



PRESSED CHICKEN.—Stew your chicken until the meat leaves the bones, chop the meat (together with three or four hard boiled eggs), finally return to the stew kettle wherein a very little of the broth (free from fat) has been left. Salt and pepper to taste, and stir well. Then turn into your mould, put a platter on top of the vessel you use to press it in, and a heavy weight on the platter. When cold if properly prepared, it will turn out like a mould of jelly, and can be sliced in smooth, even slices, making not only a very palatable but an attractive dish prepared on Saturday for Sunday's dinner. Prepare beef in the same manner. You can prepare it as well without eggs as with.

The sand bag is invaluable in the sick room. Get some clean, fine sand, dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove. Make a bag about eight inches square of flannel, fill it with dry sand, sew the opening carefully together and cover the bag with cotton or linen. This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing in the oven or even on top of the stove. After once using this you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or bricks. The sand holds the heat a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them on hand, ready for use at any time when needed.

Asparagus a la creme is one of the most delicious of soups, yet is seldom found except on tables where the cook is an accomplished chef. It is not difficult to prepare. First cut the points off a bunch of asparagus, and lay them aside. Cut up the remainder of the asparagus in small pieces, and add to it a pint of white stock, with a fried onion, and cook the whole till it is tender enough to pass through a puree or flour sieve. After straining the soup add a pint of boiling milk and two tablespoonfuls of butter, mixed with two tablespoonfuls of flour, and finally the asparagus "peas." Let the soup cook ten minutes longer, stirring carefully all the time. If the "peas" are large, it is better to parboil them in a little stock before adding them to the soup for this boiling. Add a cup of boiling cream last of all, and serve the soup, if you wish with dropped eggs. It is more delicate, however, with croutons of dry toasted bread.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

VACATION.

How to keep cool is a question which is at present exercising the minds of most people; everything else fades into insignificance; not even the burning question of whether we shall annex the United States has power to rouse any enthusiasm. Humanity, tall and short, thin and stout, wearily toil along beneath the blazing sun of July, and woe to the one! who is rash enough to attempt to discuss any weighty matter, particularly if the one addressed is burdened with a superabundance of flesh—*par example*, a dialogue which took place at a street corner the other day: "What do you think of the Heligoland question, Smith?" "Think!" indignantly answered the stout party, a savage gleam darting from his eyes as he mopped his face with a many-coloured handanna. "Think sir! do you know what the thermometer is?" "Bless me! no I don't," the other was heard to murmur as he was left gazing at the retreating figure of the owner of the handanna, which was being vigorously used.

Many kindly hints are given at this season on the advisability of taking life calmly. On no account is one to be in a hurry. The stately, philosophical bearing of the dude is recommended, who, even when his immaculate collar hangs limp, and the waxed ends of his moustache droop, pursues his way as leisurely as before, the only signs of discomfort is the more deeply mournful look that shadows his face.

Fancy! busy housewives, what an advantage to cultivate this superb calmness amidst the trials of the preserving season, when the jelly proves obstinate and won't set, and the fruit which your grocer assured you was "just picked from the bushes" proves a "snare and a delusion," as you go below the surface, or when a gem suddenly bursts in your hand and the scalding fruit runs down your arm, remember the advice—be calm, and endanger not your health by worry.

Eat slowly, and eat but little meat; drink no alcoholic fluids; don't get excited, and under no circumstances run for a train or a street car.

Many have already left for country and seaside to escape the hot wave. For those who cannot remain long in one place, the most satisfaction can be got from a visit to the sea. As some one lately said, the first whiff of the salt air acts like a tonic on tired nerves, quickening the blood through the veins with a buoyancy that expends itself in the freedom of holiday life. Of course, we are speaking to those who go away for a real vacation; by real, we mean the opposite to that of spending one's time lounging on the veranda and wondering how existence can be passed till evening, which brings the sole pleasure—the ball-room—

with its wearisome sameness to the life which ought to have been left behind if health for the coming winter is desired. What can such a one know of the joyous gladness of a vacation spent as much as possible in the open air? What matters it if sunburn and freckles do come, they soon wear away, but the impressions gained by the free intercourse with Nature is never effaced from the soul.

And amidst the thousand petty cares and worries of life there comes at times, like some half-forgotten sweet memory of old, a vision of a pleasant picture of a cool nook in the woods, or the sound of the surf dashing among huge masses of rock.

Walking, anywhere, is a delightful exercise, but perhaps nowhere is it more enjoyable than by the sea, where you can walk for miles on the smooth sand with the breeze blowing fresh and strong, while from time to time you pause to admire some of the many wonders left by the retreating tide. Oh, veranda loungers! What know ye of the joy of feeling your blood, after such a walk, coursing through the veins with a wild, exuberant freedom which makes the walker know nothing of blue fits, dyspepsia and the many aches and fancies which so many women now-a-days complain of. No wonder!

Bathing is another attraction, and the best time of the day for sea-bathing is about two or three hours after eating, and preferably in the forenoon. It may be borne in mind that the beach and the waves themselves are generally cleaner during the ebb tide than during the flood; and also that it is desirable that the air, as well as the sea, should be warm when one is bathing. The first bath of the season should be a brief one, lasting no longer than is necessary to wet the body from head to foot. In bathing, as in other things, custom hardens; and at the end of your holiday you may remain in the water with impunity for a length of time that would have been highly dangerous a few weeks earlier.

Every woman should take advantage of the buoyancy of salt water to learn that much neglected art—swimming—and in the freedom of her bathing dress this could easily be learnt. What a difference between the bathing dress of former years and that of the present. It grows more elaborate every year. The latest is that worn by an Englishwoman. It is made of black satin—the heavy, glossy quality that comes with a linen back. The bodice is laid over a tight-fitting lining of jean which is enough support to the figure to enable the wearer to dispense with the stiff corset which many bathers consider indispensable. It is high up about the throat and buttoned securely with jet balls. The satin is gathered back and front, and the fullness is "gaged" from the bust line down to a few inches below the waist, where a full skirt reaching nearly to the knee is set on with a "buttercup shirring." There are no sleeves. In each arm's eye is set a crescent shaped piece, which laces across several times at the shoulder and is tied with a black silk cord. Black silk tights, with small satin trunks and shoes of soft black felt that are very pointed at the toes, somewhat like the "Shoon" of the period of Richard III., complete this outfit. The fair owner says that satin holds its own against the onslaught of the soft sea waves better than any known fabric. It doesn't cling too closely, and wetting rather improves its lustre. Picturesque, certainly, but a prettily made flannel one seems to be more appropriate. Then again, some women do not care how dowdy they look in the water, and with their different coloured stripes look like escaped convicts; so, between the two extremes, a happy medium might be chosen.

Another pastime, which if you are a good sailor is the beau ideal of all pastimes, is that of yachting. What can be more exhilarating than bounding through the water with a good breeze blowing, and a pleasant crew, which, alas! is not always the case. Here is an instance of how one fussy individual may spoil a sail. A gentleman, at least he called himself such, insisted that his wife should bring the baby to get the benefit of the breeze. Poor woman, what a time she had of it between the baby and her husband, who kept up a continual run of nagging at his wife the whole time. It was "Now, Lucy, pray keep the baby quiet, and don't hold it like that; dear, dear, can't you sit still? What ever made you put on such a fright of a hat? I told you before I couldn't bear it. And I hope the next time you go for a sail you will be ready in time. You kept us all waiting."

Lucy mildly—"You told me not to wake the baby if she was sleeping, and so that delayed me."

"Now, how was I to know she would sleep so long. Dear, what a lurch! Captain, don't you think we are going too fast? My gracious, what a wave!"

"Oh, John, do you really think there is danger?" cried his poor little wife.

"There, of course, you must go and get excited; just like you, you ought to have stayed behind," which, no doubt she only wished she had been allowed to do. On the return, the wind dropped, and the crew looked despairingly at each other, for private theatricals were to be held that evening, and most of the actors were on board. The wrath of the fussy man rose to an awful height, for was it not indispensable that he should be there? Who could so well take the part of the balcony scene in Romeo as himself? While the rest of the crew made the best of it they could, his martyr wife got it more and more—though what she had to do with the lack of wind was a mystery. This interesting conversation with his wife had been carried on in an undertone, but it could not but be overheard by the rest, who longed to get rid of him by pitching him overboard. So, if possible, choose your crew from those who will make things pleasant. But remember, if you are not a good sailor let nothing tempt you to venture on a long

sail. If it is your first venture, go for a short distance, and only with a stiff breeze blowing.

Seek those for company who will make you feel cheerful, who take a bright view of life; not necessarily always agreeing with you, for a lively antagonist is a good thing sometimes. But keep away from all who nag and worry—those who are perpetually finding fault. You know what they are like. You have doubtless met them before. Nothing pleases them—if it is not the food, it is the people. Do not be inveigled into their company.

Then, for this free, out-door life, wear clothes which will not restrict your movements and which you are not afraid of spoiling; for instance, nothing can look neater or nicer than the full skirt of pretty tennis flannel and the sailor blouse, put on the first thing in the morning and changed only for evening. "What! not dress for dinner," exclaim our veranda friends. No, for you generally just arrive in time for dinner, and, after half an hour's rest, out again till tea, and it would only be a waste of time to don an elaborate toilette.

And now, once more we repeat to thoroughly enjoy a vacation spend it in sunshine, fresh air and pleasant company. And you will return with a reward in health, which will carry you through the winter without the aid of drugs.

Ethics of Dining.

No doubt we all of us eat and drink more than we need. The teetotallers have their crusade against our drinking, but surely some similar organization is required against over-eating. It may be said of many a man that he digs his grave with his teeth. The experience of most medical men is that an overwhelming proportion of disease arises from errors in diet. The first thing which the doctor has to do is to limit, weigh, and select the patient's diet. Perhaps the patient rebels. Like the northern farmer, he must have his glass of yale. Said a countryman one day: "I takes all the things I likes, and let them fight it out among themselves." But this cannot be done with impunity. Nature makes the duldest comprehend her teachings. At first she speaks in a gentle whisper, and presently in a voice of thunder. At first it is very irksome and wearisome to fret and fight under a lot of arbitrary rules. But we find that, like better men, we must go into training. And by-and-by we may have to find it makes an intellectual amusement, so to speak, to be playing at chess with gout, or dyspepsia, or Bright's disease, or *angina pectoris*. For all these perils lie insidiously in wait for those who dine "not wisely, but too well." A man who lives moderately, in point of fact, gets better dinners, and gets them for a longer time. He finds out that there is an aestheticism in these things. Better even to live long on mutton chops and toast-and-water than to be ill on viands and liquors that transcend the natural strength. It is as well to live with as much refinement and good taste as possible, but even the wise heathen could tell us that we should not "live to eat, but eat to live."

Jane Austen's Birthplace.

Steventon, where Jane Austen was born, may be seen from the railway between Basingstoke and Popham Beacon; but the parsonage has long been pulled down. It is said to have been a square, comfortable-looking house on the other side of the valley to the present one; it was approached from the road by a shady drive, and was large enough to contain not only all the Austens and their household, but at different times many other people as well. It had a good sized old-fashioned garden, which was filled with fruit and flowers in delightfully indiscriminate confusion, and sloped gently upwards to a most attractive terrace. Every reader of "Northanger Abbey" will identify this terrace with a smile. From the parsonage garden there was a curious walk to the church; it was what the natives of Hampshire call "a hedge" which may be explained to those who are not natives of Hampshire, as a footpath, or even sometimes a cart track, bordered irregularly with copse wood and timber, far prettier than the ordinary type of English hedge, and forming a distinctive characteristic of the county. Jane Austen displayed her Hampshire origin when she made Anne Elliott, in "Persuasion," overhear Captain Wentworth and Louisa Musgrave in the hedge-row behind her, as if making their way down the rough, wild sort of channel down the centre.

Humour in Music.

But, admitting that humorous music does exist, in what does its humour consist? The answer is, that in music, as in literature, humour is chiefly to be sought in (1) sudden and unexpected contrasts of thought or language, (2) grotesque exaggeration and (3) burlesque. To all three of these forms of humour Beethoven was equally addicted, and added besides a farcical fun all his own, sometimes exhibited in allotting a passage to an instrument unsuited to it, and upon which it sounds absurd. The bassoon is the usual victim on such occasions. To class I belong such passages as the middle of the first movement of the Symphony No. 8, the imitation of birds in the slow movement of the "Pastoral," and the tipsy bassoon in the scherzo of the same, the wrong entry of the horn in the Eroica and its indignant suppression by the rest of the orchestra.