

## ABOUT THE HOUSE.

### Bleaching and Cleaning.

A correspondent writes:—Men's straw hats, white leghorn, white chip—all light-colored straws—may be bleached in the following manner: Dissolve oxalic acid (powder) in hot water and scrub the straw with the solution, then rinse the hat off in warm water. Use a small brush for the purpose, since the bristles can be pushed into the meshes of the straw better than a cloth can be. Besides, as the acid is poison, one does not wish to run any risk of getting any of it into a possible break in the skin of one's fingers, as might be the case if a cloth were used. Five cents' worth will be sufficient to cleanse a number of hats. Use hot water enough to thoroughly dissolve the powder. For one or two hats a fourth of five cents worth of powder will be enough. This is the method of bleaching used by milliners now.

Colored leaves of artificial flowers may be effectively re-stiffened by an application of mucilage. Lay the leaves on a flat surface and brush over the under side with the mucilage, and let dry thoroughly.

### Don't Make Your Own Soap.

There is no article of commerce to-day that sold at a lower price for the value than soap. If bought by the box, from two to three dollars will supply an ordinary-sized family for a year. We recently bought a box of 100 bars of an excellent grade of soap for \$3.75. And think of any busy, over-taxed housekeeper trying to compete with such prices. I would advise every busy farmer's wife to give all meat refuse to the dog, have the ashes scattered in the vegetable and fruit gardens, and relegate soap-making with the industries of our fathers.

### How to Keep Eggs.

Slake a piece of lime the size of an egg in a gallon of water, and when cold pour it over the eggs laid in a stone jar or large butter pot. The eggs should all be turned point downward. Cover them and keep them in the cellar or in any cool place. Be very careful to choose perfectly fresh eggs as one bad one will necessitate removing all the others, washing the jar and pouring over freshly prepared limed water. Eggs can be kept in this way from one spring-time until the next. They can be used in any manner except for meringues, for which the white does not attain the required stiffness. If laid down when eggs are very cheap and marketed as limed eggs when other eggs are very dear, they can be sold at a good profit to the salesman.—Housewife.

Here is a recipe which several of our neighbors have tried, and with satisfactory results. In a barrel or box that can be headed up place first a layer of salt and then a layer of eggs on their ends, and so on, a layer of salt and eggs alternately. In the course of a few months the box should be turned from one end to the other several times.—A Subscriber.

### Children Should Rise Early.

One of the evils of the day seems to me to be the tendency to let children stay up late at night and then lie abed far into the day. Children need eight or nine hours' sound sleep. We think any child over 12 years of age can rise at 5 or 6 o'clock. To do this they should be in bed at 9 o'clock. Through the summer we contend it would do them more good to retire at 8 and rise at 4 than retire at 11 and rise at 7 or 8. How few young people know the beauties of the early morn; its freshness, its stillness, its sweetness. To the early riser the world, in its freshness, as the birds are singing their morning praises and the sun is coming in sight to smile on dew-wet leaves and blades of grass, is not the same that it is hours afterward amid the heat, dust and noise of the active day. If the young once learned to begin the day with these lovely sights and sounds they would make their morning's invocation ever after.

### Recipes.

Frozen Peaches.—One can, or twelve large peaches, two coffee cups of sugar, one pint of water and the beaten whites of three eggs; break the peaches and stir all ingredients together. Freeze like ice-cream. Delicious.

Chicken Fritters.—Chop cold chicken, but not too fine, season with salt, pepper and a little lemon juice, mix all together well and let it stand about one hour, make a batter of two eggs, one pint of milk, a little salt, and flour enough to make a good batter, stir the chicken into this and drop it by spoonfuls into boiling fat; fry brown, drain well and serve hot; cold veal can be utilized in this way, and will be found nearly as nice as the chicken.

Salad Dressing.—This valued recipe for salad dressing is a well-tried favorite, and will be liked by those who prefer to use cream rather than olive oil. It will keep for two or three days, or more: One egg; butter, the size of a filbert; one large teaspoonful of white sugar. Beat these well together, and slowly add two tablespoonfuls of cream, a little pepper and salt, one-half teaspoonful of mustard; when all is beaten to a smooth cream stir in quickly four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and set in boiling water until it is cooked. [Some will prefer it sweeter and with less vinegar, in which case reduce the strength of the vinegar, and increase the amount of sugar.] It should be of a rich, creamy consistency when done, and should be strained through a fine sieve unless perfectly free from lumps.

### An Unsteady Light.

I'm very glad I don't live in Rome, remarked Mrs. Bickers. Why? asked her husband. I'm sure I never could learn to read by the lights of Roman candles.

## FIGHTING SMOKE.

### A New Conscience for the Protection of Firemen.

An invention has just been approved by the New York Fire Department which will enable the firemen to work in the dense smoke without being smothered. After trying many kinds of asbestos suits, rubber suits with cells containing water, and other inventions, it has been decided that the only practicable protection for firemen would be something in the form of a respirator.

The respirator which has just been approved consists of a reservoir strapped on the fireman's back, which is to filter and purify the air conveyed to his mouth by a hose. The filtration is accomplished in three parallel tubes which constitute the reservoir. These tubes are about 8 inches long and 3 inches in diameter. The two outer tubes are charged with layers of bone, coal and cotton, the smoky air going through them being cleansed of its smoke and passing into the middle tubes to be cooled. This cooling is effected by glycerine, which also further purifies the air and absorbs all chemical poison.

From the glycerine tube the air passes up the hose into the valve box and thence to the mouth through a rubber mouthpiece. When the air is inhaled it passes from the hose and into the mouth. All air exhaled simply goes out through an opening in the mouthpiece. Thus the fireman need never remove his mouth from the mouthpiece.



FIREMEN USING RESPIRATOR.

In other respirators each exhalation is accomplished by taking the mouthpiece away, expelling the air from the lungs and replacing it for the next inhalation. There is danger in this method of the fireman making a mistake and filling his lungs with smoke. The simple process of drawing in the breath sucks the smoky air up through the purifying tubes, up the hose and through the mouthpiece into the lungs.

The eyes of the fireman are protected by a heavy pair of closed spectacles, which rigidly exclude the smoke. A spring clip placed on the nose closes the nostrils and prevents the accidental inhalation of smoke.

When thus equipped a fireman can work for nearly an hour, it is said, in an atmosphere which would choke him in twenty seconds if unprotected. The whole apparatus only weighs five pounds, and can be adjusted in a few seconds.

A test of the apparatus was made some time ago. In a temporary wooden hut a lot of rags, sulphur and grease was ignited and the door closed, so that the interior soon became full of gas and stifling smoke. An ordinary citizen would have been instantly overcome by the fumes, and the firemen who tried it could not stay more than a few seconds.

### A HOLIDAY LOVING FOLK.

#### How the People of New Zealand Enjoy Themselves.

The colonists of New Zealand are a holiday-making people. There is almost an average of one recognized holiday to a month, and it is a common practice for all working people to take two or more days at Christmas, the New Year and Easter, so as to make an unbroken playtime of three or four days including Sundays. Then the great mass of the people give themselves up to amusement. Horse races, athletic sports, boat races and excursions are carried on in every available spot, and are attended by large and well-behaved crowds. The commonest of all holiday amusements, however, is the picnic. The several trades, sects and societies have picnics of their own, to which the public are cordially welcomed on the payment of a small sum towards the expense of the entertainment.

It is amusing to the railway traveller to note, as he passes through some pretty countryside, not one or two, but perhaps fifty, different picnics in full swing, each numbering scores or hundreds of guests. It has been said, with much more truth than is usually to be found in epigrams of this kind, that "in New Zealand people are like cattle. You need only turn a number of them into a pasture and leave them alone, and they will be perfectly happy."

On a warm and tempting New Year's Day an enterprising burglar might walk through a New Zealand city and help himself undisturbed, to the contents of most of the houses. Dwellings and streets are alike deserted, and the casual sojourner who does not understand the ways of the place seeks in vain for somebody to speak to. By six or seven in the evening the streets are lively with returning crowds.

## SOME "DON'TS" FOR FISHERMEN.

### Very Important Piscatorial Hints Which Will Save You a Whole Lot of Trouble and Help You to Fill Your Basket.

Don't yank.  
Don't get snagged.  
Don't troll too fast.  
Don't forget the bait.  
Don't try fancy casts.  
Don't step on your rod.  
Don't try to cast too far.  
Don't sit on your rod tips.  
Don't buy "cheap" tackle.  
Don't forget the back cast.  
Don't let your reel overrun.  
Don't strike on a slack line.  
Don't let it be overdone.  
Don't fish with untied tackle.  
Don't put your fish in the sun.  
Don't grab a catfish by the fins.  
Don't keep your bait in the sun.  
Don't neglect to dry your lines.  
Don't strike a fish with both hands.  
Don't carry your rod tip foremost.  
Don't wear strange sporting clothes.  
Don't try to land your fish too soon.  
Don't try to cover too much ground.  
Don't cast across your neighbor's line.  
Don't put pickeral in trout streams.  
Don't let your fish run under the boat.  
Don't snap off your bait when you cast.  
Don't give slack line to a fighting bait.  
Don't stamp in the bottom of the boat.  
Don't try to steal the other fellow's bite.

## MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

### NOW AN UMBRELLA DISTURBS THE DOMESTIC PEACE.

Mr. B. Didn't Have It When Caught in The Rain.—Mrs. B. Held Responsible for the Breaching—Other Trifling Incidents That Break the Harmony of Life.

It was pouring rain when Mr. Bowser came home the other evening, and Mrs. Bowser, who was watching for him from a front window, saw that he was soaking wet and realized that a scene was at hand. She opened the front door for him with the remark:

"I'm so sorry! Get into some dry clothes right away."

Mr. Bowser made no reply. He hung up his hat, walked into the sitting-room with his feet all muddy and the wet dripping from his clothes, and then turned on her with:

"Mrs. Bowser, what did I say to you as I left the house this morning? Don't attempt any evasion, now, but tell me what I said!"

"Why, I remember you said it looked a bit like rain," she answered.

"I said it would rain before night, and it has! I'm wet to the hide!"

"That's too bad!"

"Too bad! And whose fault is it?" My mind was occupied with business affairs, and you knew it was, and yet you saw me walk off without an umbrella! Mrs. Bowser, I—

"Why, you took your umbrella along," she interrupted.

"Never!"

"Of course you did! Don't you remember dropping it at the gate? You walked right out of the office and left it there."

"I did, eh? Why don't you call me a first class idiot and be done with it?"

"You must have done so, for you surely carried it away with you."

That's exactly what he did do, and he knew it, but he squirmed out of it by offering to bet her a million dollars to a cent that the front door had been left wide open all the afternoon, and that a half-thief had carried off half the things down stairs.

One morning there was a smell of gas down cellar, and Mr. Bowser went down to see if he could discover a leak. He put on an old hat kept for "poking around," and when he left the house he wore it away. It was rusty and spouted and broken, but it was only when the boys down town began to "shoot that hat" that he tumbled to it. Then he flew back with his eyes hanging out and his face plum-colored, and he was so soon inside the house than he shouted:

"Look at it, Mrs. Bowser—look at that infernal old junk-shop which you deliberately saw me wear away on my head and never said a word about it!"

"Did you wear that hat down town?"

"Did I! Did I!" he shouted, as he banged it on the floor and jumped on it. "But I didn't see you go. I was up stairs when you went. Mr. Bowser, you are certainly very absent-minded."

"I am, eh? I wonder that I don't forget to come home, isn't it! Mrs. Bowser, there is another house in the United States as badly mismanaged as this I'd like to see it!"

"But can you blame me because you wore your old hat away?" she protested. "That's it—that's it! Shoulder it off on me! The papers talk about the startling number of divorces. It's a wonder to me there are not five times as many!"

One day Mr. Bowser brought home a patent cork-screw, which some fakir had sold him, and Mrs. Bowser saw him drop it into a wall-pocket. A week later, after wandering around the house for half an hour one evening, he halted before her and said:

"I'll be hanged if I don't get some chains and padlocks and see if I can't have things left where I put them!"

"What is it now?"

"I brought home a can-opener a few days ago and left it on a bracket in the dining-room. It's gone, of course—probably given away to some big, lazy tramp! It's a wonder we have a thing left in this house!"

"A can-opener?"

"Yes, a can-opener. If you never heard of a can-opener I'll hire some one to write you out a history of it. It was invented to open cans."

"Why, we have two or three in the kitchen. Do you mean a can-opener?"

"I don't mean wind-mills or thrashing mach'nes."

"You had it in a pink paper?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"It was the day the man fixed the gate?"

"It was."

"Well, I saw you drop it in that wall-pocket, and it is a cork-screw and not a can-opener."

"It is, eh? Perhaps I don't know a hitching-post from the city hall!" he growled as he reached for the parcel and unrolled it. It was a cork-screw. It could only be used as a cork-screw. It was made and sold for a cork-screw.

"Didn't I tell you?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"Tell me what! You told me it was a cork-screw, and it's a can-opener, just as I said it was!"

"It's a cork-screw, Mr. Bowser, as everybody will tell you."

"I say it's a can-opener, and if all the world was to say to the contrary it would still be a can-opener. Mrs. Bowser, I don't like your demeanor. No wife should stand up and dispute with her husband. When I don't know how to run this house I'll step down and out. While we are on the subject let me ask where that screw-driver is I was using upstairs a week ago? I wanted for it two whole hours last evening. Perhaps you'll call that a cork-screw, too?"

"You were boring a hole to put up a hook?"

"Yes'm—boring a hole."

"And you used a gimlet and left it lying on the window-sill!"

"Woman!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he pranced around, "don't I know a gimlet from a screw-driver?"

"Does any one bore holes with a screw-driver?" she queried in reply. Then there was deep silence for a minute,

during which Mr. Bowser turned red and white and breathed like a foundered horse. "Mrs. Bowser!" he said at length, and in a broken voice, "this is the limit—the last straw! Our lawyers will get together to-morrow and fix things up, and you can return to your mother. I don't want any dinner, and I shall be very busy this evening. Good-night!"

## MONEY MARKS.

### The World Has a Way of Doing Things Backward.

Did it ever strike you as being at all peculiar that we should use the dollar mark (\$) before instead of after the figure, in expressing the sum of 5, 10, 20 or any other number of dollars? We may say "twenty-five dollars" plain enough for any one to understand, but as soon as we put the expression into figures and characters it is "dollars twenty-five" (\$25) instead of 25\$, as it should be.

Nor is this all that is peculiar in this connection. In every country which has a written language and a system of coinage the abbreviation for the unit of value precedes the figures.

In England the pound mark (£) is used in the same manner that the dollar mark is used in this country, while the same peculiarity is noticeable in Germany, where the abbreviation m. (for mark) appears preceding the number, just as the French abbreviation fr. (for franc) is used in France.

If abbreviations are not used the legend is more apt to be correct. We find that in Mexico they have a "2½ pesos" instead of "p 2½," as one might expect, and in Newfoundland they have a plain two-dollar piece. So, too, in France, where the abbreviation is not used we find such pieces as "10 francs," "20 francs" and "40 francs."

In Germany they have a piece marked "X thaler," which is all very plain, but the moment a clerk, bookkeeper or other person makes an entry or jots down a memorandum he tells you that it is a "th. X." The English pound sign, which is believed to be the oldest monetary abbreviation now in use, is the old initial letter by which the Romans expressed "pounds," just as we use the "lb." It has been suggested that we use our money abbreviation backward because the Romans in expressing "pounds" always said "libra decem" instead of "decem libra," the first being "pounds ten" and the latter "ten pounds."

When their initial letter or character was used it always preceded the figures thus: "£10" instead of the reverse. Thus the whole world has got in the habit of doing these things backward.

## MYSTERIOUS MISS DECKER.

### Eccentric Afflictions of a Young Woman Caused by a Fall.

Miss Belle Decker, daughter of Wickham Decker, of Brunswick, N. Y., died a few days ago. She was a mystery to physicians, and many prominent experts from New York City examined her, but were unable to diagnose the case.

Just about a year ago Belle fell down a stairway in her father's house. When she was helped up the girl complained of her back hurting her. She continued to attend school, however, for two weeks, when she lost the power of speech entirely, and though suffering from no apparent physical trouble, began to waste away.

What puzzled the physicians the most, however, was her sudden loss of the power of speech. Her sense of hearing was unusually acute, and yet she could not utter a word, although before this illness Belle had been a good conversationalist. She learned the dumb alphabet, and from that time on was able to carry on conversation with the members of her family and others.

During the year's illness she gained a foot in height, but just before her death weighed but thirty pounds. Last Monday at midnight Belle's older sister, who was watching at her bedside, was startled to hear the former suddenly exclaim: "I can't stand this any longer. I'm dying!" They were the only words the suffering girl uttered. She sank back upon her pillow and was unable to talk afterward, although many expedients were tried to induce her to talk. Within twenty-four hours thereafter she died.

## May Lead to War.

The patience of France is to be put to a severe trial by the celebrations of German victories which are to take place during the next few weeks. There will be cheap excursions to points of interest, including such battlefields as lie within the territory which was transferred from France to Germany as a result of the war. A congress of veterans' unions will be held at Strasbourg. The fall of the city will be commemorated, and the veterans will receive medals struck from the captured cannon. It would be generous for the victors to refrain from these demonstrations, but the truth is that the value of war as a breeder of noble and chivalrous sentiment has been much over-estimated. Zola, in the "Debauche," has done a service to humanity by stripping war of its illusions and showing its ugly and repulsive features.

## Liquidation.

Northside (as he and Spiffins move toward the bar)—There's Birmingham yonder. I owe him \$10 which I can't pay, so I'll have to ask him to take a drink with us.

Spiffins—In other words, as you can't satisfy his claim you'll liquidate it.

## His Golden Wedding.

Dibbins—Coming around to my golden wedding next week?

Brooks (indignantly)—Your golden wedding? Why, man, you're not 35.

Dibbins—No; but I've bagged an heir.