

contain chloride of sodium. Two-thirds of the earth's surface is covered with salt water, and the fine spray, which is constantly carried into the air from various causes, contains minute particles of salt." So not only with our food do we take the zest of salt, but we season ourselves with every breath we draw.

In some countries salt is so scarce, it is used for money. A substitute for salt is found in powders prepared from vegetation containing small quantities of salt.

In a report made by Mungo Park, he states that salt is so scarce in the interior of Africa, that it is regarded as the greatest of luxuries. Little children suck a piece of rock-salt with the gusto that our children bestow upon a lump of sugar—and the expression, "He eats salt with his victuals," denotes a person of great wealth.

Soap is said to be an index of civilization. The query is pertinent in regard to the consumption of salt by different classes of men, whether or not the amounts consumed vary in marked degree.

Salt exists in inexhaustible quantities in the waters of the ocean—in nearly the proportion of 4 ounces to the gallon. The waters in the mid-ocean are more strongly charged with salt than those near the land, the caused effect of the fresh water flowing into the sea from the rivers.

To obtain the salt from the sea-water, the water is exposed in a series of shallow ponds called salt gardens or salterns. These are laid out in clay soil and protected from the action of the tides. The sea-water flows into the collecting pond; then it is conducted into the evaporating ponds, and finally into the crystallizing ponds. The salt collects upon the surface, and is gathered by rakes. The salt is made into heaps and covered with straw. In a few days the moisture of the atmosphere liquefies the chloride of magnesium which is present when the salt is drawn from the ponds. This then passes off, leaving the pure salt. Pure salt does not attract moisture, but a minute quantity of chloride of magnesium with salt, causes it to become wet in damp weather. The chloride of magnesium, however, imparts a pungency, that causes it to go farther than pure salt: so, in localities where salt is costly, it is preferred to the pure. The method of obtaining salt from sea-water differs in different localities. Sometimes the evaporation

is partly accomplished in the ponds, and the process completed by boiling in vats. Sometimes the amount of salt in the water is increased, by making the sea-water pass through a filter of sand formed on the sea-shore. On the shores of the Mediterranean, a curious phenomenon occurs when the water has arrived at the point of a saturated solution. The surface of the water acquires a red tint, and exhales the odor of violets. Many small organic beings and a globular microscopic vegetable live in the salt water. When the time arrives that the density of the water is so great they can no longer live in it, they rise to the surface like a thin tissue spread over the liquid, and form a rosy and perfumed bed. Then the workmen say, "The basin will now yield its salt."

Methinks the perfumed death of these minute creatures is in accord with the passing away in tender harmonies of the swan. Behold *man*, the microcosm, holds within himself the elements to make death fragrant as the exhalation from these infusoria, and rhythmically beautiful as the exit of the graceful swan. Salt is found in immense masses, called rock-salt. It exists in the rocks of various formations but chiefly in the new red sandstone. A description of these mines will be given another time, as also the method of manufacturing salt from the brines-prings, with other methods and statistics, that would make this paper extend much beyond the space allowed.

It is said, "Salt is good." And there is the injunction, "Have salt in yourselves, and have peace one with another."

STREET ATTIRE.

As this is the month when ladies begin to prepare their Spring costumes, we desire to utter a word of warning in regard to the colors worn or purchased for the street. Every season the advance notes are the same: some decided and high color is declared to have taken the place of the grave browns, and grays, and blacks of the previous season for street attire.

Now, this is all false in fact and pernicious in theory. The laws of good taste ordain grave colors for street attire, whatever may be the fashion for colors in the house; and the mistake that foreigners not unfrequently make in regard to the character of Ame-

rican ladies, is not due to their deportment half so much as to the striking character of their street costumes.

It is an unfortunate fact that certain "ladies" of the "half-world"—as some one translates *demi-monde*, and the words have a quaint expressiveness—are so very grand in their style and dignified in their walk that one is staggered (unless a long time a denizen of this city) into uncertainty as to where to place them. Does not this prove that a wide line of distinction in street attire should be made, and that it cannot be done too soon?

A very lovely young girl of this city—to relate what Josh Billings calls a little "nanny-goat"—one day appeared in a suit of scarlet cloth, trimmed with black, with a black hat and scarlet plume. Her style was brunette, and it must be confessed that in this very "gorgeous array" she looked like a beautiful picture. Before she left the house, some members of her family more sensible than herself, endeavored to induce her to change her dress. No! Beauty would not do it!

She sallied forth.

A few blocks from her house, a certain dashing young foreign officer met her. It did not for one moment enter his thought or imagination that any respectable girl could, would, or should enter the public thoroughfare in such attire, and, doffing his beaver, he accosted her.

The insulted beauty burst out crying; then, "like Niobe, all tears," she ran along the avenue, "home again! home again!" as fast as Atalanta of the winged feet.

Startled and amazed, and convinced that he had made one grand mistake, the young man retired in great confusion, and staid in his hotel the rest of the day, heartily ashamed of himself. He did not commit suicide, but it is said that he "thought of it."

Beauty has packed away the scarlet cloth and black velvet dress, and will never, never, never do so again! She says "it will do for a fancy dress, a 'Fille du Regiment,' or something of that sort," and admits that she was wrong not to have so decided before.

A quiet style for the street is the first law of good breeding and of true fashion. Let modes vary as they may, that principle is immutable as the law of the Medes and the Persians.

Let the black be rich, the brown be dusky almost in its depth, the purple a veiled haze, and the blue scarce perceptible; but no "warm" or "flashy" wine colors; no *café-au-lait*, no light tea-color for the street. It is not a triumph when the boys turn and comment audibly. "My eye, Jim!" is not a compliment. Dinah and her friends may see it in that light, but the true lady never will.

ON BEING EXACT.

Now let us, for a short time, be very serious, and preach a little sermon to ourselves about being exact in word and deed.

Perhaps you know how difficult good housekeepers and good cooks find it to get servants to be exact in preparing meat, sauces, and other eatables and drinkables. The receipt says, perhaps, a teaspoonful, or a dessertspoonful, or a small teacupful of this, that, or the other is to be put into a dish or a stewpan, in order to make or help to make a certain dish. But an inattentive or self-sufficient person does not care to mind orders *exactly*, and puts in "a little," "just a pinch," "a drop or two," or "a good lot," and the eatable or drinkable thing is half spoiled, or, at least, is not so good as it might be.

In general business the same kind of thing takes place. When a person who is to do something has been told what to do, he very frequently goes off and does "something of the kind," which might be all very well, but which is not *the* thing you want done. Now a busy man, whether he is a cook or a doctor, a merchant or what you please, cannot be always or often giving reasons for his commands or wishes. All he has time and strength to do (the young little know how weary, weary, weary with work their elders, who look so strong, often are) is to say, "Do such a thing," and then "Do such another thing;" and what he expects is that these things, when done, will dovetail or fit in with each other. He cannot stop to explain *how*—he has his head too full of business. Now when he has done his best and other people have done theirs, we know from experience that a certain number of things will have happened which will put out the work here and there. Things never go *quite* smoothly, but why should they be made worse by the neglect of those who are bound to mind what is said to them? If I say to