

Woman's Sphere.

By One of the Sex.

The Lives We Live.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE HOUR?

Everybody is talking to everybody else about the financial conditions of our country. It is attributed to the silver or the gold, to the tariff or to protection; our own speakers show us how we have neglected to keep the laws of God in this or that respect. This is all true, and a great deal more; but it reminds me of some of the ancient pages of history. I will venture to say that when the sun stood still in the valley of Ajalon, the astrologers and wise men of the adjacent nations proceeded to explain to the satisfaction of everybody how the whole thing happened. And when the darkness overshadowed the earth at the time of the crucifixion no doubt the rabbis and philosophers of Jerusalem and surrounding countries expounded to all the schools and peoples the exact and scientific causes of all the phenomena. Why, to this day scientists who delight in demonstrating that the Bible and truth are not at variance are busy proving that a great eclipse occurred at the date of the Savior's death. Now, I do not deny the scientific value of this labor, the cause and effect of silver money or protective tariff, nor do I decry the importance our speakers attach to our own actions in times past which have helped to bring about the present state of affairs; it is all true. But, my good brother or sister, there is one thing we must do in this matter, and that is to sit calmly down and acknowledge the hand of the Lord in this financial stringency which has overwhelmed us. Note one or two things; how gradually this state of affairs has been coming upon us; how perfectly all anticipation of this storm was kept from our thoughts until—mark, until—after the dedication of our beautiful Salt Lake Temple. Although out here in Utah we have been a little cramped because of the bursting of the boom bubble, yet no one felt himself unwise in donating all that he could possibly spare to the completion of that edifice. If—again note—if, the Temple had been unfinished now, how much do you think could have been raised towards its completion? What were the promises to us in that Temple? One was, that we were to be on a higher plane temporally and spiritually from that hour. Another, that we were to be assured, that from that hour, the power of evil was to become lessened in the earth. Do you ever go out of doors such lovely summer mornings as we are having now and witness the coming up of the sun? If you have not, do so, for it will help you to sensibly realize the beautiful metaphor, that "it is always darkest before dawn." See how the whole landscape, to your eyes—mark me, to your eyes only, becomes darker and darker and over the face of nature spreads a deep, shadowy veil that hangs like a mist before your vision. This deepens every moment, until if your eyes are turned to the east you see just above the horizon a faint line of dim light; the line spreads swiftly around the mountain tops, until even he who sits with his back to the coming king of life and day can see the rimming belt of light. Now, up from

the crown of that king shoots rays of jeweled color, each pointing upward to the gloom now so fast fleeing away. Then, the shadows that were so indistinct and uncertain take on themselves the shapes of familiar trees and spires, with distant mountain peaks in sharp outline. The golden belt of dawn spreads outward and upward, and at last to the eyes of all, to the watcher on the hillside and even to the shadow-seeker in the valley, the dawn is come and the sun has arisen. No doubt the wise man, the shadow-seeker himself, can tell you the exact reason why the darkness is so intense just before the day, but the watcher on the hill cares most to know that this is the hour, and that the day is dawning.

The Food We Eat.

SUMMER DESSERTS.

A great many hygienists assert that no sort of dessert is good for the human system, or at least no sort of sugar-sweetened dessert; and perhaps they are right. But a great many of us have not reached the extreme stage of doing just exactly as we ought to do; rather do we do as we want to do. And yet, all of us who know what is the right thing to do are trying, somewhat meekly perhaps, but still trying, to do somewhere near right. Such ones then do have dessert even in hot weather and those who have no care as to whether they are doing right or wrong in the manner of living go right on with their pastry and rich sauces in summer just the same as in winter. It may be years yet, before the ultra conservatives discover that there should be some sort of change in the diet corresponding to the changes in the seasons. I confess one of the main objects of this column is to convince such people to stop a moment and think these matters over and see if there is not something demanded of them in the way of progress. Indeed, for all of us, reformers, conservatives and those who run in the same rut their fathers and mothers wore out for them centuries before—there is for us all a middle ground where we can meet and not only agree, but have an excellent time about it.

A dessert which every one enjoys and which can be made to partly meet the requirements of all these classes is the fruit pie or pudding. Who does not like pie, if it be well made, light as to crust, sweet as to fruit, and delicately brown as to baking? What about the crust of fruit pies? As you value your own and your husband's stomach, don't make this of lard flour and water; or of butter, water and flour. No pie crust should be made of these ingredients, unless it be made for the sole purpose of astonishing one's neighbors at a feast. Pie crust should always have the proper proportion of yeast powder stirred into the flour and then it should be wet up with milk or water; or, what is better, stir into a quart of flour an even teaspoonful (measured after the soda has been thoroughly mashed) of soda, and then wet it up with a pint of either buttermilk or clabbered milk. This will make the crust light and comparatively easy of digestion, will take much less shortening, and it will commend itself in looks and taste to any palate. If a pudding is desired, a generous family dish, put the paste around the sides of the pan, leaving the bottom uncovered, and over the top put a cover of crust,

cutting large slits to let the juice out. To prepare the fruit, all sorts of berries and quick-cooking apples can be put raw into the baking dish; but some fruit, such as hard cooking apples and pie-plant, need a little preparatory stewing. Sweeten the fruit well, and if you have honey to do this with it will be much better for your stomachs and quit as well for your tastes; dust a little flour over the top of extra juicy fruit and some add a bit of butter. The top crust of pies is sometimes rubbed with the white of an egg, or a little cream, or they may be brushed over with the yolk or whole egg beaten. Prepare a dip or sauce for your fruit pudding of cream and sugar flavored, or stir a spoonful of butter and flour rubbed together into a pint of boiling water, and flavor with nutmeg and lemon.

The Clothes We Wear.

COSTUME FOR THE BICYCLE.

Cycling for women has become very popular in Paris, and as a consequence the artists who use the needle there are devising some extremely pretty but very odd-looking costumes for women cyclists. The foundations for all is a divided skirt; or they were once called, a bloomer, and the jacket and short skirt, which in none of them reaches the knee, is the only chance left in which to make any decoration. The costumes all look like modifications of the bathing suit, and the hats worn with them are very simple in style and trimming. Physicians all over the country are recommending the bicycle for women, and some prominent physical culturists declare that cycling is a better all-round exercise than any one exercise, unless it be swimming. It is fully equal in all points to horseback riding, and in some things, especially for women, it is far superior. The position is not the awkward twisted position assumed by most women who ride horseback, and there is no danger of the bicycle becoming unmanageable; while it costs nothing for keep and is clean and easily kept in repair. There are a few women riding in this Territory, but they have not yet adopted the extremes of costumes worn by the Paris ladies. It will be a step in the right direction when they do.

HORSEBACK RIDING.

Speaking of this mode of diverting exercise, I am reminded of a costume I saw worn by a charming young girl who lives in one of our adjacent country towns. I was strolling down the sidewalk, waiting for my train, when down the street came an easy going horse, and upon his back sat a straight-backed young girl, clad in a dress of grey flannel. The jacket was plain and underneath were no corsets I could easily see, but it was trim and neat for all that; the hat was a modest, narrow-brimmed, round hat. But the cut of the skirt and the position of the girl on the horse attracted my keen attention. The skirt looked like an ordinary one when viewed from one side only, but there was also a skirt on the other side, and thus I perceived it was a real divided skirt—for all it was loose, not drawn in at the ankle, but swept out gracefully with the motion of the horse. The lady sat astride the animal, and her motions were so graceful, her dress so unique, and her whole appearance so charming, that I exclaimed.