

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Whether lovely woman dresses to please herself, to please the opposite sex, or to annoy some other woman, seems to have become a more burning question of the day than its importance should warrant because though of course, we are all deeply interested in its solution, I don't know that its settlement one way or the other, will particularly affect the welfare of nations. Curiously enough all the answers to the problem that I have seen so far, have been written by man, and I really think a woman is better qualified to discuss it. The old warning, "You must not judge others by yourself" is surely the most senseless of all proverbs since we have no other way of judging; we may upon occasion succeed in putting ourselves in another's place, by an effort, but the most natural process of reason is to look at a thing from our own standpoint and therefore I think my opinion on that particular subject should be of some value, seeing that I am a woman myself. So in default of a better advocate I intend to throw what light I can on the vexed question this morning.

To begin with, it is just as impossible to generalize on the subject of woman's natural proclivities as upon that of man's constancy, or to predict with any degree of certainty what the weather is going to be the week after next. So much depends upon the woman herself in the one case, and the direction of the wind, in the other. "A man's will is the winds will," and a sudden shifting from west to east, may upset the calculations of the best meteorologist; and the touching little couplet:

"Different men are of different opinions,
Some like apples, some like lions,"
applies equally well to women.

I know from my own experience that there are women in this world so utterly indifferent about their personal appearance that they would be capable of entering the presence of the queen herself with untidy hair, feathers awry and soiled gloves, while others are so constituted that if they were to be cast on a desert island, and reduced to a diet of raw shell-fish they would still be compelled, by their own dainty sense of the fitness of things, to make an attempt at dressing for dinner even though their toilet table consisted of a mound of sand and their mirror of a pool of sea water; who would arrange the shell-fish carefully on a nice flat stone and then pick them out of their shells slowly and decorously, using a hairpin which had been washed thoroughly and set apart from its companions to fulfil the office of an oyster knife until some better substitute was found. This is the sort of women who dresses to please herself, to gratify her own taste, and to retain her own good opinion of herself, because no woman ever thoroughly respected herself when she was arrayed for housecleaning, or had her bang out of curl; while a certain restless peace of mind, which might almost be mistaken for the serenity of pure piety seems to be the inevitable accompaniment of good clothes. None knew this better than the Sage of Concord, who once said that he had listened with deep respect to the opinion of a woman who said that the consciousness of being thoroughly well dressed imparted a feeling of inward tranquility, religion was powerless to bestow. The woman who loves pretty things for their own sake, is always womanly and generally sweet and lovable, since an appreciation of the bright and beautiful things in this weary world of ours, is one of God's best gifts to woman-kind, and those who possess it could not be wholly bad if they tried. The woman who dresses to please the opposite sex in general is rare, while the one who adorns herself for one particular member of it is legion, bless her heart! Can anything be more adorable than the girl who adorns herself with loving care for her sweetheart; who consults his taste, wears the colors he likes best, and is never so happy as when she is beautiful in his eyes, who wears her prettiest dress when she expects him to spend the evening with her, and cannot make up her mind in choosing her new winter hat until he has seen it and pronounced it both becoming and pretty. Then the wife who wears her smartest garments of an evening when Jack is at home, and they are spending it alone together is common, thank goodness; and so is the school girl who dresses to please her doting father and admiring brothers. But the one who wears purple and fine linen in order to excite the envy of those amongst her own sex who cannot afford such luxuries, is I think, rare, and when she exists at all, we may be reasonably sure that her nature is a peculiar one, and the result of some great disappointment; because if the poor soul had any man belonging to her for whom she cared sufficiently to make herself beautiful, she would never trouble her head about her own sex; and even she may not be without her use in the scheme of creation if it is only to serve as a sort of fashion plate for her sister women.

I suppose these might be called the three distinct types of vanity most prominent in womankind, but I believe the great majority have a due regard for all these motives when they "plait their hair and adorn themselves"; they like to look well, they

like their friends to admire them and they do love to have their male belongings think them prettier, and better dressed than other women, so the only conclusion left for us is that it takes all sorts of women, as well as all sorts of men, to make up a world, and it is impossible to judge "women" by any one particular woman.

Bouillon.

Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a granite saucepan, add one-half of an onion sliced. Cook until the onion is thoroughly browned, then add 1½ pounds of finely chopped lean beef—that from the round being best—and 1½ pints cold, soft water. Cover the saucepan and stand it on the back of the stove where the water will slowly heat. Let it come to boiling point, then simmer gently two hours. Strain, return to the kettle and bring to a boil. Beat the white of an egg with one-half of a cup of cold water until thoroughly mixed. Crush the shell and add it to the egg; add this to the boiling bouillon. Boil for four minutes, stand on the back of the stove for one minute to settle and strain through cheesecloth. Be sure and wring out the cheesecloth in cold water before straining. It the bouillon be too light in color, add caramel, but it must be perfectly clear.

Stuffed Lamb.

With liver sauce, excellent:—Cut out the bone from a shoulder of lamb, taking care not to pierce the skin in removing it. Prepare a seasoning of chopped parsley, thyme, grated bread-crumbs, a small quantity of finely chopped liver, and pepper and salt to taste. Moisten with a little milk, and press the forcemeat into the vacancy caused by the removal of the bone. Sew up the incision, and set the joint to boil upon a moderate fire. Have ready the well-cleaned liver of a fowl or rabbit, boil it for five minutes in a few tablespoonfuls of water, pound it in a spoonful of the liquor, and rub it through a fine hair-sieve. Wash a couple of sprigs of parsley, throw them into a little boiling water with a teaspoonful of salt, allow them to boil, and lay them on a reversed sieve to drain. Then mince them very finely, mix them with the liver, and scatter the combined ingredients into a quarter of a pint of melted butter. Allow the sauce to warm, but not to boil; pour it slowly over the boiled lamb, and send to table immediately. This newly "evolved" American dish has the most delicate and novel flavor imaginable.

Chicken Sauté.

One of the nicest dishes for luncheon or high tea is the poulet sauté. It is inexpensive, very quickly done and exceedingly easy to cook. Procure a tender chicken or fowl. This is most important, for if the fowl is tough it will be uneatable. Cut up your fowl as follows: Legs, wings, breast, wishbone, the liver and the best part of the body. The rest goes with the giblets, which you put in a stewpan, including the wing tips and the remainder of the body, the head and the neck. Cover these with three-quarters of a pint of water, add a small onion with a clove in it, salt and pepper. Put the lid on and let it boil till reduced to a tea-cupful.

Now take a stew or sauce pan, put three ounces of butter in it, brown your fowl in it as soon as it is melted and keep on turning the different pieces with a fork, raising your pan from the fire so that it does not catch. When done, which will be in about half an hour, sprinkle a teaspoonful of flour all over it, add a little more butter, and by degrees—but only by degrees, or you will ruin the appearance of your dish—pour in the liquor, reduced to a tea-cupful, then dish it.

Mutton Croquettes.

Take one solid pint finely-chopped, cooked mutton, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one cupful of cream, stock or milk, one tablespoonful of flour, four eggs one teaspoonful of lemon juice, one teaspoonful of onion juice, one pint of bread crumbs, three tablespoonfuls of butter. Put the liquid on to boil; mix the flour and butter together and add to it when boiling. Add two well beaten eggs. Cook until it begins to thicken. Add this to the mutton, which has been chopped very fine, with the pepper, and salt, onion juice and lemon juice. Set the mixture away to cool. When cold, shape, roll in egg, then bread crumbs and try in boiling-hot fat.

Cold Meat Baked With Bread Crumbs.

Take some cold meat, season and chop fine, lay it in a shallow earthen baking dish and cover with bread crumbs mixed with a beaten egg and a little milk. Brown in a hot oven for five minutes.

Codfish Puffs.

Equal quantities of boiled codfish, minced fine, and mashed potatoes beaten together with two or three eggs and a little butter. Form in cakes and place in buttered gem pan; butter the tops and bake in a hot oven.

ONE OF YOUR GIRLS.—I have found your letter at last, when I suppose you thought I had forgotten it altogether. Your quotation when translated reads thus, "rosy, plump, dimpled all over, resembling a small parcel of living fat." What a lovely damsel Guy de Maupassant must have had in his mind!

SHUT IN, N. B.—I am very sorry your letter was crowded out before. You do not know what a pleasure your letter was to me, nor how precious a few words of encouragement always are to a worker. Did you try to sleep to a companion when you were out walking on a very windy day, and do you remember the sense of helplessness you felt when your words were blown back against your lips, or caught up and blown away as they were uttered without reaching the ear they were intended for? Well that is the way with so many of us humbler workers in the literary field, I often think. We bring our best to our readers, our ripest experience, our loftiest thoughts, our brightest wit; we spend hours in trying to give them the result of a year's reading in a single page, and we oftentimes turn the knife in our own secret wound in order to give them the vivisection. And yet how seldom we reap the reward of knowing that our words touched one heart, or even reached one ear. They are blown away from our lips "and the end we cannot know." They may be dissolved into the

air and lost, for aught we know to the contrary. And therefore it is a very pleasant surprise to know sometimes that our poor efforts have been appreciated and you can imagine how grateful I am for your kind words about my work, the main object of which has been from the first, to help it possible, and if not, to cheer, those who need comfort. About yourself, how did you become a chronic invalid, and is there no hope that you will cease to be "shut in" some day. You show a brave spirit, and if the spirit really has such an influence over the flesh as scientists suppose you would get well. I think your work is a capital idea and sure to succeed. Write to E. P. Dutton and Co., Publishers, 23d St., New York, or D. Lothrop Company, Boston. I would recommend the former first, they will give you far more information on the subject than I can; and be sure to write soon, before their arrangements for Christmas books are completed. Yes, I think it was a very large enterprise, even for one in perfect health to undertake. Will you let me know the result, as I shall be very much interested in hearing, and I should be glad to have a letter from you at any time?

MABEL, St. John.—My dear girl, I would with pleasure, if I had the least idea, but I haven't. What a pretty idea it was to draw lots, as to who should write the letter. There is no fixed time, the convenience of both parties is all that need be completed.

Will some kind friend tell "Mabel" what a "peanut hum" is and how it is arranged? I confess to being in dense ignorance on the subject myself.

EGANTINE, St. John.—I am glad you were pleased with the answers to your former questions; it is never any trouble to hunt up recipes when I have them in my collection, but I do not think I have a good one for chocolate creams. The first reliable one I get I will publish, but you have very little idea of the time and trouble required to manufacture them. You are always welcome to this column. I am very sorry I cannot give you the names of the songs. I do not remember hearing either of them.

THORA OF RIMOL.—The original "Thora of Rimol" and her hapless lover, Jarl Hakon, are very old friends of mine, while King Olaf would have been my ideal knight. I think if he had only refrained from giving Queen Sigrid the Haughty that most unparadiseable cut on the cheek with his gauntlet; but there was a lack of manliness and true chivalry about that little performance for which I could never forgive him. But to return to your name. You left the "oi" out, and wrote Rimol as it was a surname, so it looked very much like Flora Kimmel, and naturally had no significance whatever for me. My dear girl, I feel quite certain that you will not thank me for it, but the very best advice I can give you is to get over your fancy for writing action, or anything else, until you have mastered the intricacies of English grammar and spelling. Just try to imagine the effect on any editor of such a sentence as this:—"They are invariably returned." Why, he would simply faint, if he was not very strong, and swear terribly if he was. You little know how much you have to learn before you can hope to "write" even in the smallest way. I say it in all kindness, but the very first requisite is a fair knowledge of English as it is spoken and written and I really think from the style of your letter that you are much too young to have acquired that yet. You must never use "high flown" language either but express your thoughts in the simplest words possible. I don't mean to hurt your feelings but you see I ought to know a little about the subject, and I am trying to give you the benefit of what I do know.

S. A. G., Fredericton.—You are most welcome back again, and the paper is all right and much easier to read than a number of small sheets. I do not expect the girls to write and thank me for their answers, though I am always glad to hear from them. So you need not apologize. 1.—Well no, I could not very well, because you see it was the editor, not I, who abolished the "dear old column," of which I was so fond, and when he says a thing is to be done I have got into the habit of doing it, just so he won't feel slighted and out of things generally, because editors like to be deferred to a little, especially by members of their staff. Seriously, though, I am afraid there is no hope of going back to it. 2.—I have looked for the song, but failed to find it. There is nothing so hard to find as a song or a fragment of poetry, there seems to be no tangible starting point and such numbers of songs are written every year that it is impossible to keep track of them, while a poem, unless you have the first line, is almost as bad. Yours is comparatively well known, I think, but I cannot place it. 3.—Nearly every one uses slang now-a-days to a greater or less extent, but of course vulgar slang is always to be condemned. (4)—Many of them are utterly unfit, but others are beautiful, notably "Under Two Flags," "Puck," "A Dog of Flanders," and I think, "Bete," or Two Little Wooden Shoes. (5)—I think if they can whistle well, that it is a most praise-worthy accomplishment. I can whistle tolerably well myself, so perhaps that is the reason I think so. (6)—Well, yes, rather. She might wear it in a thick braid caught up again and tied, or else in a simple twist at the back of her head, but the way you speak of is very pretty. No, you did not ask too many and there is no danger my forgetting you; I am always glad to hear from you. Did you ever hear of cocoa butter? You can get it from any druggist. Get a little, melt it carefully, wash a tiny bit melted over the lamp will do, and apply it with a fine camel's hair brush, to the roots of the eyelashes; it is excellent.

I hope "Dolly" saw the recipe for preserving rowan berries, in last week's PROGRESS, though it was not in my column. Some friend kindly sent it to us.

Society Omelet.

At a recent entertainment given by the members of the Boston Cooking Club, the gentlemen were invited to appear in full dress at the residence of one of the leading members. Upon arrival they were received by the servants and ushered into a room in which two tables were set. On one were ranged ten small loaves of bread, each with a designating mark, but conveying no hint of the maker. The second table was laid with plates and forks. The company were requested to form two committees, as bread judges and omelet tasters. Badges had been furnished the guests, consisting of sprays of wheat for the committee on bread,

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tied with heliotrope ribbon, and artistically designed white satin hens for the omelet committee members.

In the meantime the fifteen members of the club, all young girls from the highest rank of society, were busily engaged in the kitchen preparing dainty omelets for the delectation of their male friends. Each prepared and sent to the room the best she could make. All the guests were permitted to partake of the two samples of feminine cookery, though neither of the committees on testing was allowed to give a verdict except in regard to the particular article to which they had been assigned as judges.

Later in the evening an additional number of guests arrived, and a dance followed, in which the cooks were allowed to participate. The prizes were unique and handsome.

The winner of the omelet honor was presented a pin showing a gold fork and skillet, with a broad blade knife. The maker of the best loaf received a handsome bread plate. The entertainment was the result of a defiance thrown by the men at their fair companions, accusing them of ignorance in all domestic arts, in which they professed to excel.



Rockland, Mass. My daughter, Mrs. Mars, has been suffering from the above diseases for years, and employed all the

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in Rockland and specialists in Boston, but got no relief. They said it was caused by a bad state of the blood. She could not sleep nights; bowels constipated, and palpitation of the heart so bad she could hardly walk. She has taken 4 bottles of **Skoda's Discovery**, and SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS. Now she can work every day, eat well and sleep soundly. I can never express my gratitude. MRS. S. E. CROWELL, Rockland, Mass.

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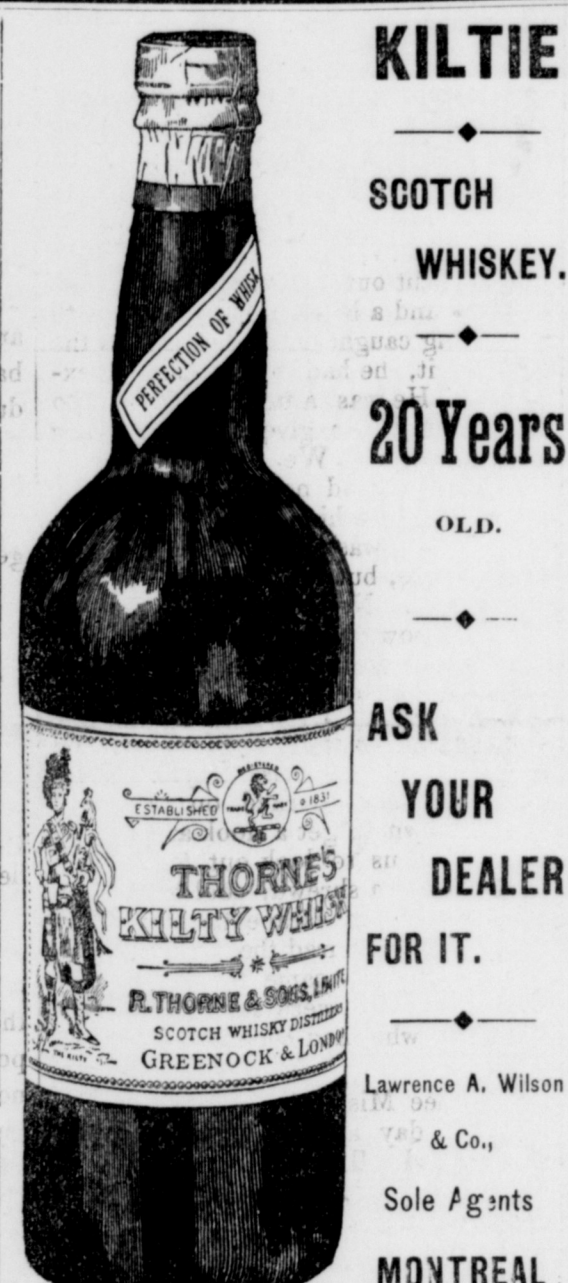
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"ALL THAT CERTAIN PIECE OR PARCEL of land, situate and being in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, fronting on Queen Street, and being forty feet on the said Street and extending back one hundred feet preserving the same breadth to the rear, known and distinguished on the map or plan of the said City as lot Number One Thousand and Thirty-three (1033) the said lot being on the Corner of Queen and Wentworth Streets and having been conveyed by Timothy Daniels and his wife to Gilbert Jordan by deed dated the Twenty-fourth day of December, A. D. 1829."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to Plaintiff's Solicitor.

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