

## Random Notes For Busy Households.

Once a year—simultaneously with the cry of the cuckoo, the budding of lilacs and the professional calls of whitewasher and carpet beater, says Marion Harold in the New York Herald, in an article on "Points in Kitchen Physic,"—I write an article upon this subject.

The duty is performed more in conscientiousness than in hope. While drug stores outnumber provision shops in the cleanest cities of our favored land, my admonitions sound to my disheartened imagination as dreary as Cassandra's cry in unbelieved Troy. Sometimes I bethink myself, yet more drearily and wearily, of Elijah and the juniper tree.

The latter state of mind overtakes me when I hear sensible Christians insist that everybody should go through "a course of medicine" before the warm weather becomes a fixed fact. The woman who doses her brood with alteratives and blood-purifying saline draughts as preventives of bile and fever is an ignoramus in nothing else. She keeps her sewing machine well oiled and clean, runs it neither too hard or too fast, and has a wary eye to the tension. She scolds the cook who lets clinkers incrust the grate and banks of ashes dull the oven heats.

When the plate on the top of the range cracks or sags, she knows it has been allowed to get red hot, and then too much weight laid upon it. All winter long the servant who tends the furnace in the cellar has fed it with abundance of coal, seeing to it that a clear, red glow shone below, and that the draughts were active in driving heat waves through hot air or steam pipes. He is unlettered, but intelligent enough to abate the quantity of fuel and lessen the driving power as the sun gains strength in the lengthening days.

Educated madam, his employer, has maintained carbon fires in the bodies of her family since last October, by generous meat diet, rich soups and rich puddings, with a contingent of flakey pastry, oily crullers and toothsome nuts—all heat producers. Sausage and griddle cakes for breakfast were suggested by frosty mornings. Roast beef, spiced salmon, oleaginous ducks, reeking with their own fat and with onion and sage stuffing; roast pork, brown and crisp without, juicy within; plum puddings, tarts and mince pies were not amiss when the thermometer was almost anything you choose to call it "below," and the outer world all awhirl and white with blizzard No. 4.

When the tulips are in bloom, and the organ grinder has taken root upon every corner; when peas and corn and the mercury are up, and spinach lettuce, asparagus, cress, nervous forces and spirits are down—it is as absurdly sinful to impose winter diet upon the stomach as it would be to keep the furnace in full blast when the windows are open all over the house to let in the bland May air.

Pork in warm weather is a gastronomic iniquity. The water-thin rasher of breakfast bacon may be tolerated as an early spring appetizer. A kippered herring is better and broiled fresh fish best of all for this purpose to him to whom breakfast is a mockery without a bit of something savory—I am afraid he says sometimes "something tasty."

Green and succulent things are an actual necessity to the jaded alimentary organs. Encourage them with fresh tomatoes, lettuce, radishes and cress. Stimulate them with grape fruit, oranges and strawberries. If you are bilious take instead of blue mass the juice of half a lemon (un sweetened) in a glass of water every morning before breakfast for a week. Eschew meat and fatty fish. Substitute for oatmeal porridge, hominy or Indian meal mush, well cooked, or, if these are too laxative, boiled rice, and some of the many brands of wheatened breakfast foods. Eat with cream and without sugar.

Oatmeal is heating. So are gravy soups, roast and, especially, fried meats. Lard in any form, and used in any way is provocative of bile and dyspepsia. If fried foods are demanded by one authority, cook them in vegetable oils and drain well before serving.

Lamb and boiled mutton, poultry, roast, boiled and broiled, are more easily digested than beef at this season. Veal is never quite wholesome to many stomachs, and to some otherwise healthy digestive organs the fibre of this meat is rank poison, although juices are invaluable for broths and soups.

Appropos of broths, now is pre-eminently the season for the various and delicious cream soups and purees made

agrees in which the wise housewife delights. Their name is legion; their mission is beneficent.

Hand in hand with these, in the ways of pleasantness, walk salads—a goodly host, so many strong that a partial list would preclude the mention of any other life preserver.

With the first note of the bluebird, nature makes haste to urge the riches of her glorious and wide pharmacopoeia upon our notice. In the gentle springtime, if at no other, throw pills of mums devising to the dogs (who are too cunning to swallow it) and sit in thankful obedience at the feet of the Great Mother.

Quite recently in New York two deaths occurred from poisoning by the use of powders sent to the victims by mail, remarks a writer in an American weekly. In Leavenworth, Kan., the other day nearly every doctor in town was called to attend the children who had gathered up, eaten and been made ill by samples of an article left at houses by canvassers for advertising purposes.

Alum baking powders have always been favorite articles for this sampling business. Yet there is nothing more liable to lead to danger than the practice of using the various samples of baking powder left at the door. They are presented by irresponsible parties in appearance not distinguishable from arsenic, and indeed, in Indiana some time since one package was found, after it had caused the death of the housewife, to have been mixed with that poison.

It is safer to refuse all samples of food or medicine offered at the door. Pure cream of tartar baking powders sell on their merits, and are never peddled at the door.

Thin women are not often the victims of dyspepsia than their stouter sisters, although it is the case, that as a rule, they seem to require more rich, nourishing food. Nervous, energetic women of to-day—women who go, go, go, retire with their brains still actively alert, but with poor, weary, lagged out bodies, says the St. Louis Democrat. You need not talk rest to them, they can no more rest than can quiescent, nor will they sleep one hour later in the morning or take a light nourishing breakfast in bed, even if their circumstances permit; but maybe they will fall into the nice cozy habit of eating before retiring.

Man is the only animal that does not lie down with a full stomach—not necessarily of flesh, rabbit or mince pie, but something easily digested and blood producing. The nervous woman reads, or is busy at something until the very instant of her retiring.

Now, if she will spread herself a little feast and deliberately sit down to enjoy it, the excitement, pleasurable or otherwise, of the day slip off while she enjoys her meal, and her overwrought tissues accept the portion gracefully, rebuilding and sustaining her during sleep. You may not want it at first, but by and by you will find an aching void if you try to sleep without your crackers or wafers, your glass of milk or punch or some recommended malt beverage; your physician is the best judge of that. You may use butter if you like, but not heavy meats even in sandwiches, and the good effect is increased in winter if you take the trouble to have something warm, although few women will do that.

A couple of slices of brown bread, well buttered or with a thin slice of cheese, a glass of milk or buttermilk, a couple of crackers spread with marmalade, a fig or some such fruit will not create bad dreams, but will at the end of a certain period relieve you of the necessity of a lot of medicines you are in the habit of taking, and will soon begin to build up the tissues. You are the best judge of the amount and richness of food to agree with you, but even if you feel that you can eat several slices instead of two don't be afraid; your dreams won't be bad on that account.

A business woman whose experience has been long and successful, said to me the other day:—

"If I were asked to give the best advice I could think of to young women who are earning their own living, or who have the cares and expenses of a household to look after, and if I had to confine myself to just four words, I should say:—'Start a bank account.' It is an easy matter to do so nowadays, when both the savings banks and others offer women every possible convenience and inducement. Besides, it is a good thing to do, for several reasons. It fosters a feeling of independence and develops business like habits, two essentials for a successful business woman. Then, too, it is a convenient and desirable thing to pay bills by

## MISSSES LEDA AND ANNIE SMITH.

### Two Sisters Were Sick, Weak and Disheartened—Now They Are Happy, Strong and Well—Each Writes a Letter to Other Women.

In nearly every family there are weak, pale, sickly daughters. Usually the mother has female trouble, too. Such a family cannot be happy. Sickness of women casts a spell of gloom over the entire household. It seems so strange that this suffering should go on. Why in the world is it that women refuse to cure themselves when they can do it beyond the shadow of a doubt? Who can tell why there is so much leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, nervousness, sleeplessness, headache, despondency, loss of flesh and appetite? Why are there so many pallid faces and wasted bodies? It is easy to get the health back. Here are two sisters, Misses Leda and Annie Smith, living at 38 Elmhurst street, Providence, R. I. They used to be sick. Read how each has got well again.

Miss Leda (aged 23) writes: "I work in a mill in this city, and suffered for a long time with headache. I was pale, weak and tired all the time. My attention was called to the wonderful cures being effected by Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, and I bought some at a drug store. They have made me all again, and I can now go through each day's work without pain or suffering. I recommend the pills to all women."

Miss Annie (aged 25) writes: "I suffered ever so much with headache, indigestion and dyspepsia. My trouble all seemed to be in the stomach. My appetite was so poor that I never enjoyed eating. A friend recommended Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, and they have driven out all diseases and made me a well woman."



Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women are a most wonderful cure for all forms of female weakness and disease. They are a strengthening, purifying tonic. They act directly on the organs distinctly feminine, drive out all impurities, promote regularity in the menses, and restore hearty, vigorous health. They will positively cure any form of female weakness or disease. They are made from the formula of a celebrated French practitioner, whose great success as a specialist in the diseases of women made him famous all over the world.

means of checks where it is possible to do so. It preserves a record of the transaction, and frequently prevents annoyances and mistakes. To my way of thinking, a bank account, even though it be a small one, should be looked upon as a necessity rather than a luxury, by every woman who has business affairs of any consequence whatever."—Hemorest's.

Has the doom of the corset been sealed?

Following close upon the heels of the recent action taken by the Minister of Education of Saxony, prohibiting the wearing of corsets in the schoolrooms of that principality, the women of Chicago have formed a "Good Health Club," inaugurated with a charter membership of fifty determined women, who have pledged themselves to be sworn enemies of the fatal stays, and will in future complete their toilet without corsets or their so-called substitutes.

Before the club was started, two telling papers were read, entitled "The Abolition of the Corset as a means to health," and "As a means to Beauty."

An American daily paper in commenting upon the new effort made against the use of the corset, has this to say:—

As a health measure, however, it is commended by physicians to be one of the best reforms women have ever advocated, and results from a hygienic standpoint will be immediate.

There lives not one human creature who can eat with impunity every kind of food in use among civilized peoples, remarks a well known writer and authority upon such matters. Now and then a braggart proclaims that he "could digest fricasseeed paving stones"—a figure of speech invented to convey what he may or may not believe to be the fact that he can devour any edible substance set before him and feel no inconvenience afterward. The truth remains and is unalterable, that no two stomachs are cast after the same identical pattern any more than two leaves of a forest are precisely alike. Each of us is ready with instances in support of this truism, drawn from personal observation and experience. One woman never enjoys such health at any other time as in the strawber-

ry season, when she "almost lives" upon the fruit. Her complexion is cleared, her nerves are more firm—she is made over and as good as new. To her sister the scarlet beauties are rank poison, causing excruciating cramps in the stomach.

In learning what agrees with one's own special alimentary apparatus and what disorders it, and through it the whole course of nature, lies the secret of a perfect digestion. There is no other. A valuable leader in that direction is thrown out by the last idiosyncratic case I have mentioned. The woman who declines cauliflower because she used to be low spirited after eating it had no other attendant symptoms of indigestion—no pain, no flatulence, no nausea. The terrible sinking of spirits following "cauliflower for dinner" puzzled her for a while, but she never rested until she ran down the cause and linked it to the effect.

There is a world of difference between the ultra fastidiousness of the man who thinks of little besides his individual anatomy and the intelligent prudence of him who avoids what has proved to be unwholesome to himself as he would keep out of the undertow in bathing and not strike matches on the powder keg. If his brain is inert and clouded after eating pastry he leaves pastry alone for the future; if sausage at breakfast and roast duck at dinner make him cross, move him to evil suspicions of his best friends he sets these delicacies down as his bane, no matter how many other people may recognize in their meat dear to appetite and approved by the stomach. He must judge of things dietetic for himself, discarding theories based upon other people's peculiarities. His idiosyncrasies are private property, patented as his monopoly. Common sense, and not gluttony, enjoins that each of us should be an independent electric in his dietary.

An infallible dictum is that nothing which deranges the stomach can be nutritious. Irritated mucous membranes and vitiated gastric juices are serious drains upon the physical forces, most of all upon the nerve centres that regulate spirits and thought.

It is not the drunkard alone who puts an enemy into the mouth to steal away the brains.

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while diphtheria, whooping-cough, and scarlet fever are more prevalent among the rich. Consumption and pneumonia chiefly claim the poor, who are comparatively free from brain fever. Cellar-dwellers are far more subject to disease than those who live above ground, except in diphtheria and scarlet fever; nor do these diseases seem greatly advanced by overcrowding in tenements.

New South Wales can boast that during recent years it has made more rapid strides to wealth than any other part of the world. In 1881 it was discovered from Government returns that the private wealth was £201,000,000 equal to £215 per head of the population, while in 1891 it had grown to £363 per inhabitant.

Here is a good test for watered milk, which is simplicity in itself. A well-polished knitting needle is dipped into a deep vessel of milk and immediately withdrawn in an upright position. If the milk is pure some of the fluid will hang to the needle, but if water has been added to the milk, even in small proportion, the fluid will not adhere.

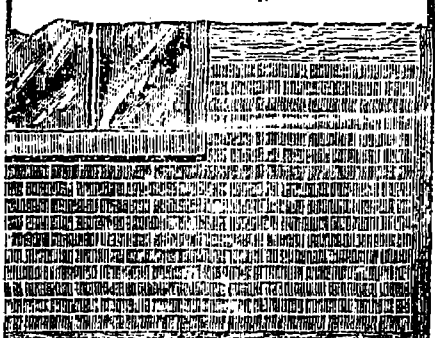
The greatest diving feat ever achieved was in moving the cargo of the ship "Cape Horn," wrecked off the coast of South America, when a diver named Hooper made seven descents to a depth of over 200 feet, remaining at one time forty-two minutes under the water.

The reason why ships are not struck by lightning is attributed to the general use which is now made of wire rope for rigging purposes, as well as to the fact that the hulls of ships are usually constructed of iron or steel. Thus the whole ship forms an excellent and continuous conductor, by means of which the electricity is led away into the ocean before it has time to do any serious damage.

It is estimated that of the whole population of the globe, about 90,000 die every day.

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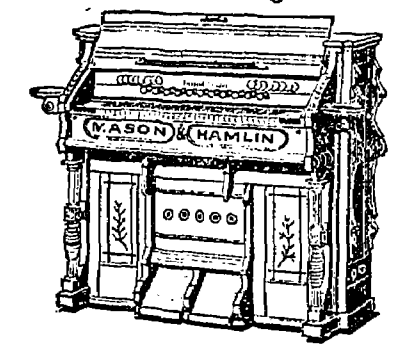
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## Paragraphs of General Information.

Europe contains ninety-two cities with populations exceeding a hundred thousand.

The average height of the human race is, for men, 5 feet 6 inches, for women, 5 feet 2 inches.

The Duke of Northumberland is the greatest landowner in England. He owns over 200,000 acres. His land reaches from sea to sea in the North of England, and he can ride a hundred miles from his feudal castle without going off his own demesne. His income is £180,000 a year.

A statistician has been studying the effect of comfort upon longevity. His tables show that the richest people have an average life of 52 years, the middle of 46; and the poor of only 41½. A well-to-do man is as liable to infectious diseases as the pauper,