DIVINE AFFECTION.

GOD COMFORTS HIS PEOPLE AS A MOTHER HER CHILDREN.

A Mother's Simplicity of Instruction—A Mother's Favoritism—A Mother's Way With Little Troubles—A Mother's Way of Putting a Child to Sleep.

REV. DR. TALMAGE, in this sermon, chose an aspect of the Divine character which is seldom considered. To an unusually large audience he discoursed on God as "The Mother of All." the text being from Isaiah 66, 13: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

The Bible is a warm letter of affection from a parent to a child, and yet there are many who see chiefly the severer passages. As there may be fifty or sixty nights of gentle dew in one summer, that will not cause as much remark as one hail-storm of half an hour, there are those who are more struck by those passages of the Bible that announce the indignation of God than by those that announce His affection. There may come to a household twenty or fifty letters of affection during the year, and they will not make as much excitement in that home as one sheriff's writ; and so there are people who are more attentive to those passages which announce the judgments of God, than to those which announce His mercy and His favor. God is a Lion, John says in the Book of Revelation. God is a Breaker, Micah announces in his prophecy. God is a Rock. God is a King, But hear also that God is Love. A father and his child are walking out in the fields on a summer's day, and there comes up a thunder storm, and there is a flash of lightning that startles the child, and the father says, "My dear, that is God's eye." There comes a peal of thunder, and the father says, "My dear, that is God's voice." But the clouds go off the sky, and the storm is gone, and light floods the heavens and floods the landscape, and the father forgets to say, "That is God's smile."

The text of the morning bends with great gentleness and love over all who are prostrate in sin and trouble. It lights up with compassion. It melts with tenderness. It breathes upon us the hush of an eternal lullaby, for it announces that God is our mother. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

I remark, in the first place, that God has a mother's simplicity of instruction. A father does not know how to teach a child the A, B, C. Men are not skilful in the primary department; but a mother has so much patience that she will tell a child for the hundredth time the difference between F and G, and between I and J. Though we are told a thing a thousand times, and we do not understand it, our heavenly Mother goes on, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. God has been teaching some of us thirty years, and some of us sixty years, one word of one syllable, and we do not know it yet—faith, faith. When we come to that word we stumble, we halt, we lose our place, we pronounce it wrong. Still, God's patience is not exhausted. God, our Mother, puts us in the school of prosperity, and the letters are in sunshine, and we cannot spell them. God puts us in the school of adversity, and the letters are black, and we cannot spell them. If God were merely a king, He would punish us; if He were simply a father, He would whip us; but God is a mother, and so we are borne with and helped all the way through.

God wishes to set forth the fact that in the judgment the good will be divided from the wicked. How is it done? By a picture; by a parable—a fishing scene. A group of hardy men, long-bearded, geared for standing to the waists in water; sleeves rolled up. Long oar, sungilt; boat battered as though it had been a playmate of the storm. A full net, thumping about with the fish, which have just discovered their captivity, the worthless moss-bunkers and useful flounders all in the same net. The fisherman puts his hand down amid the squirming fins, takes out the moss-bunkers and throws them into the water, and gathers the good fish into the pail. So says Christ, it shall be at the end of the world. The bad He will cast away and the good He will keep. Another picture, God, our Mother, wanted to set forth the duty of neighborly love, and it is done by a picture. A heap of wounds on the road to Jericho. A traveler has been fighting a robber. The robber stabbed him and knocked him down. Two ministers come along. They look at the poor fellow, but do not help him. A traveler comes along—a Samaritan. He says, 'Whoa!' to the beast he is riding, and dismounts. He examines the wounds; he takes out some wine, and with it washes the wounds, and then he takes some oil, and puts that in to make the wound stop smarting, and then he tears off a piece of his own garment for a bandage. Then he helps the wounded man upon the beast, and walks by the side, holding him on until they come to a tavern. He says to the landlord, "Here is money to pay the man's board for two days; take care of him; if it costs anything more, charge it to me, and I will pay it." Picture—the Good Samaritan, or Who is Your Neighbor?

Does God, our Mother, want to set forth what a foolish thing it is to go away from the right, and how glad divine mercy is to take back the wanderer? How is it done? By a picture. A good father. Large farm with fat sheep and oxen. Fine house, with exquisite wardrobe. Discontented boy. Goes away. Sharpers fleece him. Feeds hogs. Gets homesick. Starts back. Sees an old man running. It is father! The hand, torn of the husks, gets a ring. The foot, inflamed and bleeding, gets a sandal. The bare shoulder, showing through the tatters, gets a robe. The stomach, knawing itself with hunger, gets a full platter smoking with meat. The father cannot eat for looking at the returned adventurer. Tears running down the face until they come to a smile—the night dew melting into the morning. No work on the farm that day; for when a bad boy repents, and comes back again, promising to do better. God knows that is enough for one day. "And they began to be merry." Picture—Prodigal son returned from the wilderness. So God, our Mother, teaches us everything by pictures. The sinner is a lost sheep. Jesus is the bridegroom. The useless man a barren fig tree. The Gospel is a great supper. Satin, a sower of tares. Truth, a mustard seed. That which we could not have understood in the abstract statement, God, our Mother, presents to us in this Bible-album of pictures, God-engraved. Is not the divine maternity ever thus teaching us?

I remark again, that God has a mother's favoritism. A father sometimes shows a sort of favoritism. Here is a boy—strong, well, of high forehead and quick intellect. The father says, "I will take that boy into my firm yet;" or, "I will give him the very best possible education." There are instances, where, for the culture of the one boy, all the others have been [illegible] sad favoritism; but that is not the mother's favorite. I will tell you her favorite. That is a child who at two years of age had a fall. He has never got over it. The scarlet fever muffled his hearing. He is not what he once was. That child has caused the mother more anxious nights than all the other children. If he coughs in the night, she springs out of a sound sleep and goes to him. The last thing she does when going out of the house is to give a charge in regard to him. The first thing on coming in is to ask in regard to him. Why, the children of the family all know that he is the favorite, and say, "Mother, you let him do just as he pleases, and you give him a great many things which you do not give us. He is your favorite." The mother smiles; she knows it is so. So he ought to be; for if there is anyone in the world that needs sympathy more than another, it is an invalid child, weary on the first mile of life's journey; carrying an aching head, a weak side, an irritated lung. So the mother ought to make him a favorite. God, our Mother, has favorites. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." This is, one whom He especially loves He chasteneth. God loves us all; but is there one weak, and sick, and sore, and wounded and suffering and faint? That is the one who lies nearest and more perpetually on the great, loving heart of God. Why it never coughs but our Mother, God, hears it. It never stirs a weary limb in the bed, but our Mother, God, knows of it. There is no such a watcher as God. The best nurse may be overborne by fatigue, and fall asleep in the chair, but God, our Mother, after being up a year of nights with a suffering child, never slumbers or sleeps.

When I see God especially busy in troubling and trying a Christian, I know that out of that Christian's character there is to come some especial good. After a while the mantle of affliction will fall off, and his soul will be greeted by the one hundred and forty-four thousand, and the thousands of thousands, as more than conqueror. Oh, my friends, God, our Mother, is just as kind in our afflictions as our prosperities. God never touches us but for our good. If a field clean and cultured is better off than a barren field, and if a stone that has become a statute is better off than the marble in the quarry, then that soul that God chastens may be His favorite. Oh, the rocking of the soul is not the rocking of an earthquake, but the rocking of God's cradle. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." I have been told that the pearl in an oyster is merely the result of a wound, or a sickness inflicted upon it, and I do not know but that the brightest gems of heaven will be found to have been the wounds of earth kindled into the jeweled brightness of eternal glory.

I remark that God has a mother's capacity for attending to little hurts. The father is shocked at the broken bone of the child, or at the sickness that sets the cradle on fire with fever, but it takes the mother to sympathize with all the little ailments and little bruises of the child. If the child have a splinter in its hand, it wants the mother to take it out, and not the father. The father says: "Oh, that is nothing," but the mother knows it is something, and that a little hurt sometimes is very great. So with God, our Mother; all our annoyances are important enough to look and sympathize with. Nothing with God is something. There are no cyphers in God's arithmetic. And if we were only good enough of sight, we could see as much through a microscope as through a telescope. Those things that may be impalpable and infinitesimal to us, may be pronounced and infinite to God.

I remark further that God has a mother's patience for the erring. If one does wrong first his associates in life cast him off; if he goes on in the wrong way, his business partner casts him off; if he goes on, his best friends cast him off—his father casts him off. But after all others have cast him off, where does he go? Who holds no grudge, and forgives the last time as well as the first? Who sits by the murderer's counsel all through the long trial? Who tarries the longest at the window of a culprit's cell? Who, when all others think ill of a man, keeps on thinking well of him? It is his mother. God bless her gray hairs, if she be still alive, and bless her grave if she be gone. And bless the rocking-chair in which she used to rock, and bless the Bible she used to read! So God, our Mother, has patience for all the erring. After everybody else has cast a man off, God, our Mother, comes to the rescue. God leaps to take charge of a bad case. After all the other doctors have got through, the heavenly Physician comes in. Human sympathy at such a time does not amount to much. Even the sympathy of the church, I am sorry to say, often does not amount to much. I have seen the most harsh and bitter treatment on the part of those who professed faith in Christ toward those who were wavering and erring. They tried on the wanderer sarcasm and billingsgate and caricature, and they tried the tittle-tattle. There was one thing they did not try, and that was forgiveness. A soldier in England was brought by a sergeant to the Colonel. "What," says the Colonel, "bringing the man here again! We have tried everything with him." "Oh, no," says the sergeant, "there is one thing you have not tried. I would like you to try that." "What is that?" said the Colonel. Said the man: "Forgiveness." The case had not gone so far but that it might take that turn, and so the Colonel said: "Well, young man, you have done so and so. What is your excuse?" "I have no excuse, but I am sorry," said the man. "We have made up our minds to forgive you,' said the Colonel. The tears started. He had never been accosted in that way before. His life was reformed, and that was the starting point for a postively Christian career. Oh, church of God, quit your sarcasm when a man falls! Quit your irony, quit your tittle-tattle and try forgiveness. God, your Mother, tries it all the time. A man's sins may be like a continent, but God's forgiveness is like the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, bounding it on both sides.

The Bible often talks about God's hand. God's hand is a mother's hand. What it touches it heals. If it smites you it does not hurt as if it were another hand. Oh, you poor wandering soul in sin, it is not a bailiff's hand that seizes you to-day. It is not a hard hand. It is not a cold hand. It is not an enemy's hand. No, it is a gentle hand, a loving hand, a sympathetic hand, a soft hand, a mother's hand.

I want to say, finally, that God has a mother's way of putting a child to sleep. You know there is no cradle-song like a mother's. After the excitement of the evening it is almost impossible to get the child to sleep. If the rocking-chair stops a moment, the eyes are wide open; but the mother's patience and the mother's soothing manner keeps on until, after awhile, the angel of slumber puts his wing over the pillow. Well, my dear brothers and sisters in Christ, the time will come when we will be wanting to be put to sleep. The day of our life will be done, and the shadows of the night of death will be gathering around us. Then we want God to soothe us, to hush us to sleep. Let the music at our going not be the dirge of the organ, or the knell of the church tower, or the drumming of a "dead march," but let it be the hush of a mother's lullaby. Oh! the cradle of the grave will be soft with the pillow of all the promises. When we are being rocked into that last slumber, I want this to be the cradle song: "As one whom a mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

A Scotchman was dying. His daughter Nellie sat by the bedside. It was Sunday evening, and the bell of the church was ringing, calling the people to church. The good old man, in his dying room, thought that he was on the way to church, as he used to be when he went in the sleigh across the river; and as the evening bell struck up, in his dying dream he thought it was the call to church. He said: "Hark, children, the bells are ringing; we shall be late; we must make the mare step out quick!" He shivered, and then said, "Pull the buffalo robe up closer, my lass! It is cold crossing the river; but we will soon be there, Nellie, we will soon be there!" And he smiled and said, "Just there now." No wonder he smiled. The good old man had got to church. Not the old country church, but the temple in the skies. Just across the river. How comfortably did God hush that old man to sleep! As one whom his mother comforteth, so God comforteth him.

A KING WITH BRAINS.

DAUNTLESS ROYALTY OF THE REIGNING FAMILY OF GREECE.

The Bravest, Busiest Little Nation of the Orient — The Royal Household a Charming One—How the People and Their Ruler Are Guided.

The trouble between the Greeks and Turks may end in the dismemberment of the Turkish empire. The loss of Crete, it has again and again been prophesied, would be the beginning of the end. Crete is the key to the Dardnelles and the Bosphorus.

The Grecian nation and its royal personages are therefore very interesting just now. King George, the plucky King of the plucky little nation, is married to a Russian Princess. Queen Olga is a Russian of the Russians. She is the cousin of the present Czar. She was the niece of Alexander II., and her daughter not long since married a Ruussian prince. I spent some time in Athens, says Frank G. Carpenter, in The Atlantic Constitution, just before the Princess Alexandra was married, and during my stay had a chance to learn much about the royal family. I had an interview with the king, through our Minister to Athens, and met many friends of Queen Olga. She has practically Russianized the King, I am told. He has not adopted the Russian religion, but by law his sons have to belong to the Greek Church, which is, you know, the church of Russia. I was in Greece on the King's birthday. This is a national holiday, and at such times the King and Queen appear at church together. They sit upon chairs of gold, cushioned in red velvet, while all the rest of the people in the church must stand up. Queen Olga is very fine looking. She is a blonde, with brown hair, regular features and a beautiful neck and shoulders. She is tall and stately, and is every inch a queen. The Greeks are very proud of her. They admire her when she appears at her receptions in gorgeous dresses, wearing many pearls and diamonds. They love her also because she does not put on airs, often going about the city of Athens without

KING GEORGE OF GREECE.

even a maid with her. The Greeks are democrats rather than royalists, and they like the queen's democratic ways. They admire her also on account of her character. She is a woman of culture, speaking nearly every European language. As soon as she became Queen she took up the study of Greek, and she is now the matron of a number of schools for girls which she has founded. It was in the industrial school that the wedding dress of the Princess Alexandra was made, and the work was done by young Greek girls.

A Chat With the King of Greece.

I found that the King was very popular among the people. My audience with him was arranged by our Minister to Greece. His Majesty received me in his palace, and from the democratic way in which he treated me I could see why he is so much liked by the Greeks. He shook my hand as I was presented with a good deal more cordiality than I have ever got from a President of the United States. He looked, however, much more dignified than any President ever did. He was dressed in a uniform not unlike the undress uniform of one of our army generals. His coat was buttoned up to the neck and there was a little gold braid on his collar. He is, I believe, about five feet ten inches tall, but he stood so straight that he seemed to me to be over six feet. He is a very handsome man. His face is blonde, his hair is of a light color, and his blonde mustache shows out over a strong, well-cut mouth. I was surprised when he greeted me in the best of English. He spoke it as well as I did, and our conversation was carried on in that language. He asked me a number of questions about things in America, and grew enthusiastic as he talked of the future of Greece. He told me that the Greeks were a very patriotic people, and said that they had all the bravery and force of the Greeks of the past. He referred to the railroad development which was going on in the country, and said that Athens would be a much greater city than it had ever been in the past. Throughout the whole interview I could see that he was very proud of the Greeks. He has a right to be so, for it is largely due to him that Greece is in such a good condition to-day.

The Greeks of 1897.

Very little is known about the modern Greeks. They are the yankees of the far east. They are shrewd speculators and are the money makers of the Mediterranean. The biggest business houses of Egypt are owned by Greeks. I found Greeks selling goods in Jerusalem and they have large establishments in Smyrna and Constantinople. They are so much brighter than the Turks that a common saying among the latter is: "From the Greeks of Athens, from the Jews of Salonica and from the Armenians everywhere good Lord deliver us." It is said in the far east that one Greek is equal to at least two Jews, and the Jews have long since given up coming to Athens, as they can make no money there. The Greeks pride themselves on their democracy. They respect the King, but they don't think that he is any better than themselves, and they say that they believe so much in equality among Greeks that they prefer to have a foreigner rule over them. The King's rule, however, is only a limited one. Every Greek thinks himself a statesman, and to hear them talking you would think they were running all Europe. Their country is, you know, only about as large as West Virginia, or about half the size of the state of New York, and its population is not more than two million, though there are about as many more Greeks scattered throughout the other countries of the Mediterranean.

A Nation of Politicians.

There is more political discussion in Athens that there is in Washington. While this trouble with Crete goes on business will probably be given up for the time, and the people will do little else than talk about the situation. The chief places for such gossip are the cafes, of which there are hundreds in Athens. Here every afternoon and evening thousands of people come together to drink coffee and talk politics.

The newsboys bring around the political papers, of which there are half a dozen in Athens, and each man has his paper and his coffee. These papers are printed in the same characters which you find in the Greek classics, and the modern Greek language is much the same as the old Greek. I found that I could get along with a little phrase book, and could even read some of the jokes in the Greek comic papers.

The Greeks of to-day are as great stump speakers as their forefathers were. There is much shrewd electioneering done, and the wives of the Grecian candidates help their husbands quite as much as our American wives do theirs. Some of the women even electioneer for their husbands, and I was told of one Greek woman who, seeing her husband would probably be defeated, went to some of the villages in the district and said that everyone who voted the right way would have a free railroad ticket to Athens and a ticket to the theatre. The Greeks are crazy for amusements, and this bid gave her husband a seat in the Parliament. Every man in Greece has the right to vote. The members of Parliament are elected much like our Congressmen. Their terms are for four years, and they receive salaries of about $400 a session. They have more power than our members of Congress, and it is they, in reality, who govern Greece. It is they who will decide as to wars with Turkey, and it is from them that the appropriations must come. The King has the right to veto, but he would not dare to exercise it against a large majority.

How the Greeks Vote.

A political campaign in Greece is very much like a political campaign in America. The Greeks are fond of good speakers, and the man who can make a good stump speech stands a good chance of an election. There is much buncombe, of course, but the modern Greeks are intelligent, and the poorest of them consider themselves on an equality with the richest. The waiters at the cafes and the drivers on the street cars will talk politics with you, and the politician has to do the same handshaking in Greece that he does in the United States. All of the elections are held upon Sunday, and curiously enough the polls are in the churches. In Athens you have to go to the cathedral to do your voting. The voters are all registered, and the elections are watched much more carefully in Greece than they are here. Every candidate watches his own box, for there is a ballot box for each candidate. He does not do it in person, but has a judge appointed in each district to take his place. The ballot boxes are arranged in a row along one side of the church. They are so fixed that only one man can pass through at one time. Each box is about a foot square. In its top there is a pipe to admit the arm of a man. This pipe runs down through the middle of the box until it meets a partition which divides the box in half. One side of the box is for affirmative ballots and the other for negative. The ballots are buckshot, and the voter, having put his hand down into the pipe, drops his ballot for or against the candidate as he pleases without the possibility of anyone knowing how he voted. Each voter is given only as many buckshot as there are candidates, and each judge can see that he has put it in the box. There are few election frauds in Greece. It is almost impossible to stuff a ballot box, and in case the bullets in the boxes do not correspond with the registration at the entrances the whole vote is thrown out.

Enterprising Athenians.

When I started for Greece I expected to find there a nation gone to seed. I changed my mind when I reached Athens. The Athens of to day is a modern city. It has wide streets paved with cobblestones, and its houses are much like the three and four-story flats of some parts of Paris. Its people dress as we do. There are carriages with liveried coachmen, and there is as much style in Athens as in any part of Europe. The better classes of the modern Greeks have as good homes as people of the same class in the United States. They are well dressed and well educated. The most of them speak half a dozen different languages, though French is the society language of the Greek capital.

There is an Athens University, which has nearly 2000 students and which has 98 professors. Here the young Greek gets a thorough classical education, and he can, if he wishes, add to it a course in law, medicine, theology or philosophy. There are in addition to this 33 other colleges in Greece, containing nearly 4000 students. The kingdom has a system of common schools, at which attendance is compulsory. There are also a number of private schools, and in Athens I found a fine polytechnic institute and an academy of science, several good libraries and a large national museum. There was also a girls' college, which contained 860 students, and there are girls' schools in many parts of Greece.

Land of Railroads and Telephones.

I rode from Athens down to the seacoast, on a steam tramway, and I took excursions out into the country on street cars. It seemed strange to me in coming to Athens by carriage from the sea, passing over the road upon which Solon and Aesop perhaps walked, to be turned out of the way by a steam stone crusher, which was macadamizing the road. I telephoned a number of times during my stay in Athens, and at night as I walked about under the electric lights I wondered how Diogenes would look if with his lantern he should again here seek for an honest man. The Greeks have as good a postal service as you will find anywhere. There are many bookstores, and the displays of goods in the store windows are quite as fine as those of any American city.

As for the business of the people, the pure Greek does not take to agriculture. There are fewer farmers among the Greek nation than among any other. The most of the people are in mercantile business, in the professions or in shipping. They are natural sailors, and Greece probably has more ships in proportion to its size than any other nation in the world. Prince George is now 27 years old. He is more than six feet in height, and is brave to the extreme.

They Care More For New Things.

The Greeks of to-day are as proud of it as they are of all their old ruins, but as far as I could learn their minds are more in the future than in the past. They have not the artistic tastes of their fathers and when spoken to about Greece they will point with pride, not to what the nation has been in the past, but to the wonderful advancement that has been made within the last generation. They consider themselves a streng young nation rather than an old one, and they say that they expect to raise Greece up to the status it once held as one of the great countries of the world. They are earnest in this determination and their future is certainly bright. They have as good brains as any people of the world. They have the muscle and nerve which makes success. As St. Paul once said of them: "They are always seeking after some new thing," and he might have added as he visited them in these days, "they are not afraid to seize hold of it when they find it." If Turkey is to be divided you may be sure that the Greeks will get something out of the leaving.

Couldn't Effect a Sale.

The Faker—I have here the most excellent silver polish.

The Lady of the House—Don't need it. I haven't any silver.

"Well, then, it will take grease spots out of wall paper."

"Haven't any wall paper."

"Well, it will make oil paintings look like new."

"Haven't go tany oil paintings."

"Then it will renew the curl in feathers."

"Haven't got any feathers."

"Well, then, a little taken internally will make you feel as if you had some of these things. Good day."—Texas Siftings.

A Novel New Material Made in Many Weaves and Neutral Colors.

Crispene is the latest and most up to date fabric now shown in the shops. It reached the local counters for the first time last week, and it comes all the way from the looms of "Bonny" Scotland.

Crispene is a wonder. For twentieth century progress and inventiveness it carries off the palm. It is designed to be used in semi-tailored gowns for summer wear. It is a stiff, yet pliable fabric, woven of cotton threads across twisted fibre, and when washed does not need starching. It resumes when dry its pristine luster and crispness.

Think of the time and trouble that will be avoided by constructing an outing suit of crispene. It never loses its freshness under any condition whatever. It is far lighter in weight than pique or duck. The latter, of course, must invariably be starched in order to look even acceptable. And then, when beautifully laundered and as stiff as a board, duck wilts and droops in the face of the mildest little breeze, and its glory so lately acquired has fled again. But crispene is a more reliable friend. It does not require starch, consequently it is never hot. In fact, the material is an absolute non-conductor of heat and cold. It never loses its shape in wearing. It does not drag down or sag and is really the product of some enchanted loom, that could turn out so satisfactory and so beautiful a product.

An Eton gown, built of crispene, without any lining whatever, is one of the prettiest suits shown for seashore or mountain wear. It gives a smart, charming effect, and is every whit as beautiful and striking as a stiff taffeta silk-lined gown. Crispene is the sort of material that will submit to any sort of rack and wear. It is certainly destined to become the material par excellence for all sorts of outdoor sports.

The golf girl will certainly be crispened if she is wise. Surely the tennis girl will be. And there is not much doubt that the bicycle girl will take it into her heart of hearts and cherish it there forever.

The texture comes in several different weaves, some of exceedingly fine threads, woven close, and others of a kind of loose mesh. The latter would seem undesirable, but the stiffness of each individual twisted fibre makes it absolutely impossible to twist the shape of the weave. The finer weaves, however, are prettier, and seem to have a more decided lustre.

The price of crispene ranges according to the weave, from 25 cents to 50 cents per yard, and the goods is very wide. Seven yards is ample for the construction of a suit, and if a little care is taken to avoid sweeping the streets with the edge of the skirt and otherwise soiling it it need not be laundered during the entire season. It will not in all the variable summer days lose its original freshness. Would that we might wear crispene all the year around.

The piece used in the construction of the pattern Eton suit showed a blue ground, shot with white. The skirt was cut in eight gores five yards wide and was turned at the bottom with a deep hem. As the goods will shrink an inch or two when washed it should be turned down an equal amount of the waistband. Finish the lower edges with a braid run on flatly at the under side with just the edge peeping below the dress. The Eton jacket had a fitted back with three flutes or a plaited basque portion. It remained open in front, and was finished with a turn-down collar and revers. All edges were stitched, and the seams were lapped and stitched. The sleeves are moderate in size, of the leg-of-mutton order. Allow for shrinking in the cutting of the jacket, and finish with a tailor-made stitching. A trimming of braid or ornamentation in the way of frogs might be suggested, but all similar accoutrements detract from the simplicity and elegance of a suit that should approach as near as possible the tailor-made line.

For the tailor-made girl, who dotes on severity combined with elegance, and who does not like to abandon her jaunty and well groomed finery in the summer time, crispene will be joy unbounded. There are many qualities about it that will appeal directly to her taste. Some one has said, or rather predicted, that the tailor-made girl as a species was dying out. Some observer, after watching the crowds, or to be more exact, sitting in his study and meditating, has uttered the awful prophecy that by the time the roses bloom she shall have evaporated into the past. But the tailor-made girl herself protests. She will not be governed by the dictates of the modiste, and she intends to live on in her own way. She intends to follow her own inclination and taste. Consequently, that threatened profusion of valenciennes lace, ribbons and furbelows which meant so many shekels for the shopkeeper and the dressmaker, will probably meet with a chilly reception. Organdies, grenadines, fluffy tulles, laces and all that sort of thing will fill shop windows, but not the young woman's wardrobe. No dimity ruffles will encircle her throat, only a very mannish linen collar, and a black satin scarf, just as usual.

And by the by, speaking of ties, the one which the tailor-made girl will wear is decidedly larger this season than last. She has decided that black is in the best taste, and she will cling to that sombre hue. But this narrow string tie, with its aggressive, bold stiffness, is to be relegated to the past. The large puff ties, which will completely fill up the space between the collar and the edges of the coat, will be de rigueur. The effect is pleasing, and less masculine than the former vogue.—Chicago Record.

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