMED CLOTH COSTUME.

For the theatre and other evening occasions are graceful affairs of lace, tulle, flowers and feathers. To wear with cloth suits are new cloth bonnets or turbans. These are trimmed, as a rule, to correspond with the costume, as is illustrated in the cut. The fine, blue cloth dress and pelerine are trimmed with Persian lamb or Astrakhan and braid. The cloth hat of exact color of the suit has a brim of Astrakhan, and an Astrakhan muff completes the stylish costume. Russian sable is much used as a trimming to winter bonnets, and it often seems that the whole crown is of fur, though, as a rule, the fur composes the brim only.

WINTER BONNETS.

In the second cut is shown an imported winter bonnet of exceedingly stylish shape. It is of scarlet velvet. The velvet, arranged in plaits going upward, covers the crown of this bonnet and provides the plaited trimming in front. A demi-wreath of green glossy feathers, crowned above with a feather aigrette, and a bow and strings of ribbon four and three-quarter inches wide, shot with red and green, give the fashionable ornamentation.

Night Dresses and Under Linen.

In London, it appears, there is a decided tendency to color in the wear of night dresses and under linen, and many of the leading houses sell sets of these to match, including the two necessary articles of daily wear and the night dress. Some very pretty ones are in cambric with fine narrow lines of colors. In New York, ladies, as a rule, prefer the articles mentioned in white linen, muslin or percale; the color in their underwear being confined to fanciful petticoats, silk corsets and the pretty ribbon trimmings on their under linen. Colored stockings, as all our readers know, are worn everywhere. Silk skirts, lined with flannel, are very fashionably worn instead of the ordinary flannel petticoats. Under silk petticoats, not lined with flannel, or quilted flannel petticoats, in broad, contrasting stripes, are worn; these are generally edged with a rather thick washing lace or embroidery.

Reform or Health Garments.

The undergarments and health waists introduced to the public a dozen or more years ago under the general name of "reform garments" have met with exceedingly slow growth, still they have made some advance. At the present time the union garments, in wool, silk and muslin, share favor with the two-piece garments. The former have been adopted by many because of their comfort, convenience and economy; by others they are patronized to some extent with the idea that one's stays and bodice fit more snugly above them than with the two-piece underwear.

Echoes from the World of Fashion.

From Paris comes word that "tight lacing, large bustles and the high hat are doomed."

Hussar jackets are worn for demi toilet.

Among recent novelties in tea gowns is noted one of cream colored China silk, trimmed with fluffy gray fur and a profusion of yellow ribbon.

THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

Dr. Talmage on the Platform—Oratorical Powers of the Noted Preacher.

The first object that strikes the visitor to the Brooklyn Tabernacle is the immense organ. Promptly at 7:15 o'clock the organist runs his fingers over the ivory keys, and plays two or three selections. At the exact moment of 7:30 Dr. Talmage walks on the platform. His black broadcloth frock coat is thrown open. A turned down collar encircles his neck, and a black tie covers his snowy shirt front. He drops into a blue plush chair, and a moment is spent in prayer. Then he adjusts his glasses to his eyes and opens his Bible. The organ peals forth "Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow." A stout, well built man steps on a small platform and waves his right hand. In his left he holds a silver cornet. This he puts to his mouth and leads the vast audience in song. There is no choir or quartette in the Tabernacle. The singing is entirely by the congregation. After this Dr. Talmage steps forward. The peal of the organ has hardly died away before he announces his Bible reading. He holds the good book in his right hand, close to his face. His left hand steals around to his back and clutches nervously at his coat tail. He begins in a well rounded but not musical voice. The vast audience is hushed in expectancy. The fall of a pin could be heard. Slowly the preacher proceeds. It is the ever delightful story of Ruth that he has selected. He reads sentence after sentence, and in a conversational way injects comments until the old story, that all the world has laughed and cried over, is invested with a new light and a new meaning. After this another hymn and then the collection. As the pennies, dimes and quarters jingle musically together in the collection boxes the cornetist plays again. The great church is by this time full to overflowing. There isn't standing room anywhere. Massive chandeliers light up the building perfectly, and the stained glass windows make a pretty and effective background.

Then the sermon begins. The preacher comes down to the front of the platform without notes or even a book in his hand. He doesn't use a table or pulpit. He stands alone. Every eye is on him. He gives out his text in a clear, loud, ringing voice, and repeats it twice. He usually begins the sermon by a hasty word picture of the scene where the text is laid, or by an anecdote. The sermon lasts forty minutes. It is full of vigor and earnestness. Indeed, that is the chief characteristic of Talmage on the platform. He is in earnest. He talks quickly, nervously. He paces up and down the platform, and now tells a story in a low, sweet voice, and again he belches forth like Vesuvius, and makes the chandeliers rattle with the sound of his voice. At times he is intensely humorous. Again he has the audience in tears. Again, he is so dramatic that the conviction forces itself upon you that if he had taken to the stage instead of the pulpit he would have made a great actor.

"What words did the Master use when the winds and waves lashed Galilee into a fury?" he shouts.

He steps back a half dozen feet, and for a moment there is silence. Then he comes rushing down the platform like a tornado until he reaches the very edge. His hands are uplifted. He turns his face to the ceiling until his mouth is on a straight line with his ears, and in a pleading voice says, softly, musically: "Peace!"

Quick as a flash his hands come down. His face has lost its sweetness. His voice is changed and harsh, and the sentence is completed by an awful and intensely dramatic yell: "Be still!" It is the voice of authority. Galilee is stilled. There are "Oh's" in the audience, and a man in a pew in front of me leans over to his companion and whispers: "I never understood the meaning of that sentence before."

The vast audience never loses interest. It is an audience made up fully two-thirds of men between the ages of 25 and 35. They belong to all walks in life. Some are students, others are actors and playwrights, young ministers, bankers, brokers, lawyers and storekeepers. They laugh at the anecdotes, and they cry and listen reverently, tenderly, to the manly pleading to come to Jesus.—Foster Coates in New York Mail and Express.

The Opal Superstition.

Commenting on a recent article on the opal superstition, Manager Leigh S. Lynch said: "If size has anything to do with it, more than the usual amount of disaster and dismay should have followed the very large and lustrous opal I once got from Mexico. The first day I wore it I visited a large ivory house for the purpose of buying a pair of brushes. They had nothing that suited me until the salesman fished from an upper shelf a pair of exquisitely carved brushes. 'These,' said he, 'were ordered more than a year ago by a stranger who never called for them. We marked this peculiar monogram on the back for him—a branch of the business we turn over to others except in very rare cases—and it spoils the sale.' I looked at the monogram, and imagine my astonishment when I read the very uncommon combination of letters that I wanted in the design I should have selected of all others.

"There was a chance for psychological meditation in the incident, but I simply called it good luck that gave me the brushes at less than one-third their value. In the next few months, while I wore the opal, I twice missed, by less than a minute, trains which met with accidents; was compelled, because my regular hotel was crowded, to stop at another in a certain town, and was awakened by the flames pouring out of the one I didn't get a room in, and my show was conspicuously successful in towns that are known in the profession as 'frosts.' In short, of bad luck there wasn't a trace while I wore the opal, and when I ceased wearing it I didn't let it get outside of my family."—Chicago News.

The Dirty Window Pane.

A tidy housekeeper of Lisbon, Me., was much troubled by a certain window pane in her parlor. Do what she could she couldn't get it clean. She tried acids, alcohol and window rubbers to no purpose. Her husband laughed at her and said he could clean that glass. He tried. It remained just as dingy as before. Then the housekeeper called in a glazier and told him to take out the offending glass. He started to do so, and found that somehow or other two panes of glass had been set in that sash, and the inside of each pane was dusty. Of course the dust couldn't be reached by washing. It was a very simple solution of what began to seem almost a mystery.—New York Sun.

Boston Corbett's Gun.

Since Boston Corbett has been placed in the insane asylum his effects at Concordia, Kan., have passed into the hands of an administrator, and among them was the identical Enfield rifle with which Corbett shot the slayer of Lincoln. This old weapon has been purchased for $5 by a Grand Army of the Republic post at Concordia, and will be kept as a relic.—Chicago Herald.

The English system of naval punishment is to be revised, and minor offences, instead of being treated to the cat and sweat box, will now be punished by fines and stoppage of leave.

THE SMALL BOY.

A Youngster Who Mixed Up Cards with His Prayers.

A 4-year-old boy in this city was amusing himself one recent evening by imitating his father and mother, who were playing euchre. The child held a pack of cards and would lay a card on the floor every time his mother laid one on the table, and would say, "I pass," etc., when she did. Bed time came, and with it the usual child's prayer with the common ending, but this time the youngster wound up thus: "God bless papa, mamma and baby—I pass—clubs trumps. Amen!"—New York World.

A Far Sighted Boy.

A 4-year-old boy was taken to the window a few mornings since and shown the bright planet of the morning sky, which was shining with remarkable brightness through an exceptionally clear atmosphere. He was told that it was Venus, and admired it greatly. At the breakfast table he related the experience with great animation.

"I saw a big star," he said; "its name was Peanuts, and it was pointed at both ends."

As the form of the planet is that of a sharp pointed crescent, it is evident that that boy's eyes are much better to be trusted than his ears.—Boston Transcript.

The Soul of Candor.

A Sunday school teacher began his questioning class on the old year with the query: "Are you better than you were last year?" A good many of the little folks had replied "Yes, sir;" but a croupy boy on the back seat had the courage of his convictions. "I hain't no better nor I ever wuz," he said, "but," he added, by way of softening the harsh statement, "I got 'e sorest froat of anybody in this class—I—I—I—moft got dipferia."—Youth's Companion.

A Reflection Upon the Teacher.

A little boy and his sister came home from the closing exercises of one of the public schools the other day. The certificates for regular attendance and good conduct had been distributed, and the girl was the proud recipient of one of them, but her brother had failed to qualify. "Didn't you get a certificate, Tommy?" their mother asked. "No'm," was the repiy, "but I would have got one if there had been enough to go round."—Toronto Globe.

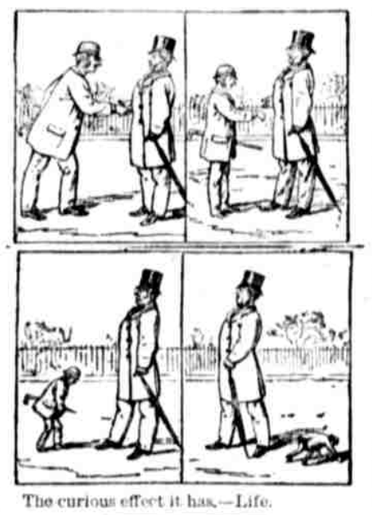
The "Cake" We All Sigh For.

"Mamma," said little Willie, after returning from a dinner to which he had been invited, "I allus kinder thought that cake was just cake; but I see there's a difference in it. Aunt Susan's cake is cake an' pie an' puddin' an' peaches an' ice cream an' everything good together, but yours is nothin' but cake."—Elmira Tidings.

Harry's Definition.

I have a little boy, Harry, aged 4. Election day he asked me what papa was going to vote for. I told him for the mayor. His sister asked me what the mayor was. "Well," he said, "girls don't know nofflu; it is a girl boss, of course."—Boston Globe.

A Talk with a Bostonian.



The curious effect it has.—Life.

A Dear Little Fellow.

Mrs. Hendricks (to husband)—Bobby asked me last night if God sent the rain, and on my telling him yes, said he supposed he must pour it down through the stars. Dear little fellow.

Mr. Hendricks—Yes; Bobby is a nice little— Now, who the mischief filled my shoe full of banana skins?

Mrs. Hendricks—Oh, I suppose it was Bobby.—New York Sun.

Another Fraud Exposed.

Waiter Girl—You better get your board in advance from that man what says he's a United States detective.

Landlady—He looks honest.

"He's no detective; he'd never suspect anybody of anything. He ate his mince pie without once looking under the crust."—Omaha World.

Circumstances Against Her.

Wife (at breakfast)—Oh, dear, I have so much to do, and the children and servants try me so!

Husband—And you don't look well, either, my dear.

Wife—No; but when there is nothing but turmoil and confusion, and one is expected to look after everything, what possible pleasure is there in being sick?—New York Sun.

A Slight Mistake.

First Scientist—Eh? What did you say?

Second Scientist—I said nothing. A couple of horses attached to a big wagon loaded with stone just ran away and dashed into that stone quarry up there.

"Oh, that was it. I thought you spoke to me in volapuk."—Omaha World.

What He Had Found.

I heard a good story the other day on a freshman in one of our New England colleges. On being asked by his professor by whom and on what occasion the term "Eureka" was first used, he replied: "By Demosthenes, when he sat down on the pin for which he was hunting."—Boston Record.

Not the Solitary Oyster.

At the church sociable: Vivacious young lady—Guess what we are going to have tonight, Mrs. Bascom—charades!

Mrs. Bascom—I knowed it! I smelt e'm clear out to the gate.—Burlington Free Press.

A Parting Injunction.

Traveling Salesman (to employer)—Well, I'm off, Mr. Smith. Good-by!

Employer—Good-by and a successful trip. And remember, Mr. Howard, that order is heaven's first law.—New York Sun.

An Explanation.

"See here, waiter, how is it that I find a trousers button in this salad?"

"Dat am a part of de dressin' sah."—Life.

THE GERMAN BARBER.

He Waxes Inquisitive, Has a Fight and Wins the Day.

"You vos a commercial draffler, eh?"

"No."

The assistant to the German barber was the one who asked the question, addressing it to a slender but middle aged man in the chair at which he earned his far from monotonous way through life. He had shaved this customer two or three times before, and was endeavoring to find out all about him, as all barbers always have done when their curiosity was up and their man was down and lathered and well tucked in.

"Oh, you're choost a clerk by a store, eh?"

"No; shave up whin you git to me neck. Me neck is tinder."

"Certently; I know dot. Maype you peen in der ligger peezness. Vell, dot's a fine peezness, bartickler uf you got a good shtand. I know a frent of mine from der same willage vhere I vos born, und he got"——

"Me frind, O'im not in the saloon trade, at all, and so ye're joost wastin' yer breath. Aisy wid your razor on me chin."

"All rigbd; you keeb your peezness by yourselluf. I choost like to make minesselluf bolite mit you, dot's all."

The job was practically finished, the last strokes of the brush were being applied, when "the monkey barber," as the boss always called him, on account of his foolishness, exhibited a loss both of temper and discretion, owing to the customer's reticence.

"Uf you vos ashamed von your peezness you done right not to told somedings apowd dot; vot it vos. A man's got to put von eye out und look sharp like der teffle nowadays, on ackound uf Anthony Gomstocks und Insbector Villiams und der society for der brewention uf cruelty, alretty; bartickler uf he vos doing grooked peezness, yet."

"Thunder and stars!" shouted the customer, literally beside himself and springing out of the chair. "Fwhat d'ye mane at all, wid yer slack? Me bizness is me bizness, and it's not the rights of anny monkey faced, cracked jawed larrup iv a Dootch divil to crass quistion me fwhiniver he has me laid out in a chair at his convanience. Me bizness, is it? It's lickin' the Dootch; that's fwhat it is. There, now; come on, now, till I polish the flure wid yer head."

"Hol' on! Sdop a leetle! Vait choost a minute!" said the boss, rushing to the aid of his assistant. "Dis ding's got to been blayed owd. Whoeffer licks dot poy must first lick mineselluf. It vos fife year, now, vot effery bugnacious Irishmans by der city has peen licking dot poy, und it costs me a veek's vages for a substidoot each dime alretty."

"O'll lick the two av yer and all yer relations," said the irate customer. "D'ye think O'll lay shtill and let a comic picture from a Dootch paper walk all over me wid his tongue"——

"Chimany cracky!" shouted the German barber, seizing the hot water kettle with its gallon of boiling contents. "A man can't die more as vonce, alretty. Run, or I boil you mit der kettle. Chake! Vhy der tickens don't you do somedings? Kick der stofe ofer und glimb by der sdreet und yell like sexty, or chump down his troat und carve your vay owd from his boots mit der razor. I show you, you pig leaver."

At the same instant the German barber began to swing the kettle like a maniman. The assistant lifted the great slab of marble off the table, and both advanced toward the customer. They were too much for him. He seized his hat and overcoat and fled, pausing at the door to hiss something about a lunatic asylum between his teeth.

When he had gone the German barber dropped into a chair in a paroxysm of laughter.

"Chake," said he, "dot's der greatest day uf my life.—New York Sun.

STRAY JOKES.

It is the dry goods clerk who most frequently sales under false colors.—New Haven News.

If there is anything in the world which will make a man forget that his joints are stiff, it is to step on a squeak doll on an unlighted stairway.—Philadelphia Call.

Young Lady (in shoe store)—I want them plenty large. Proprietor (measuring foot)—Yes, miss; you want threes. Young Lady—No; twos are my size.—The Epoch.

"You needn't order me around, sir," said the washerwoman. "I'm not the hired girl. It's Bridget's place to look after the milk. I'm the laundry lady." "That doesn't scare me," said the man. "I'm the milk gentleman and I'm the P. W. G. R. K. of the U. O. G. G. and Most Eminent Past G. W. of the Ancient Order of M. X. Q. Z., and I want somebody to take this milk." "Yes, sir," said the washerwoman meekly, as she went to find a crock.—Chicago Tribune.

And so every day he gave the Almighty
Advice which he deemed of great worth;
And his wife took in sewing
To keep things a-going
While he superintended the earth.
—The Churchman.

A young lady, visiting for the first time in the country, was alarmed at the approach of a cow. She was too frightened to run, and, shaking her parasol at the animal, she said in a very stern tone: "Lie down, sir! lie down!"—New York Tribune.

The chess club has occupied its present quarters for a remarkably long time. Usually chess players want to move.—New Orleans Picayune.

The figures of this year, 1888, resemble three big girls and a dude as they spread themselves across the pavement on a fine afternoon.—Williamsport Sun and Banner.

Some one asks: "Does it pay to be good?" Perhaps our evidence in the matter will not be taken, and so we shall not answer the question directly, but we will say that it is good to be paid.—Lowell Citizen.

The young man who would waste time kissing a girl's hand would eat the brown paper bag and leave the hot house grapes for some one else.—Somerville Journal.

Oft times after a man has seen his "ante" he is compelled to go and see his "uncle."—The Epoch.

Let a man sit down on a bent pin and he will arise promptly and speak briefly to the point.—New Orleans Picayune.

It is hoped that the man who predicted that we were going to have a warm winter hasn't a bushel of coal in his bin, and is snowed up 100 miles from a coal yard.—Norristown Herald.

Young eighty-eight,
We pat your peight,
And trust you'll not decrease in weight.
Be tempereight,
Tobacco height,
And don't stay out until it's leight.
—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A Fine, Full Smile.

Berry Bowden, a 12-year-old colored boy, of Macon, has the largest mouth of anybody, big or little, in these parts. When he opens it wide the corners of the mouth are less than half an inch from the lobe of each ear. He can put his fist in his mouth; can hold two eggs in it without difficulty, and his last triumph was to take in a toy balloon and then inflate it to its full size. Berry is very proud of his mouth.—Atlanta Constitution.