

## KEEPING IN STYLE.

### Dr. Talmage Takes a Sunday Priggrimage Into the Dominion of Fashion.

#### A few Words About Woman's Attire And some Advice for the Wearers.

Good Taste to be Admired—What it Means to Keep Up with Fashion.

Brooklyn, January 29.—The Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, D. D., preached today in the Brooklyn Tabernacle the fourth of the series of "Sermons to the Women of America, with Important Hints to Men." The subject of the sermon was "Dominion of Fashion," and the text was from Deuteronomy xxi. 5, "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man; neither shall a man put on a woman's garment; for all that do so are abominations unto the Lord thy God."

In this fourth sermon of the series of sermons, I wish those who hear to bear in mind that I take intemperance not only those whom I have before me on Sabbath days, but the war appliances spread through the printing press, and while some things may not be particularly appropriate for many other to call it. And here I will tell a secret that I have never before told to the public. About twenty years ago I began to pray that God would open to me the opportunity of preaching through the secular newspaper press. The religious papers in which my sermons have been published chiefly went to respectably religious families. So I asked God for the wider field in which to preach in the great truths of religion and good morals. In a strange way the answer came. And the syndicates having charge of these matters inform me that every week there are now thirteen million six hundred thousand copies of my discourses published in this country, and about four million in other lands, where our English-speaking countries or by translation.

I want people to understand that it is an answer to prayer to God that this opportunity has come, and I pray for grace to occupy the field. It is not, therefore, presumptuous when I give wisdom to these discourses and address them to the women of America, with important hints to men.

God thought womanly attire of enough importance to have it discussed in the Bible. And the Apostle, by no means a sentimentalist, and accustomed to dwell on the great themes of God and the resurrection, writes about the arrangement of woman's hair and the style of her jewelry, and in my text Moses, his ear yet filled with the thunder of Mount Sinai, declares that we, only attire must be in marked contrast with masculine attire, and infraction of that law excites the indignation of high heaven. In proportion as the morals of a country or an age are depressed is that law defiled. How the fashion plates of any century from the time of the deluge to this, and I will tell you the exact state of public morals. Bloomerism in this country years ago seemed about to break down this divine law, but there was enough of God in American sojety to best back the indecency. Yet ever and anon we have imported from France, or perhaps invented on this side the sea, a style that proposes as far as possible to make women dress like men, and thousands of young women catch the mode, until some one goes a little too far in imitation of masculine attire, and the whole custom by the good sense of American womanhood is obliterated.

The costumes of the countries are different, and in the same country may change, but there is a divinely ordered dissimilarity which must be forever observed. Any divergence from this is administrative of vice and runs against the very spirit of the text.

THE KEEN THIRST OF THE TEXT, which says: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man; neither shall a man put on a woman's garment; for all that do so are abominations unto the Lord thy God."

Many years ago a French authoress, signing herself George Sand, by her corrupt but brilliant writing depicted homes and libraries innumerable, and was a literary grandmother of all the present French and American authors who have written things so much worse that they have made her publication quite respectable. That French authoress put on masculine attire. She was consistent. Her writings and her behavior were perfectly accordant.

My text by implication rebukes masculine women and womanly men. What a sickening thing it is to see a man copying the speech, the walk, the manner of a woman. The trouble is they do not imitate a sensible woman, but some female imbecile. And they surper, and they go with a high step, and they serve up nothing but a dike of a languishing look, and bang their hair, and are the massification of honest folks of both sexes. Oh, can be a man? You belong to a respectable sex. The starting figure of the human race was a man. Do not try to cross over, and so become a hybrid, neither one nor the other, but a failure half way between.

At keepers of masculine women. They copy a man's staking gait, and go down the street with the stride of a walking beam. They wish they could smoke cigars, and some of them do. They talk too fast, and try to sing bass. They do not laugh, they roar. They cannot quite manage the broad probability of the sex they are, but their conversation is often a bad swear, and if they said "oh Lord" in earnest prayer as often as they say it in lightness, they would be high up in sunshine. Withal there is an assumed rucosity of apparel, and

THEY WEAR A MAN'S HAT, only changed by being in two or three places smashed in and a dead canary clinging to the general wreck, and a

man's coat tucked in here and there according to an unaccountable esthetic. O woman, stay a woman! You also belong to a very respectable sex. The second figure of the human race was a woman and sometimes a second edition of a volume is the first edition improved and corrected. Do not try to cross over. If you do you will be a failure as a woman and only a nondescript of a man. We already have enough intellectual and moral bankrupts in our sex without your coming over to make worse the deficit.

In my text, as by a parable or figure of speech, it is made evident that Moses, the inspired writer, as vehemently as ourselves reprehended the effeminate man and the masculine woman: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man; neither shall a man put on a woman's garment; for all that do so are abominations unto the Lord thy God."

My text also sanctions fashion. Indeed it sets a fashion! There is a great deal of senseless cant on the subject of fashion. A woman or man who does not regard it is unfit for good neighborhood. The only question is what is right fashion and what is wrong fashion? Before I stop I want to show you that fashion has been one of the most potent of reformers and one of the vilest of usurpers. Sometimes it has been an angel from heaven, and at others it has been the mother of abominations. As the world grows better there will be much fashion as now, but it will be a righteous fashion. In the future life white robes have been and always will be in the fashion.

There is a great outcry against this submission to social custom,

as though any consultation of the tastes and feelings of others were deplorable; but without it the world would have neither law, order, civilization, nor common decency. There has been a canonization of bluntness. There are men and women who boast that they can tell you all they know and hear about you, especially if it be unpleasant. Some have mistaken rough behavior for frankness, when the two qualities do not belong to the same family. You have no right with your eccentricities to crash in upon the sensitiveness of others. There is no virtue in walking with hoofs over fine carpets. The most jagged rock is covered with blossoming moss. The storm that comes jarring down in thunder strews rainbow colors upon the sky and silvery drops on orchard and meadow.

There are men who prize their eyes on their capacity to "stick" others. They say, "I have brought him down; did I not make him a fool?" Others pride themselves on their outlandish apparel. They wear a queer hat. They ride in an old carriage. A hint of perpetual application they would permeate the world that they are perfectly indifferent to public opinion. They are more proud of being out of fashion than others are of being in. They are utterly and unarguably disagreeable. Their rough corners have never been worn off. They prefer a hedgehog to a lamb.

The accomplishments of life are in no wise profitable of eminency or enervation. Good manners and a respect for the tastes of others are indispensable. The good book speaks favorably of those who are a "peculiar" people, but that does not sanction the behavior of queer people. There is no excuse, under any circumstances, for not being an acting the lady or gentleman. Kneess is sin. We have no words too ardent to express our admiration for

THE REFINEMENT OF SOCIETY.

There is no law, moral or divine, to forbid elegance of demeanor, or ornaments of gold, or gems for the person, artistic display in the dwelling, gracefulness of gait and bearing, polite salutation or honest compliments; and he who is shocked or offended by these habits, like the old Sythius, wear tiger skins and take one wild leap back into midnight barbarism. As Christinity advances there will be better apparel, higher styles of architecture, more exquisite adornments, sweeter music, grander pictures, more correct behavior, and more thorough ladies and gentlemen.

But there is another story to be told. Wrong fashion is to be charged with many of the worst evils of society, and its path has often been strewn with the bodies of the slain. It has set up a false standard by which people are to be judged. Our common use, as well as all the divine intimations on the subject, teach us that people ought to be esteemed according to their individual and moral attainments. The man who has the most nobility of soul should be first, and he who has the least of such qualities should stand last. No crest, or shield, or ensign on a can indicate one's moral pedigree. Titles, of duke, lord, esquire, earl, viscount, or patrician, ought not to raise one into the first rank. "one of the meanest men I have ever known had at the end of their name D. D., LL. D., and L. R. S. Truth, honor, charity, heroism, self-sacrifice should win highest favor; but indurate fashion says: "Count not a woman's virtues; count her adornments." "Look not at the contour of the head, but see the way she combs her hair." "Ask not what noble deeds have been accomplished by that man's hand, but is it white and soft?" "Ask not what good sense is in her conversation, but, 'In what was she dressed?'" "Ask not whether there was hospitality and cheerfulness in the house, but, 'In what style do they live?'"

As a consequence, some of the most ignorant and

VICIOUS MEN ARE AT THE TOP,

and some of the most virtuous and intelligent at the bottom. During the last war we suddenly saw men stepping into the highest social positions. Had they suddenly returned from even heights or graduated in science, or a liberal some good work for society? No, they simply had obtained a government contract.

This accounts for the utter charrin which people feel at the treatment they receive when they lose their property. Hold up your head and stand in disaster like a Christian. Fifty thousand subtracted from a good man leaves how much? Honored truth, faith in God; triumphant hope, and a kingdom of

ineffable glory, over which he is to reign forever and ever.

If the owner of millions should lose a penny out of his pocket would he sit down on a curbstone and cry? And shall a man possessed of everlasting fortunes wear himself out with grief because he has lost worldly treasure? You have only lost that in which hundreds of wretched misers surpass you; and you have saved that which the Cæsars and the Ibraahs, and the Alexanders could never afford.

And yet society thinks differently, and you see the most intimate friendships broken up as the consequence of financial embarrassments. You say to some one, "How is your friend?" "The man looks bewildered and says, 'I do not know.' You reply, 'Why, you used to be intimate.' "Well," says the man, "Our friendship has been dropped. The man has failed."

Proclamation has gone forth: "Velvets must go up and plain apparel must come down," and the question is: "How does the coat fit?" Not: "Who wears it?" The power that bears the tides of excitement, preparation up and down our streets, and rocks the world of commerce, and

THRILLS ALL NATIONS.

Trans-Atlantic and Cis-Atlantic, is clothes. It decides the last offices of respect; and how long the dress shall be totally black; and when it may subside into shots of grief on silk, calico or gingham. Men die in good circumstances, but by reason of extravagant funeral expenses are well nigh insolvent before they get buried. Many men would not die at all if they had to wait until they could afford it.

Wrong fashion is productive of a most ruinous strife. The expenditure of many households, by an outburst by what their neighbors have, not by what they themselves can afford to have, and in the great anxiety is to who shall have the most house and the most costly of it. The weapons used in the warfare of social life are not fine rifles in the hands of men, and not brass shells, but chairs, and mirrors, and vases, and Gobelins and Axminster's. Many household establishments are like racing steamboats propelled at the utmost strain and risk, and just going to a terrible exposure. "Who cares," say they, "if we only come out ahead?"

There is no one cause to day of more financial embarrassment and of more dishonor than this determination at all hazards to live as well as or better than other people. There are persons who will risk their eternity upon one pier narrow or who will dash out the splendors of heaven to get another truck.

"My house is too small." "But," says some one, "you cannot pay for a larger." "Never mind that, my friends have a better residence, and so will I." "A dress of that style and material I must have. I cannot afford it by a good deal; but who cares for that?" My neighbor had one from that pattern, and I must have one." There are scores of men in the dungeons of the penitentiary who

RISKED HONOR, BUSINESS, EVERYTHING, in the effort to shine like others. Though the heavens fall they must be "in fashion."

The most famous frauds of the day have resulted from this feeling. It keeps hundreds of men struggling for their commercial existence. The trouble is that so many are caught and incarcerated in their misery to small. It is by great they escape and build their castles on the clouds. They get into jail, not because they steal, but because they did not steal enough.

Again, wrong fashion makes people unnatural and untrue. It is a factory town when his own forth more honor, pretenses and unmeaning flatteries and hyperboles than the most ardent ever uttered on a social occasion. Fashion is the greatest of all flatters. It has made society insecure. You know no way to achieve. When people ask you to come, do you not know whether or not they want you to come. When they send their regards you do not know whether it is an expression of their hearts, or an external civility. We have learned to take at most everything at a discount. World is not "not at home" when they are only too ready to see themselves. They say: "The furnace has just gone out," when in truth they have had a fire in it all winter. They apologize for the unusual barrenness of their table when they never have any better. They deny their most luxurious entertainments to win a shower of approval. They apologize for their appearance, as though it were unusual, when they always at home they look just so. They would make you believe that some nice sketch on the wall was the work of a master painter. "It was a heirloom and once hung on the walls of a castle; and a duke gave it to their grandfather." People who will not be about anything else will be about a picture.

To-night, with swollen feet upon cushions, with women and growling with aches innumerable, will be.

THE VOTARY OF LUXURES

living, not half so happy as his groon or coal-brook. Wrong fashion is the world's unbreakable, and drives thousands of hearts to Greenwood, and Laurel Hill, and Mount Auburn.

But, worse than that, this folly is an insidious and a pestiferous. This fondness study of properties and stilette patterns and styles, is bedwaring to the intellect. I never knew a woman or a man of extreme fashion that knew much. How belittling the smily of the cut of a coat, or tie of a cravat, or the wrinkle in a sleeve, or the color of a ribbon. How they are worried if something gets untied, or hangs awry, or is not nicely adjusted. With a man capable of measuring the height and depth of great subjects, able to unravel my-stries to walk through the universe, to soar up into the infinity of God's attributes, how long perpetually over a new style of coat. I have known men reckless as to their character, and regardless of interests momentous and eternal, exasperated by the shape of a vest button. Was the matter with that woman wrought up into the agony of despair? Oh, her mind is out of fashion!

Worse than all—this folly is not satisfied until it has extinguished every noble sentiment and blessed the soul. A

wandrobe is the rock upon which many a soul has been rivered. The excitement of a luxurious life has been the vortex that has swallowed up more souls than the mausoleum of Norway ever destroyed ships. What room for elevating themes in a heart filled with the trivial and unreal? Who can wonder that in this haste for sun-gilded baubles and winged thrills down men and women should tumble into ruin? The travelers to destruction are not all clothed in rags. On that road chariot jostles against chariot; and behind steeds in harness

GOLD-PLATED AND GLITTERING,

they go down, coach and four, herald and position; racketing on the hot pavements of hell. Clear the track! Banners hang out their colors over the road; and trees of tropical fruitfulness overhang the way. No sound of wondrous air, but all is light, and song, and wine, and gorgeousness. The world comes out to greet the dazzling procession with: "Hurrah! Hurrah!" But suddenly there is a halt and an outcry of dismay, and an overthrow worse than the Red Sea tumbling upon the Egyptians. Shadow of gravestones upon imperial silk! Wormwood squeezed into imperial goldlets. Death with one cold breath withering the leaves and freezing the fountains.

In the wild tumult of the Last Day—the mountains falling, the heavens lying, the thrones uprising, the universes assembling; amid the boom of the last great trumpet, and under the cracking of a burning world—what will become of the disciple of unholy fashion?

But watch the career of one thoroughly artificial. Through inheritance, or perhaps his own skill having obtained enough for purposes of display, he is himself thoroughly established. He sits aloof from the common herd, and looks out of his window upon the poor man and says: "That dirty wretch of my steps immediately!" On Sabbath days he visits the church, but mourns that fact that he must worship with so many of the ignorant, and says "they are perfectly awful!" "That man that you put in my paw had a coat on his back that did not cost five dollars." He stands through life unympathetic with trouble and says: "I cannot be bothered." Is delighted with some doubtful story of Parisian life, but thinks that there are some very indecent things in the Bible. Waives arm-in-arm with the successful man of the world, but

DOES NOT KNOW HIS OWN BROTHER.

Loves to be praised for his splendid house, and when told that he looks younger than ten years ago says: "Well, really; do you think so?"

But the brief strut of his life is about over. Upstairs he dies. No angel wings hovering about him. No gospel promises kindling up the darkness; but exquisite embroidery, elegant pictures, and a bit of Shakespeare on the mantle. The pulses stop. The minister comes in to read of the resurrection, that day when the dead shall come up—both he that died on the floor and he that expired under princely upholstery. He is carried out to burial. Only a few mourners, but a great array of carriages. Not one common man at the funeral. No outlandish orphan to weep a tear on his grave. No child of woe pressing through the ranks of the weeping saying: "He is the last friend I have and I must see him." What now? He was a great man. Shall not chariots of salvation come down to the other side of Jordan and scout him up to the palace? Shall not the angels exclaim: "Turn out! A prince is coming." Will the bells chime? Will there be harpers with their harps, and trumpeters with their trumpets?

No. No. No. There will be a shudder, as though a calamity had happened. Standing on heaven's battlement, a watchman will see something shoot past, with very downfall and sizzle, "wan'ling star—for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever."

But sadder yet is the closing of a woman's life that has been worshipful of worldliness, all the wealth of a lifetime opportunity wasted. What a tragedy! A woman on her dying pillow, thinking of what she might have done for God and humanity, and yet having done nothing! Compare her demise with that of a Harriet Newell going down to peacefully die in the isle of France, reviewing her lifetime sacrifices for the redemption of India; or the last hours of Elizabeth Harvey, having exchanged

HER BRIGHT NEW ENGLAND HOME

for a life at Bombay amid stolid heathenism, that she might illumine it, saying in her last moments: "If this is the dark valley, it has not a dark spot in it; because we have achieved the results promised those whose faith is planted on the true rock. We also point out errors of statement which are the cause of unhappiness and teach forgiveness and atonement. Is there Christianity anywhere? To give money publicly and to pray loudly in church do's not count. It is only that which you have done quietly and secretly to-day to-day to aid the suffering and to sole the sorrowing that is pleasing in the sight of God. Your personality corresponds with your thoughts. You call yourself a poor miserable sinner, and live it out pretty well. How fare you call yourself a poor miserable sinner when you have been made in the image of God? To reach heaven you believe you must die and go somewhere, while in fact the kingdom of God is within you. Philosophers speak of the education of the carnal mind, but this is the education of the soul, my friends, and its hour has struck."

ON A SMALL INCOME

we must make the world believe that we are content, and our life becomes a cheat, a counterfeit, and a sham.

Few people are really natural and unaffected. When I say this I do not mean to our cultured manners. It is right that we should have more admiration for the sculptured marble than for the unhusk block of quarry. From many circles in the fashion has driven out vivacity and enthusiasm. A frozen dignity instead floats about the room and iceberg grinds against beauty. You must not laugh outright, it is vulgar. You must smile. You must not dash rapidly across the room, you must glide. There is a round of bows, and urns, and batteries, and one and all in harness, and many

panbysim—a word of which is not worth one good, round, honest peal of laughter. From such a hollow round the tortured guest retires at the close of the evening and assures his host that he has enjoyed himself.

Thus social life has been contorted and deformed until, in some mountain cabin where rustics gather to the quilting or the apple-paring, there is more good cheer than in all the frescoed icehouses of the metropolis. We want in all the higher circles of society, more warmth of heart and naturalness of behavior and not so many refrigerators.

Again, Wrong fashion is incompatible with happiness. Those who depend for their comfort upon the admiration of others are subject to frequent disappointment. Somebody will criticize their appearance, or surpass them in brilliancy, or will receive more attention. Oh, the jealousy and detraction and heart burnings of those who move in this bewildered maze!

POOR BUTTERFLIES!

Fright wings do not always bring happiness. "Who that liveth in pleasure in dead white she liveth." The revelations of high life that come to the challenge and the fight are only the occasional croppings out of disquietude that are, underneath, like the stars of heaven for multitudes, but like the demons of the pit for hate. The misery that will to night in the cellar cuddle up in the straw is not so bitter as the princely disquietude which stalks through splendid drawing-rooms, brooding over the sights and offenses of luxurious life. The bitterness of life seems not so unmitting when drunk out of a pewter mug as when it pours from the chased lips of a golden chalice. In the sharp crack of the voluntary's pistol, putting an end to his earthly misery, I hear the confirmation that in a hollow, fastidious life there is no peace.

Again, devotion to wrong fashion is productive of physical disease, mental imbecility, and spiritual withering. Apparels, insufficient to keep out the cold and the rain, or so fitted upon the person that the functions of life are restrained, late hours filled with excitement and feasting, free draughts of wine that make one not bestly intoxicated, but only fashionably drunk and luxurious indolence are the instruments by which this unreal life pushes its disciples into valentinarism and the grave. Along the wake of prosperous life Death goes an-ailing and such harvests as are reaped; Materia medica has been exhausted to find curatives for these physiological devastations. Dropsies, cancers, consumption, gout and almost every infirmity in all the realm of pathology, have been the penalties paid. To counteract the damage pharmacy has gone forth with medication, panacea, elixir, embrocation, salve, and cataplasma.

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## RESOLUTIONS FOR 1893.

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RESOLVED—That when I want to buy good cigars and tobacco, I will go to the new drug store and get them.

RESOLVED—That I will buy my tea, spices, ginger, baking powders, currants, citrons, essences, &c., from the new drug store.

RESOLVED—That when I want any school books or stationery I will go to the new drug store and buy them.

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