

HOUSE AND HOME TOPICS

LITTLE SERMONS TO BE READ IN THE EASY CHAIR.

Health Requires Cleanliness—The Practical Application of the Term in Living and Sleeping Rooms—The Proper Way for Girls to Sit.

Exquisite cleanliness in sleeping apartments and living rooms is certainly conducive if not essential to health.

A place of residence may be filthy where there is no visible pile of dirt. Carpets loaded with dust and saturated with grease, neglected draperies that harbor miscellaneous germs of disease, upholstered furniture, greasy outside and dirty inside, old wall papers, smoky and grimy, if not worse, are sources of danger as much to be suspected and feared as garbage cans or refuse heaps. They defile the atmosphere quite as much, and if they do not menace health they certainly develop disease.

The room occupied by a family as a sitting room and those occupied by sick or ailing persons, says the New York World, should really be without a carpet, or if there is one it should be so laid that it could be taken up every week and cleaned and aired. People with a tendency to throat troubles and all growing children are better for living in rooms with bare floors, undraped windows and doors and uncovered furniture.

Sweeping a carpeted room with a broom certainly removes much dirt from the floor, but what is not swept up is scattered through the air, making every breath inhaled unwholesome. After the dust settles the room is usually "dusted," which means practically whipping the deposit from one piece of furniture to another with a feather duster. It would be better to leave the dust alone once it settles, unless it can be removed. The only way to do this is to wipe everything with a wet cloth and wash out the rag afterward, just as a clean woman cleans a hardwood floor or oiled cloth.

Few people have any idea of the exquisite neatness that children and delicate women require. What robust, active people in health put up with for a night or a day at a time is very deleterious to the weaker persons who occupy the house with the dusty furniture, the smoky lamp or chimney, the steaming kettles and pots, or the toilet utensils, sinks, etc., cleaned but once a day even in the best of houses. It is an exception where the water jug, soapdish and brush-holders about the washstand are cleaned every day, and yet the bad odors from them poison pure air and so disperse the organs of respiration and poison the blood. It is to give the lungs a chance to throw off these loads of poisonous material that everybody who can move or be moved should go out into the open air daily, or, properly wrapped up, get an airing in an open door or window.

THE WAY TO SIT.

Our Grandmother's Straight Backed Chair is the Best One.

When our grandmothers were girls and straight-backed chairs instead of cushioned divans were the usual resting places, the young women held themselves with a straightness that was almost stiffness. Then when they grew old they still held themselves like duchesses. For it is the way one sits rather than the exercises one takes that determines the erectness of the figure.

A prominent physician says that the proper sitting position requires that the spine shall be kept straight and that the support needed for the upper part shall be felt in the right place. Therefore, it is necessary to sit as far back in the chair as possible, so that the lower end of the spine shall be braced against the back of the seat. If this back is straight the shoulders will be straight against it; but even if the shoulders have no point of support, it will be found that they do not need it when the base of the spine is supported properly. This position makes no strain upon the ligaments of the spine. Every organ of the body is properly fixed by this attitude.

The feet should rest squarely upon the floor; the hands should rest lightly in the lap, and thus perfect equilibrium and rest is secured. The arms should never be crossed, for that position causes a strain upon the spine, places a weight upon the stomach and diaphragm and thus increases the labor of digestion and respiration.

Once in a while it is a good thing to place the arms behind the back, giving as it does, the fullest expansion to the upper part of the body.—New York World.

A Theorist Who Failed.

There recently died in New Jersey at the age of 73 a theorist who had spent all his fortune, which at one time was considerable, and all his life in a vain attempt to solve the problem of extracting the silver which lies in solution in the sea from the salt water which holds it. He lived down on the coast in a cottage which he built years ago, and on every side were constructed sluices, runways, washes and the various appliances with which he was experimenting. The interior of the cottage resembled the apartments of a medieval alchemist rather than that of a nineteenth century house by the sea. It was fitted with retorts, phials, crucibles and in the same corner was a diminutive furnace. Some ten years ago he was joined in his labors by a young woman about 18. She attended him up to the day of his burial, but since that time no trace of her can be found. The cottage is dilapidated, and no heirs have claimed it, nor has any paper been found to indicate the name or origin of its strange occupants.

A Tribute to Gladstone's Eloquence.
For one good speech Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Balfour may make, Mr. Gladstone makes 20. He is versed in every artifice of oratory; he is practised in every mood and method of debate. He has the temperament and the equipment of a great orator, though Mr. Hayward made a good point when he wrote the words, "a shade more imagination." Yet, before admitting Mr. Hayward's qualification, I would prefix the adjective "poetic" to the noun "imagination," for Mr. Gladstone's imagination is most active. As a man of business he is inspired. Let his theme be a great trade or industry; let the subject of his voluminous discourse be railway rates, bimetalism, the opium traffic; let him unfold his mind and unroll his memory before his audience—do but hearken to his illustrations and follow his discussions, and when, to your sorrow, he sits down, you will observe with amazement the fingers of the clock.—Scribner's Magazine.

ART THAT WILL WASH.

A Chinese Colorist's Works on Exhibition in the Sandwich Islands.

A Chinese artist came here on the last Oriental steamer, and has been selling some queer things in red, green and yellow to his admiring countrymen. His paintings on silk and linen as a rule, but will turn off genre pieces on white paper. His taste, however, runs to large pictures on grass cloth, painted in a panoramic way, which permits him to sketch a scene along several linear feet of space. Accustomed as he has been at home to paint by the acre a d with both hands, he is not dismayed by a huge canvas, but with calmness and industry will proceed to illuminate a whole set of bed sheets with blue elms and green roses and diabolical Chinese gods and women and lovers.

One picture that he showed a reporter last night was said to represent a garden party, though it needed some assurance at first to dispel the idea that it was a catastrophe at sea. What looked like the raging main, however, was really a Chinese turf; and the bent and bedraggled object in the foreground was not a wreck, but a tree. An awful print of a lost Celestial maid in the grasp of a devil fish proved to be one of an almondeyed damsel twined in the leaves and tendrils of a flowering shrub. Instead of slippery squids, as one might have supposed, were tambourines and a rock in the boiling surge was only a pagoda set in heather and bushes.

A series of small paintings told a romantic story very dear to the Chinese heart. The hero of the pictorial tale was the strongest man in the empire, having become an athlete under the teaching of his wife, who was a female Samson. Together they challenged the world, without soft gloves, and "bar none." In course of time, however, war came and the wife was overpowered and taken away, leaving the husband very miserable. As the artist paints him standing mournfully at the door of his deserted lavender house, great vermilion tears roll down his mauve complexion, stain his green vest, and trickle along his chromatic trousers and sink into the scarlet and yellow earth.

Then twenty years go by, and another war ensues. Two armies meet, and the strongest champions go forth for a preliminary combat. Behold! The man and wife are sent against each other, and the artist rises to the occasion. He shows the husband holding his Dulcinea out at arm's length by her belt, and as he bears her away toward a saffron river which runs between sky-blue banks, he has a fierce, bewhiskered joy on his face that invites not a pearl-tinted breeze but a crimson hurricane to blow through it. Meanwhile, the captured giantess, demure and sweet, has surrendered without a murmur.

The visiting knight of the brush uses pigments that will wash, and he says that one of his pictures can go through a Chinese laundry without the loss of the natural blue tint on a maiden's cheek or of the delicate bronze flush of an opening flower or leaf.—Hawaii Star.

DR. SMITH AND THE SNOWBALL.

A Story of a Frank Once Played Upon a Distinguished Collegian.

Apocryphal of the late Sir William Smith, The London Christian World tells a story of a famous prank once played upon him during his professorship at New College. He was not to be joked with, as a rule, but on this occasion he was fairly "had" by an audacious student. On a winter's day, during an interval between classes, some of the men had been amusing themselves by snowballing in the rear court. Just before the bell rang for the doctor's next class, one of them, "greatly daring," caught up a snowball, ran with it to the class room, and, standing on the professor's rostrum, threw it with beautiful accuracy to the ceiling, where it stuck exactly above where the learned doctor's head would come. In another minute the bell rang, the class assembled, and the stately form of the classical tutor appeared. Seating himself at his desk, he called on the first man to construe. Scarcely had a sentence been got through when a drop of water came "pat" from above on the professor's cranium. No notice was taken of this, but when another quickly followed the doctor looked up, his gaze being followed by that of the class. Those fortunate enough to have been present will not to their dying day forget the tableau. The professor was furious; the men were in convulsions. Terrible threats were issued, but though every student in the place knew who the offender was who had dared thus to offend the majesty of learning in its own rostrum, his name never reached the ears of authority.

Can't Hypnotize the Camera.

Two young men of Boston, while on a journey through India last summer, witnessed an exhibition by a fakir in a small village outside Calcutta. The fakir was performing the usual experiment of making a rope descend from the clouds and a man come down from the rope, who ascended by the same route, after having his head cut off. The exhibition was in an open square before 1000 spectators. Every one saw plainly what was happening.

The two Bostonians had cameras with them, and took numerous snap shots of the exhibition in its various stages. They intended to write an article upon the subject for a magazine and illustrate it direct from photographs. They developed the plates with much interest upon their return to Boston recently. They were nonplussed when they saw the results. The photographs revealed the fakir, surrounded by the crowd, with astonishment, bewilderment, and horror pictured on their faces; but the extraordinary decapitation they had witnessed did not show upon the sensitive plates. The crowd standing around were apparently looking at nothing in the photographs.

What they saw had not happened at all, but they merely saw it in their mind's eye. While there is nothing remarkable in the force of suggestion, when applied to one person, it would not be impossible for an impression, such as the event which the Boston men saw, to be conveyed to one person in a hypnotic condition. The circumstances at the Indian fakir's exhibition were, however, entirely different. Here were 1000 people, fully awake, who all saw in their mind exactly the same picture, and had no doubt that the wonderful events actually happened.

A Novel' Bus.

A trial has been made of an electricaly-lighted electric bus with pneumatic tube silent wheels and ball bearings, and it is said that it will soon appear on the streets of London.

NAKED IN AN OPEN BOAT.

The Terrible Experience of Three Sailors of a Wrecked Spanish Bark.

Naked, famishing for food and water, and almost roasted by the tropical sun, three Spanish sailors were on Oct. 15 rescued from a small boat in mid-ocean and landed recently at this port from the schooner Henry Lippitt. Their story rivals in horror the most thrilling recital of the dime novel writer, and that they were saved at all is considered by them as little short of a miracle.

The men are Pedro Nagloles, Antonio Crimer and Liojio Peres, and they formed part of the crew of the Spanish bark Juan J. Murga, which, on Sept. 1, sailed from Mobile with a cargo of slaves for Seville, Spain. The men were picked up in latitude 30.36, longitude 76.05, the small boat in which they were drifting helplessly having been sighted by the merest accident. The schooner Henry Lippitt was bound for this port from Turk's Island, and the tiny boat was at first supposed to be a bit of wreckage. The lookout, however, thought he saw signs of life, and the vessel was put about and soon came alongside of the open boat. Then it was seen to contain three occupants. All were lying face downward in the bottom. They were entirely naked, and great sun blisters covered their backs.

Tenderly they were lifted to the schooner's deck, and though they could speak no English their cries for food and water were pitiful in the extreme. They were delirious, and when they realized that they were safe began to dance and hug and kiss the brawny sailors who had rescued them. They were nursed like babies until out of danger, and it was several days before they recovered from the awful experience they had endured.

Finally they were able to tell that they had sailed from Mobile under Capt. Linares, in time to catch the early October hurricane. Their vessel was soon thrown on her beam ends and became a hopeless wreck. All hands took to the boats, having time only to store a scant supply of food and water. The sea was running high, the small boats were heavy, and the men realized that they could hardly live through the storm. All removed their clothing in order to swim for the wreckage of the bark should the boat capsize. The three men rescued were once compelled to swim while they righted the boat, and they managed to live until the Lippitt hove in sight.

The Juan J. Murga had a crew of nineteen men. Four were picked up by the steamer Lampasas and landed at Galveston. They were also naked and famishing. Nothing has been heard of the other twelve, and they are probably lost. The three landed here will be cared for by the Spanish Consul and sent home as soon as possible. Recently they joined in a card of thanks to Capt. Benjamin Howes, of the schooner that rescued them. Both captain and crew are warmly praised for their kind and humane treatment of the men who passed through such an awful experience.—Philadelphia Record.

PEANUTS AND THEIR USES.

The Annual Crop Worth Millions of Dollars and the Demand Increasing.

The "goober" industry of Norfolk is unique. Here a little city in Virginia has become the greatest distributing center of peanuts in the world. A peanut is a pretty small item, but an annual crop of something like 5,000,000 bushels, worth millions of dollars, makes a pretty big item. The demand for goobers has doubled within the last five years, and the supply does not fill the growing demand.

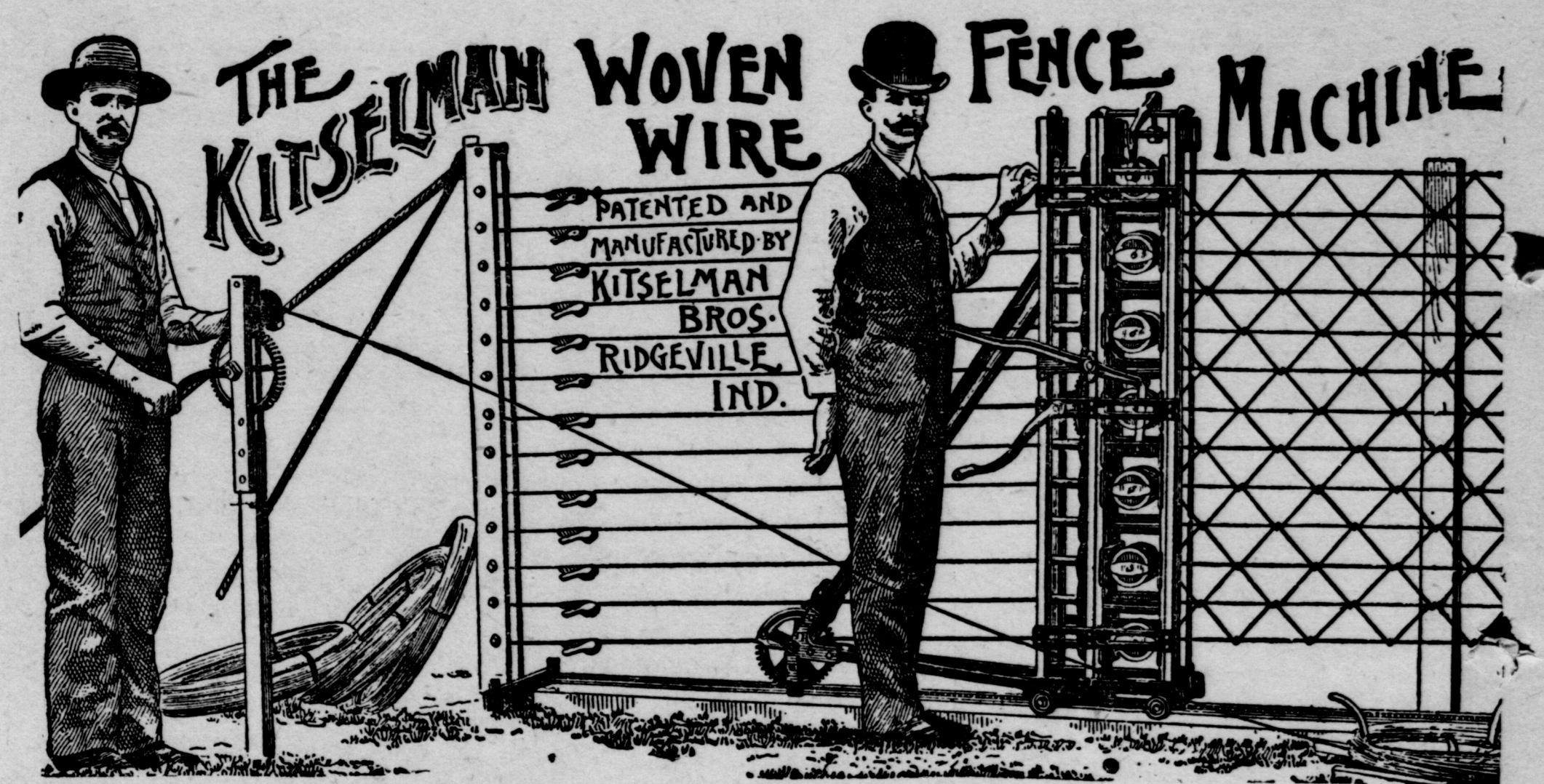
Few people know the curious uses to which the goober has been put in trade of late years. No other single plant raised in this country is used to so many different ways. The Chinese say that the cocoon palm has as many useful properties as there are days in the year. The goober is not so universal as that; but it has as many valuable qualities as there are days in the week. The solid part of the nut is particularly nutritive, and supplies fruit and food for many a family. The vines make fine fodder, some say as good as clover hay, while hogs fatten on what is left in the fields after the crop has been gathered.

If you grind the nut you get a sweet quality of flour, with which the housewife makes delicious biscuit. If you squeeze it you will obtain a valuable oil, resembling olive oil, and used for similar purposes. This oil enters largely into the manufacture of the better grades of soap. The kernels are roasted for coffee. The roasted kernels are also used in the manufacture of some kinds of chocolate. The confectioner helps to ruin our digestion in boyhood days with peanut candy; the Georgia cook alone knows how to make rich paste of pounded peanuts. The artist, with paint brush, silks and satins, creates novel and beautiful peanut ornaments, so that peanut dolls and other curios may now be seen in the shop windows of New York, especially around holidays. These are some of the ways in which the leguminous nut is useful to us.—New York Independent.

Prince and Station Master.

The death of Mr. Henry Farnham, who was for many years station master at Takely, one of the village stations on the Great Eastern Railway Company's Witham, Braintree and Bishop's Stortford branch line, recalls an amusing incident in which the Prince of Wales played a leading part. A few years ago the Prince and a party of distinguished guests alighted at Takely, for the purpose of visiting Lord and Lady Brooks, at Easton Lodge, Essex. By some means the Prince of Wales became detached from the rest of the party, and did not reach the barrier until a few minutes after the others had passed. Mr. Farnham was doing duty as ticket collector, and not then knowing the Prince he promptly accosted him with "Ticket, please." The Prince mentioned that he was one of Lord Brooks's party. The station-master was not, however, satisfied with the statement, and he firmly refused to allow his Royal Highness to pass unless he produced a ticket or furnished his name and address. Satisfactory explanations were eventually forthcoming, and the Prince was permitted to rejoin the party. Though somewhat embarrassed when he learned the Prince's identity, the station-master was not greatly perturbed; indeed, he received the intelligence with the philosophical question, "why didn't he tell me that he was the Prince of Wales?" His Royal Highness heartily enjoyed the incident. His Royal Highness seldom visits Easton Lodge without being reminded jocularly of his attempt to ride without a ticket.—Westminster Gazette.

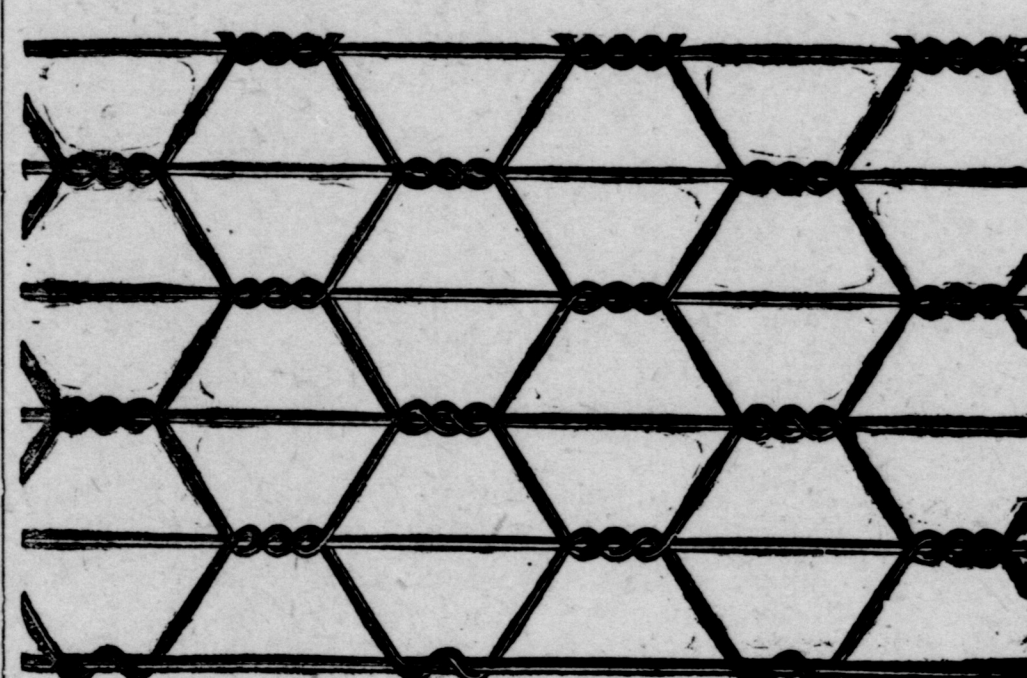
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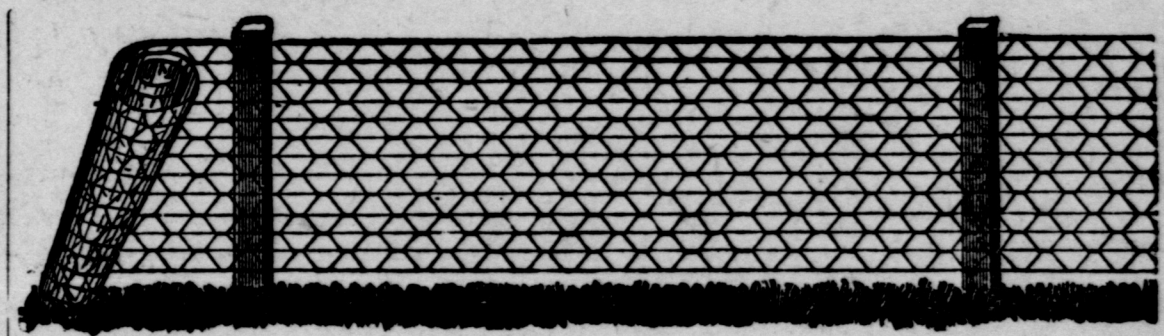
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The above cut correctly represents the twist and manner in which the straight wires go through the mesh or diamond in the fence, made on the Kitzelman Woven Wire Fence Machine.

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It will not obstruct or mar the beauty of the landscape.
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It will not allow wire to be pulled apart to make space to climb through.
It will cost less to put up this fencing and keep it in repair than any other.
It can be taken down, rolled up and carried to other points without injury.
It will make safe enclosures for the worst animals, and reliable line fences.
It is much stronger and more durable than any barb fencing, being closely woven.
It will not shelter enemies to crops and will last a life-time with very little repair.
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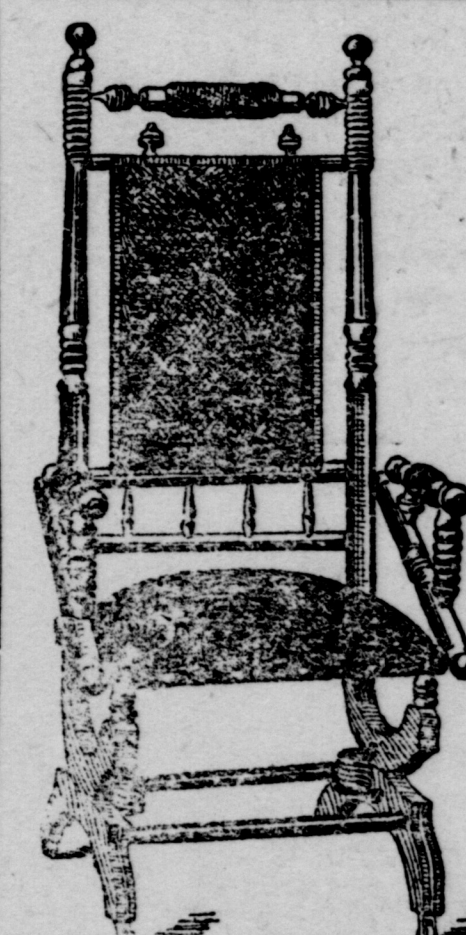
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