

THE HOUSEHOLD.

The Art of Dish-Washing.

It is hard, writes Mrs. C. T. Herrick, to make dish-washing poetical. Still, even ordinary mortals, by dint of giving the same amount of thought to this that they would to some more highly esteemed occupations, can convert it into something totally different from the unsavory business into which it degenerates when left to the hands of careless or ill-trained servants.

Nearly every household has some favorite preparation for brightening silver and brasses. Among those which accomplish this without injuring the articles to which they are applied may be mentioned: For silver, silver soap and electro-silicon. No pomade will serve for cleaning vases or trays of Benares or other finely engraved brass.

To clean copper the old-fashioned mixture of vinegar and salt, followed by an application of sifted ashes, does better than anything else.

Even in our enlightened age, and among people who ought to know better, the practice of "draining" dishes is less uncommon than it should be. Servants do it almost invariably, unless closely watched.

The towels themselves are not the least important of the means to the end of washing dishes properly. They require care to prevent their becoming greasy and malodorous. While washing soda should never be used in any department of laundry work, the addition of a couple of table-spoonsful of ammonia to the suds in which dish towels are scrubbed does no harm, and assists materially in the removal of dirt.

Notes for Housekeepers.

People who pay allegiance to fashion are dyeing their white lace window curtains with some shade of yellow.

TIN BUTTER-BOWLS.—A correspondent of the National Stockman recommends tin butter-bowls, affirming that, with all possible care, the wooden ones will become tainted and spoil the butter.

CLEANING BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS.—Brass or copper vessels used for stewing fruits should be polished while warm, as they are easier cleaned to say nothing of the pleasure to find them ready for use.

APPLE BATTER PUDDING. One quart of milk, four eggs, one pint of flour, one and one-half teaspoons salt, three or four large tart apples cut fine and stirred into the batter last. Bore or bake it for one hour. Eat with sauce.

LIQUID SAUCE (FOR PUDDINGS).—Two table-spoons butter, one cup of sugar and yolks of two eggs-beaten together, just before want'd pour on slowly two cups boiling water and stir until dissolved.

FISH BALLS.—Cut up eight good sized potatoes and ptek fine one pint of salt codfish. Put all in cold water and boil until tender enough to strain through a colander; add a piece of butter the size of an egg, a little cream and one egg; salt if needed. Mash all together and fry in boiling hot fat. Use a spoonful for each ball, dipping the spoon in cold water to prevent the mixture from sticking to the spoon.

WIRE-RING DISHCLOTH.—Many good house-wives have no knowledge of the excellence of a bunch of wire rings (to be had for a reasonable price at any house-furnishing store) in cleaning pots, skillets, etc., particularly if the latter should happen to get scorched. A piece of sandpaper will also be found very serviceable in rubbing off patches of "burned-on" food and it doesn't injure the glazed surface of the kettle.

POTATO ROLLS.—Ball six good-sized potatoes with their jackets; take them out with a skimmer, drain and squeeze with a towel to insure being dry; then remove the skin, mash them perfectly free from lumps, add a table-spoonful of butter, the yolks of three eggs and a pint of sweet milk. When cool beat in a teaspoonful of yeast. Put in just enough flour to make a stiff dough. When this rises make into small cakes. Let them rise the same as biscuits, and bake a delicate brown.

A Home-Made Telephone.

To make a serviceable telephone from one farmhouse to another, only requires enough wire and two cigar boxes. First select your boxes, and make a hole about half an inch in diameter in the centre of the bottom of each, and then place one in each of the houses you wish to connect. Then get five pounds of common iron stovepipe wire, make a loop in one end, and put it through the hole in your cigar box, and fasten it with a nail. Then draw it tight to the other box, supporting it, when necessary, with a stout cord. You can easily run your line into the house by boring a hole through the glass. Support your boxes with slats nailed across the window, and your telephone is complete. The writer has one that is 200 yards long, and cost forty-five cents, that will carry music, when the organ is playing thirty feet a

FOREIGN ECHOES.

Madame Albin will sing the ode by Tennyson at the opening of the Indian and Colonial exhibition in London.

It is reported that King Louis of Bavaria, has become bankrupt, and a regency will be declared.

The oldest merchant vessel afloat is said to be the bark True Love, which was built in Philadelphia in 1784, and is, therefore, 122 years old. She is still in active service, and is owned by J. S. Ward of London.

A Baptist missionary in China writes home that what an American family throws away in a year would keep a dozen Chinese families; and what a Chinese family throws away in the same time would not feed a mouse.

As an example of the eccentricities of British elections, the London Globe gives this as a result of the contest at Ipswich: "An English borough rejects two Englishmen and elects two Scotchmen on a question of Irish policy."

House rent is so high in the city of Mexico that many houses are vacant in the older quarters of the city, newcomers nearly all seeking the suburbs, especially toward the west. Landlords do not come down, however, preferring to wait, since their property is not taxed when unoccupied.

The plan of throwing a bridge over the Straits of Messina, that separates Sicily from Italy, will when consummated, be one of the most striking feats of modern engineering. The place selected is where the channel is two and one-half miles wide and 361 feet deep, and two piers will support a viaduct of steel rails to a height of 328 feet above the water.

The Egyptian Sphinx is soon to get a thorough overhauling. A company, has been formed in Paris to aid M. Maspero in carrying on his excavations. It is thought that the Sphinx is a tomb, and that under it or inside of it some valuable and interesting material may be discovered that will add a few years more to the length of history. The work will be carried on with care, so that the great Sphinx may not be disfigured by the somewhat tardy autopsy.

A life insurance company in England bears the amazing title of "The Royal Liver Friendly Society." Its mission is not, as might naturally be supposed, the insuring of persons afflicted with or liable to hepatic disorders, but general, like all other life insurance companies. Indeed, it would seem that it rather seeks to ignore, if it does not actually condemn, the functional service of that important organ after which it is named, since in a recent manifesto its officers assure the public that "no longer there will be a secretive atmosphere in the affairs of the society."

Various trials of the new French horse-shoe, which is made entirely of sheep's horn, are said to show its particular adaptedness for horses employed in towns, and known not to have a steady foot on the pavement. The results of the experiments are therefore regarded as very satisfactory, horses thus shod having been driven at a rapid pace on such pavement without slipping. Besides this advantage, the new shoe is spoken of as more durable, and, though a little more expensive than the ordinary kind, seems destined sooner or later, to replace the iron shoe.

The unusual severity of the past winter gave Englishmen an opportunity of indulging in many sports common to colder countries, but rarely enjoyed there. Skating has been general, and during the week that followed the new year many toboggans and sleighs were seen in and about the vicinity of London; but all these amusements were eclipsed by a man who built an ice yacht and was able to sail in it for two weeks in January on the frozen surface of the Reading reservoir, to the delight of the whole neighborhood.

The will of Kate Rowland, the little dwarf that was known all over Europe as "Madame la Marquise," contains a novel feature. After she had disposed of all her property, there remained her wardrobe. "Well," said she, "my dresses and linen and every thing that I wore must be far too small for the littlest child; but, in order that some poor little girl may be happy, I desire that the sum of ten pounds sterling may be applied to the purchase of twenty dolls of my size, which shall all be dressed from my wardrobe and given to orphans."

The German ship Auguste, belonging to Bremerhaven, and bound for Hong Kong, narrowly escaped falling a prey to some 150 pirates. When not far from her destination she was hailed by a junk, all of whose crew seemed to be unarmed, and were persistent in their efforts to trade with the ship, which had slackened her pace by the wind falling. Presently a number of armed junks swarmed up and began to attack the Auguste. The German crew had to defend themselves vigorously. Five of the pirates were killed and several wounded. A smart breeze sprang up and the German vessel got away without loss.

It is M. Girard, Chief of the municipal laboratory of Paris, who says: "From 1840 to 1850 about 25,000,000 gallons of brandy were made yearly in France, and fully seven-eighths came from grapes. At present more than 50,000,000 gallons are yearly turned out, but not one per cent. of it is made from the grape; grain, cider, beet, potatoes, &c., forming its principal sources. The spirits thus obtained would be fairly wholesome if they were properly rectified. But they are not. Invariably when put upon the market they are charged with acids, ethers, and essentials of oils of the most deadly nature." The startling increase of violent insanity and other maladies in France, in late years, is by M. Girard attributed to consumption of that deadly brandy. We import large quantities of it into this country.

A gentleman who travelled on the Yellow or Hoangho River in January last tells how great a source of trouble that river is to the millions who inhabit the central plain of China. Much the same story was told nearly a century ago by Lord Macartney about this most disorderly river. Nine instances are on record of its making a complete change of course. It has moved its mouth from south to north over four degrees of latitude, leaving only sandy wastes and shallow lakes where populous plains had existed. Western engineers have been much interested in the question whether these disastrous overflows and changes of

the river bed can be checked. They have been convinced for some years of the feasibility of keeping the river's erratic tendencies within limits, and in the course of human progress "China's sorrow" may some day be robbed of its terrors.

A STRUGGLE TO THE DEATH.

In a Locomotive Cab with a Mad Engineer.

I was in the second years of my apprenticeship as fireman on No. 63, of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Road, when I got such a set-back one night as few firemen ever lived through. The incident happened about fifteen years ago, but every feature of it comes to my mind as clear as if the affair occurred last night. My engineer was named Bob Ripley. He was a jovial, whole-souled fellow, never going behind a glass of beer, and was known all along the line as a sober and trusty man.

Well, all of a sudden, bad luck struck him. He had a little home, which was taken away by a land shark. He left Cincinnati one night for Toledo on his usual run, and returned to find his wife dead. She had some heart trouble, and died without a moment's warning. Within a fortnight his boy baby sickened and died, and that left Bob without home or family. I tell you it made an awful change on him. He was off for two or three weeks, and when he came back to the cab I could scarcely recognize him. He had a wild, queer look to his eyes, a strange sound to his voice, and he was so sullen and morose that I almost feared to speak to him on matters of business. I made two or three trips with him, and but for the fear of hurting his feelings I should have made application to be changed.

It was the third or fourth trip after he returned to the road when we left Cincinnati one November night for the north. It was a wild, stormy night, and as we got out into the country I caught Bob smiling and chuckling. The wildness of the night seemed to strike a responsive chord in his soul. Old '63 seemed to be in uncommon spirits, too, for she was gliding along with a heavy train, and making no fuss over it. I made some remarks about it, but Bob had no reply. Indeed, he acted as if he was alone in the cab. I didn't like the situation a bit, for I had a suspicion that he wasn't quite right in his head, and he was also spurring her beyond schedule time. We were to pass a side-tracked accommodation about thirty miles out of Cincinnati. The conductor had his eyes open, however, and at a stop about twenty miles out he came forward and cautioned Bob to slow her down. We had overreached five minutes in that short run. Bob answered surlily enough, but as we pulled out again he obeyed orders and checked her down to lose the extra minutes gained.

We had passed the siding all right when I noticed that his nervousness increased. He would whistle for crossings where none existed, and he would toot supposititious cattle off the track. Once, seeming to ignore my presence altogether, he opened the furnace door and piled in the fuel, although we were carrying more steam than I had ever seen on.

At Hamilton I was fully resolved to speak to the conductor if he came forward and gave me opportunity, but he did not. It was when I returned to the cab after oiling up that Bob looked up at me with a start, as if surprised to see me, and said: "Jim, I'm thinking of them."

"Yes, Bob, but they are better off," I soothingly said. "You must bear up like a man. It's sad enough, God knows, but you must see it bravely."

"Did you see?"

"What?" I asked as he suddenly checked himself.

He did not answer. He looked at his watch signalled me to ring the bell, and in a moment more we were off. The night was growing wilder, and we were not ten minutes out of Hamilton when I made up my mind that there was trouble close at hand. Bob turned to look at me now and then in a way to prove that he meditated evil, and from the way he kept the whistle going the passengers behind must have supposed the track to be swarming with living obstructions. We were about half way to Dayton and I had just replenished the fire, when Bob suddenly gave her all steam. It seemed to me as if old '63 took a clean jump of ten feet as she felt the extra steam, and I shouted my alarm. The words were hardly uttered before he was upon me.

"You've got to die with me!" he screamed as he clutched my arms, and I'm not exaggerating a bit when I tell you that his eyes looked like coals of fire.

I was by far the stronger man of the two, but in his first rush he dashed me about in a dreadful way, and had almost pulled me to the steps before I called up my muscle. Then I did my best to save him. He was bound to go off, and I was bound to prevent it, and as we pulled and tugged at each other, the train was running so close to a mile a minute that none of the passengers cared to reduce the fraction. I think our struggle lasted about five minutes. I was gradually drawing him back into the tender, and was wondering how I could secure him, when he suddenly shut his teeth on my right wrist, and bit and tore like a dog. I had to let go my clutch, and as I did so he turned and leaped off, uttering a cry which rang in my ears for weeks after.

It was high time the steam was shut off. As I afterward learned, every passenger was hanging on and praying to heaven, for the dulles of them knew that something had happened on the locomotive. I brought her to a stand-still as soon as possible, and when the conductor reached the cab we backed up to look for poor Bob's body. We found it about two miles back, and it was a shocking sight. He had struck a stump head first, and head and face were simply a bloody mass of flesh.

I ran the train into Dayton and we had scarcely come to a standstill before I was seized with a chill, and had to be helped to the hotel. I was just clean broken down under mental strain, and it was plump six weeks before I crept out of my bed. I was determined never to step foot on an engine, but when health came back I got my nerve again, and the result was that I finished my apprenticeship, and took the other side of the cab.

A SIBERIAN RAILROAD.

The Completion of the Canadian Pacific Across Russia.

A St. Petersburg despatch says.—The completion of the Canadian Pacific railway has given a fresh impetus to the discussion among Russians of their own long talked-of line to the Pacific across Siberia to Vladivostok. If Russia has stolen a march over England in railway progress towards Herat, it will be a long time before the Russian locomotives compete with those of England and America in reaching the shores of the Pacific. The branch to Tiumen has not yet been made, and the Ufa Zlatoust section to Ekaterinburg has only lately been decided upon, after years of dispute over the conflicting claims of different towns. Yet the almost chimerical idea of a Russian Pacific railroad is already talked of and written about as an undertaking of early and easy accomplishment. The other day a meeting of the society for furthering Russian trade and commerce, under the presidency of Count Ignatieff, was enlightened on the subject by a discussion of several projects for the great work, among them being a curious one tendered by an enterprising exile living in Siberian banishment. All difficulties were very satisfactorily disposed of except one, which was quite left out of calculation, and that was the source of the 150,000,000 roubles and more that would be required for the enterprise. The addition of the Canadian Pacific railway to that of the United States naturally makes the Russians feel more keenly than ever the disadvantages of their isolated position on the Amoor and the Pacific coast.

The Value of Salt.

Severe pains in the bowels and stomach are often speedily relieved by the application of a bag of hot salt. A weak solution of salt and water is recommended by good physicians as a remedy for imperfect digestion, and for a cold in the head it is a complete cure snuffed from the hollow of the hand. We have known severe cases of catarrh entirely cured by persistent use of this simple remedy every night and morning for several months, when the best efforts of the best physicians failed to do any good. It should be used milk-warm. A good handful of rock salt added to the bath is the next best thing after an "ocean dip," and a gargle of a weak solution is a good and ever-ready remedy for a sore throat. As a dentifrice, salt and water is very cleansing, and also hardens the gums. It will also prevent the hair from falling out. When broiling steak, throw a little salt on the coals, and the blaze from the dripping fat will not annoy. A little in starch, boiled or raw, will prevent the irons from sticking. If the irons are rough, put a little salt on a thick brown paper, lay a piece of thin muslin over it, and rub the iron over it till perfectly smooth. Ink stains are entirely removed by the immediate application of dry salt before the ink has dried. When the salt becomes discolored by absorbing the ink, brush it off and apply more; wet slightly. Continue this till the ink is all removed. If new catarrhs are allowed to lie in strong salt water for an hour before the first washing, the colors are less likely to fade. Damp salt will remove the discoloration of cups and saucers caused by salt and careless washing. A teaspoonful of sea in each kerseene lamp makes the oil give a much clearer, better light.

A Royal Printer.

It is not generally known that Prince Ludwig of Battenberg, son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, is a practical printer. Like most of the princes of the Prussian Royal House, who have been taught either art or trade, Prince Ludwig of Battenberg was early called upon to choose a calling, and his choice fell upon the art of Guttenberg. In the palace of his father the Prince has a printing office completely fitted up for ordinary printing and book-work. Prince Ludwig prides himself on his ability to compete with compositors and printers who follow typographic for a livelihood. What is still more interesting is that the Princess, the eldest daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse, is a printer, too, and that the high-born pair work regularly together at the case. The latest work which has come from Prince Ludwig of Battenberg's press is a volume of notes on travels written by the Prince's sister, the Countess of Erbach-Schonberg. The book is said to be executed in a thoroughly printer-like way.

How to Advertise.

A contemporary, in some "hints on advertising," says: "Another thing which publishers have to contend with is that the results of advertising are not always visible to patrons, many of whom can not understand why custom can not be directly traced to the source where they expended their money to obtain it. Business is like a river with many tributaries, and in which it is impossible to trace every individual drop of water to the spring from whence it came. But if a journal is selected for advertising purposes that reaches time and again the persons most likely to be interested in the collocation, that paper is certainly a sure fountain-head of profitable trade in the stream of patronage far below. Temporary advertisements in a small way will not produce an immediate or permanent increase of business, any more than a light shower will affect the depth of water in a well, but by persistency in the use of printer's ink in the right direction, the result sought will be gained in the end with interest.

Jupiter.

The distance of Jupiter from the sun is 490,000,000 miles. It is next in brightness to Venus, and may be seen in daytime in clear weather from a mountain top. It is about 300 times the weight of the earth, and has 1,200 times the bulk of the earth. It reflects nearly one-half the light that falls upon it.

Sudden Wealth.

Old Gentleman (to tramp, to whom he has just given a nickel)—Now, my friend, what will you do with all that money? Tramp (gazing awe-struck at the nickel)—I think I'll put part of it in the bank, sir, and the rest I'll spend for a psach-blow vase.

YOUNG FOLKS.

KOOMANA.

BY W. R. GILMAN.

The first important gift I received was becoming a resident of an Eskimo town in North Hudson Bay was a very old, whom I had often particularly noticed for a manly and dignified bearing. His name was Koomana. That was my name, but when later I learned that meaning the name lost that meaning to me. Usually a person is called after some object. One man (or woman) there is no distinction of gender with the called "Wolf," another "Seal," another "Salmon," and a man who joined our party in King William's Land was named Koomana, which means first finger, but times by way of joke the others would call him "Potowock," signifying great boy's name, Koomana, means lover, but was particular clearly—for an Eskimo favor with one of the white men, and day formally presented him to me, and turn I gave the father a handful of gun powder and a few percussive caps, and the mother half a dozen needles. The boy moved into our tent and was set on our table, but I noticed that he pushed the pile of reindeer or walrus meat in his parents' tent.

In the course of a few days I reached the conclusion that if I could not alter his name I might, at least, change the condition which seemed to make it appropriate by giving him a new suit of clothes. There was a difficulty now arising from the fact that all our clothing came from the had been designed for full grown men. In all Esquimaux land there were no woollen clothes. So I was constrained to exercise my own ingenuity with needle and thread, and alter some clothes so that adopted son might be clad in civilized garments. It was a change that he long desired, and no boy in the district would ever attended with greater satisfaction the hour when he might don brown serge coat than that artless savage waited for his first woollen suit. The material was a rough sailor's cloth, and the cut and stitches would scarcely pass muster in ready-made clothing store, but it was great feast for me to accomplish, and Koomana and I regarded the garments with unspokeable pride.

Before he donned his new suit I took him into my tent and gave him a bath as used to commemorate the birthday afternoon of my childhood. But knowing that these people never wash, I was afraid to run the risk and omitted the bathing experiment. The next day I heard Frank Melms, one of our party, Koomana, as he handed him a piece of brown soap, that I would like him better if he washed his face and hands. He went the lad to the nearest public house, soon came running into the tent, his face upturned to me for inspection and approval. Then it was that I saw what an effort he had made to please me. His face was clean and shiny, white around it, at the roots of his hair and at his neck, the newly applied suds lay upon the black grease and dirt that had been reached by the cleaning process.

Poor child, he had done the best he could to please me, and at what cost! Suffering was evident in his blood-shot eyes, which the suds had invaded through unskilled manipulation. Koomana was an excellent hunter and dog driver for his age, and had a record of five seals killed on the ice, which was more than the next best score among the boys of his tribe, even including the several years his senior. He had also killed five reindeer, and had vanquished all competitors of his age in their own races. Although my boy had a man's arms were those of a child, and he frequently a gun with the ordinary caliber was awkward for him to handle. I therefore made for him a small and efficient magazine rifle by replacing the stock of large Smith & Wesson pistol with which I cut out of a black walrus head and made into a short gun-stock which could use with facility. With this weapon Koomana contributed three reindeer to our general stock of provisions while on the journey to King William's Land and return. Whenever I was on excursions, Koomana was always my little companion. I enjoyed his company while profiting by his knowledge of Esquimaux craft; therefore it is not strange that we grew very fond of each other, and I was a great trial to both of us when Koomana was drowned the year after I returned to Hudson Bay, and when I return to the seem like the same place without him.

The Angelus.

BY FRANCES L. MACE.

Ring soft across the dying day, Angelus!
Across the amber-tinted bay,
The meadow flushed with sunset rays,
Rit' g'out, and float, and melt away,
Angelus.

The day of toil seems long ago,
Angelus!
While through the deepening vesper gloom,
Far up where holy lilies bloom,
Why beckoning bell-notes rise and fade,
Angelus.

Through dazdling curtains of the west,
Angelus.
We see a shrine in roses dressed,
And lifted high in vision blest,
Our every heart-throb is content,
Angelus.

Oh hss an angel touched the bell,
Angelus?
For now upon its parting swell,
All sorrow seems to ring farewell,
There falls a peace no words can tell,
Angelus!

There's a new cemetery out West
rushing up trade in lots by advertising
gains in misfit graves.

"Mamma," cried a five year old
I started to make my doll a bonnet,
It's come out a pair of pants.