Kent News

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Fred. G. Usilton. - - Wm. B. Usilton, Jr.

Pretty Window Shades.

The manufacturers of window shades are beginning to fall in line with the general liking for decorative effects, and the housekeeper who dislikes perfectly plain shades now can find them adorned with Arab and other lace insertions.

Steaming Veils.

Steaming is the best process for cleaning veils. Wind the veil carefully, with even edges, around a piece of broom handle, lay across a boiler or saucepan of water and steam for about three-quarters of an hour. Leave on the broom handle until dry and all the dirt and dust will be gone, giving it a new stiffness.

A Practical Laundress Says:

That all towels should be thoroughly dried before they are put in the hamper.

That clothespins are made much more white by the use of a little refined borax in the water, instead of using a washing fluid.

That wash fabrics that are inclined to fade should be soaked and rinsed in very salt water, to set the color, before washing in the suds.

That calicoes, ginghams and chintzes should be ironed on the wrong side.

That a very hot iron should never be used for flannels or woollens.

That napkins should always be folded with the selvage toward the ironer.

That embroideries should be ironed on a thin, smooth surface over thick flannel, and only on the wrong side.

That table linen should be ironed when quite damp, and ironed with a very hot and very heavy iron.

That care must be taken to test the iron to avoid scorching, but that a scorch mark may be removed by wetting and hanging where the hot sun will shine upon it.—Philadelphia Record.

Bric-a-Brac and China.

The rage for the colonial has created a corresponding fad for anything that holds a candle. Sconces are, therefore, redivivous, and the new ideas are varied and handsome.

* * *

The new green Japanese ware, Rakee, comes in most attractive bowl and pitcher shapes. It is of an exceedingly strong deep green that makes it very ornamental.

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A copper or brass waste basket is considered an improvement over the usual kind and is always found in smartly furnished halls, living rooms or libraries when furnished in dark oak.

* * *

Large, deep blue jars and pitchers—pitchers that are really jug-shaped—are much favored pieces of home adornment. These jug-like pitchers are fine in shape and add a very attractive bit of coloring to any room.

* * *

Blue or yellow china bowls are most effective for flower holders for the table if care is exercised in choosing flowers that harmonize with them. Nothing is prettier than a blue bowl of Marechal Niel or Perle des Jardin roses and a back-ground of rich yellow is very effective for Liberty or Jacqueminot roses.



Washington Puffs—Stir a cupful of sifted flour into one cupful of water and one-half cupful of butter boiling together; remove from the fire and stir in an ounce of melted chocolate. Let cool, then beat in, one at a time, three eggs. Shape with a forcing bag and rose tube. Bake in moderate oven thirty minutes. Cut off the top and put into each cake a teaspoonful of cherry jam. Cover with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with almond.

New Mexico Pudding—Make a paste in this wise: Take a pint of flour sifted with a teaspoon of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Rub in a tablespoon of shortening, mix up with water until a soft dough that you can just handle. Line a small baking pan about half way to the top with a part of this, leaving just enough for the top crust. Fill pan half full of canned fruit, strained from juice, or preserves—raspberries are nice—and put on the top crust. Lay a folded cloth over the top of the pan, put in a steamer and steam steadily for two hours. Serve with a sauce.

Omelet Puff—Make a sauce of one-half tablespoonful each of butter and flour cooked till smooth, then one-half cup of sweet milk added, stirring continually until thick. Beat the whites to a very dry froth; add the yolks to the white sauce, season with one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, and pepper if liked; then fold in the beaten whites. Pour into a hot, well-buttered omelet pan and cook carefully over the fire till set, shaking gently occasionally to prevent burning. As soon as set remove the pan to the oven and cook about three minutes. It will be very light and puffy and tender. Five eggs required.

HEAVENLY LIFE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says the Busiest Place in the Universe is Heaven.

A Glimpse of the King's Palace—An Impressive Half Hour in Eternity.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In the following discourse, prepared by Dr. Talmage before his illness, a vivid glimpse of the splendors and glories of heavenly life is presented; text, Revelation viii, 1, "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

The busiest place in the universe is heaven. It is the centre from which all good influences start; it is the goal at which all good results arrive. The Bible represents it as active with wheels and wings and orchestras and processions mounted or charioted. But my text describes a space when the wheels ceased to roll and the trumpets to sound and the voices to chant. The riders on the white horses reined in their charges. The doxologies were hushed and processions halted. The hand of arrest was upon all the splendor. "Stop heaven!" cried an omnipotent voice, and it stopped. For thirty minutes everything celestial stood still. "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

From all we can learn it is the only time heaven ever stopped. It does not stop as other cities for the night, for there is no night there. It does not stop for a plague, for the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." It does not stop for bankruptcies, for its inhabitants never fail. It does not stop for impassable streets, for there are no fallen snows or sweeping freshets. What, then, stopped it for thirty minutes? Grotius and Professor Stuart think it was at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Mr. Lord thinks it was in the year 311, between the close of the Diocletian persecution and the beginning of the wars by which Constantine gained the throne. But that was all a guess, though a learned and brilliant guess. I do not know when it was and I do not care when it was, but of the fact that such an interregnum of sound took place I am certain. "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

And, first of all, we learn that God and all heaven then honored silence. The longest and widest domain that ever existed is that over which stillness was queen. For an eternity there had not been a sound. World making was a later day occupation. For unimaginable ages it was a mute universe. God was the only being, and as there was no one to speak to there was no utterance. But that silence has all been broken up in to worlds, and it has become a noisy universe. Worlds in upheaval, worlds in congelation, worlds in conflagration, worlds in revolution.

If geologists are right—and I believe they are—there has not been a moment of silence since this world began its travels, and the crashing and the splitting and the uproar and the hubbub are ever in progress. But when among the supernals a voice cried, "Hush!" and for half an hour heaven was still, silence was honored. The full power of silence many of us have yet to learn. We are told that when Christ was arraigned "He answered not a word." That silence was louder than any thunder that ever shook the world. Oftentimes when we are assailed and misrepresented the mightiest thing to say is to say nothing, and the mightiest thing to do is to do nothing. Those people who are always rushing into print to get themselves set right accomplish nothing but their own chagrin. Silence! Do right and leave the results with God. Among the grandest lessons the world has ever learned are the lessons of patience taught by those who endured uncomplainingly personal or domestic or political injustice. Stronger than any bitter or sarcastic or revengeful answer is the patient silence.

The famous Dr. Morrison, of Chelsea, achieved as much by his silent patience as by his pen and tongue. He had asthma that for twenty-five years brought him out of his couch at 2 o'clock each morning.

In my text heaven spared thirty minutes, but it will never again spare one minute. In worship in earthly churches where there are many to take part we have to counsel brevity, but how will heaven get on rapidly enough to let one hundred and forty-four thousand get through each with his own story and then one hundred and forty-four million and then one hundred and forty-four billion and then one hundred and forty-four trillion?

Not only are all the triumphs of the past to be commemorated, but all the triumphs to come. Not only what we now know of God, but what we will know of Him after everlasting study of the deific. If my text had said there was silence in heaven for thirty days, I would not have been startled at the announcement, but it indicates thirty minutes.

Why, there will be so many friends to hunt up, so many of the greatly good and useful that we will want to see, so many of the inscrutable things of earth we will need explained, so many exciting earthly experiences we will want to talk over, and all the other spirits and all the ages will want the same, that there will be no more opportunity for cessation.

How busy we will be kept in having pointed out to us the heroes and heroines that the world never fully appreciated—the yellow fever and cholera doctors who died, not flying from their posts; the female nurses who faced pestilence in the lazarettos; the railroad engineers who stayed at their places in order to save the train, though they themselves perished. Hubbert Goffin, the master miner, who, landing from the bucket at the bottom of the mine just as he heard the waters rush in and when one jerk of the rope would have lifted him into safety, put in the bucket a blind miner who wanted to go to his sick child, and jerked the rope for him to be pulled up, crying, "Tell them the water has burst in and we are probably lost, but we will seek refuge at the other end of the right gallery," and then giving the command to the other miners till they digged themselves so near out that the people from the outside could come to their rescue. The multitudes of men and women who got no crown on earth we will want to see when they get their crown in heaven. I tell you heaven will have no more half hours to spare.

Besides that, heaven is full of children. They are in the vast majority. No child on earth who amounts to anything can be kept quiet half an hour, and how are you going to keep five hundred million of them quiet half an hour? You know heaven is much more of a place than it was when that recess of thirty minutes occurred. Its population has quadrupled, sextupled, centupled.

Heaven has more on hand, more of rapture, more of knowledge, more of intercommunication, more of worship. The most thrilling place we have ever been in is stupid compared with that, and, if we now have no time to spare, we will then have no eternity to spare. Silence in heaven only half an hour!

My subject also impresses me with the immortality of a half hour. That half hour mentioned in my text is more widely known than any other period in the calendar of heaven. None of the whole hours of heaven is measured off, none of the years, none of the centuries. Of the millions of ages past and the millions of ages to come not one is especially measured off in the Bible. But the half hour of my text is made immortal.

The only part of eternity that was ever measured by the earthly timepiece was measured by the minute hand of my text. Oh, the half hours! They decide everything. I am not asking what you will do with the years or months or days of your life, but what of the half hours? Tell me the history of your half hours and I will tell you the story of your whole life in eternity.

The right or wrong things you can think in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can say in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can do in thirty minutes are glorious or baleful, inspiring or desperate.

Look out for the fragments of time. They are pieces of eternity. It was the half hours between shoeing horses that made Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, the half hours between professional calls as a physician that made Abercrombie the Christian philosopher, the half hours between his duties as schoolmaster that made Salmon P. Chase Chief Justice, the half hours between shoe lasts that made Henry Wilson Vice-President of the United States, the half hours between canalboats that made James A. Garfield President.

The half hour a day for good books or bad books, the half hour a day for prayer or indolence, the half hour a day for helping others or blasting others, the half hour before you go to business and the half hour after you return from business—that makes the difference between the scholar and the ignoramus, between the Christian and the infidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between heaven and hell.

The most tremendous things of your life and mine were certain half hours. The half hour when in the parsonage of a country minister I resolved to become a Christian then and there, the half hour when I decided to become a preacher of the gospel, the half hour when I first realized that my son was dead, the half hour when I stood on the top of my house in Oxford street and saw our church burn, the half hour in which I entered Jerusalem, the half hour in which I stopped on Mount Calvary, the half hour in which I stood on Mars Hill and about ten or fifteen other half hours are the chief times of my life.

You may forget the name of the exact years or most of the important events of your existence, but those half hours, like the half hour of my text, will be immortal. I do not query what you will do with the twentieth century, I do not query what you will do with this year, but what will you do with the next half hour?

Upon that hinges your destiny, and during that some of you will receive the gospel and make complete surrender, and during that others of you will make final and fatal rejection of the full and free and urgent and impassioned offer of life eternal.

Oh, that the next half hour might be the most glorious thirty minutes of your earthly existence!

Then there are those whose hearing is so delicate that they get no satisfaction when you describe the crash of the eternal orchestra, and they feel like saying, as a good woman in Hudson, N. Y., said after hearing me speak of the mighty chorus of heaven, "That must be a great heaven, but what will become of my poor head?" Yes, this half hour of my text is a still experience. "There was silence in heaven for half an hour."

You will find the inhabitants all at home. Enter the King's palace and take only a glimpse, for we have only thirty minutes for all heaven. "Is that Jesus?" "Yes." Just under the hair along His forehead is the mark of a wound made by a bunch of twisted brambles, and His foot on the throne has on the round of His instep another mark of a wound made by a spike, and a scar on the palm of the right hand and a scar on the palm of the left hand. But what a countenance! What a smile! What a grandeur! What a loveliness! What an overwhelming look of kindness and grace! Why, He looks as if He had redeemed a world! But come on, for our time is short. Do you see that row of palaces? That is the Apostolic row. Do you see that long reach of architectural glories? That is Martyr row. Do you see that immense structure? That is the biggest house in heaven; that is "the house of many mansions." Do you see that wall? Shade your eyes against its burning splendor, for that is the wall of heaven, jasper at the bottom and amethyst at the top. See this river rolling through the heart of the great metropolis? That is the river concerning which those who once lived on the banks of the Hudson or the Alabama or the Rhine or the Shannon say, "We never saw the like of this for clarity and sheen." That is the chief river of heaven—so bright, so wide, so deep. But you ask, "Where are the asylums for the old?" I answer, "The inhabitants are all young." "Where are the hospitals for the lame?" "They are all agile." "Where are the infirmaries for the blind and deaf?" "They all see and hear." "Where are the almshouses for the poor?" "They are all multimillionaires." "Where are the inebriate asylums?" "Why, there are no saloons." "Where are the graveyards?" "Why, they never die."

"Oh, let me go in and see them!" you say. No, you cannot go in. There are those who would never consent to let you come out again. You say, "Let me stay here in this place where they never sin, where they never suffer, where they never part." No, no! Our time is short, our thirty minutes are almost gone. Come on! We must get back to earth before this half hour of heavenly silence breaks up, for in your mortal state you cannot endure the pomp and splendor and resonance when this half hour of silence is ended. The day will come when you can see heaven in full blast, but not now. I am now only showing you heaven at the dullest half hour of all eternities. Come on! There is something in the celestial appearance which makes me think that the half hour of silence will soon be over. Yonder are the white horses being hitched to chariots, and yonder are seraphs fingering harps as if about to strike them into symphony, and yonder are conquerors taking down from the blue halls of heaven the trumpets of victory. Remember we are mortal yet and cannot endure the full roll of heavenly harmonies and cannot endure even the silent heaven for more than half an hour.

Hark! The clock in the tower of heaven begins to strike, and the half hour is ended. Descend! Come back! Come down till your work is done. Shoulder a little longer your burdens. Fight a little longer your battles. Weep a little longer your griefs. And then take heaven not in its dullest half hour, but in its mightiest pomp, and, instead of taking it for thirty minutes, take it world without end.

But how will you spend the first half hour of your heavenly citizenship after you have gone in to stay? After your prostration before the throne in worship of Him who made it possible for you to get there at all I think the rest of your first half hour in heaven will be passed in receiving your reward if you have been faithful. I have a strangely beautiful book containing the pictures of the medals struck by the English Government in honor of great battles. These medals are pinned over the heart of the returned heroes of the army on great occasions, the royal family present and the royal bands playing—the Crimean medal, the medal of the mutiny, the Victoria cross, the Waterloo medal. In your first half hour in heaven in some way you will be honored for the earthly struggles in which you won the day. Stand up before all the royal house of heaven and receive the insignia while you are announced as victor over the drafts and freshets of the farm field, victor over the temptations of the Stock Exchange, victor over professional allurements, victor over domestic infelicities, victor over mechanic's shop, victor over the storehouse, victor over home worriments, victor over physical distresses, victor over hereditary depressions, victor over sin and death and hell. Take the badge that celebrates those victories through our Lord Jesus Christ. Take it in the presence of all the galleries, saintly, angelic and divine, while all heaven chants, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

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