HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

HOW TO HAVE FRESH SALAD.

To keep celery, lettuce and similar salads fresh and crisp, it is necessary to protect them from evaporation of moisture. If they are washed, shaken to remove superfluous water, placed in a deep dish and very closely covered with another one that excludes air and the dish placed on the floor of a cold cellar, they will keep fresh a reasonable time. Lettuce that is slightly wilted or heated, if so treated for even a few hours, will revive and be as fresh as if picked before sunrise. This way is better than putting either celery or lettuce in an ice-chest.—New York Recorder.

TO DRY FLOWERS.

To dry flowers place them in a large, shallow pan or box, and sift over them gently the finest, dryest sand, giving them a bed of this sand at first, of course. By sifting it over very gradually and carefully, the sand atoms will slowly form about the flower, which, because of the gradual drifting about and piling up the atoms, keeps its shape, even to the most delicate curving. After the flowers are all well covered from sight, keep the box or pan exposed to a gentle heat for some days, after which it is left to cool slowly, and the flowers, ferns, grasses, etc., thus treated are found to have kept their natural forms, and with very little perceptible difference in color. This is an old German method, and one that is most successful.—Detroit Free Press.

CLEANING LACE CURTAINS.

People who send out their lace curtains to be cleaned are often surprised when told that it will take a month or six weeks, but the fact is that the conscientious dealer no longer permits the haphazard laundryman to clean these goods but entrusts them to specialists. We know of one dry goods house that cleaned during the year of 1891 16,000 pairs of curtains, through the medium, however, of a lace curtain cleansing establishment. Cleaning and mending of lace curtains has been for centuries back a study, but it was never attempted in this country until of late years. About ten years ago a firm started the business, but this work was confined almost exclusively to a limited field in his own city; now he cleans for the trade all over the country within a radius of two thousand miles of his shop, and the goods are turned out as new and as fresh as the day they left the loom.—The Upholsterer.

HOW TO BOIL MEATS.

In boiling meats, never put them in cold water, but put them into that which is boiling briskly. This will coagulate the albumen on the inside, close the pores and prevent the water from soaking out the juices. If salted meats need freshening, let it be previously done with cold water and frequent changing of it. Tough and cheap pieces can be made very tender and palatable as follows: Put into the pot with a little more water than will be finally needed. Set into the top of this pot a pan containing cold water. Have this pan fit the pot closely. If the water in this pan gets boiling hot, dip it out and add cold water from time to time. Boil the meat until it gets tender. The steam and flavor of the meat will be condensed on the bottom of the pan containing the water, and drop back in the pot and be retained. When the meat is well done, remove the pan and let it simmer down slowly until it is thick enough to jelly when cold. Now remove the meat, take out the bones, place in a crock, pour over it the boiled liquor and lay over it a large plate and place a weight on it. When cold, it is excellent cut down for tea. Tough, fresh meat or corned beef used in this way is superior to meat boiled in an open vessel from which the flavor has escaped.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

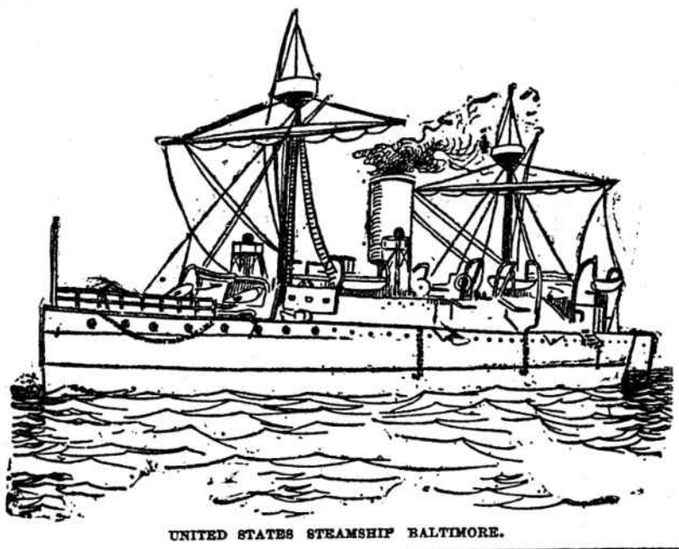
UNCLE SAM'S NAVY.

FIGHTING VESSELS OF 1812 AND OF 1892.

Jack Tar, Once Perfectly at Home in the Rigging, Is Now Gunner on Deck—The Independence and the Baltimore.

THERE has been a great change in the laws of marine warfare which necessitates a charge in naval construction, maneuvering, gunnery, navigation and even seamanship, and here, says a correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution, writing from Mare Island Navy Yard, California, were fair samples of the veteran and the newly born ideas of defense and offense on water.

All the old vessels of the navy are sailing vessels with steam additional. It was customary to steam into and out of harbor but to depend entirely on sails as motor power when on the high seas. The required crew were seamen—men versed in knotting and splicing ropes, bending, setting, reefing and furling sails, pulling oars and handling tar pots. Unless one of these ships was thus manned she was not up to the standard. When one of these ships entered an engagement it was necessary "to clear ship for action," which means to send down on deck all the yards, spars and running gear that can be detached which necessarily encumbered every one and every spare particle of space. True, the ship could be cleared until nothing but her lower masts were standing, and done in a miraculously short time but it consumed time and energy and belabered the crew with what a soldier would call impedimenta. Handling the ship was considered the drill with a capital "D." The use of rifles, revolvers and sabers was taught but as a secondary drill.



UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP BALTIMORE.

The top-men were under control, while in the rigging of the captain, of the foremast, of the main-mast and of the mizzen-mast, and there were many subdivisions which seem foolish to us, but upon which great stress was laid.

What was the armament of these vessels? Anywhere from twenty to one hundred guns, all of them of the same old style, ranging from four to fifteen inches bore and perfectly smooth. The charge was an ordinary round bombshell, some loaded, some solid. For them to do effectual work it was necessary to be close to their enemy and depend on main strength and awkwardness to gain the battle, frequently ending in a hand-to-hand combat between the opposing crews.

Procuring a pass we went to the ordnance department and looked over the rejected supplies. There were about four hundred rejected pieces of all sizes and makes, and unnumbered piles of shells that accompanied them. These are useless except to remould into the more modern appliances in order to cope with the rapidly improving navies of the world.

The old navies then amounted to simply this: An ordinary sailing vessel capable of steaming, with a cargo of men, guns and shells capable of making a horrible racket and doing little damage except in close contact.

Now, let us see the contrast, the outcome of advancing developments in every line of science known to man, afloat or ashore.

FROM THE OLD NAVY.

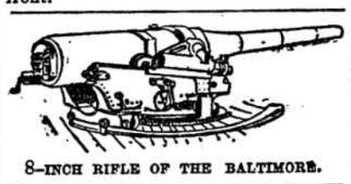
The Baltimore is one of the new creations that the United States is proud of. She is the vessel that had so much trouble in Chilean waters over which war seemed inevitable.

One of this class of vessels is simply a floating machine shop; everything is reduced to mechanics and mechanical theories. First, her motive is steam alone, but of so compound a construction that if one set of machinery is disabled either in engagement or by accident, she can still forge ahead independent of the loss by working an entirely different set of machinery. It is the strongest picture of helplessness to say "as helpless as a ship without a rudder." These vessels are not so, for if the rudder carries away the ship can be steered by her same propelling machinery. The height of perfection is attained in this branch with a speed of twenty-two knots, or over twenty-five land miles, more than the average rate of speed of locomotives. A few small sails are sometimes carried, but not with an idea of motor power.

The contrast of fighting material is greater even than the mode of travel. On one of these vessels to carry eight guns is to be heavily armed. They are made of the very finest possible material, and subjected to the severest tests, then placed aboard with a life of about one hundred and fifty shots. Why so few? Because the strain is greater than the strength of material can resist, and because one shot, if properly used, is sufficient to sink its opponent. The range of these rifles is from ten to twelve miles, and do satisfactory execution. Imagine one of them placed at Chattahoochee River, where the Western and Atlantic Railroad crosses, and throwing a shell to East Point, on the Central Railroad, and piercing a solid wall of steel ten inches thick at East Point. That is the possibility of one of these rifles. Firing them from both sides a distance of twenty-four miles is covered, or almost the distance from East Point to Norcross, on the Richmond and Danville railroad. A vessel twelve miles off, however, is entirely out of sight, except her spars, or as the nautical term is, hull down. The fact that she is not visible owing to the curvature of the earth, does not detract anything from the chance of reaching her with a shell, however. Again, one of these vessels can lay out at sea and bombard a city and blow it to atoms before a defense can be mustered. These guns are so shipped that they can be worked either by hand or steam. They carry, of course, small arms of all kinds, and the very latest improvements, in addition to small mounted pieces for repelling torpedo boats and boarding parties, and it would be decidedly unhealthy for a party to attempt to board one of these palaces of death and destruction.

Provisions are made for defending themselves against being approached by night. The entire ship is lighted by electricity and furnished with "search lights." These are reflectors shaped like the headlight reflectors of a locomotive and an electric jet of over fifteen thousand candle power which can be thrown in any direction chosen, so that it is impossible for any kind of vessel or boat to approach them unobserved. To see them throw a column of light into the air on a dark night looks like an immense tail of a comet about to swoop on you.

You can imagine the kind of crew that is necessary to man one of these modern men-of-war. It consists of electricians, machinists, engineers, firemen and soldiers (?). No, they are neither sailors nor soldiers, but a happy blending of both. There is enough of the Jack Tar left to make them a little "salty," and not quite enough soldier to make them the typical "stand up straight with head and eyes to the front."



8-INCH RIFLE OF THE BALTIMORE.

Their drill is very similar to the tactics of shore drill with sabre, rifle and revolver, and the field movements just the same. Exercises are gone through with every day in the week except Saturday and Sunday, and most of the crew are very proficient in the manual of arms. The "great gun drill" is very interesting, but decidedly hard work. Each gun has a captain, chosen from the men, who has charge of the necessary crew for the gun, usually about seventeen men. Each man is numbered and stationed just as in ordinary artillery drill. There is an officer at the masthead, who, with a sextant determines the distance the object to be fired at is away. He gives the necessary angle of elevation, which is passed to the captain of the piece. He superintends the charging of the piece, and is totally responsible for every imperfection, sights the piece at the proper elevation, and fires. These captains are chosen for proficiency in gunnery.

The improvements in guns during the last ten years amount to a complete revolution, the effort being to increase the power of the gun, and the rapidity of fire. The one-hundred-and-ten-ton gun seems to be the maximum in weight, but it is believed to be too great. The sixty-ton gun, thirteen-inch bore, with projectile weighing 1200 pounds, having a velocity of 2000 feet per second, seems to be the ideal gun for our big white cruisers. Improvements are being made all the time in machinery for handling these large pieces of ordnance. In the new navy electricity, steam, hydraulic and pneumatic power, and even the recoil of the piece when it is fired, are all used in the handling and loading of our monster weapons.

When a ship is in an engagement she generally steams rapidly around the enemy, avoiding getting broadside on as much as possible, unless for a moment to send a broadside volley.

There are now under construction at the Union Iron Works, at San Francisco, three of these modern vessels—the battle ship Oregon, Cruiser No. 6 and the harbor defense monitor, Monterey. At Mare Island navy yard the sea-going monitor Monadawock is almost completed. All of these are to be armed with the very latest heavy rifles and other modern improvements.

Slippers are Insidious.

The ordinary slipper for housewear is a cold breeder. The air on the floor is generally several degrees colder than above, and, passing through the instep too rapidly, chills the foot just taken from the warm shoe, or, perhaps, from the still warmer bed. The so-called Romeo, or toilet slipper, is much to be preferred. Warm, dry feet add greatly to one's comfort and happiness, and attention to these details will prevent many a head cold.—New York Times.

Chestnut culture is recommended in Pennsylvania.

THE SARATOGA MIRACLE

FURTHER INVESTIGATED BY AN EXPRESS REPORTER.

THE FACTS ALREADY STATED FULLY CONFIRMED—INTERVIEWS WITH LEADING PHYSICIANS WHO TREATED QUANT—THE MOST MARVELOUS CASE IN THE HISTORY OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

A few weeks ago an article appeared in this paper copied from the Albany, N. Y., Journal, giving the particulars of one of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century. The article was under the heading "A Saratoga Co. Miracle," and excited such widespread comment that another Albany paper—the Express—detailed a reporter to make a thorough investigation of the statements appearing in the Journal's article. The facts as elicited by the Express reporter are given in the following article, which appeared in that paper on April 16th, and makes one of the most interesting stories ever related:

A few weeks ago there was published in the Albany Evening Journal the story of a most remarkable—indeed so remarkable as to well justify the term "miraculous"—cure of a severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, simply by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, and, in compliance with instructions, an Express Reporter has been devoting some time in a critical investigation of the real facts of the case.

The story of the wonderful cure of Charles A. Quant, of Galway, Saratoga County, N. Y., as first told in the Journal, has been copied into hundreds if not thousands of other daily and weekly newspapers and has created such a sensation throughout the entire country that it was deemed a duty due all the people, and especially the thousands of similarly afflicted, that the statements of the case as made in the Albany Journal, and copied into so many other newspapers should, if true, be verified; or, if false, exposed as an imposition upon public credulity.

The result of the Express reporter's investigations authorizes him in saying that the story of Charles A. Quant's cure of locomotor ataxia by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, a popular remedy prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Morristown, N. Y., and Brockville, Ontario, IS TRUE, and that all its statements are not only justified but verified by the fuller development of the further facts of the case.

Perhaps the readers of the Express are not all of them fully familiar with the details of this miraculous restoration to health of a man who after weeks and months of treatment by the most skillful doctors in two of the best hospitals in the State of New York—the Roosevelt Hospital in New York City and St. Peter's Hospital in Albany—was dismissed from each as incurable and, because the case was deemed incurable, the man was denied admission into several others to which application was made in his behalf. The story as told by Mr. Quant himself and published in the Albany Journal, is as follows:

"My name is Charles A. Quant; I am 37 years old; I was born in the village of Galway and excepting while traveling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds and was very strong. For 12 years was traveling salesman for a piano and organ company, and had to do, or at least did do, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly and slept in enough 'spare beds' in country houses to freeze an ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach, and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to have pain in my back and legs and became conscious that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I walked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was constantly growing worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads and all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, and spent hundreds of dollars for them, but they did me no good. (Here Mr. Quant showed the Journal reporter an electric suit of underwear, for which he paid $124.) In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Company. While there I took a thorough electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was to take morphine. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely and my left eye was drawn to one side, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so affected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt Hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York Hospital on Fifteenth street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian Hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's Hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hun frankly told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could do nothing for me and that she had better take me back home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hun's famous skill and I remained under his treatment for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse. I had become entirely paralyzed from my waist down and had partly lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were freezing and my stomach would not retain food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany Hospital they put seventeen big burns on my back one day with red hot irons, and after a few days they put fourteen more burns on and treated me with electricity, but I got worse rather than better; lost control of my bowels and water, and, upon advice of the doctor, who said there was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In this case Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, had, after four years of constant treatment by the most eminent Canadian physicians, been pronounced incurable, and paid the $1000 total disability claim allowed by the order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking some 15 boxes was fully restored to health. I thought I would try them, and my wife sent for two boxes of the pills, and I took them according to the directions on the wrapper each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as to taking the pills and the treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of the pills I began to feel beneficial results from them. My pains were not so bad. I felt warmer; my head felt better; my food began to relish and agree with me; I could straighten up; the feeling began to come back into my limbs; I began to be able to get about on crutches; my eye came back again as good as ever, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills, at a cost of only $4.00—see!—I can with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days I walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone; I have gained 10 pounds; I feel like a new man, and when the spring opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors had given me up as incurable."

Such is the wonderful story which the Express reporter has succeeded in securing verification of in all its details, from the hospital records where Mr. Quant was treated and from the doctors who had the case in hand and who pronounced him incurable. Let it be remembered that all this hospital treatment was two and three years ago, while his cure, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, has been effected since last September, 1891. So it is beyond a doubt evident that his recovery is wholly due to the use of these famous pills which have been found to have made such remarkable cures in this and other cases.

Mr. Quant placed in the hands of the reporter his card of admission to Roosevelt Hospital, which is here reproduced in further confirmation of his statements:—

SERIES B) 451

ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL.

OUT-PATIENT.

No. 14037. Admitted Sept 16. 89

Chas. Quant.

Age 34 Birthplace N.Y.

Civil Condition W.

Occupation Engineer

Residence 17 Park Pl. Hoboken.

Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

(OVER.)

To verify Mr. Quant's statement our reporter a few days ago, (March 31st, 1892,) called on Dr. Allen Starr at his office, No. 22 West Twenty-eighth St., New York city. Dr. Starr is house physician of the Roosevelt hospital, situated corner of Ninth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. In reply to inquiry he said he remembered the case of Mr. Quant very well, and treated him some, but that he was chiefly treated and under the more especial care of Dr. Ware. He said he regarded this case as he did all cases of locomotor ataxia as incurable. In order that our reporter might get a copy of the history of the case of Mr. Quant from the hospital record he very courteously gave him a letter of which the following is a copy:—

Dr. M. A. Starr, 22 West Forty-eighth street, office hours, 9 to 12 a. m., New York, March 31st, 1892.—Dear Dr. Vought: If you have any record of a locomotor ataxia by name of Quant, who says he came to the clinic 3 or 4 years ago, No. 14,037, of the O. D. Dept., Roosevelt, sent to me from Ware, will you let the bearer know. If you have no record send him to Roosevelt Hosp.

Yours, STARR.

By means of this letter access to the records was permitted and a transcript of the history of Mr. Quant's case made from them as follows:

"No. 14,037. Admitted September 16th, 1889, Charles A. Quant, aged 34 years. Born U. S. Married. Hoboken."

"History of the case:—Dyspepsia for past four or five years. About 14 months' partial loss of power and numbness in lower extremities. Girdling sensation about abdomen. (November 29th, 1889, not improved, external strobismus of left eye and dilatation of the left eye.) Some difficulty in passing water at times; no headache but some dizziness; alternate diarrhoea and constipation; partial ptosis past two weeks in left eye.

"Ord. R. F. Bi pep. and Soda."

These are the marked symptoms of a severe case of locomotor ataxia. "And Dr. Starr said a case with such marked symptoms could not be cured and Quant, who was receiving treatment in the out-patient department, was given up as incurable."

"There never was a case recovered in the world," said Dr. Starr. And then said: "Dr. Ware can tell you more about the case as Quant was under his more personal treatment. I am surprised, he said "that the man is alive, as I thought he must be dead long ago."

Our reporter found Dr. Edward Ware at his office, No. 162 West Ninety-third street, New York. He said: "I have very distinct recollections of the Quant case. It was a very pronounced case. I treated him about eight months. This was in the early summer of 1890. I deemed him incurable, and thought him dead before now. Imagine my surprise when I received a letter from him about two weeks ago telling me that he was alive, was getting well and expected soon to be fully recovered."

"What do you think, doctor, was the cause of his recovery."

"That is more than I know. Quant says he has been taking some sort of pills and that they have cured him. At all events, I am glad the poor fellow is getting well, for his was a bad case and he was a great sufferer."

Dr. Theodore R. Tuttle, of 319 West Eighteenth street, to whom our reporter is indebted for assisting courtesies, said of locomotor ataxia: "I have had several cases of this disease in the course of my practice. I will not say that it is incurable, but I never knew of a case to get well; but I will say it is not deemed curable by any remedies known to the medical profession."

After this successful and confirmatory investigation in New York, our reporter, Saturday, April 2d, 1892, visited St. Peter's Hospital, in Albany, corner of Albany and Ferry streets. He had a courteous reception by Sister Mary Philomena, the sister superior of St. Peter's Hospital, and when told of the object of his visit, said she remembered the case of poor Mr. Quant very distinctly. Said she: "It was a very distressing case and excited my sympathies much. Poor fellow, he couldn't be cured and had to go home in a terrible condition of helplessness and suffering." The house physician, on consulting the records of St. Peter's Hospital, said he found only that Charles A. Quant entered the hospital March 14th, 1890, was treated by Dr. Henry Hun, assisted by Dr. Van Darveer, who was then, 1890, at the head of the hospital, and that his case being deemed not possible of cure, he left the hospital and was taken to his home, as he supposed to die.

Such is the full history of this most remarkable case of successful recovery from a heretofore supposed incurable disease, and after all the doctors had given him up, by the simple use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Truly it is an interesting story of a most miraculous cure of a dreadful disease by the simple use of this popular remedy.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is generally understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature.

On further inquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Morristown, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

The mourning of the English royal ladies is so simple that it has excited comment from foreigners who have seen them. There is an absence of crape, and long floating veils of thin net are worn by the Princesses.

Throughout the States west of the Mississippi River there are evidences of improvement in mining, lumber, small manufacturing, and in agricultural pursuits.

An Accommodating Justice.

A Texas journal tells the following story of a justice of the peace who held court on the border line between Texas and Arkansas: A man was brought before him on charges of murder and horse-stealing. Said the Justice: "Do you want to be tried by the Arkansas law or the Texas law? If by the former, I'll set you free for stealing the horse, but hang you for killing the man. If by the Texas law, I'll acquit you for murdering the man, but hang you for stealing the horse."—New York Post.

AN epidemic of cholera is raging in the East Indies.