

The Scrap Bag

Something should be done to stop it without any further delay! An English writer, glorifying over the extinction of the Ibsen fad in England speaks of the plays of that eminent author as "hysterical galkanteries of pathological nastiness." Here is a chance for some of the Boston worshippers of the outraged Norwegian to come to his defense again. And they might as well, at the same time, say their good word for Maeterlinck, who has been stigmatized by a second unsympathetic and unsentimental Briton as a "literary sponge cake, moistened in watered marmoschino."

From the mutterings that come hither from Spain, that dear, interesting little baby of a king may be obliged to pack up his toys at any moment and seek some spot where he can be a child in peace.

"There," said the playwright. "That play is finished."

"Why, George, dear," said his wife, "You've only been at it ten minutes."

"I know it, my dear, but it isn't part of my work to introduce the dances and comic songs. It's only three acts, you know."

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, mamma;
I'm going to make a pie.

For John will be hungry and tired, ma
And his tissues will decompose;
So give me a gramme of phosphate
And the carbon and cellulose.

When a man succeeds he takes the credit to himself; when he fails he blames others for it.

If photographs could be taken of the wretched, homeless summer cats, and shown to their owners who so cruelly desert them, it is to be wondered if the latter would be more humane when another year rolled around to the going out of town period. The poor creatures, despite the heartless treatment to which they are subjected, have not lost their faith in mankind, as is evidenced by the confidence with which they approach a stranger, and, rubbing themselves against his leg, plead in their own touching dumb way for his friendship. It is flattering as a cat's opinion of humanity, but it is still more flattering to the cat, in manifesting no tendency to misanthropy as a result of the wrongs that are so unfeelingly heaped on it.

According to Owen Meredith:
We may live without poetry, music
And art;
We may live without conscience, and
live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may
live without books;
But civilized man can not live without
cooks.

But the people who live only for the cooks—or for what their cooks prepare—are not the sort to whom to look for inspiration.

The bicycle is now described as "a missionary of good roads."

Many a wife has kept a delicate husband comparatively well through ar loving and wise ministrations. It is easy to warn and urge, but more difficult to have our precepts carried out. So we must practice what we preach, for neither husband nor child can be expected to do better than we. A mother who, paying no regard to the laws of health, has fallen into a self-indulgent, invalid life, or who, in spite of every precaution, is suffering from the overstrain and exposure of her careless youth.

Fortune Teller—"You may in time make a good income, but you will never be rich." Young Man—"Eh! Why not?" Fortune Teller—"You are not saving, you are wasteful." Young Man—"My, my—I'm afraid that is true! You have a wonderful gift! How did you know I was wasteful?" Fortune Teller—"You have just wasted five shillings getting your fortune told."

The number of cultivated people who habitually permit their actions to be influenced by small beliefs the absurdity of which they readily acknowledge, is surprising. Perhaps half of one's acquaintances cherish some petty illusion or small superstition, acquired in childhood, which, confessedly ridiculous in itself, yet affects in greater or less degree their conduct through life. How many women, for example, finding one or more stems in their cup of tea, do not expect company soon after, and if the company comes, do not accept it as proof of the reality of the warning? How many people, who would be quite ashamed to own their belief in anything like luck, do, nevertheless, always manage to see the new moon over the right shoulder? And how many, while ridiculing the superstition about Friday, still refuse to begin a journey on that day, as if the life condemned by Providence? The belief that if thirteen persons sit down at dinner, one of the number will die within the year, is so universal, or at least, so generally deferred to, that few dinner givers dare to disregard it. So is the belief that if you boast of not having had a disease, you are certain to have it, as if boastfulness were a sin above other sins, to be punished speedily and severely.

DAILY HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

The word that's once spoken,
O, who can recall?

BREAKFAST—Pears and Bananas.
Breakfast Bacon and Eggs. Put browned Potatoes, Graham Muffins, Apple Sauce, Coffee.

DINNER—Cold Meat, String Beans, Spinach, Potatoes in Cream, Cucumbers, Spiced Currants, White and Corn Bread, Brown Betty.

SUPPER—Yakkee Dried Beef, White Bread, Graham Wafers, Berries, Tea.

STRING BEANS—String carefully, break in small pieces. Stew in just water to cover, so the sweetness will be retained. Add salt, butter, a bit of pepper and cream.

If you wish to get an idea for the coloring of a new hat, nothing can give you a better suggestion than nature, as seen from a hammock. Say you are swinging on a veranda. All about you are the green lawn, the trees laden with apples, just turning, and the waving corn, and in the dim horizon a thick wood of pine trees. In the foreground are a few beds of flowers, all of rich coloring, which



WITH BLACK PLUMES.

suggest the ripe season. Now, let some friend with a white hat appear within your range of vision, and you immediately desire the white is not the color you want. On the other hand if she wears a butter-colored straw, a deep red hat, a golden-brown or a green, then you find the coloring which pleases the eye.

White seems appropriate for the early summer, when all vegetation has not begun to over-ripeness. With the approach of the harvest moon, however, as the richer colors appear in nature, so we prefer them in our gowns.

The hat pictured is of butter-colored straw, and is handsomely trimmed with black plumes and velvet.

A buckle of brilliant under the brim gives a touch, a flash, of sunlight, if you will.

Plumes, by the way, will be much worn during the coming season.

NEW STYLES OF HATS.

The Sailor Hat Has Reappeared in Full Force—Other Novelties.

The posting hat has re-appeared in full force, and it has a wide brim and more trimming than formerly, says the New York Sun. Three hats are being worn that were watching a recent heads contest were covered with hats that will bear mention. One was a low crowned sailor with a band of black velvet on one side, striped bows and plaitings of striped silk in front, and two black quills set at the back forming an aigrette. Another, also of sailor shape, but with a wider brim, was trimmed with black and white ribbon bows upstanding all around, and white aigrettes on the left side. The third was a low-crowned hat with a brim especially broad in front, and turned directly up from the face. Crimped white chiffon, interspersed with hydrangeas, clustering at the back and lying upon the hair, and four quills standing upright at the back, formed the trimming.

Louis XVI. hats are so extremely becoming that they cannot help being favorites. They are being trimmed with ribbon of Dresden pattern and high black tips, or are being draped with lace and garlands of flowers. The Empire capotes are short at the back and mostly trimmed with lace. A toque is trimmed with bows, the loops of which are directed backward, and with two bows upheld by a bunch of poppies placed on the side. Another to match the blue mohair so much in vogue now is of dark blue straw, trimmed with ribbon to match, dark blue feathers, and a bunch of dark red roses partly falling upon the hair. A sequin hat of black English straw of urban shape is trimmed with a large bow of false placed in front and upholding a curled feather.

A very girlish hat of yellow straw is decked with corn flowers and marguerites, and has an aigrette of grass, and on the left side a big bow of red silk. A toque of fancy shot straw has fluted sequins at the crown and bows of plumage blue with a bunch of black aigrettes on one side. The bows are caught through a paste buckle, and the hat will suit an older head and be very serviceable for travelling. Panama hats with a plain velvet band, are very much worn.

There is a funny little kind of headgear that can be called neither hat nor bonnet, made of a double row of chiffon or tulle, plaited around a little shape no bigger than the hand, which is hidden by a large bow of any color to match the dress. This hat could be used only for an evening reception toilet. An English straw hat is trimmed with killed ribbon of black and white, fastened on with a rhinestone buckle. At the back extend gray and white wings. Another hat of white satin has black rosettes and small tufts of spray against a background of white wings. Both are pretty and suitable for light mourning.

A Directory hat of black rib straw is perhaps the most striking. Under the side brim a huge bow of satin rests on the hair, held in by four rhinestone buttons. On the outside of the hat are large, graceful bows of emerald velvet, with a rhinestone buckle. This holds in place the large black ostrich feathers. Then comes a fancy black straw turned up in the front and on the sides, with a band of black satin ribbon passed through a buckle in front and arranged in a bow on each side. Black feathers and pink hortensias are at the back.

The trianon hat is of a beautiful green straw. The brim is faced with plaitings of black tulle and adorned with a bow of yellow ribbon and a jet comb. Three large black ostrich feathers are seen, and around the crown is a drapery of yellow silk. The child's hat has a straw crown frilled with very finely plaited muslin and an immense ribbon knot in front, all white. Another very stylish hat of black straw, turned up evenly at the sides and back, is loaded with yellow poppies and large ostrich feathers. A bunch of yellow poppies on the left side under the brim are arranged so they droop on the hair.

The fashionable walking skirt continues as full as any candidate for the gold cure, which fact causes some to scoff at the prediction that it was to decrease in "environment."

Much is heard about the alleged decline of balloon sleeves, but they cling to the woman of fashion as strongly as ivy does to the garden wall.

Wonderful Future.

A Great Hereafter Which Awaits the Christian.

Surpassing Beauties of Heaven Depicted by a Master Mind.

New York, Aug. 26.—For the bereaved and faint-hearted, there could be no words of stronger consolation or encouragement than those of the sermon prepared by Rev. Dr. Talmage for yesterday. His subject was "Surpassing Splendors." The text chosen was: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." I. Corinthians, ii, 9.

"I am going to heaven! I am going to heaven! Heaven! Heaven! Heaven!" These were the last words uttered a few days ago by my precious wife as she ascended to be with God forever, and is it not natural, as well as Christianly appropriate, that our thoughts be much directed toward the glorious residence of which St. Paul speaks in the text I have chosen.

The city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed, for splendor, the world holds no such wonder today. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other the commerce of Asia. The birth of all people sported in her isthmian arms, and the beauty of the city sat in her theaters, walked her porticoes, and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipation. Column, and statue and temple bewildered the beholder, and the beauty of the city sat in her theaters, walked her porticoes, and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipation. Column, and statue and temple bewildered the beholder, and the beauty of the city sat in her theaters, walked her porticoes, and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipation.

And it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "There is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of nature are not music compared with the harmony of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. The fountains of Babel and Mercury are not exquisite. The citadel of Aeneas, the citadel of Rome, the citadel of the world, with what I offer to the poorest slave that puts his burden at that brazen gate. Christians, think this is a splendid city. You think you have heard all sweet sounds, and seen all beautiful sights; but I can tell you 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'"

I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the health of heaven. The disease of past generations come down to us. The air that floats now on the earth is unlike those which floated over Paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The disease of past generations come down to us. The air that floats now on the earth is unlike those which floated over Paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The disease of past generations come down to us. The air that floats now on the earth is unlike those which floated over Paradise.

I remark further, that we can in this world get no just idea of the splendor of heaven. St. Paul has to describe it. He says: "The twelve gates and twelve pearls, and that the foundations of the wall are garnished with all manner of precious stones." St. John tells us, again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing; Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of salvation following on white horses, in infinite cavalry passing, passing, passing pressing into line, across following ages. Dispensation tramping on after dispensation. Glory in the track of Europe, Asia, Africa, and North and South American pressing into line, islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and Jesus rises at the head of that great host, and waves his wand in signal of victory, all crowns are laid, all ensigns flung out, and all chiming runs, and all hallelujahs chanted, and scene, "Glory to God Most High," and some "Woody Land" that was slain—"till all exclamations of adoration and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted, and there come a surge after surge of 'Amen! Amen! Amen! Amen!' Skim from the waters the brightest sparkles, and you will get no idea of the sheen of the earth of earthy things, and you will not make a stepping stone, and they might mount to the city of God, every house is a palace. Every step a coronation. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the tower is a wedding bell. Every day is a jubilee, every hour is a rapture, and every moment an ecstasy. Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it.

I remark further, we can get no idea on earth of the reunions in heaven. If you have ever been across the sea, and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled, and how glad you were to see him. What, then, will be our joy after we have passed the city of death, to meet in the bright city of the sun, those from whom we have long been separated, and whom we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look. The hair has turned gray, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But oh, when you stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappeared, and feeling the joy of the blessed land, methinks we will say to each other, with an exclamation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed!" In this world we only meet to part. It is a good-bye road, and we are floating in the air. We hear it at the rail-car window, and at the steamboat wharf—good-bye. Children times we say it in a light way—"good-bye!" and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down. Good-bye! Ah! that is the word that ends

the thanksgiving banquet. That is the word that comes in to close the Christ-mas chant. Good-bye! good-bye! But not so in heaven. Welcome in the air, welcomes at the gate, welcomes at the house of many mansions—but no good-bye.

A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said to her: "Your mother has gone to heaven—don't cry!" and the next day they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into the ground; and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and looking down at the body of her mother, said: "Is this heaven?" Oh, we have no idea what heaven is. It is the grave here—it is darkness here—but there is merry-making yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives, some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher-angel says to the newly-arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished in Piedmont; these were torn to pieces at the Inquisition; that is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus who died for you." That will be the great reward. We cannot imagine it now, but loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and lonesome, they don't seem to come to us. We go on the banks of the Jordan and call across to them, but they don't seem to hear. We say, "Is it well with the child? Is it well with the loved ones?" and we listen to hear if any voice comes back over the waters. None. None! Unbeliever says, "They are dead, and are dead for ever," but blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us different.

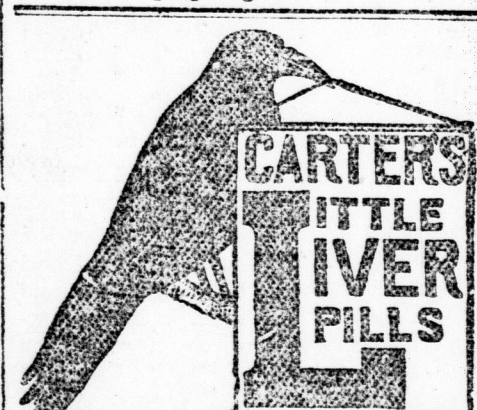
I remark again, we can in this world get no idea of the song of heaven. You know there is nothing more inspiring than music. In the battle of Waterloo the Highlanders were giving way, and Wellington found out that the bands of music had ceased playing. He sent a quick dispatch telling them to play, with utmost spirit, a battle march. The music started, the Highlanders were rallied, and they dashed on till the day was won. We appreciate it now, and of secular music; but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiring to me than a whole congregation lifted up on the wave of holy melody. And, too, when your traveling tunes that thrill the devotions of the sanctuary, and make the people sit silent when Jesus is coming to hosanna.

But my friends, if music on earth is so sweet, what will it be in heaven? All the best singers of the ages will join—choirs of white-robed children! choirs of patriarchs! choirs of apostles! Morning stars singing the climaxes of hymns with their harps. Great anthems of God, roll on! roll on!—other empires joining the harmonies till the thrones are full of it, and the nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthems, and choir choruses, and all the sweet sounds of earth and heaven be poured into the ear of Christ.

A STUPENDOUS WORK.

Whole of the Bible Has Been Translated Into the Chinese Language.

Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 25.—Among the passengers who will leave for the Orient on the Empress of Japan this week is the Rt. Rev. S. F. Schereschewsky, D. D., rector of the Protestant Church of China, who is engaged on a most important task, viz: Translation of the Bible into the Chinese from the original tongues. In 1859 he left for China as a missionary of the United States Episcopal Church and was subsequently appointed Bishop of China, being the third incumbent of that office. In 1882 he suffered a stroke, which compelled him to resign the office, as it affected his speech and rendered him unable to move about. Leaving China he visited Europe and there commenced the great task on which he has been engaged ever since. Four years he spent in Europe and the remainder of the time in America, and now at last this stupendous work is completed and the bishop has with him a translation of the whole Bible in Roman characters. On arriving in China he will commence the work of reproducing the manuscript into Chinese characters, after which it will be printed and published. This will take three years more. Speaking of the recent riots, the bishop says the mandarins are in his opinion mainly responsible, and are the chief opponents of foreigners, and use every possible means to stir up the ignorant people against the whites.



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