

WOMAN'S REALM

Kept Her Vow.

Mrs. Heywood, who has died at Little Leigh, near Northwich, at the age of eighty-five, never rode in a railway train. When the Northwestern line between Crewe and the North was opened she, with others, awaited the passing of the first train through Acton Bridge. Her first impressions were such that she vowed she would never travel by train, and she kept her word.—Home Notes.

Blue-and-White Girl Cool.

"When all is summed up," says an old-fashioned woman who thinks she knows much, "the girl who gowns herself in navy blue, with spots and collar and cuffs, is about the neatest creature met in a morning's walk. A beauty of New Orleans is seen in the street only in indigo blue calico with a snowy mull fichu as the only trimming. Her calico gowns are more beautiful than the silk attire of her rivals. Constance Hoyt, of Washington, wears navy blue most of the day. She is a blonde, and her hair looks best when she wears navy blue silk or fine mull trimmed with yellow lace. A blue chip hat turned up in the front, with a high cluster of cherries guarding the crown, is the finishing touch of this runaway suit.—New York Press.

A Lady Shade.

A Lady Shade seemed particularly bitter and gloomy, and a solicitous Gentleman Shade, that biew by in the dim twilight asked her what was the matter. "I have just been back to earth," the Lady Shade replied, "to visit my former home, and I found a housekeeper installed there. She gets \$5 a week and her board, and my husband was very solicitous of her, and was helping her with the work, in fear that if she had too much to do she might get mad and quit. I lived with that man seventeen years, and did all the work and had six children, and never saw \$5 a month, and he never helped me around the house because he was afraid I might find the work too hard and get mad and quit." Here the Lady Shade became so indignant that her own feelings blew her into the next field.—Atchison Globe.

A Good Wedding Innovation.

An innovation in wedding gifts has been introduced abroad—an excellent innovation that no doubt soon will appear here. In London, if Lady Brown, a guest at the Smith-Miller wedding, is a

A "Never Fail" Sponge Cake.

Separate the whites of four eggs, and beat them until they are stiff enough to remain in the inverted bowl. Then, with the beater, beat into them one-half cup of sugar (granulated). Now beat the separate yolks and add to them one-half cup of sugar, beating them for five minutes by the clock. This is important, as the delicate texture of the cake depends upon it. Add to the yolks the grated rind of a lemon. Beat hen well together, the yolks and the whites.

friend of Lord Smith instead of his bride, it is to Lord Smith, not to the lady, that she sends her present, which takes the form of a set of pearl studs, a gold cigar case or a long cigarette tube of platinum and amber. The fashionable intelligence of the London papers of this season has such announcements as these. Countess Jackson's gift to the bridegroom was a wrist-watch. Lady Brown gave a gold smoking-set; the Hon. Mrs. Muldoon's remembrance was a dozen razors with mother-of-pearl backs; the Marchioness Jones gave a cigar cabinet of ebony and silver, and Lady Wright's good taste was manifested in a motoring coat of ponsykin.—New York Press.

Kaiser Wants Americans.

To what extent Kaiser Wilhelm recognizes the benefit to Berlin of the presence there of American tourists and their wives was told by Louis Adlon, son of the proprietor of the handsome new Hotel Adlon, in No. 1 Unter den Linden, when he said that it was owing only to the support of the Kaiser that the hotel was built. Adlon sailed in the Kronprinzessin Cecilie yesterday, but before the vessel departed he spoke of his observations of hotel life in the United States. Because his father's hotel was built on the site of a palace five centuries old, many among the German nobility viewed it with indignation. The result was an appeal to the Kaiser. It was pointed out to him, however, that many Americans remained away from Berlin because of the old-fashioned hotels there. He decided it would be a good thing for the city to have an up-to-date hotel, and then the Adlon was built. To show that he approved of it, the Kaiser attended the opening ceremonies. Ambassador Hill has taken up temporary quarters in the Hotel Adlon and there the Kaiser has visited him. Adlon enthusiastically praised the American hotels. He said that in everything except the table they were far ahead of the European houses. He said all the big hotels in this country employed German or French chefs, but that German hotels took American bartenders.—New York Press.

Trousers Used by Horsewomen.

Out in that limbo where nans been cast the shimmering maiden, the banged front, the hooped skirt, the stage-coach and the quill pen, we may now

find the pictorial creature who rode horseback in the early eighties. She is gone, and gone forever, that girl with the plumed hat and the billowing skirt; that girl who illustrates Hood's poems and rides through the pages of George Eliot, and no wailing note of lute, no magic lure of pipe can ever make her turn her fair alabaster cheek with its framing ringlets and its sweep of feathered hat.

The girl who has replaced her is a trim mannish creature in a long coat. The emphasis is on the coat, for the very latest dictum of the riding world is that the horsewoman shall be attired in a long-skirted coat, which comes to her ankles. This is divided in the back so that it may present no obstacle to the riding of the horse, and it is so long that it conceals the fact that she does not wear a skirt. No, she doesn't. She has finally discarded it and in its place we find regular mannish trousers such as George Sand herself might not have disdained. Of course, long riding boots come up to the knee and the nether garments are entirely concealed by the coat. Nevertheless, the fact remains that it is now coat and trousers which are worn at every fashionable country place.—New Haven Register.

Thoughtful Miss Vinton.

The small boy's mother was the only one who sat unmoved, while the small boy himself—most unwelcome addition to the informal afternoon tea—gleefully galloped around the circular table, daintily spreading with silver and china, and towered over by a cut-glass lamp.

"It's a quire pony!" shrieked the infant, joyously, as he tossed his flaxen locks and twinkled his besocked legs with ever-increasing speed.

"Mercy! He'll have the lamp over!" shivered a nervous young woman, as the human gyroscope stumbled over the edge of a rug, clawed at the table for support, then triumphantly continued circling. Conversation froze on pallid lips as they sat awaiting the inevitable crash. Only the voice of the small boy's mother rippled along serenely.

The nervous young woman could stand it no longer. In sheer desperation she ventured, "Mrs. Archibald—er—pardon me—your dear little boy—"

The lady addressed stared blankly, then grasped the situation. "Malcolm!" she said, sweetly. "Malcolm, dear, run around in the opposite di-

rection. Miss Vinton's afraid you'll make yourself giddy."—Woman's Home Companion.



White gowns were never in better odor.

The parasol covered with lace is popular.

Moire parasols, with or without flowered borders, are very popular.

As the season goes on it is apparent that the coarser linens are popular.

A practical and jaunty yachting suit is of marine blue and white striped pongee made on the bias.

The hats with large brims at the back are responsible for the return of the vogue for the Psyche hat.

A style of hat exploited at the Grand Prix is that suggesting the shepherdess or the shape seen in "Little Bo-Peep" pictures.

Tiny rosebuds with foliage in the natural colors are embroidered on the ends of a tiny lace-trimmed tab that is worn at the throat.

There were never prettier shoes and stockings—or uglier ones—than have been worn during the last year. Everything was permissible.

Etoms with close-fitting vests of contrasting material, close-fitting cutaways, long coats that are also close—these are some of the new styles.

The square cut yoke, extending the full width of the bodice from shoulder to shoulder, is the smartest just now. It is often crossed with straps of one kind or another.

The kimono jacket, which gets its name because of the shape of its sleeves, has many points in common with other models that have assumed the more serious coat sleeve.

As the hats grow smaller there is less necessity for the great amount of puffs and braids and waves that have been required to meet the wide brims that are disappearing.

The last season's seal catch is the smallest that there is any record of. It amounted to less than 6000—about half that of the previous year.

THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. WILLIAM J. THOMPSON.

Subject: The Ascension.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—In the Simpson M. E. Church Sunday morning, the pastor, the Rev. Dr. William J. Thompson, preached on "The Ascension." The text was from Luke 24:51: "And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them and carried up to heaven." Dr. Thompson said:

Concerning the crucifixion the Scripture gives month, day, hour, participants—much minutiae. Concerning the resurrection no mention is made of the first heart-beat, only the fact of the empty tomb and the risen Saviour. Still meagre is the account of the ascension.

The length of these narratives indicates our limited knowledge. Death so common would have fullest mention. The resurrection, contrary to all experience, would admit simply the fact supported by "infallible signs." The ascension, contrary to the one law we believe to prevail throughout the universe—gravitation—and the entrances into the spirit realm which baffles the imagination of embodied spirits, would call for the least mention.

Their importance, however, is inversely as the length of the narrative. Death in itself is failure, the resurrection declares Jesus to be the Son of God with power. The ascension to the right hand of God proclaims Him the ever-reigning supreme sovereign.

The eagle-winged tyrant, death, spreads over the whole earth, pall God's last and best creation in his insatiable conquest; wrenches from the human soul the organ of all its intelligent and spiritual expressions—the body, and dooms it with "dust to dust." Jesus Christ, the mighty Prince of Life, conquered this conqueror!

Our loudest Easter hosannas are to His praise for this unworldly achievement. This triumph, however, mighty as it is, is but a part of His life. Like the figures of arithmetic, depending for their richness on what follows, so the glories of Easter depend on what follows in the life of Christ.

Napoleon Bonaparte used Marengo, Austerlitz and other victories as stepping stones to reach the dizzy heights of military power; where he swayed the sceptre from the Baltic to Southern Italy, and allied continental nations could not resist his states. He stood with his armies upon the Alps and exclaimed: "Hannibal is surpassed!" He led these soldiers beneath the pyramids with "Forty centuries look down upon you, France saluted him with 'Sire, your greatness is like that of the universe.' If Napoleon had died before June 18, 1815, a glamor of glory would have enriced his whole career. But his life after this, with the defeat of Waterloo and five and one-half years of exile, leveled the summit of his greatness.

We are not without concern for our ex-presidents, lest some ill deed militate against their record in the high office. Some grains of comfort are extracted from our three martyred presidents, and the one who was snatched from us in the zenith of their fame, a fact which shed glory over their whole lives. Jesus Christ disarmed death of its mortal sting and led the powers of darkness captive. Yet some subsequent event could detract from the glory of this high triumph. So the setting of Christ in our faith hinges upon what follows His death and resurrection.

If Jesus had remained in Jerusalem, as His disciples hoped for, vestments from the East, and the grandeur would have congested the ports nearest that city with deputations to visit Jesus as judge, divider, benefactor, thereby weakening their faith and enervating them in working out their own salvation. The most startling fact in Christian manhood comes from largest faith and real self-culture, and this could not be favorably produced everywhere with Jesus localized. Men everywhere should have equal divine assistance in having right hearing, speaking acceptable words, and doing justly. To this end Jesus must be spiritually present in the world and consequently bodily withdraw. While the lustre of Jesus would have shone undiminished had He remained on earth, yet to reach His maximum effulgence it was expedient that He go away. Man's complete salvation and the glory of Christ concurred in this departure. Our faith is vitally involved in His destination.

His departure. The farewell address of George Washington was important in his estimation as well as in that of his soldiers and posterity. A farewell address would be valuable and fitting for all our presidents to close their administration. Our farewells are the utterances of our best selves. This is foreshadowed by its typical formulas. "Fare ye well," "God be with you," abbreviated to "Good-by." The farewell of Jesus has the same relative importance. He takes leave of the world that clamored for His blood and had gleed over its shedding. Mark you, "He lifted up His hands and blessed them." Thus His valedictory is in the same exalted level as all that precedes and our faith holds high in the risen and departed Christ.

He departs not in darkness but in the light of day; not in the valley but from Olivet's top; not alone but in the view of His disciples. He had withdrawn many times before, this time He ascends. While He blessed them, He was parted from them and carried up into heaven." Shortly after Stephen, the first martyr, looked up and said: "Behold, I see the heavens opened and the Son of Man at the right hand of God." Some time after Paul had a vision of Jesus in heaven; likewise did John. Satan, the defiler, was hurried headlong from heaven. Nothing that defileth entereth therein. Elijah, a pattern of piety, whose mantle holy men carried, the chariot of the Lord carried earth, yet to reach His maximum effulgence it was expedient that He go away. Man's complete salvation and the glory of Christ concurred in this departure. Our faith is vitally involved in His destination.

of prophets, sages, kings and mighty men of God, are in that great company whose number no man can number, yet Christ sits at the right hand with a name above every name and all powers and principalities at His feet. This exaltation—His through all time—enriches all His past, makes the land on which He lived to us holy, His precepts priceless and gives the largest satisfaction and fullest fruition to our faith.

The ascension of Christ pays honor to the body. The third article of our religion is "Christ did truly rise again from the dead and took again His body, with all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature, wherewith He ascended into heaven and there sitteth until He return to judge all men at the last day." Pestilences are not from Him. Disease, making a body, as Pope declares his, an "apparatus of torture," is no more from God than the disease of the soul. Jesus cured both and inflicted neither. The body designed to be an instrument of righteousness must be strong. To be strong is nourished by pure air, pure water, pure food. Even if these be secured by legislation, the legislation should compass the hygiene of homes, offices and factories, the prohibition both of overtaxing hours for women and the slaying of childhood upon Mammoth altars. The wounded are to be healed. More, the road between Jerusalem and Jericho so patrolled as to make wounds from robbers impossible. Not only is disease to be cured, but the cause is to be removed.

Christ's ascension confirms our hopes of immortality. We have a twofold origin. First, the physical, from Adam. Like myriads of his descendants who have lived before us, our bodies will dissolve into the dust. Our spiritual kinship with God the Father, our passing from death to life in love for the brethren. This is our creation anew in the second Adam, Christ Jesus. As that which bore the image of the first Adam follows Him, so that in us which bore the image of the second Adam will follow Him.

If there were no continuation of this life after death, Christ says: "I would have told you so." No promise concerning its terribleness—"I would have told you so," you so, to prepare a place for you; that where I am, there ye may be also." Christ's ascension describes our pathway beyond the grave, and where He is, all the spirits of just men made perfect will be also. The ascension of Christ gives most emphatic confirmation of our hope of the life beyond.

Joy from the ascension of Christ. These men had parted from their teacher, the prince among teachers, the friend of friends. His hands were no more to lead upon the path of benediction. No more would His voice be heard. They were the sufferers of the most irreparable loss. Thus bereft, their task was to discipline all nations composed of hostile peoples, eager to persecute them with their tortures. Oh, the agony of their despair! Yet they returned to Jerusalem with great joy. Abundant must have been their ascension joy to have absorbed their grief.

His words to them were "all power is given to me." Wickedness would be annihilated by His omnipotent grace. The assurance of the fruition of your supreme desire gives great joy. The supreme desire of those who were trained by Him who is full of grace and truth would be the destruction of evil and the attainment of good. The assurance of this consummation by Him of almighty power filled them with joy.

Joy comes from power. Government is said to have its origin in man's desire to govern rather than to be governed. The successful candidate flushed with power is joyful. All the power of our ancestors meets in us and must obey our best which may be "thus far." The Dark Ages said this and arrested progress, if further, which we of the twentieth century say, the labors of the race are transmitted to the enrichment of posterity. These disciples tense with the power of Him by which they can do all things were joyful. But when it is from the power that turns carnal kingdoms into those of eternal love, its intensity and duration is fullest. This was the source of the disciples' joy. They "continually praised and blessed God."

It may be the depository of the spiritual power of twenty Christian centuries. We may exercise it to make the world purer, juster, holier. The pathway of the ascended Christ may be the trial of our own spirits to ineffable glory. Under the dominion of these things, as it is our privilege and duty to be, we experience with the disciples the great ascension joy and will like them "continually praise and bless God."

Broken Things. The flower that is crushed and broken oft exhales the sweetest perfume. The shafts of sunlight broken reveal God's precious bow in the cloud. The little clinging tendrils are broken, but the branch yields richer fruit. The precious alabaster box was broken, but Christ was honored. The threads of the loom are broken, that the pattern may be complete. Tiny broken bits of glass in the hands of a master artist make a grand cathedral window.

Broken notes of music combine to make a perfect chord. The broken bread tells the Christian of a Body broken for his sake. The broken words of a first-breathed prayer brought blessing to those who heard. What of the broken plans, the broken ambitions, the sufferings and losses and crosses of a broken life? In the hands of the Divine Artist they shall mean rarest fragrance—buds of promise, richer fruit, honor to the King of kings, a perfect pattern.

"Unto them that are of a broken heart the Lord is nigh."

Spring of Power. God working mightily in the human heart is the spring of all abiding spiritual power; and it is only as men follow out the sublime promptings of the inward spiritual life that they do great things for God.—David Livingstone.

THE WITCHERY OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS



PRESIDENTIAL RANGE FROM BRETTON WOODS.

Last summer an enterprising Boston man, like the three Philadelphians who lately started on a 10,000-mile tramping trip to South America, decided that he would do something original in the line of pedestrianism. Like thousands of other well-balanced vacationists, the gentleman in question selected the White Mountains as his objective point, and reached them over a route which, he claims, was never traversed throughout its entire length by any other human being.

Going from the modern Athens by rail to Rochester, N. H., he walked from the latter place to Aiton Bay, on the southern shore of incomparable Lake Winnepesaukee. From there



Profile Lake, Franconia Notch.

he took the steamer, "Mt. Washington" (scores of readers of this paper will recall with pleasure a similar experience), across the lake to Centre Harbor.

Next day he tramped through Moultonboro and Tamworth (the "Grover Cleveland country"), to Wonalancet, annexing at that place a local guide, who safely piloted him over Mt. Wonalancet and Mt. Paigow, two of the lesser hills of the White Mountains, to picturesque Passaconaway village, where he changed to a second guide.

The new pathfinder, an experienced hunter, led his ambitious employer over the mountains and through dense woods that have been wholly innocent of roadway or trail since they were created, eventually striking in at Livermore, whence they reached the summit of Mt. Washington by way of the Crawford Notch and the southern peaks.

Much of the way lay through woodland solitudes where the eye of man had seldom, if ever, penetrated, and the chief member of the expedition says of it that it was "a walk full of surprising interest as well as interesting surprises."

This was in June, when the mountains were in their full glory of foliage, sunshine and birds and animal life. A few months previous, in February, two other New England lovers of outdoors enjoyed a pedestrian trip of 100 miles or more through the White Mountains, traveling most of the way on skis and making the ascent of Mt. Washington in this way under conditions that were nothing less than perilous.

Three or four feet of snow almost everywhere covered the trails and roadways, and the Alpine character of the journey was enhanced by at least one avalanche.

Such are the contrasts one gets in New Hampshire's White Mountains; and yet American travelers rave over the Alps and the Himalayas as if there was no such thing as real mountains in their own country at all.

There is one summer city in the White Mountains whose population expands to nearly 10,000 during the height of the vacation season; and there are days when as many as 500 tourists ascend to the summit of stately Mt. Washington, 6300 feet above the sea, on the famous Cog railway, to be torn by that awful mental conflict that always must be fought by the man or woman who has to decide whether it shall be dinner indoors or scenery outdoors. And what an appetite that mountain air does give one!

Once, during an ocean voyage, I elected to forego my dinner in order to enjoy an unusually fine sunset. As the barometer falls with the approaching storm, so did I fall in the estimation of my traveling companions as the result of that little bit of self-sacrifice. If I had but a half hour on the summit of Mt. Washington, and it was a question of dinner or view, I would decide in the self-same way, however.

In passing, let me say that the prospect from Mt. Washington's altitudinous crown is one that cannot easily be described in too extravagant language. In a way, it is even more wonderful than the cycloramic outlook from the top of Pike's Peak, which stands twice as high in the world as does "Old Agiohook."

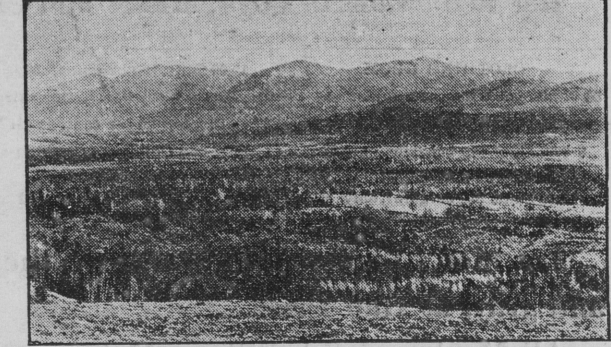
The normal radius of observation extends for about 100 miles, taking in the ocean on the east and including a marvelous mosaic of lakes, rivers, mountain peaks, notches, towns and villages and forest tracts. Aided by the refraction of the atmosphere, there are some features of the landscape that can be identified 140 miles distant. No one possessing anything



SUNAPEE HARBOR.

in the slightest degree resembling a soul could look upon this scene and not become a sound convert to the doctrine of forest preservation.

Forty or fifty years ago the sojourner on the summit would look out at night upon a gulf of darkness almost as opaque as that which fills the yawning pit of the Grand Canyon of a moonless evening, but nowadays he can amuse himself by identifying, by means of their glittering electric lights, the numerous towns and cities that lie scattered throughout the sable circle. The cities of Portland and Lewiston can thus be picked out.



PRESIDENTIAL RANGE FROM WHITEFIELD.

To these two examples of White Mountain tramping trips, some of them within the writer's own experience, an indefinite number of others, might be added. In these common-sense days of outdoor enjoyment and Appalachian Mountain clubs, the wonderful region embraced in the White and Franconia mountains, away up in the northern corner of Winston Churchill's favorite State, is fairly gridironed with trails, pathways and carriage roads, most of them leading to a scenic surprise.

Indeed, the vacation seeker who cannot find a sufficient diversity of amusement, exercise and study in the White Mountains might as well cease looking for what he wants on this planet. In addition to the conventional tramping (the most helpful and exhilarating exercise in the world), there are delights of driving, horseback riding, golf, tennis, fishing and rowing, not to mention other attractive outdoor pastimes, including the great national game played by crack baseball clubs.