HANDSOME EVENING WRAP.

Of white cloth, with an inset border of white lace over cloth of gold, the L'Aiglon collar, jabot with long ends, and the lining of the sleeve ends is of white chiffon over rose chiffon, the rose showing in tiny ruffles.

LATEST THING IN HOSIERY.

When a woman raises her skirts nowadays the passer by with sharp eyes will notice what appears to be a stocking slipping down beyond physical and moral support. She is in no danger of losing it. It won't turn down even over her foot. It is merely by the mousquetaire stocking, the latest of feminine folly's fads. Just as a long glove would wrinkle over my lady's wrist and arm, so her long stocking now wrinkles over her leg. This probably was devised by the girl with thin lower extremities for the consternation of her stout friend, who could not afford to add anything to the circumference of that part of her body. The stout lady, therefore, will content herself with the stripes and clockwork which decorate the skin-tight hosiery, while the thin girl will don the interminable hose that wrinkle throughout their length. Some of the mousquetaire stockings are woven to produce a semblence of wrinkle. Of course, this careless effect must be planned carefully. To prevent the stocking from getting into unseemly bunches extra garters, to be placed at necessary intervals, are devised of narrow elastic and matching the stocking in color. One of these, just above the shoe top, fastens with a small, handsome buckle or bow of ribbon, another appearance that would induce the belief in the uninitiated that the woman was losing her garter.

Literary Cat Lovers.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett is a cat lover, and the dear old countrywoman down in Maine, whom one loves to encounter in her stories, usually keeps a cat, though theirs are only the farmer's plain useful cats, says the Detroit Free Press. Miss Mary E. Wilkins is also a great admirer of cats. Mr. William Dean Howells says: "I like them on general principles." Col. Higginson confesses to a great fondness and admiration for cats, while those who are familiar with Charles Warner's "My Summer in a Garden" need not be reminded of the cat "Calvin" and his interesting traits. Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman is a genuine admirer of cats and evidently knows how to appreciate them at their full value.

CHILD'S SATIN FROCK.

Frock in softest cream satin Oriental, for a pretty baby of three or four, with its quaint bodice, smocked collar and cuffs, the sash held by three paste studs, and the flounce inserted and edged with lace and daintily feather-stitched.

A NEW EVENING WRAP.

OF EMBROIDERED HEAVY SILK; HIGH COLLAR AND CAPE EFFECT OF ERMINE; THE ROSETTES AT THROAT, UNDERSLEEVES AND LONG ENDS ARE OF WHITE TULLE.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

TELLS OF DAVID'S PASSAGE OVER THE JORDON.

From an Almost Unnoticed Incident of Olden Time Are Drawn Lessons of Comfort and Hopefulness to All God's Children.

(Copyright, 1900, Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)

Washington, Dec. 2.—From an unnoticed incident of olden time Dr. Talmage in this discourse draws some comfortable and rapturous lessons. The text is II. Samuel xix., 18, "And there went over a ferryboat to carry over the king's household."

Which of the crowd is the king? That short man, sunburnt and in fatigue dress. It is David, the exiled king. He has defeated his enemies and is now going home to resume his palace. Good! I always like to see David come out ahead. But between him and his home there is the celebrated river Jordan which has to be passed. The king is accompanied to the bank of the river by an aristocratic old gentleman of 80 years, Barzillai by name, who owned a fine country seat at Rogelim. Besides that, David has his family with him. But how shall they get across the river? While they are standing there I see a ferryboat coming from the other side, and as it cuts through the water I see the faces of David and his household brighten up at the thought of so soon getting home. No sooner has the ferryboat struck the shore than David and his family and his old friend Barzillai from Rogelim get on board the boat. Either with splashing oars at the side or with one oar sculling at the stern of the boat they leave the eastern bank of the Jordan and start for the western bank.

That western bank is black with crowds of people, who are waving and shouting at the approach of the king and his family. The military are all out. Some of those who have been David's worst enemies now shout until they are hoarse at his return. No sooner has the boat struck the shore on the western side than the earth quakes and the heavens ring with cheers of welcome and congratulation. David and his family and Barzillai from Rogelim step ashore. King David asks his old friend to go with him and live at the palace, but Barzillai apologizes and intimates that he is infirm with age and too deaf to appreciate the music, and has a delicate appetite that would soon be cloyed with luxurious living, and so he begs that David would let him go back to his country seat.

Dislike of Excitement.

I once heard the father of a president of the United States say that he had just been to Washington to see his son in the White House, and he told me of the wonderful things that occurred there and of what Daniel Webster said to him, but he declared: "I was glad to get home. There was too much going on there for me." My father, an aged man, made his last visit at my house in Philadelphia, and after the church service was over, and we went home, some one in the house asked the aged man how he enjoyed the service. "Well," he replied, "I enjoyed the service, but there were too many people there for me. It troubled my head very much." The fact is that old people do not like excitement. If King David had asked Barzillai thirty years before to go to the palace, the probability is that Barzillai would have gone, but not now. They kiss each other good-by, a custom among men Oriental, but in vogue yet where two brothers part or an aged father and a son go away from each other never to meet again. No wonder that their lips met as King David and old Barzillai, at the prow of the ferryboat, parted forever.

An Unstable Craft.

Every day I find people trying to extemporize a way from earth to heaven. They gather up their good works and some sentimental theories, and they make a raft, shoving it from the shore, and poor, deluded souls get on board that raft, and they go down. The fact is that skepticism and infidelity never yet helped one man to die. I invite all the ship carpenters of worldly philosophy to come and build one boat that can safely cross that river. I invite them all to unite their skill, and Bolingbroke shall lift the stanchions, and Tyndall shall shape the bowsprit, and Spinoza shall make the maintopgallant braces, and Renan shall go to tacking and wearing and boxing the ship. All together in 10,000 years they will never be able to make a boat that can cross this Jordan. Why was it that Spinoza and Blount and Shaftesbury lost their souls? It was because they tried to cross the stream in a boat of their own construction. What miserable work they made of dying? Diodorus died of mortification because he could not guess a conundrum which had been proposed to him at a public dinner. Zeuxis, the philosopher, died of mirth, laughing at a caricature of an aged woman, a caricature made by his own hand, while another of their company and of their kind died saying, "Must I leave all these beautiful pictures?" and then asked that he might be bolstered up in the bed in his last moments and be shaved and painted and rouged. Of all the unbelievers of all ages not one died well. Some of them sneaked out of life, some wept themselves away in darkness, some blasphemed and raved and tore their bedcovers to tatters. This is the way wordly philosophy helps a man to die.

Word from the Other Shore.

Blessed be God, there is a boat coming from the other side! Transportation at last for our souls from the other shore; everything about this gospel from the other shore; pardon from the other shore; mercy from the other shore; pity from the other shore; ministry of angels from the other shore; power to work miracles from the other shore; Jesus Christ from the other shore. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and from a foreign shore I see the ferryboat coming, and it rolls with the surges of a Savior's suffering; but as it strikes the earth the mountains rock, and the dead adjust their apparel so that they may be fit to come out. That boat touches the earth, and glorious Thomas Walsh gets into it in his expiring moment, saying: "He has come! He has come! My Beloved is mine, and I am his." Good Sarah Wesley got into that boat, and as she shoved off from the shore she cried: "Open the gates! Open the gates!" I bless God that as the boat came from the other shore to take David and his men across, so, when we are about to die, the boat will come from the same direction. God forbid that I should ever trust to anything that starts from this side.

The Soul's Companions.

Now, I want to break up a delusion in your mind, and that is this: "When our friends go out from this world, we feel sorry for them because they have to go alone; and parents hold on to the hands of their children who are dying and hold on to something of the impression that the moment they let go the little one will be in the darkness and in the boat all alone. "Oh," the parent says, "if I could only go with my child, I would be willing to die half a dozen times. I am afraid she will be lost in the woods or in the darkness; I am afraid she will be very much frightened in the boat all alone." I break up the delusion. When a soul goes to heaven, it does not go alone; the King is on board the boat. Was Paul alone in the last extremity? Hear the shout of the sacred missionary as he cries out, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Was John Wesley alone in the last extremity? No. Hear him say, "Best of all, God is with us." Wac Sir William Forbes alone in the last extremity? No. Hear him say to his friends, "Tell all the people who are coming down to the bed of death from my experience it has no terrors." "Oh," says a great many people, "that does very well for distinguished Christians, but for me, a common man, for me, a common woman, we can't expect that guidance and help." If I should give you a passage of Scripture that would promise to you positively when you are crossing the river to the next world the King would be in the boat would you believe the promise? "Oh, yes," you say, "I would." Here is the promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Christ at the sick pillow to take the soul out of the body; Christ to help the soul down the bank into the boat; Christ midstream: Christ on the other side to help the soul up the beach. Be comforted about your departed friends. Be comforted about your own demise when the time shall come. Tell it to all the people under the sun that no Christian ever dies alone; the King is in the boat.

The Ferry to Heaven.

Again, my text suggsts that leaving the world for heaven is only crossing a ferry. Dr. Shaw estimates the average width of the Jordan to be about 30 yards. What, so narrow? Yes. "There went over a ferryboat to carry the king's household." Yes, going to heaven is only a short trip—only a ferry. It may be 80 miles—that is, 80 years—before we get to the wet bank on the other side, but the crossing is short. I will tell you the whole secret.

It is not five minutes across, nor three, nor two, nor one minute. It is an instantaneous transportation. People talk as though, leaving this life, the Christian went plunging and floundering and swimming, to crawl up exhausted on the other shore, and to be pulled out of the pelting surf as by a Ramsgate life-boat. No such thing. It is only a ferry. It is so narrow that we can hail each other from bank to bank. It is only four arms' lengths across. The arm of earthly farewell put out from this side, the arm of heavenly welcome out from the other side, while the dying Christian, standing midstream, stretches out his two arms, the one to take the farewell of earth, and the other to take the greeting of heaven. That makes four arms' lengths across the river.

Welcome at the Landing.

Again, my subject teaches that when we cross over at the last we shall be met at the landing. When David and his family went over in the ferryboat spoken of in the text, they landed amid a nation that had come out to greet them. As they stepped from the the deck of the boat to the shore there were thousands of people who gathered around them to express a satisfaction that was beyond description. And so you and I will be met at the landing. Our arrival will not be like stepping ashore at Antwerp or Constantinople among a crowd of strangers. It will be among friends, good friends, those who are warm hearted friends, and all their friends. We know people whom we have never seen by hearing somebody talk about them very much; we know them almost as well as if we had seen them. And do you not suppose that our parents and brothers and sisters and children in heaven have been talking about us all these years, and talking to their friends? So that, I suppose, when we cross the river at the last we shall not only be met by all those Christian friends whom we knew on earth, but by all their friends. They will come down to the landing to meet us. Your departed friends love you now more than they ever did. You will be surprised at the last to find how they know about all the affairs of your life.

Meeting on the Other Shore.

There was romance as well as Christian beauty in the life of Dr. Adoniram Judson, the Baptist missionary, when he concluded to part from his wife, she to come to America to restore her health, he to go back to Burmah to preach the gospel. They had started from Burmah for the United States together, but, getting near St. Helena, Mrs. Judson was so much better she said: "Well, now I can get home very easily. You go back to Burmah and preach the gospel to those poor people. I am almost well. I shall soon be well, and then I will return to you." After she had made that resolution, terrific in its grief, willing to give up her husband for Christ's sake, she sat down in her room and with trembling hand wrote some eight or ten verses, four of which I will now give you:

"We part on this green islet, love—
Thou for the eastern main;
I for the setting sun, love;
Oh, when to meet again!

"When we knelt to see our Henry die
And heard his last faint moan,
Each wiped away the other's tears;
Now each must weep alone.

"And who can paint our mutual joy
When, all our wandering o'er,
We both shall clasp our infants three
At home on Burmah's shore?

"But higher shall our raptures glow
On yon celestial plain
When loved and parted here below
Meet ne'er to part again."

She folded that manuscript, a relapse of her disease came on, and she died. Dr. Judson says he put her away for the resurrection on the isle of St. Helena. They had thought to part for a year or two. Now they parted forever, so far as this world is concerned. And he says he hastened on board after the funeral with his little children to start for Burmah, for the vessel had already lifted her sails. And he says, "I sat down for some time in my cabin, my little children around me crying, 'Mother, mother!' And I abandoned myself to heartbreaking grief. But one day the thought came across me as my faith stretched her wing that we should meet again in heaven, and I was comforted."

Was it, my friends, all a delusion? When he died, did she meet him at the landing? When she died, did the scores of souls whom she had brought to Christ and who had preceded her to heaven meet her at the landing? I believe it, I know it. Oh, glorious consolation, that when our poor work on earth is done and we cross the river we shall be met at the landing!

But there is a thought that comes over me like an electric shock. Do I belong to the King's household? Mark you, the text says, "And there went over the ferryboat to carry over the king's household," and none but the king's household. Then I ask, "Do I belong to the household? Do you?" If you do not, come today and be adopted into that household. "Oh," says some soul here, "I do not know whether the King wants me!" He does; he does. Hear the voice from the throne, "I will be a father to them, and they shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." "Him that cometh unto me," Christ says, "I will in nowise cast out." Come into the King's household. Sit down at the King's table. Come in and take your apparel from the King's wardrobe, even the wedding garment of Christ's righteousness. Come in and inherit the King's wealth. Come in and cross in the King's ferryboat.

RUSSIAN LANGUAGE.

More Valuable to Acquire Than Any Other Continental Tongue.

When every progressive young German is doing his utmost to acquire a thorough knowledge of some other language than his own it seems a waste of time for the Englishman to learn German with an idea to making money. Instead, he should learn Russian. Russian is not the official language, but the actual medium of communication throughout an empire that extends from the Baltic to the Yellow sea. Years ago on the Moscow exchange one might transact business as rapidly in German as in Russian; now the native merchants, even those who know German, require some special inducement to speak it, and in the hurry of business turn aside impatiently from any one who addresses them in any other tongue than that they themselves habitually use. In the near future a knowledge of Russian will be worth more to the mere commercial than any two continental languages, for Russia is making gigantic strides in all industries, says Pearson's Weekly. As a recent visitor aptly describes it, "Russia is a new America." To a young man who adds to a knowledge of Russian practical experience in any staple industry, Russia offers a promising career. Mere theoretical knowledge is not enough; this is taught, and well taught, in the special universities; St. Petersburg alone turns out some hundreds of efficient "technologs" every year. Practical work in any of the textile, engineering, or the chemical industries is not so readily obtainable in Russia, and a capable Englishman is sure of an engagement at a wage double or treble that he would receive at home.

Ostriches Are Polygamous.

Otriches are polygamous, one male having several wives. The females in each family lay their eggs in one nest, and go off sporting while the male remains at the nest to do the hatching.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, DEC. 23—LUKE 19: 11-27.

The Parable of the Pounds—"Every One of Us Shall Give Account of Himself to God"—Romans 14: 12—Reward of the Faithful.

11. "And as they heard these things." The conversation in the house of Zaccheus (vs. 1-10), as in our last lesson. "He added," to what he had said in the house, a parable for those who had been looking on. "Because he was nigh to Jerusalem." Fifteen to twenty miles, but easily reached in one day. Jerusalem was the capital where they expected their Messiah to appear, and where his reign would begin and center, in David's city and on David's throne. "And because they thought that the kingdom of God." The new kingdom he had come to found, the glorious reign of the Messian, who would deliver them from all their enemies, and bring prosperity. "Should immediately appear." They thought that all their dreams about the kingdom were to be visibly realized, immediately and in their way.

12. "A certain nobleman." Literally, a man well born, one of high rank and noble blood. "Went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom." The kingdom was not in the far country, but at home where he lived. "And to return" to the kingdom which he sought to rule.

13. "He called his ten servants." Rather, ten of his servants, "for such a noble would count his servants by the hundreds."—Cambridge Bible. "And delivered them ten pounds." One to each. The pound was the Attic mina, the Roman money then in use in Palestine, and was worth one hundred drachmae or denarri (so often translated pence), or about seventeen dollars. "Occupy." Old English for using of laying out what is possessed. An occupier formerly meant a trader. They were to invest the capital in whatever way seemed wisest to each.

14. "But his citizens." Over whom he would rule, but not of his personal household. "Hated him." This was true historically of Archelaus. "And sent a message after him." Rather, an embassy to follow him. "We will not have this man to reign over us." Theophylact well observes how twice this very declaration found formal utterance from their lips—once when they cried to Pilate, "We have no king but Caesar;" and again, when they said, "Write not, The King of the Jews."—Trench.

15. "When he was returned." Having left the servants alone for some time, in order to test their fidelity. But the time came when due account must be rendered.

16. "Then came the first." The reports of three only are given as representatives of the whole. "Thy pound hath gained ten pounds." In an honest business way he had greatly increased his capital.

17. "And he said unto him, Well," or "Well done," as in the R. V. and in Matthew. His master's full and hearty approval brought him nearer and gave him peace and comfort. "Have thou authority over ten cities." Observe the contrasts, from a servant to a ruler, from a few things to many.

18. "The second came." He was less diligent and faithful, and yet was true. He had less reward, but had his due reward. His five cities corresponded to his faithfulness and ability in using the five pounds.

20. "Here is thy pound." Implying that he thought he had been scrupulously honest. "Which I have kept laid up in a napkin," or "handkerchief." He claimed credit for fidelity, too. He did not steal his lord's money, but returned every farthing.

21. For I feared thee." Lest I could not satisfy thee and thy claims, and might lose what thou didst entrust to me, and then how could I look in thy face? "Because thou art an austere man." Severe in modes of judging or acting. "Thou takest up," etc. You expected me to do the work, while you had all the gains.

22. "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee." Your own statements condemn you. "Thou knewest," etc. "To be read interrogatively."—Vincent. You knew, did you? All the more should you have been faithful. Even if it were true, this is an unfair description of me.

23. "Wherefore then." You had an easy course before you. You had no right to prevent my money from making its natural gains. "Into the bank." "It is the broker's table or counter, at which he sat in the market or public place, and upon which he set out the sums of money required for transacting his daily business. "Mine own with usury," or "interest." Not necessarily implying anything illegal or exorbitant.

24. "Take from him the pound." He must give up that which he is unwilling to use. He never really possessed it. He merely stood in the way of its proper use, and must give it to those who are willing to make good use of it.

26. "Unto every one which hath." He only has true possession of a thing who uses its powers and forces. He does not really "have" anything which he does not make a stepping-stone to something better. "Even that he hath." In the lower sense, what was entrusted to him.

27. "But those mine enemies." Who not only neglected duty, but refused to be subject to his sway. "Slay them before me." There is nothing possible for those who, in spite of all warnings and all influences for good, determine to remain in sin, and oppose the reign of righteousness in Christ, but to be destroyed.

Poor Solace.

Recently a man was going by the night mail to Carlisle. Before starting he called the guard, tipped him heavily, and said: I am going to sleep, and am a heavy sleeper, but I must get out at Carlisle. Get me out, at all hazards. Probably I shall swear and fight, but never mind that. Roll me out on the platform if you can't get me out in any other way. The train started, the man went to sleep, and when he woke up he found himself at Glasgow. He called the guard, and expressed his views in very powerful language. The guard listened with a sort of admiring expression, but, when the aggrieved passenger paused for breath, he said: "Eh, mon, ye have a fine gift o' swearin', but ye canna haud a cannle to the ither mon whom I rolled out on the platform at Carlisle."—To-Day.

Big Sum for Light and Air.

Mrs. Victoria Jackson, who owns a fashionable dwelling in the Central Park West district, saw that a strip of land adjoining might prove troublesome if the owner chose to build on it. Her apartment house has many little windows overlooking this lot. So she bought nineteen feet of the vacant lot for $40,000, which will prevent the erection of other buildings. Light and air were the sole objects, as the ground can not be used for any purpose.—New York Letter.