

SCIENTIFIC.

Cold rain-water and soap will take out machine grease where other means would not be advisable on account of colors running, etc.

To preserve and mount sea weed, place it in a large bowl of water above a shallow dish piece of glass. When it has expanded, lift them carefully out of the water on the glass. Arrange the sea-weed with the aid of a fine paint brush, lifting off superfluous pieces, and spreading out those that lie too thickly. Press between sheets of blotting paper.

The *Lancet* publishes an article giving an account of the successful treatment of certain diseases by the injection of the mineral waters of the Pyrenees. The article claims that it destroys the bacillus in all malignant pustules, and is a specific in this class of disease. As physicians have found the carbuncle always dangerous, and almost beyond the reach of remedies, this suggestion may prove of great value to the profession and to sufferers.

No healthy person need be too stout if only proper attention is paid to diet. Those who are afflicted should abstain from, or eat very sparingly of, potatoes, sugar, bread, butter, and all fatty or starchy kinds of food; while, in the matter of drinks, milk and chocolate are to be avoided. A stout person may partake freely of lean meat, green vegetables, and fresh fruit. Nuts are to be avoided, as they are oily and therefore fattening.

To prevent mental bankruptcy, avoid, first, excessive indulgence of the emotions; second, frantic desultory efforts to accomplish in one hour an amount of mental work appropriate to double that amount of time; third, every species of excess which experience has proved leads to general constitutional drain; fourth, attempting to do two things at one and the same time; fifth, petty social and other engagements which interfere with the function of sleep; sixth, indigestible food.

A cement which is proof against even boiling acids may be made by a composition of India-rubber, tallow, lime, and red lead. The India-rubber must first be melted by a gentle heat in benzine, and then six to eight per cent. by weight of tallow is added to the mixture while it is kept well stirred; the next day slaked lime is applied, until the fluid mass assumes a consistence similar to that of soft putty; lastly, twenty per cent. of red lead is added, in order to make it harden and dry.

Good wheaten bread should be well baked (not burnt), light, and spongy, the crumb being well permeated with little cavities. It should be thoroughly kneaded, of good color (white or brown), not acid to the taste, not bitter, not too moist. When set aside, the lower part should not become sodden. A four-pound loaf loses about one ounce and a quarter in twenty-four hours, about five ounces in forty-eight hours, and about seven ounces in sixty hours. This loss will vary with the temperature, draughts of air, etc.

Dr. Cognell mentions in the *Moniteur Therapeutique* that, having as a patient a little boy with rheumatic fever, in whom salicylates produced severe gastric disturbance, he had recourse to compresses saturated with a ten-per-cent. solution of salicylate of soda and covered with olinin bound round the most acutely inflamed joints. The next day the pain and swelling had disappeared from these and the patient returned to his normal condition. The joints had not been so treated remained exactly in their previous condition. These latter were afterwards relieved in a similar manner.

If oil has been recently spilled on a carpet or floor, put on plenty of wheat-flour or whiting to absorb the oil as much as possible. If the spots is near a seam, it is well to open the carpet and place the whiting underneath as well. The next day sweep up with a stiff brush the flour above and beneath the carpet, and put on plenty of fresh flour. If spots persist in remaining after this treatment, they can be removed by rubbing with flannel dipped in spirits of turpentine or benzine. Others use a preparation made by mixing a little soap in a gallon of soft water, and then adding half an ounce of borax. Wash the part well with a clean cloth, and the spot will soon disappear.

Halle recommends the following application in furuncle—Tannic acid, one part; powdered gum-arabic, one part; tincture of arnica flowers, two parts. This is to be painted over the boil and for a little distance around it, several coats being applied until it forms a thick crust. Halle states that this mode of treatment quickly relieves the pain and diminishes the swelling. When taken in time, the boil disappears without the formation of pus; and, when this has already occurred, the application causes extrusion of the core and prompt healing of the furuncle.

The prevailing fault of a large proportion of toilet and fancy soaps is that they contain such quantities of "free alkali" as to render them decidedly injurious to tender and sensitive skins when habitually used. Although the general public has not as yet been thoroughly "educated up" to the point of appreciating the magnitude of this evil, yet most persons whose skins are extremely sensitive find by experience, this winter, or during the prevalence of easterly winds, that frequent washing with soap and water is impossible without producing much personal discomfort, unless they use selected kinds of soap to which experience has guided them. Many such persons discard soap altogether in favor of materials like alkaline and powders which do not contain alkaline matters.

A New and Valuable Oil.

There are now enormous crops of peanuts grown in our Southern States, as well as in Africa and South America. The peanut is relished by many people whose digestion is strong. It makes an economical and fattening food for hogs and cattle, but its chief value now is the oil it produces. Under proper manipulation the nut yields nearly fifty per cent. of a bland, almost colorless fixed oil, not unlike olive oil, and used for similar purposes. It is a non-drying oil, and remains fluid at several degrees below the freezing point of water. Some of our finest and most valuable toilet soaps are made from this delicious extract from the peanut.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabia Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIBBLIST," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.—(CONTINUED.)

Return we, almost with the morning dawn, to Arabi Pasha's headquarters at the arsenal, so chosen perhaps because the narrow neck of land at that point very nearly surrounded the peninsula on which the Residency palace is built into an island, and so, in a manner, made him the Khedive's jailer at the outer gates thereof.

But though the war minister is as yet the master of the situation, his sovereign to all intents and purposes his prisoner, and all Egypt looking him up and ready to stand by him, we find him in this especial morning ill at ease and with less confidence than usual as to the future, for three of his leading generals have disturbed him thus early, and each had been the bearer of unwelcome tidings.

Suleiman Zoghel Effendi has brought the news that the populace are eager for another European massacre, and that the troops can't be relied upon for preventing it.

Salim Pasha, afterwards known as "The Merciful," is bearer of the intelligence that an immense reward has been offered secretly by the Khedive for his head, and that the Sultan of Turkey has veered round again under British pressure and is about to dispatch thirty thousand troops to Egypt to help restore the authority of Tewfik.

Toulba Pasha, the last arrival and commonly called "Arabi's Brain," bringing the information that the British admiral had sent an express to the palace, urging the Khedive to come off to the fleet, so as to escape all dangers from the bombardment that he intended immediately to open upon the forts.

This last intelligence seemed to cheer the war minister rather than otherwise, for he exclaimed:

"If Tewfik accepts the situation all is well, for by the law of nations, for a sovereign ruler to seek refuge from his own subjects on foreign soil or aboard a foreign vessel is an act of abdication. The Khedival throne will be empty from the moment that Tewfik plants foot on the deck of an English ironclad. I could desire nothing better."

But at this juncture a fourth high official entered the Hall of Councils, and being angrily questioned by the minister as to what he had to tell, made answer as follows:

"Your excellency, the Khedive has declined to quit his palace at the British admiral's invitation, saying he will not desert his faithful people merely because he is menaced by a military insurrection, but will rather cast his lot with the rebels."

"That looks like business, gentlemen," said Arabi Pasha, with a grim smile.

"If the Feringshee means what you should we be bandying mere words?" growled Suleiman Effendi, with a hand on his sword hilt; whereas the fierce Toulba Pasha exclaimed: "If Tewfik won't quietly leave the land of which he has been the source and oppressor, why not shoot him in a grove, there and place his Excellency, the Obese of the Nation, in his place. What is one life when thousands are menaced?"

"Silence!" said Arabi, sternly. "A crime such as you hint at, Toulba, never yet advanced the interests of any cause. I put my trust in Allah and the strength of a good and righteous cause. But I do not intend to remain idle. My forte are ready, my guns are loaded, the only word audible being the name of Tewfik."

He found Nellie's father and mother anxiously awaiting him in a room furnished in a manner that suggested a compromise between official and private life.

"What I have to tell you concerning her must be received in the strictest confidence," said the war minister impressively, "by reason that the life of my informant might be endangered were it otherwise, for harem secrets are the most dangerous of all secrets to be acquainted with, since the betrayal of the smallest of them is death, with sometimes the most terrible tortures superadded."

Mr. and Mrs. Trezarr were much impressed by this speech, and whilst its solemnity caused them to tremble for their daughter's safety, it induced them to promise their best in one breath that they would take his advice and be guided by him in all things.

"It is well," replied Arabi; "know then that our dear Nellie is a prisoner in the Khedival seraglio at the Ras-el-Tin Palace and in the power, moreover, of one who hates her and will sacrifice her to an insane jealousy unless she is prevented."

CHAPTER XLV.

NELLIE'S FATHER AND MOTHER SET OUT TO DELIVER HER.

Hardly had the war minister finished speaking when a captain of artillery entered the hall, and advancing, in obedience to a waved permission, whispered something in Arabi Pasha's ear, the only word audible being the name of Trezarr.

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feel to elate I over such a trivial thing, for the woman imagined it to be anything more than a silver ornament never struck her for an instant.

Feeling slightly hungry and intensely thirsty, for the wants of our fallen nature will assert themselves in the most unfortunate and the most beautiful, Nellie now turned to her cakes and coffee, and after sending a couple of the former she drank a cup of the latter.

No sooner had she swallowed it down, however, than a strange, burning taste came into her mouth, and the grew conscious that her throat had been increased instead of lessened, and increased to a most painful degree in addition.

So this was a fresh torture that had been devised for her, and as she remembered having read of some said harem princess who had been tormented in this manner by the Khedive, she shuddered, for the thought that perhaps she meant to give her nothing to drink but this draught of coffee, and so to render her in time a raving maniac.

To overcome such thoughts, or at all events in order to try to overcome them, she went over to the window, and through the strong bars of her cage gazed for hours upon the fair world outside.

An interruption came in a most marvellous form, that is to say, in the shape of the Princess Zehneh, carrying in her hand a whip and followed closely by Elmarz the buffoon, having a closely stoppered glass jar under each arm.

As she placed these on the floor our heroine perceived that one was half full of scented water, the other of centipedes, the two most revolting, repellant and deadly of Egyptian reptiles.

She would have shrieked at the sight, for she felt that they were intended for her and knew not that, save by their dreadful stinking as they crawled over her, and perhaps fought each other upon her, they were innocuous by reason of their stings and poisonous nature, which had been removed.

But after Elmarz had put down the two jars she disappeared again and then a second time returned bearing a basin, a jug of water, soft towels, perfumed soap and delicate flesh gloves, whereupon the princess observed with an evil smile:

"The white rose of the Feringshees will have to perform her ablutions in her own room, for the bath has been removed from the harem by my brother's wife and favorites. I myself, however, will be her attendant, assisted by the good Elmarz."

"Oh, you mean to hurt me," sobbed Nellie. "What have you got that whip for if it isn't to beat me with? You shall lash me with my clothes on if you do it at all, and I will struggle to the death before you shall set those terrible reptiles to bite and sting me."

Having said this much she essayed to smother the glass of the window, fancying that could she but succeed she might be able to make her shrieks audible to some of the people who were in the boats, but, as though divining her intentions, the buffoon, who was as strong as any man, sprang upon her, forced her away and sent her reeling across the floor.

"Strip!" exclaimed the princess, fiercely cracking her whip. "Off with everything that you have on—everything, I say. Ah, you have lost your talisman, your amulet, haven't you, you white witch? The devil can't save you from us now. That is why you tremble so, I suppose."

Nellie could not understand what she meant, but cried, nevertheless, for mercy.

But "Strip! Strip!" was all that the princess could utter in reply.

But, as though Nellie read her every thought, and her interlocking aspiration as well, she would not commence to disrobe, so that at an imperious command from the princess she flung open her drawers and remained as passive as though she had been a lay figure in the hands of her assailant.

Off came her dress, then the Princess sprang forward, whip in hand, and alack! she slashed, slashed, with all her strength and fury, at all that warm palpitating and snowy loveliness, the ornel thong licking around back and arms and bosom, and eliciting from the beautiful sufferer shriek after shriek of anguish.

CHAPTER XLVII.

SHOWS WHAT RESULTED FROM A FORGOTTEN PAIR OF SHOES.

There was nothing to be done simply because it was too late to do anything.

The heavy footstep had already reached the centre one of the three rooms, and now a shrill female voice was heard exclaiming in not very excellent French:

"Those are my child's screams! They are torturing her! They are surely killing her!"

There was a single word in response, and the princess, dropping her whip, exclaimed: "It is my brother, the Khedive! Oh, I am lost! I am lost! What shall I say or do?"

Then in an instant her face changed its expression, and seeing hold of Nellie by one of her snowy shoulders, she hissed in her ear, whilst her brilliant eyes seemed to emit rays of light:

"Now it is your turn to have vengeance upon me. My life is in your hands and you must know it. The secret of the opal ring and the lotus flower will destroy me. Well, be it so. I would sooner enjoy another buffet at you than cringe to you for pity."

She smother her with both clenched fists at once and as hard as she could strike, and as Nellie staggered backward with a gasp and a half choking sob, she herself turned sharp round with quivering nostrils, compressed lips and flashing eyes, looking like a superb Cleopatra defying her Roman conquerors, to face those that were coming to disturb her at her inhuman sport, while Elmarz, the buffoon, flew to the other end of the room, and crouching down hid herself behind a pile of cushions.

The next instant, or rather that very instant, the door was dashed open, and in the aperture Prince Tawfik, the Khedive,

came to a full stop, whilst Mrs. Trezarr, rushing in, was met by Nellie half way, who, with a paroxysm of sobbing, threw herself into the maternal arms, which, as well as the maternal cloak, was thrown around her.

"What is the meaning of this scene?" demanded the Khedive, furiously, of his sister.

"You had better ask her. You don't expect me to criminate myself, and I am far too proud to excuse or to attempt to excuse myself, even to you," was the disdainful answer.

The princess knew that did her smarting victim tell the story of the lotus flower and of the opal ring as she had related it to her on the preceding day, her doom would be death for having received one of the male sex within the seraglio walls, and how could she hope that she would not tell it after such barbaric treatment as she had just received at her hands?

What was her astonishment when she heard the Feringshee girl exclaim:

"Oh, your highness, I don't wish to say anything. I won't say anything. I have no malice. I only want to forgive the princess and to go away with my mother, that is all."

Her highness gave a great gasp as of relief, but said no word of thanks, and the proud, defiant look still remained on her countenance.

Indeed the Khedive looked the most relieved of the two, for he would undoubtedly have executed justice upon his sister according to strict Moslem law, he yet seemed to feel very glad that Nellie had saved him the necessity of doing so.

A quarter of an hour later Nellie quitted the Ras-el-Tin palace between her father and mother and surrounded by the armed guards of the war minister, but Prince Tawfik, the Khedive, quitted it not, for despite all the representations and revelations that Mr. Trezarr had made to him concerning his immediate return, trial and execution for treason to the state it he remained on Egyptian soil, on Egyptian soil he was determined to remain notwithstanding.

Nellie and her rescuers had hardly got outside the palace gates when she inquired with some curiosity whether they were about to take her, and not being satisfied with such vague answers as "To a place of safety, my dear," and so on, she plied the question again and again until Mr. Trezarr was driven at last to exclaim:

"We are going to the war minister's."

"I would rather die than marry the war minister. And, besides, I have not been a widow twenty-four hours," said Nellie.

"A widow? The child has taken leave of her senses," gasped Mr. Trezarr.

"No, I have not. I wish to heaven that I had," wailed out Nellie. "I was married to poor Frank in the Catholic church here yesterday morning, only a couple of hours before he was killed by the mob whilst we were on our way to the harbor."

It will be remembered that Arabi Pasha had told the Trezarrs nothing at all of this, as he had not the slightest desire that Nellie should know that her Christian husband still lived, for he trusted that her grief, her despair and that state of bodily and mental prostration in which the victim can hardly be said to care what happens to her would cause the lovely girl to obey her parent's wishes in all things.

Those parents, however, were perfectly bothered and bewildered at what their child had just told them, though it was not long before Mr. Trezarr thought he saw a way out of the scrape.

"Oh, a Pagan ceremony is nothing," said he. "You were brought up a Protestant, Nell, and a Roman marriage is, of course, no more binding on your conscience than jumping over a broomstick would be. Besides, the—the poor fellow is dead—was killed two hours after you were—were imposed upon by a lot of nonsense. Of course, I'm sorry for him, very; but for all that, you are as much Miss Trezarr and as little Miss Donnelly as ever you were."

"I am so much Mrs. Donnelly, papa, that I shall retain the name all my life through, and I, myself, chose the service of the Catholic church because I esteemed it the most holy, solemn, binding and God blessed of all marriage services," replied our heroine firmly.

What answer Mr. Trezarr would have made to such a terrible speech as this, had he been able to make any reply at all, it is hard to tell, but as it was he opened his mouth to let a stone in instead of wisdom—a stone that caused him to swallow two of his teeth and a great deal of blood from a cut lip as well.

This missile proved to be the advance guard of many such, and from that point all the way to the arsenal the crowd strove its utmost to get at the European whom the soldiers were guarding.

At last, however, the arsenal gates were reached and opened and the Trezarrs and their escort gained the haven of shelter, though followed by a perfect rain of missiles from behind the hastily reloaded barriers.

Sam Jones on Money.

The Rev. Sam Jones, whatever his other characteristics, has a truly Scriptural regard for money. If he is correctly reported, he says: "I have no use whatever for money; I have all the money I want. My needs are supplied bountifully. My family is comfortable and happy, and I can't see what on earth I would do with money if I had it. A couple of hundred dollars in the bank is an abundance, and is all I have. As long as a man has plenty for his wife and children and himself he ought to be contented. I don't think the Lord sent me out into the world to make money; but He did send me out into the world to do good. As far as my wife is concerned, my life is insured for \$12,000, the interest on which, when I am gone, will be enough to keep her and as for my children, I don't want to leave them \$1. If they are any account they won't need it; if they are no good, money would be a curse to them."

"Can you tell me," he asked, as he entered the office the other day, "why the railroads should discriminate so heavily against dressed meat over live-stock?"

"Certainly, sir; dressed meat is dead, isn't it?"

"Of course." "Well, anything that can't kick is always bulldozed by a railroad company."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Practical Recipes.

SAUSAGES.—If fried, it must be long and gently, but they are much better if baked in the oven with a little water. This steams and thoroughly cooks them; they should be baked until slowly browned and they will not be as dry as when fried. Serve with potatoes, dried apple sauce, plain stewed apples without sugar or sour pickles.

COOKIES.—One cup of powdered sugar, one-half cup of butter, one egg, one-half cup of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda sifted three times through two cups of flour; one-half of a small nutmeg and a handful of raisins. Rub the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the egg, milk and spices and lay the dough on a roll thin, cut into round cakes and bake in a quick oven, pressing one cake into the centre of each cookie.

ROLL PUDDING.—Rub a piece of butter the size of an egg into one quart of flour in which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of cream-tartar and one teaspoonful of soda. Mix with sufficient sweet milk to make a dough that can be rolled out. After rolling it out into a sheet, spread with any kind of fruit, cream, sugar or preserved and then roll up, being careful to fold the ends so that the fruit will not run out. Steam one hour and eat with a sauce.

SOFT MUFFINS.—One quart of milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, a piece of butter the size of an egg, four tablespoonfuls of yeast, and sifted flour to make a stiff batter. Warm the milk and butter together, and add the salt; beat the eggs very light and stir them into the milk and butter; then stir in the yeast and last the flour. Cover the mixture and set it to rise for three hours or until light in a warm place. Bake in muffin rings or heated gem tins until a light brown. May be mixed at night and used for breakfast.

POCKEBOOK ROLLS.—Take at noon one pint of morning's milk, a piece of butter as large as an egg, one tablespoonful of sugar and a little salt; beat all together and when cool add one-half cup of yeast (or one-half of a yeast cake dissolved in one-half cup of water) and two quarts of flour; knead as you would bread and set in a warm place to rise. It will be light by six o'clock in the evening; then knead it again. At nine o'clock knead it down again, using as little flour as possible. In this work, without kneading about half an inch thick, spread very thin with butter, fold over, put in a buttered pan and after letting them rise a few minutes bake.

Household Hints.

A delicately made salad is hardly out of place anywhere. It may be served with roasts of every description, if we except game, and is even acceptable with boiled or fried fish.

Paper bags in which many articles are sent from the grocery stores should be saved for use when baking a stove. You can slip the hand into one of these and handle the brush just as well and the hand will not be soiled at all, and when through with them they can be dropped into the stove, being much preferable to the cloth bag or mitten, which requires frequent washing.

The tiny red ants which are such a nuisance in many pantries may be readily driven away if kerosene is freely used. These who have been troubled by them know that they always come in lines, coming through some crevice in the wall or floor, and following one after the other in regular order until they reach the shelf above. If kerosene is turned the entire length of this line also on the place where they come in the floor, etc., they will soon depart. You may need to repeat this a few times, but it is an easy and effectual method of getting rid of them. Leave the door and windows open awhile and the scent of kerosene will soon be gone.

The proper way to prepare beef tea for a sick person is to cut a good tender, juicy steak in small bits, roll slightly on a hot gridiron, press the juice by the use of a lemon squeezer in a cup previously heated; season with a pinch of salt and pepper, and administer at once in teaspoon doses. This is the pure blood of the beef, and without doubt is both food and strength for the patient. It should always be squeezed into a coffee or tea cup or previously heated, as it is allowed to cool slightly on a hot gridiron, it becomes curdled and is unfit for use. In this way, properly seasoned to suit the patient's taste, it is very palatable and rarely ever nauseates. Having had a great deal of experience in sick, I have found more good results follow from the use of beef food so prepared than by the use of all the beef teas ever made.

A Hopeful Electrical Invention.

It is a remarkable fact that while almost every month new uses are discovered for electricity, yet, as a matter of fact, for sixty years there has been no new means invented to produce the electrical current itself. We have to depend upon the zinc plate immersed in a bath of acid chemicals, or on friction for which a steam-engine would be used. But the destruction of the zinc in the one case, and the use of the steam in the other, involves a waste of power which in all, save a few particulars, makes electricity too costly to use either as an illuminant or a motive power. An electrical light is very powerful, but gas or oil is very much cheaper. A train of cars was run by electricity thirty years ago, and cost four times as much as steam. But now comes to the front Henry B. Ford, who claims to have discovered the secret of the cheap production of electricity. If he has succeeded, it will make the greatest revolution known to the history of industry. This new process discards the steam-engine, zinc, and the acids, and relies upon carbon in its cheapest and most accessible forms. Mr. Ford claims that with electricity alone, the debris of a gas house, the muck from a swamp, he can produce an electrical current sufficiently powerful to replace steam and produce light. Common salt or ocean water is all he needs with the carbonized materials, to induce the current. If his invention is what he claims for it, a steamship can go to sea with some waste carbon, one-tenth the volume of the coal which is now indispensable, and a motive can be developed which will cost but a trifle, and yet will be powerful enough to propel the heaviest and largest steamers from continent to continent. If there is anything in this invention, its possibilities are simply incalculable.