

## Ladies' Department.

### Out-door Exercise for Women.

Women in this country do not take sufficient physical exercise; that is to say, those women who are called, properly or improperly, ladies. If they would drop the lady sometimes and go to work like ordinary women they would enjoy much better health than the majority of them do at present.

As a general thing, our ladies make more over walking a couple of miles, than a really English girl, of the same social grade, would do about a tramp of a dozen. How seldom we see these bright, rosy cheeks in this country which are to be met every turn in England. Oh, no! madam, it is not altogether the sea air of the "tight little island" that brings that bloom to the cheeks of her daughters. Why, an English girl in good health would feel the most utter contempt for you if she saw you getting into a street-car to ride, perhaps a quarter of a mile, and the rosy cheeks of the English girl are due, in a very great measure, to her love of out-door exercise and pedestrianism.

The fact is, English girls don't consider it a sign of high breeding and gentility to be pale, flabby-muscled and listless creatures such as the majority of ladies in America are. The English girl considers that God gave her her legs (which she calls "limbs,") to be used for purposes of locomotion, and she uses them for that, and she is all the better in every way for doing so.

"Oh!" we overheard a lady, whose mother is a noble specimen of womanhood, and whose universal satisfaction as a first-rate suburban woman, say, "it is so vulgar to be seen walking, you know, and besides I'm so stout, and I feel such dreadful spasms if I promenade very far; it may be all very well for them as is accustomed to such exercise, but for one brought up as I've bin, it's not to be thought of," and she waved her handkerchief, redolent of patchouli and faded her eyes as though overcome by the very effort of speaking, and, if the truth must be told, this lady was at one time, when she was in her teens, noted for her bodily strength and the immense load of laundry she was able to propel in a sort of gig-cart from her mother's laundry to the houses of her mother's customers; in fact it had been that very symmetry of her well-rounded form which exercise had given, and the roses imparted to her cheeks by hard work, that had ensnared the heart of the really young man who "made her a lady." Of course it would never do for her now to use the muscles with which Nature had so liberally endowed her, and so she affects a lackadaisical air that sits so illy on her. Valgait to be seen walking! Bah! and that is just what people think who don't know any better. We are willing to stake a large sum that if women a-hem! ladies, were to throw off their corsets and walk, where they now ride, some of our physicians would soon notice a marked decrease in their receipts.

Why, what have corsets to do with it? we think we hear some of our fair readers exclaim. A great deal, we reply; and though women will assure you that their corsets are "quite loose," we know very well that such is not the case, but that they have a knack of temporarily contracting their figures so that they can almost make us believe that what they say is true. As long as ladies wear tight stays they will be debarr'd from taking proper exercise, and as long as they are debarr'd from taking a sufficiency of exer-

cise, they will be poor creatures. How on earth can the lungs do their work properly when these horrible corsets so compress the ribs that they do not get the amount of space necessary for the fulfillment of their duties? They can't do it. You don't see a statue meant to be a true representation of the female form divine with a waist like that of a wasp or an hour glass, and why women have concluded that they know better than Nature what a beautiful female form ought to be, is a puzzle.

The sooner the somewhat prevalent feminine notion amongst a certain class that it is "unladylike" to have muscles that are of some use to their owner, and a complexion which they consider as only suitable to a milk-maid, goes out of fashion, the sooner American young ladies will look something like what Nature intended them to be, and what we and all sensible people like to see.

It is not altogether that women are not able to walk if they like, but it is that terrible dread of being considered unfashionable that deters them from putting their legs—yes, legs—to their proper use. As an evidence that this is the case, we will relate what came under our own notice: A lady came out of her house, stopped at the corner of the street and hailed a horse-car; to beguile the monotony of waiting she walked backwards and forwards on the crossing; she waited just fifteen minutes, and during that time she walked six hundred and eighty-five yards, for we watched her, timed her and measured the breadth of the street, and then the street car came along and she rode two blocks and three-quarters! This lady might surely be given as a sample of irrational women mentioned in a former article.

If young ladies would but convince themselves by a regular course of out-of-door exercise and, of course, the eschewing of the use of tight corsets, that our words are words of wisdom and truth, we are sure that they will never regret it.

### A Hard Struggle.

A private detective says that the principal cause of dishonesty among shop-girls is their desire to keep up appearances. They like to make a show on the streets and in the ball room. That's where most of my work is done. I never go near the stores. A few lines of memoranda and a few names are sent to me by the superintendent and I go to work. I meet the shop-girl on the street, flirt with her and accompany her home. I dance with her at public balls, I have my eye on her at the theater, I get acquainted with the young men she keeps company with and when necessary procure an introduction to her. In a short time I am familiar with her habits of life. What ever way she may choose to increase her income is nothing to me so long as she does not wrong her, and my, employer. Of course, if her conduct becomes notorious I make suggestions to the superintendent, but my special business is to look for stolen goods. Sometimes a girl will keep an article at home a month before she will dare to wear it in the street or at an evening's entertainment. I know whether she bought it at the store or not, because the girls usually purchase from their employers at a discount and in certain instances a record of their purchases is kept. I watched for a handsome dressing case that had been missing from a girl's counter at least five months. I immediately went with her to her room, but couldn't find it. Finally I discovered it on a booth table in a church fair, and discovered that she was the donor. The superintendent of the store she worked in taxed her with the theft, she confessed and was summarily discharged. That's only one of a hundred instances. Of course petty speculations, such as in gloves, stockings, hair pins and in such things, I don't pretend to keep track of.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Far prettier than the three initials worked on a band for a gentleman's hat, is the newer fancy to make a lining for the hat of silk, and to embroider the initials on it.

Lobster hash makes a nice little dish for supper; chop the meat quite fine, season with pepper and salt, a piece of butter the size of an egg, if the entire lobster is used, and moisten with cream. Let it stew slowly for ten or fifteen minutes, stirring it to prevent scorching. Put a thick layer of salted bread crumbs in the bottom of a pudding dish, pour the lobster over it and set in the oven to brown.

A dish which never fails to give satisfaction to young people is made by boiling half a cup of rice. When done and cold, mix it with one quart of sweet milk, the yolks of four eggs, and flour sufficient to make a stiff batter; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, stir a teaspoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar into the flour, mixing thoroughly; and after all the ingredients are well beaten, put in the whites of the eggs; bake on a griddle in good-sized cakes; spread them while hot with a little butter and then with jam of any kind. They may be rolled up and have the ends cut off smoothly and have powdered sugar scattered over them, or they may be put together like sandwiches, and then have the sugar sprinkled over them.

If flannel dresses of the children are soiled, and at all greasy, add borax to the water in which they are washed. Dissolve a large tablespoonful of borax in a pint of boiling water, put about a third of it in the first suds in which the garment is to be washed, another in the next water, and the rest of it in the rinsing water; shake the garments thoroughly before hanging them up to dry.

A very nice sauce to eat with game is made of figs chopped very fine, and then stewed gently with a little vinegar, sugar, and spice; a small lump of butter adds richness.

Brown bread cut into slices and fried in ham gravy makes a good addition to a dish of ham and eggs.

The best receipt for corn bread that I have ever seen is here given: Beat two eggs, the whites and yolks separately, take one pint of sour milk or buttermilk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, warmed so it will mix readily with the other ingredients; a little salt. Mix all these together well with the exception of the whites of the eggs. Put two-thirds of a teaspoonful of soda, absolutely free from lumps, into a pint of corn meal and sift and stir them into the milk, etc.; then after beating the whites of the eggs, add them also. Butter a pan thoroughly, and bake in a moderate oven.

It is said that mushrooms may be turned white by putting them into lemon juice and water; this is desirable when they are to be used in white sauce to serve with fowls; but it is doubtful whether this would apply to canned mushrooms.

A good sauce to go with plain fruit puddings is made by mixing one cup of brown sugar, one cup of best molasses, half a cup of butter, one large teaspoonful of flour; add the juice and grated rind of one lemon, half a nutmeg grated, half a teaspoonful of cloves and cinnamon. When these are all stirred together, add a teacup of boiling water; stir it constantly, put it into a saucepan, and let it boil until clear.

A wholesome dish for dessert is made by soaking half a pint of tapioca all night in a little more than half a pint of cold water. Put a thick layer of canned peaches in the bottom of a pudding-dish, leaving out the syrup; sprinkle sugar over the peaches, and then put into the oven to become hot; add half a pint of the peach syrup to the tapioca, half a teacupful of sugar, and as much water as is needed to thin the tapioca; let this boil until it is perfectly clear, then pour over the peaches and bake for half an hour. When cold serve with sugar and cream.

Here is an excellent rule for Iceland-moss jelly: Soak four tablespoonfuls of the moss in cold water enough to cover it; it should

soak for at least an hour. Then stir it into a quart of boiling water, and simmer gently until it dissolves; strain, sweeten to taste, flavor with the juice of two lemons and a glass of wine; strain into moulds, and it will cool in a very short time. This is nutritious, and is good for one suffering from a cold.

A pretty scent catchet is made of a piece of bristol board about twelve inches long and eight wide; in the centre of this is pasted a little flat cushion about eight inches long and four wide; this is covered with pink satin. A pretty decoration for this is the figure of a milk-maid painted upon it; then put a spray of flowers on the card, beginning at the bottom and letting it come up the sides of the card and around it so that the spray shall end over the milk-maid's head on the satin. This may be hung on the wall beside the toilet table and disperse sweetness through the room.

A pretty cover for the piano-stool is made of a square of felt. It should have fringe around the edge, either sew'd on or made by slashing the edge of the felt. The ornamentation is of velvet ribbon put on in lines to form squares; the ends should be painted, and the edges of the velvet may be fastened down with fancy stitches in bright embroidery silk. Or a border of satin ribbon may be put on; put a square of the ribbon in each corner, and then a plain strip of the ribbon with the ends pointed where they join the squares. This, too, may be made very ornamental by the addition of embroidery.

The latest crazy patchwork is very delicate and yet elaborate, and is seen on pin-cushion covers and for robes for the baby's carriage (where it really does not seem exactly suitable). A willow chair with the back covered with it, and a cushion also, has a broad strip around the lower part of the chair, and this strip is finished with a deep and heavy fringe; it makes a bright and fanciful addition to the parlor furniture, and is especially handsome if made entirely of velvet and plush pieces, with innumerable stitches in silk.

The happy owner of a cow can always provide some dish for dessert upon short notice. Here are directions for a "trifle." Cut several slices of sponge cake into small pieces of regular shape, say an inch square; put them into a deep china bowl, cover with a rich boiled custard, reserving the whites of the eggs to whip for the top, or if the cow produces cream, use the whites of the eggs in the custard and whip a pint of cream for the top of the bowl; flavor with vanilla and sweeten slightly; add the sugar while whipping the cream.

### Procession of the Bride in Cairo.

Friday is the fortunate day for Moslem weddings in Egypt. One is pretty sure to come across the procession of the bride at some time or other during that day in the Mooske, Cairo. The shrill note of the Arabian pipe announces its approach. If it is a bride of an opulent family, a little army of pantomimists is pressed into the service, as much to amuse the spectators as to do honor to the occasion. First we have the two rustics, who are never omitted from a "fantasia" of this kind, cudgelling, or rather pretending to cudgel, each other with quarter staves. Then comes a clown mounted on a camel, beating lustily two kettle-drums, while a melancholy looking jester, with cap and bells complete, mounted on a sorry jade, is scattering stale jokes among the bystanders. There are circus riders, too, in tight and spangles; water-carriers clanking their little brass saucers, and ready to fill them gratuitously for any one in the crowd who asks; a man with a vessel containing rose-water, which he sprinkles now and then on either side of him, and a bevy of young, white-veiled maidens, walking two and two, all preceding the little bundle of cashmere shawls and petticoats shuffling along under a silken canopy. More players playing strange stringed instruments, and more drummers beating drums, close the procession, which, and cries of warning directed right and left to ladies on their donkeys and sheiks in their slippers, squeezes its way through the tooming streets.