

WOMAN'S REALM

Matinee Hat in Russia.

The matinee hat was bound to reach Russia, and it has managed to penetrate into the provinces. The other evening a lady, an officer's wife, sat in the front row of the parterre of the Novgorod Theatre. The lady was wearing a hat which measured fifty-six inches across. Fifteen people craned their necks in a vain attempt to catch even a glimpse of the stage; in vain they besought the lady to remove the offending hat. At last a policeman was called in. He told the lady that she had made herself "a public nuisance" and he summoned her to appear next morning at the local police court. She was fined a small sum and warned against wearing such a monstrous hat, at least in the theatre.—London Globe.

Mind-Loneliness.

To me it is always a very sad acknowledgment when a young woman says she is lonely and has to be amused. That she possesses no resources within herself is surely a humiliating confession. To the active mind loneliness is impossible—one's best company is in the world. An hour each day with some good book is a splendid mental tonic. The more you read and cultivate your brain by dwelling in the companionship of great authors, the less dependent you will be on the society of others. As a great writer once said, "When you grow so interesting that you like to be by yourself you will be so interesting that everybody will want you to be with them."—New Haven Register.

Invalidism.

Incurable illness or disability is the hardest human fate there is—except remorse or disgrace—and I have perhaps rashly undertaken to suggest to some attentive sufferer how to bear it.

But the first word of all which I would utter is this: Do not bear it! Do not bear it, if you can help it. Do not bear it until you have proved

to your own conviction . . . "past all doubting, truly," that it must be borne. There is nothing about which it is easier to be mistaken than uncomfortable physical sensations. They may, or they may not, mean what they seem to mean, or what you think they mean. There are many slaves in the world that naturally become tyrants. They are disloyal and hence deceitful. Do not trust them too far. Pass them under severe scrutiny.—Elizabeth Stewart Phelps, in Harper's Bazar.

Beauty Patches.

Beauty patches, which were rare during the recent Pompadour period, are reappearing in Paris as the result of the anticipated revival of Louis XV. fashions. They are received with great favor because French women never entirely abandoned the cunning little devices the ladies at Louis' court found so useful. Recently the patches have been seen mostly on the stage and at costume balls. Now the more daring leaders of society are laying in supplies. Beauty patches are made of tiny pieces of black velvet in the shapes of stars, moons, and crescents. The patch is placed on the side of the eye to make the eye appear larger. It gives vivacity of expression. On the corner of the under lip it attenuates the face; if, on the contrary, the woman wishes to obtain a shortening effect she places one mouche on the right cheek and another on the side of the left eye. In the time of Marie Antoinette some famous beauty, noted for her extravagance, appeared at court with patches on her cheek representing a hearse and a mourning coach, cut out of black silk court plaster. Monche eccentricities went so far in those days, in fact, that the clergy interfered and denounced them as vanities.—Chicago Tribune.

Miss, Not Countess.

In permitting an artist to show a portrait of her daughter, the Countess of Granard, in a local exhibition with the name of "Miss Beatrice Mills" opposite the number in the catalogue, Mrs. Ogden Mills does not follow the precedent set by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont in the days when she was Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt. Just before the then Mrs. Vanderbilt's daughter Consuelo was married to the Duke of Marlborough, the portrait she had painted by the artist was shown in the old Academy of Design building, at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, an exhibition of portraits for a local charity which was called a "Show of Fair Women." Among the portraits was Chartran's full-length portrait of "Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt," as the catalogue announced. The day that Miss Vander-

THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. JOHN WESLEY HILL. Theme: The Kingship of Patience.

New York City.—The following impressive discourse was delivered in the Metropolitan Temple (M. E.) by the pastor, the Rev. John Wesley Hill, who is by far at present the most progressive of New York's preachers. The subject of the sermon was "The Kingship of Patience" and the text, Revelation 1:9: "I, John, your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ." Mr. Hill said:

Patience does not appeal to us as a royal quality. Why should a king wait? Having power to accomplish at once, why should he bear with the dullness and obtuseness of his subjects? Commanding swift agencies, why should he delay their execution? And right here we encounter a seeming contradiction; our text introduces a divine interpretation. It teaches that kingship is not divorced from patience, but bound up with it; that the divine kingdom is inherited through patience; and that spiritual sovereignty is acquired not by a single bound, but through the long, plodding pilgrimage which patience alone can make. This is a truth which permeates the entire spiritual economy, finding its supreme exemplification in the being and nature of God.

Christianity is solitary in its revelation of patience as a quality of God. No pagan god was ever crowned with this virtue. The coarse mind of man never evolved a gentle deity. The gods of human genius are great in impatience, force and resentment. This conception of impatience as the prerogative of deity is not only at the root of the grotesque forms of paganism, but it is responsible for many of the false and monstrous views of God that have found their way into the so-called "Christian theology." When theologians paint pictures of God that stamp Him with remorseless absolutism; when they say that God must be just and must be merciful, and set themselves to reconcile the divine nature into sections, tracing the boundary lines with mathematical precision, and then setting watches upon the frontiers lest love should encroach upon truth and mercy supplant justice; then they forget that all the great moral qualities are duly proportioned in the divine nature; that they include each other in a way that defies triangulation; and that patience is the guardian of them all.

When the minister's vision discloses the angel in the block, he is not discouraged by hardness in the stone nor defect in the grain. He is bent on actualizing his ideal. The greater the difficulties, the more his patience is called into play. And dare we think of God as conceiving a purpose less sharply or bringing it to perfection with less patience?

We fall into bitter, suspicious, misanthropic frames of mind over the high-handed insolence of demagogues, over social laxity and licentiousness, over fraud and graft and godless luxury; and because things are crooked, we would hew them to the line of our thinking, lay the scorpion scourge on the back of conservatism, condemn all who are not willing to march to the new day, we are tempted to doubt the divine goodness, because God does not arise in His might, destroy sin, and usher in the millennium. But meanwhile, God waits. He stands in the midst of the passing centuries with outstretched arms, patiently awaiting the other attitude would be consonant with His character. Self-existent and eternal, without beginning or ending, He cannot take account of time. Time is an element that does not enter into His being. Perfection is the mould in which the divine ideals are cast; the amount of time is nothing. It is not a question of calendar but of character. The problem reduces itself to perfection. That is the infinite goal toward which all things in the universe, seen and unseen, are silently, slowly and patiently moving—the goal of a redeemed, perfected and glorified humanity.

From this viewpoint, we begin to understand that there is a divine philosophy in the expression, the "kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ." It is in hidden the mystery of redemption; above it is lifted the blood-stained cross; upon the cross hangs an innocent Victim, an infinite Sacrifice, vicarious and saving, God's great love argument to the world. Time, Providence and Calvary are the forces that conquer the soul, and therefore God waits to give them a chance, waits for us to weary of our rebellion, waits for the fever of sin to cool, waits for the black blood of passion to run out, waits with infinite patience for us to return, demanding no more than obedience, and asking only the homage of our hearts; and then He embraces us in the rapture of long delayed reconciliation.

Standing thus before Calvary, and gazing into the tranquil face of Jesus Christ, we begin to realize what is meant by the patience of Jesus Christ. His patience meant infinitely more than the popular conception of patience; more than the power of physical endurance, more than drifting and dreaming in time. The patience of Jesus Christ is a constructive force; it inspires a desperate, persistent struggle for spiritual manhood. It is a power which makes a kingly man and not a stoical petrification, insensible to "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

Now, there can be no kingship in the absence of patience. Protracted discipline is the condition of exalted character. It is thus that man wins himself from the wreckage of a life; that he learns the truth and feels the power of Christ's immortal maxims. "In your patience ye shall possess (win) your souls." It was thus that John, the author of our text, won self-mastery. Think of it. The man who in the early stage of his Christian life desired that he and his brother James might sit on the right hand and on the left hand in the kingdom of Christ; the man of dignity and of ambition; the man who in his unbridled rage wanted to call fire down from heaven upon the

Household Matters

Oysters in Grape Fruit.

Cut grape fruit so as to form a handle basket. Scrape out the pulp and clip edges into points with scissors. Place eight small oysters in each basket and cover them with a sauce made of equal portions of lemon juice, grated horseradish, tomato catsup and speck mustard. Place on shaved ice on plate and serve.—New York World.

Fricassee of Chicken.

Clean the chickens and cut in neat pieces. Heat a mixture of lard and butter in the frying pan and fry the pieces of chicken, dredged with flour, to a rich brown. Now place the chicken in the cooker saucepan, adding one quart tomatoes, one pint boiling water, one small onion minced and a little bunch parsley. Cook fifteen minutes, seasoning with salt and pepper, then put into the cooker and cook from six to eight hours according to the age of the chicken. Serve with rice. If preferred rice may be added and cooked with the stew. The latter should be very moist. If rice is not used the gravy may be thickened with browned flour and the fricassee served on baking powder biscuit split or on toast.—New Haven Register.

Irish Stew.

Cut about two pounds of mutton from the neck or ribs into neat pieces and put them into an iron saucepan with about half a cup hot water. As this boils away brown the meat in its own fat, together with four small onions sliced. Season with salt and pepper, then add three pints boiling water, put in the regular cooker saucepan, bring to a boil and put in the cooker. Let remain there about four hours, two hours before serving remove, bring to the boiling point, add a half cupful of celery, turnip and carrot cut in even slices. Cook ten minutes, add two cupsful potatoes sliced, then return to the cooker for an hour and a half or two hours. Take up and thicken with flour to the desired consistency and ribbons of green or parsley minced fine, cook a moment, season to taste and serve.—New Haven Register.

Scotch Short Bread.

A real Scotch recipe for its making is this: Put two pounds of butter in a basin, warm and beat to a cream with a wooden spoon. Add slowly a pound and a quarter of fine granulated or sifted crushed loaf sugar, stirring well to obtain a white appearance. Add a little grated yellow rind of lemon and a small quantity of milk with flour to make a short paste, taking pains not to have it too stiff. Divide into pieces, roll out about a quarter of an inch in thickness, forming them square or oval as desired. They should be about the size of a breakfast plate. Pinch the edges all around with the fingers, dock the surface with a biscuit docker, sprinkle a few caraway seeds on top and bake in a moderate oven. Some cooks dredge them with sugar before baking; in about twenty minutes dredge again, then bake ten minutes longer.—New York Telegram.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A little salt thrown into water will hasten the boiling process.

If the pastry is slow in browning a little sugar on the oven shelf will expedite matters.

Sugared tea does not stain; therefore people who like unsweetened tea will do well to put one lump of sugar in the teapot.

Put your onions into water and peel them while under it, and you will not "weep" as you do when peeling the usual way.

If curtains are allowed to dry before being starched, they will remain clean quite a month longer.

Corameal and salt sprinkled on the carpet before sweeping brightens the colors and lays the dust.

Cold pies may be warmed by bringing a cloth out of cold water and spreading on pie before placing in oven. It will not blister.

When burning refuse in the stove, add a handful of salt. It will prevent the unpleasant odor.

Butter the kettle in which cereals are to be cooked to prevent them from sticking to the pan.

Ink stains may be removed by rubbing with soap and covered with water to which half a cup of kerosene has been added and boiled. This will need repeating before all ink stains disappear.

When dusting put a tablespoonful of kerosene on the cloth. It will absorb the dust, give the woodwork and furniture a beautiful gloss, and at the same time remove all dirt.

A few drops of kerosene on a cloth used for wiping windows will remove all dust and dirt.

When anything is spilled on the range, sprinkle a little salt on it. This will cause it to quit smoking and make it come off easily when cleaning the stove.

When washing windows, put about a half cup of common coal oil in as much water and see how much easier it is.

After frying doughnuts, fry a few slices of potato in the lard and this will make it clear so as to be fit for other use.

Spurgle's Dog's Demise.

By FRED LADD.

"Hannah" observed Uncle Silas Heck, as a horrible sound rent the atmosphere, "Hannah, Spurgle's dog is gittin' t' be th' durndest nuisance we ever had here in Woodville!"

"Gittin' t' be?" enquired Aunt Hannah—"I sh'd say he'd already become it!" The worthless cur of the Spurgle place next door now barked barks number 222—2322 inclusive since dawn that morning. Grim disgust sets its mark upon Uncle Heck's usually placid features.

"Somethin' hez got t' be done," he said, laying down the shears; "I can't even trim m' whiskers with that cussed sound goin' on, an' I ain't a nervous man, nuther. Little Jimmy Green's sick, an' his mother's mos' crazy tryin' t' git him t' sleep. Th' durn dog barked all night. Th' boarders up to Hank Steele's air goin' t' leave town; Mrs' Alvir Jones' nervous prostration is gittin' so bad she ain't rested but a few minits in a week. Th' minister hed t' go out o' town t' write his sermon. An' we, bein' th' nearest neighbors of all, air gittin' intew a condition that ain't becomin' tew our time o' life an' our naturally calm disposition an' heartfist wish not to murder nothin'!"

One hundred and ten barks greeted Uncle Heck's words.

"Oh, Lord, I'm sick of it!" he said. "You might speak t' Mister Spurgle," ventured Aunt Hannah; "he might be reasonable."

"Mother," said Uncle Heck, "no man, woman nor child can be reasonable that owns a barkin' dog. It's human nature t' git t' be like a dog when you're engaged in upholdin' an' perpetuatin' t' dog nuisance. Spurgle'd say I wuz treadin' on his rights as an American citizen an' insultin' him."

In the still, uncanny night, two figures approached the kennel of Spurgle's dog. Neither of the persons stealthily nearing the devoted dog—now slumbering for the first moments in many weary hours—was aware of the other. Uncle Heck, for one of the persons was none other, bore in his hand a piece of meat which contained a powerful opiate. And the other man had something in his.

Each gazed in tense horror at the other as the moon broke through a cloud, and disclosed to Uncle Heck the Reverend Mr. Spook, the Congregational minister of Woodville, in the act of throwing a large piece of meat close to the dog kennel. And the minister saw Uncle Heck as tho' in a lightning flash. Each gentleman drew back. Yet each knew. They were common criminals.

Rapidly Uncle Heck's footsteps led him from the yard of Spurgle toward his own residence. The minister followed, and caught up with him. "D-Don't say—w—we—shant say anything about this?" stammered the minister, wiping his brow, madly.

"Say," said Uncle Heck, "don't you worry. There's a time to pray and a time t' act—you an' me had quit prayin' and wuz actin'. Thet's all."

"Precisely," said the minister; "good-night."

Morning dawned. No horrible serles of yelps greeted Woodville. Peace reigned. The Spurgle family, going forth to caress their revered Pet found his mouth open, but incapacitated. It was dead.

Uncle Heck was conversing in a low tone with the Reverend Mr. Spook, the Congregational minister, in the latter's study. "Spurgle wuz tellin' me there wuz fourteen pieces of pizen'd meat side o' the dog-house—seems ha' t' town hed designs on that pesky nuisance."

"We shall be justified in keeping our secret locked in our bosoms," remarked Mr. Spook.

"Jes' so," said Uncle Heck! "I'm goin' home an' trim m' whiskers!"—Puck.

The Wrong Door.

Charles E. Wells, who has been called the ground-hog senator of West Virginia, because he once introduced a bill advocating the changing of Ground Hog day from February 2 to July 4, was staying overnight at the Grand Hotel of a budding West Virginia village not long since.

He was awakened in the morning by heavy pounding on his door, and the voice of the old man night clerk saying, "Five o'clock! Better get up or you'll miss your train."

Mr. Wells didn't intend to catch a morning train and hadn't given any instructions that he should be called at the unearthly hour of five o'clock, so he paid no attention to the old man's early morning greeting and was asleep again almost immediately.

In about fifteen minutes he was again awakened by the pounding on his door and heard the voice of the old man saying apologetically, "Don't get up. I rapped on the wrong door."

Kansan's Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the city authorities for quarantining me and my family for two weeks recently because one of my children had smallpox. During that time my wife caught up with her sewing, undisturbed by callers. We had three square meals a day and no one came in and my wife was not permitted to go out. We enjoyed two weeks of good, long nights' sleep and, best of all, a cousin with four children arrived to visit with us, saw the sign on the door and left town so scared that she will never come back again. I wish to thank the city authorities and hope they will think of our comfort some time again.—Lylander Jones, in the Kincaid Dispatch.