

About the House.

SALT IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

Besides being a necessary ingredient in most kinds of cookery, an appetizing addition to the many articles of raw food and the prime necessity in catching a bird, the laundress puts a trifle of salt in her starch, adds it in larger quantity to the water in which she washes gingham and other colored fabrics, rubs it well into the spots where oxalic acid has been applied to remove iron stain to neutralize the acid or smooth the flatiron by rubbing 't upon salt, sprinkled on a bit of paper.

The housewife adds a pinch of salt to the water in her bouquet holder that the flowers may retain their freshness; scours the tea or coffee stains from the cups with it; has a portion put in whitewash to make it adhere more closely to the surface where applied; obtains a good result by throwing a handful into the dull coal fire with no explosive results; or if the wood fire gets beyond her control and the chimney catches fire, a quantity thrown into the stove serves as a damper to the flames; if the brick gives way in her cooking range a paste of equal parts of salt and wood ashes mixed with cold water and given a little time to harden well supplies the loss; for cleaning every article of brass or copper salt with vinegar or a slice of lemon is called into use, and is followed by brick, polishing with a soft-dry towel.

In the nurse's department the "home doctor" applies the strong solution of salt and vinegar to the sprain; the heated salt bags, or salt mingled with hops, for the relief of severe pain; for a strong poultice beats together salt and the yolk of an egg; for inflamed eyelids or slight spots of skin poisoning, uses the weak solution of salt water; applies dry salt as a dentrifice, cleansing the gums; as a dry shampoo, rubbing salt into the hair to be combed out in the morning, leaving a clean scalp; administers salt for hemorrhage of the lungs or stomach; or a spoonful in a glass of cold water for nausea; for slight burns and fresh cuts, binds on the affected parts moistened salt; for neuralgia of feet or limbs, bathes those parts with the strong solution of salt in water as hot as is bearable.

The testimony of the "good book" is that "salt is good," and she who holds the threefold position of housewife, nurse and laundress, as do many wives, must surely have often proved this true, and realized the terseness and strength of utterance.

ALMOND CAKE.

Four eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, two cups of flour, one cup of cornstarch, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one pint of milk, two ounces of bitter almonds. Cream butter and sugar together, then put in the four yolks of the eggs, then the milk, sift in the flour, cornstarch and baking powder. Blanch the almonds and grate them fine. Put these and the whites of the four eggs beaten to a froth in last. Beat all for 10 minutes. This will make two loaves. Bake for 40 minutes in a smothered oven.

CLEAN LAMP CHIMNEYS.

One of the most disagreeable tasks of the housekeeper is made easy by the use of a little salt. If your chimney is very sooty take some soft paper and clean it, but use no water. When as clean as you can make it with paper, take a dry flannel cloth, put some salt in your chimney and rub briskly. Treat the outside the same way and you will be surprised at the brilliant polish obtained. Any piece of glass can be treated this way successfully, and even a flat-iron can be made free of rust if rubbed over a paper on which salt has been sprinkled.

KITCHEN UTENSILS.

Boil in the coffee pot, occasionally, soap water and baking or washing soda. It should be thoroughly cleansed after this treatment also.

If skillets are very greasy a little sal soda or concentrated lye in the water will neutralize the grease and make them easier to clean.

Bottles and cruets clean nicely with sand and soap suds; tacks or shot may be used if one hasn't sand.

Iron or granite dishes may be treated with a soda bath to remove the smell of fish, onions or cabbage.

Don't allow knives or forks with wooden or bone handles to remain in hot water. Don't heat new iron vessels too quickly, as it may crack them. Steel or silver may tarnish in wool-

en cloths, but not in chamois skin or tissue paper.

Don't use a brass kettle for cooking until thoroughly cleansed with salt and vinegar.

Scrape the dough from the rolling pin and wipe with a dry cloth, rather than wash it.

Boil raw potato skins in new iron-ware vessels before cooking in them, to prevent discoloration, and a bad taste of the food.

A good scouring soap of any kind is a great help in keeping all kinds of kitchenware bright and cleanly.

Old tins are better for baking cakes than new ones.

Grease may be removed from woolen goods by sponging them with cold, strong coffee.

Keep a small paint brush convenient for dusting the crevices in furniture, and all spots not attainable with the dust cloth can be reached.

Few things are more soothing for burns or scalds than the white of an egg poured over the injured place. It is more cooling than sweet oil and cotton.

A spoonful of chloride of lime in a quart of water will remove mildew from linen. Strain the solution after it has stood long enough to dissolve thoroughly, and dip the cloth into it.

When pies with upper crusts are ready to put into the oven to bake, take a little sweet milk and with a bit of clean cloth wet the upper crusts and rims. They will thus present a shiny surface and not flake off.

Coffee and tea pots become much discolored inside in a short time. To prevent this every fortnight put into them a teaspoonful of soda—common baking soda—fill them two thirds full of water and let boil two hours. Wash and rinse well before using; they will thus be always clean and sweet.

THE SCENT OF THE ONION.

By Any Other Name It Would Be as Far From Sweet.

It is interesting to make inquiry into the cause of this unfortunate quality of the onion. It is simply due to the presence in some quantity of another mineral matter in the bulb—sulphur. It is this sulphur that gives the onion its germ-killing property and makes the bulb so very useful a medicinal agent at all times, but especially in the spring, which used to be—and still is in many places—the season for taking brimstone and treacle in old-fashioned houses before sulphur tablets came into vogue.

Now, sulphur, when united to hydrogen, one of the gases of water, forms sulphuretted hydrogen and then becomes a foul-smelling, well nigh a fetid, compound. The onion, being so juicy, has a very large percentage of water in its tissues, and this combining with the sulphur, forms the strongly scented and offensive substance called sulphuretted allyle, which is found in all the alliums. This sulphuretted allyle mingles more especially with the volatile or aromatic oil of the onion; it is identical with the malodorous principle found in asafoetida, which is almost the symbol of all smells that are nasty. The horseradish, so much liked with roast beef for its keen and biting property, and the ordinary mustard of our tables both owe their strongly stimulative properties to this same sulphuretted allyle, which gives them heat and acidity, but not an offensive smell, owing to the different arrangements of the atoms in their volatile oils.

This brings us to the most curious fact in nature, that most strangely yet most certainly constructs all vegetable volatile oils in exactly the same way—composes them all, whether they are the aromatic essences of cloves, oranges, lemons, cinnamon, rose, thyme, verbena, turpentine or onion, of exactly the same proportions, which are 813-4 of carbon to 113-4 of hydrogen, and obtains all the vast seeming diversities that our nostrils detect in their scent simply by a different arrangement of the atoms in each vegetable oil. Oxygen alters some of the hydro-carbons; sulphur others.

SOME AUTHORS.

The Most Cheerful Author—Samuel Smiles.

The Noisiest Author—Howells.

The Tallest Author—Longfellow.

The Most Flowery Author—Hawthorne.

The Holiest Author—Pope.

The Most Amusing Author—Thomas Tickell.

The Happiest Author—Gay.

The Most Fiery Author—Burns.

The Most Talkative Author—Chatterton.

The Most Distressed Author—Aken-

SEARCHING FOR TREASURE

SAID TO BE HIDDEN IN A CARTHAGINIAN TEMPLE.

A Most Extraordinary Stock Company—Forty Years Ago a Native of Morocco Attracted Attention by Becoming Suddenly Wealthy.

To Tunis belongs the honor of being the headquarters of the most extraordinary stock company in the world, the object of which is to unearth the treasures of a mythical or semi-mythical Carthaginian deity, which, according to tradition, have for ages been buried beneath the waters at a little distance from Tunis. This Punic deity was Eshmoun, who was known to the Romans under the name of Saturn. His treasure, it is said, consists of gold coin, gold bars, jewelled vessels and exquisite statues, and it is valued at not less than 400,000,000. There are many popular legends about it, and the people of Syria are convinced that they are based on truth.

People talked about this wonderful treasure as far back as Emperor Nero's time. Suetonius, in his life of Nero, and Tacitus, in the sixteenth book of his annals, say that Nero sent a fleet to Carthage in the hope of recovering this treasure, about which he had heard surprising stories from a Carthaginian knight named Caelius Cassius. The fleet, however, searched in vain, and as a result Caelius committed suicide. At a later period a new legend arose, according to which the Carthaginians, shortly before the destruction of their city, carried off their costliest treasures and buried them in a subterranean necropolis beside those of the god. This necropolis is said to be under the hill known as Sidi-bu-Hassan and to be connected with Carthage by means of a tunnel. It is a fact that when the harbor of Tunis was being constructed the engineers found traces of a tunnel, which led toward this hill.

Forty years ago a native of Morocco attracted wide attention in Tunis owing to the fact that from a condition of extreme poverty he suddenly attained a position of great wealth. Daily he squandered large sums of money and there seemed no limit to his riches. He explained that he had suddenly discovered heaps of gold in the bowels of the earth, and he attributed his good fortune to an ancient manuscript, which, he claimed, had pointed out to him a secret way leading to the chamber in which have been stored for centuries the treasures of the Carthaginians and of their god Eshmoun. A friend, he said had helped him in the search for gold.

Soon afterward he and this friend left Tunis, and fifteen years later the former returned and made an attempt to secure a fresh supply of gold. Finding that he could not succeed without help, he entered into partnership with a man named Embarek, as well as with several others, and the result was that he managed to get as far as the door of the subterranean temple in which the treasures were concealed. At this point, however, a quarrel arose as to which should be the first to enter the sacred precincts, and finally a furious fight ensued, which ended in the death of the native of Morocco and one of his companions. The others, terrified at the tragedy, left the place hastily and, having bound each other to secrecy, fled from the city.

All this sounds rather mythical and nebulous, but now we come to solid facts. Two years ago Embarek, who had fled to Morocco, returned to Tunis and looked for those who had accompanied him on the previous expedition, his intention being to endeavor once more to obtain access to the subterranean temple. He found two of his former companions, and one night he and they went to look for the entrance to the tunnel which leads toward the temple. As various changes had been made in that part of the city within the last few years, they were unable to find it, and after much consultation they decided to apply for advice to Senor Medina, an archaeologist who has acquired a wide reputation through his works on the ruins of ancient Carthage.

He was amazed when he heard their story, and he advised them to take into their confidence Baron Anselme de Kinsaye, a member of the French Academy and an enthusiastic archaeologist, who was then in Tunis. Embarek told the Baron the marvellous story of the subterranean temple and of the countless treasures hidden in its chambers, and his tale was apparently so circumstantial and so true that the Baron decided to join in the search for gold. The first step was to obtain the necessary concession

from the government, and this he succeeded in doing through the officials, Messrs. Millet and Gauckler.

The government thereby granted him and his associates permission to make at their own expense the necessary excavations in the place designated, and in return for this privilege the Baron and his colleagues agreed hand over to the government one-half of all the treasures they might find. In order to avoid any possible misunderstanding a committee was appointed to decide as to the value of any such recovered treasures.

The excavations were then begun but did not prove as successful as was suspected. Although Embarek and his companions pointed out the very spot at which, they said, they had gained access to the tunnel a few years ago, no trace of the tunnel has yet been found. On the other hand, various earthen vessels, Carthaginian lamps and relics of skeletons have been unearthed and a few small galleries have been discovered. For this reason Baron de Kinsaye expressed his determination to continue the work, and, as the necessary funds became lacking recently, he decided to form a stock company, the shares of which are to be sold at 100f. each.

Every one connected with the work seems convinced that most valuable treasures will be found sooner or later and so hopeful is Embarek that he has refused to sell, even at a high figure, his claim to a portion of the treasures. As the pioneer in this enterprise, he is naturally entitled to a goodly portion of whatever wealth may be recovered.

MERRY MOMENTS.

Hoax—"Does a dressmaker sew seams?" Jox—"It seems so."

Little Nettie was learning to read, and part of her lesson ran thus: "The cat has a rat." "Ah!" she exclaimed, "the man who wrote this book didn't know much. Cats don't have rats; they have kittens."

"Man spends twenty years of his life in sleep." "You are mistaken. He spends at least five of the twenty years in battling with his women relatives who want to make him get up."

"My dear sir," said the old gentleman in his open-hearted way, "I shall welcome you as a son-in-law." "Alas!" returned the young man dejectedly, "my last hope is gone. If I had your opposition I might hope to win her, but without it there is no chance."

"There's one thing I must admit," said the Emperor of China gloomily, as he looked over his scrapbook. "What is that?" "For a man who has been reported killed as often as I have, this is a very poor collection of epitaphs."

Train up the child of to-day, in the way it should go—and away it goes.

Hewitt—"Why are you letting your beard grow?" Jewitt—"Well, I don't mind telling you. My wife has bought me some willow pattern neckties."

There was a fool who rocked the boat, And now his friends must weep, For he's at present rocking in The cradle of the deep.

"That man you sent up to clean the house is awfully stylish, Harry." "Does he wear a silk hat?" "No, but he beats the carpet with a golf-stick."

"I've got a bright idea, George," Exclaimed the maiden fair To the young man by her side, As the sunbeams kissed her hair. "No doubt," said he; "and I'm sure, If you would consent to go With me and face the minister, I'd have a bright-eyed dear, also."

When a man gets in the swim he shouldn't splash too much of his joy on the people on the bank.

Ignorance isn't bliss when a man has to make his mark in the world because of his inability to write his name.

Wife—"Is Mr. Griggson a good story-teller?" Husband—"Fine! He has been married eight years, and his wife believes everything he says."

Little drops of water Poured into the milk Make the milkman's daughter Dress herself in silk.

Mother—"I am afraid Mr. Crisscross is not serious in his intentions." Daughter—"He is awfully bashful, you know; but he is offering himself piecemeal. Last night he wanted me to take his arm."

READ THIS ALOUD.

It's probably a little farther from Schwartzkopffsfontein to Krugersdorpfstrom than it is from Thaitcheingphu or Lingkhaitcheng to Shahokhia, or from Las Guasimas to Soupinghai, via Guam, Abayog, Dagami, Dulag and Tacloban.

DO STIFF HATS CAUSE BALDNESS?

The Veins Extending Around the Outside of the Head Are Compressed by Them.

Are you predisposed to baldness? If so, don't wear a stiff hat. A doctor, a wigmaker and a barber have said that the stiff hats commonly worn are responsible for the increasing blight of baldness.

The hair, they say, depends for its nutrition on the blood supply that flows in the fine veins running over the scalp. Some of the veins that supply the hair follicles with food come through the skull, but those veins extending around the outside of the skull are most important. Analogously, it is pointed out that if a rose tree were to be bound tightly around the trunk a great deal of nutrition would be cut off from the bark. If, in addition to this, you were to cover the tree with a great big and tie the mouth tightly around the trunk, the tree would die. The result of wearing the stiff hat is similar to this. Every time you pull your hat from your head and it comes loose with a jerk you are overcoming the pounds of pressure it is exerting on the skull.

The doctor says it is not at all improbable that the increase of baldness is due in a great measure to the stiff hat. Particularly is that the case where men wear stiff hats indoors. Any covering which confines the head will work havoc with the hair, but the difference in rigidity between the sweatband of the stiff hat and that of the soft hat would make the latter preferable for many reasons.

The old cavaliers wore great soft hats, and their hair was always long and luxuriant. Women wear their hats high on the crowns of their heads, and they are seldom bald. Primitive man did not wear a hat. His hair was long and thick. Nature gave it to him as a protection from the elements. It shed snow and rain and it kept his head warm, yet it gave ventilation to the scalp.

It is in evidence to-day. Those peoples remaining nearest the primitive condition give up their hair the slowest. The wigmakers of the world draw their supply of hair from the peasants of Europe. The Eskimo shows how nature still looks to the needs of the primitive man. On the other hand, the negroes of the tropics need less protection than the natives of cold climates; therefore they have less hair.

To preserve his hair man needs to go back to nature. He needs to use his hair more than he does. He should go without a hat, and particularly without a stiff one.

The idea is to give any part of the body work to do if you want to preserve it. Nature weakens in the long run all organs not in healthy use. Women use their hair as it was intended to be used more than do men. That is the reason why they are seldom bald.

Man should follow the example of woman in their respect. At any rate, he should not cover his head with a constricting band that prevents ventilation and compresses the veins of the scalp so that the blood cannot supply the hair roots with nutrition. Particularly, he should not wear his stiff hat in the house. The whole question centers upon the necessity of giving the scalp a chance to maintain itself.

2,500 FEET A SECOND.

Guns have always been rifled with groove into which the lead might expand under the pressure of the powder and thus work its way out of the barrel. Now an inventor has produced a weapon on an entirely new principle.

The gun is rifled with a ridge which sinks into the soft jacket of the ordinary military bullet, compressing it so closely as to require 9,000 pounds of energy to force it out of the barrel. This arrangement gives a rotary motion of 5,000 revolutions a second to the bullet, a speed of nearly 2,500 feet a second through the air, and the rapid revolution sends the ball true to the mark without the least waver or deflection. The penetrating power is also phenomenal.

The new gun is also fitted with an arrangement by which the recoil is overcome, and the gun is practically self-controllable. By this device the gun discharges at the rate of 750 rounds a minute. Experts consider the taking up of the recoil as the most remarkable feat in the recent history of gun invention. The inventor, Dr. McClean, will lay one of his guns across the palm of his hand and will fire it with hardly a quiver being seen in the weapon. Another gun would jump off the floor or discharge its shot into the ceiling. It is claimed that the same principle can be applied to overcoming the recoils of the heavy guns on war vessels.