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A FRAGRANT OFFERING.

I walked alone among the hills,
The voices in the air
Were kinder than the thoughtless tongues
Of the world's thoroughfare.

I heard no ring of Mammon's bells,
Thro' all the scented air,
No jargon of the tiresome crowd
Assailed me anywhere.

A grander than St. Peter's dome
Some brilliant overhead:
I stood alone a worshiper
In the city of the dead.

Alone! Another followed me,
So soft she looked, and brave,
And had her fragrant offering
Upon a new-made grave.

'Twas thus the Scottish poet knelt
To kiss the wild flowers' bloom,
I know the paths that he felt
Beside the silent tomb.

To be remembered, so I thought,
Is nevermore to die,
In floral language thus is taught
Our immortality!

Off by the graves of those we love,
Our sorrows find release,
In precious promise from above:
"In Me ye shall have peace."

My tears fell—an unspoken prayer—
Upon the fresh green sod,
And there I laid my cross of care
To walk alone with God!
—Arthur L. Jenks, in *Jury*.

WON BY A PLOT.

Why Minnie Married the Man
Chosen by Her Father.

"It is so perfectly unreasonable of you, papa," pouted Minnie McAlister, only and petted daughter of Lawyer McAlister, and pretty and willful as a pet kitten; "so perfectly unreasonable, and it is so impudent of that fellow to write and ask you for my hand before I have set eyes on him."

"But you have set your eyes on him many a time," interrupted her father.

"Oh, yes," with a toss of the dainty head, "when he was in his first jacket, and I in pinafores. I know all about that. Because we were two pretty children, and pleasant playmates, our stupid fathers said: 'Let us pledge our children to each other.' And now, after twelve years, when I am seventeen and he twenty-one, the impudent creature coolly desires me to be true to that non-sensical trash, and writes to ask a renewal of your consent."

"Which he certainly has."

"But which it will do him no good to obtain," continued Minnie; "for I say positively I will not see him, nor speak to him, nor glance at him if he comes here. If you write and tell him to come, I will run away to Rockwood, anyhow, and take vocal lessons. I know I have musical genius, if it were properly cultivated; and there is a splendid professor at Rockwood who has a large class in training. I want to join it, and I shall go away next week if you consent; but if you let that horrid, impudent, insolent Walter Graham come here to look after my fortune (for that is what he wants), I shall go without your consent."

"My dear," said Lawyer McAlister, coolly, viewing his irate daughter with twinkling eyes, "let me correct one error you have fallen into. Walter Graham is worth three times what I am at this moment. His father's whole property is in his hands, and he is wealthy. So I hardly think he is looking with covetous eyes upon your few thousands. No, he remembers you as a most sweet child, and, being of a somewhat romantic turn of mind, he thinks it would be pleasant to follow out the wishes of his father and yours and renew the pledge made by them. However, if he could see you at this moment he would think you any thing but a sweet girl."

"Then I wish you would call on an artist and have my picture taken on the spot to send him."

"But I would rather not, for remember I desire you to see and at least treat this young man as the poet says we treat Vice, the monster—first endure, then pity, then embrace."

"Oh, yes," pouted Minnie, "you lawyers think there is nothing in life but bargain and sale. You would have me coolly pledge myself to this fellow because you think he would be a good match, and you would make a regular lawyer affair of it, without any love or wooing in it."

"You are in error again," interrupted her father. "I would make a law affair of it by having you permit this 'fellow,' as you call him, to go to court and allow him to make his plea. I don't ask you to promise your hand to him till he has done this—but you refuse even to see him."

"Yes, I do refuse to see him, and there is an end of it. I am not going to be won in this matter-of-fact way. I am going to fall in love without meaning to, and be fallen in love with in some unexpected, romantic way and have it all like a story-book."

"Mr. McAlister smiled.

"You will doubtless fall in love with that professor over at Rockwood," he said.

"Ah, no—he is old and gray. I shall never my fate in some unlooked-for manner, when I least expect to, I suppose. But will you let me go to Rockwood?"

"I will think about it. I would rather you should take lessons here, and if I suppose you a good instructor to come here, will you be just as well pleased, will you not?"

"Yes—if you keep Walter Graham away."

"At the end of a week Mr. McAlister informed Minnie that he had secured her an instructor for her voice.

"I wrote to a friend," he said, "a

musical gentleman of my acquaintance, and he has secured an excellent teacher, who will be here some time next week. He will make his home with us and will devote his whole time to you. I will pay him well for it, and you will progress much faster than you would at Rockwood. I want you to study hard and apply yourself strictly to your music. I shall pester you no more about Walter Graham, for I have written to him how you feel upon the subject, and now that Prof. Bangemwell is coming you need worry no more about that fellow's annoying you."

"Prof. Bangemwell!" repeated Minnie. "What a name! I know he is old, and tall, and thin, and wears green spectacles, and will be as cross as a bear, but I don't care so long as I can take lessons in singing, if he is an ogre."

Prof. Bangemwell looked any thing but an ogre as he stood in the parlor an hour after his arrival, and was presented to Miss Minnie, his pupil, who had just come in from a walk. He was tall, as she had said, but not old, being certainly not over twenty-five, and not thin, for he had the splendid figure of an Adonis, and his dark, magnetic eyes were not covered by green goggles, and the sweet smile that parted the handsome lips under the long black mustache proclaimed him any thing but "cross."

"Why, Prof. Bangemwell is perfectly splendid, papa," Minnie cried, after an hour's conversation with the professor, finding herself alone with her father. "He is just as handsome as he can be; and oh! what eyes. And he is so agreeable! I know we shall get on splendidly."

"There, there, that will do," said her father, frowning. "I would advise you not to rhapsodize over a common professor of music. He wasn't brought here to play the agreeable, but to teach you music."

Minnie pouted, and thought her father "awfully cross," and went back to the professor. He wanted to hear her voice, and so she sat down at the piano, and he stood very near and gave her suggestions about her position and told her how to draw in her breath and how to economize it; and then, when she sang a passage, he told her where she failed, and sang it for her, that she might understand it better. His voice was a splendid, soaring tenor, and it just lifted Minnie up to the "seventh heaven" to hear him sing. They were full two hours at their first lesson, and then Minnie played and sang some simple airs, and the professor joined in the chorus. So they whiled away another hour; and then Minnie went to her flowers, and the professor soon joined her in the garden, and proved himself as learned in botany as music.

"A magnificent man," Minnie said that night in her room. "I have heard and read of such men, but never saw one before; and all that night long she dreamed of handsome, dark-eyed Prof. Bangemwell."

That was only the beginning. Prof. Bangemwell not only taught Minnie music and botany, but love. It was useless for her to try and conceal it. Her father frowned, her mother chided, and Minnie told them both "how foolish it was to accuse her of such nonsense," but at length she did not try to conceal her passion for the handsome professor.

"Yes, I do love him," she cried one day when they were warning her not to allow herself to fall in love with a poor music-teacher. "I do love him, and he loves me, and I am not ashamed to confess it. I would rather die than give him up, too, if he is a poor music-teacher."

Her father groaned.

"Wild, insane child," he said. "I will go and discharge the fortune-hunter immediately," and away he went in a rage, leaving Minnie in tears.

Half an hour later Prof. Bangemwell, dejected and sad, came to Minnie.

"Darling," he said, "I have been turned adrift by your stern father. I must leave the house to-night and forever. Can you give me up or will you go with me? I am a poor man, but I will work for you, slave for you, if you will be mine."

She clung to him weeping.

"I will go," she said, "to the uttermost parts of the earth with you."

"And you will leave all—father, mother, home, luxury?"

"Yes, gladly, if by so doing I can be yours forever."

He drew her closely to his breast and kissed her tenderly.

"Then, little one, if you love me so truly, you can forgive me for a little deception, I am sure. I have been playing a part, Minnie."

"Then, who—what—" she began. "I don't understand."

"Then I must explain. I am Walter Graham."

She sprang from his arms in wonder and amazement.

"Walter Graham!" she repeated.

"Yes, Walter Graham. Your father wrote to me how utterly you scorned my suit. I had not and could not forget my childish fancy for you. Through all the years I have been in foreign lands I have remembered you and hoped you would not forget the pledge made by our fathers. But I found you had forgotten and refused to see me. Then your father wrote, asking me if I could not play the part of a music-teacher for a time and stating the case as it stood. Fortunately I had received a thorough musical education in Germany, which enabled me to play my part well. I did not need to disguise, as there was no danger of your recognizing me, and

your father and mother were in the secret. I came, saw and conquered. Won't you forgive me?"

She crept into his arms.

"Why, I suppose I shall have to," she said, "for I love you so, I could not be angry with you."

Just then her father came in.

"So ho!" he cried, "you have concluded to accept that horrid, impudent, insolent fellow after all, Minnie? Well, well, I am glad that things have ended so happily. Take her, Prof. Bangemwell, and if you find her half as good a wife as she has been a daughter, in spite of her caprices, you will never repent having taught music! I know."—N. Y. Evening World.

THE PRINCE AND THE SENTINEL.

His Highness Got Into Trouble by Being Too Democratic.

The Petite Presse tells a funny story about the young Prince royal of Greece. This young man was engaged to the Princess Imperial of Germany, and immediately set out on his sparking expedition. The young lady lived in the palace of Potsdam, and the Prince used to go there frequently from Berlin. At first he made stated visits and was taken in a carriage from the railway station to the palace. But one day he took it into his head to pay an informal visit. Dressed in plain civilian clothes, he boarded a train, and on arriving at the railroad station took the first vehicle he could hire. When he reached the palace a sentinel was, of course, at the gate.

"Wer da?" growled the big Prussian. "Tis I," said the Prince, "the Crown Prince of Greece and the fiancee of the Princess. Let me pass."

"You are a nice looking Prince royal, you are! And a Princess-masher, eh! Get away!"

The Prince insisted and got angry. The soldier thought he was a poor crank and tried to bring him to his senses. "Now, my fine fellow," said he, "don't make a fuss. You can talk as much as you please, but I know my business. A Prince, my boy, always has a fine uniform with a cocked hat and feathers and a bushel of decorations. Oh! I saw our Fritz, and you can't fool me. Now, go away."

Noticing a lackey, the Prince beckoned to him, and after scribbling a few lines on the back of a card told him to take it to the Empress. The lackey went off on his errand. The sentinel grinned. A crazy man might fool a lackey, but an old soldier wasn't to be taken in. But what was his astonishment when he saw the Princess coming to meet the poor crank and welcoming him in the most affectionate manner. Then she took him to the palace.

"Well!" exclaimed the sentinel. "If a beggar man comes up to me the next time I'm on guard and tells me he's the Pope I'll kneel down and get his blessing."—*Troled Blade*.

SWISS UNIVERSITIES.

They Are Run Upon a Co-Educational Basis.

The Swiss universities are broad and liberal in the highest degree. Statutes are passed in their senates with simple reference to elevation of character and usefulness, and with no apparent thought of the sexes as separate. These statutes, when presented in council, are treated in the same spirit, and the question as to the advisability of co-education came first in every university after women had already entered and studied. The original statutes excluded no one, and consequently when—after generally a remarkably long time—women applied for admission, their names were taken exactly as those of their brothers were taken; they took their places among these and worked there undisturbed until some other consideration brought the question forward. It is difficult to see why it should have been so long after the establishment of the universities before women asked to work in them. In Zurich it was thirty-one years, in Bern thirty-eight, while Basle was disturbed first last year by the question. Lausanne, however, which just begins its career as a university, begins with women students. In Zurich and Bern it may have been the development of the universities from schools originally founded for the aid of callings as yet unthought of for women which caused the indifference on the part of women toward them. However that may be, when in the sixties women applied for admission in Zurich—the first one was a foreigner—no question was raised; she entered and took her degree. Ten years later, when so many, chiefly Russians, came with insufficient preparation, a new law was passed regulating the admission of "students" into the university, and formally recognizing women.—*Flora Bridges, in Popular Science Monthly*.

Burdens of Indolence.

None so little enjoy life and are such burdens to themselves as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labor, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unburdens us. The idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful and sleep sweet and undisturbed. The happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or calling which engages, helps and enlivens all our powers.—N. Y. Ledger.

"Chews your weapon" might be a proper form of invitation to one of the old-fashioned melo-dramatic duels in which poison pills are used.—*Washington Post*.

SLEIGHING IN SNOW-LAND.

The Sledges Used in the Arctic Regions—Skillful Dog-Drivers.

In the Arctic regions and some parts of Norway and Russia the sledge is the only means of conveyance that the inhabitants have. To them it answers the same purpose as our carriages and carts. Their marketing, visiting and journeys are all made by means of the sledge, which is in some parts drawn by reindeer, and in others, such as Greenland and Labrador, by teams of dogs.

In Norway and Switzerland, years long ago, much attention used to be bestowed upon the making of sledges, and well-to-do folk used to spend a good deal of money upon the ornamentation of their snow-carriages. They were made in various forms, according to the taste of the owner. I have seen one, for instance, that was made in Switzerland about the end of the seventeenth century; says a writer in an English paper, in shape it resembled a huge shell, nearly six feet in length, and had at its head a representation in carved iron-work of a phoenix.

The class of sledges used in Norway about the middle of the eighteenth century were something like a boat in shape. Both sides are beautifully carved and painted, and one may imagine that the sledge must have been greatly admired, for it forms a real work of art, as well as a comfortable conveyance.

But, of course, this kind of sledge is of no use whatever for the long rough journeys that are frequently made in the far North, for the almost untrodden ice-fields of the Arctic regions would soon reduce them to a complete wreck. Sledges of a much rougher and stronger make are used for these journeys, and, in fact, are the only ones employed in these parts. They are made of two runners of wood pointed at the end, with crossbars, which form a sort of platform; three or four low wooden boxes are placed on the cross-bars, covered with bears' skins, and securely tied with stout cord. About the center of the sledge is a large box, which contains the traveler's traps and necessities for the journey.

The entire sledge is safely secured by means of ropes, for nails would be useless to hold the various parts together, owing to the rough roads over which the Esquimaux have to travel. These sledges are drawn by dogs and usually six form a team.

To protect their feet the dogs have on little sealskin shoes or muffers, and over fairly even-covered ice they will travel as many as 100 miles in a day. The driver sits on the sledge and drives the dogs with a whip, the handle of which is only a few inches long, but the lash is about thirty feet in length. To wield this curious whip requires long and constant practice, but when it is thoroughly acquired, it is said that a driver could, at a distance of many feet, lash a fly off the leading dog's ear.

The sledge has formed an important feature in every Arctic expedition, and much valuable service has been rendered by various sledge parties that have started out when the vessels to which they have been attached have been blocked in the ice.

Some of the sledges used by the Esquimaux for hunting purposes are very long, but usually smaller ones are used if the expedition is not intended to be of long duration.

And now I will take you in imagination for a short sledge drive. Let us suppose that we are about to start on a little expedition. The sledge has been brought up, and our friend, the driver, informs us that every thing is ready for the start. Yes; first of all there is a nice, comfortable seat made of the skin of a great white bear, and there, too, are some extra coats in case they should be needed, one or two guns, some knives and a harpoon that may be useful in the event of our meeting with a seal.

The box in the center of the sledge contains several necessities which we may require on the journey; behind it are the coats of the men who are to accompany us, some wood and matches, one or two sleeping-sacks and our snowshoes, all securely fastened on to the sledge by a sealskin thong passing over the ends of the cross-bars.

The dogs, eight fine animals, are already harnessed and seem to be anxious to be off. Every thing is ready, and our driver gives the dogs the word to start. They require no second bidding; in a moment we are off upon our journey at a good pace.—N. Y. Journal.

SILK AND VELVET COSTUME.

Comprehensive Directions for Making an Attractive Visiting Gown.

Take your skirt and fit it after the extremely plain fashion now favored, allowing, however, a little more fullness to come to the sides than you would if you were using cloth or cashmere. In the back arrange two double box-plaits that are to be hooked up to the end of the point of the basque, so that a princess effect is possible. Have your basque short in front and arching over the hips. Then to make the black look newer, and to give your gown the air that a French modiste gives a black silk, insert a violet velvet vest; have, as is pictured, a full velvet sleeve and a high velvet collar. Make your bonnet of velvet to match, and put three tiny little black tips just in front. Tie it under the chin with black velvet ribbon.

If you do not care for violet velvet, then use green, blue, or golden brown, as is most becoming; but do not be tempted to put scarlet or pale blue with your silk, for either will give it a curious air of having been made over, bringing out all its imperfections and showing none of its goodness.—*Chicago Times*.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The State mine inspector of Indiana reports that there are seventy-seven coal mines in the State, with a capital of \$2,081,000. The output last year was 8,676,000 tons.

The total area under ditch in El Paso County, Col., (of which Colorado Springs is the chief city) is 11,946 acres. There are thirty-one reservoirs constructed, at an estimated total cost of \$99,000, and four partially completed reservoirs, which when finished, will have cost \$31,000. There are in all sixty ditches.

A Russian physician has found that microbes were always present in great numbers in the fasting stomach of a healthy person. During the earlier part of digestion they are always quite numerous. The gastric juice, however, tends to destroy the microbes, though no effect on digestion appears to be exerted by them.

There are in European Russia 223 sugar factories, producing sugar from beets. This year 269,594 desyatins of land were occupied with the cultivation of sugar beets, and produced a crop of 800,389,084 poods. The yield of sugar is estimated for the current year (1890-91) at 28,395,324 poods from all the working factories, about 21,000,000 of which is required for use in European Russia.—N. Y. Sun.

If M. Janssen can persuade the French authorities, it is probable that before the century is ended we shall have an observatory as near the summit of Mont Blanc as it is possible to erect a habitable dwelling. That will put the observatory on Ben Nevis quite into the shade, and even the Lick Observatory will be in the second rank. M. Janssen has recently been up the mountain, and has made careful note of the difficulties, but gives a decided opinion that it is possible to establish a station on what is practically the "summit" of Mont Blanc—or at least an elevation of 15,000 feet or more above the level of the sea.

Curious persons may like to test the accuracy of some observations by Dr. Terc, an Austrian physician. He asserts that persons stung by bees are exempt for several months from the effects of further stinging, protection being afforded in the same manner that vaccination protects from small-pox. He has also noticed that many stings are required to affect sufferers from acute rheumatism, but that after evidence of poisoning, the persons are not only secure from further stings, but from the rheumatism itself.

A prominent English statistical writer, in speaking of the cotton manufacture in England, estimates that the capital invested in the various branches of the same in Great Britain alone can not fall very far short of £75,000,000, or \$375,000,000. He bases his calculations as follows: "Taking the spindles at the figure of 17s. 6d. each, and the looms at £16 each, the amount invested in plants will touch \$45,000,000, and adding to this a floating capital of £30,000,000 fully, which will be necessary to the trade in importing the raw material, converting it into fabric, and distributing the same to the world, a total is obtained which indicates what is at stake in this mighty industry."

When, in protoplasm, the matter out of which the plant cell is built up was discovered, it was believed we were nearing the problem of the origin of life. But no one has ever made it any clearer than before how life came to be given to even this pristine, organic material. Dr. Julius Wiesner now contends that even protoplasm is made up of plasomes, and that the whole mass of material is formed from the original plasome by division, just as one cell is by division formed from another cell. Whence the life in this original, minute and almost inconceivable plasome is derived is as much a mystery as ever.—N. Y. Independent.

LUCID AS MUD.

Explanations Which Do Not Always Clearly Explain.

One of the most comical sights in existence is to see a jury listening to a doctor giving evidence. To any ordinary observer it is evident that five-sixths of the jury are hopelessly bewildered, and the more the doctor explains the less they understand.

But the most obscure of all explanations are those which emanate from people who don't know what they are talking about, but think they know enough to explain to others. One of these gentlemen was showing a friend around town, and in the course of their travels they came to a place where ice was being manufactured.

"Do you understand the philosophy of making ice?" ask the resident.

"No," answered the stranger; "I never saw one of the machines; and never had the thing explained to me."

"I'll explain it," said the resident, kindly. "You see they have a kind of tank?"

"Yes."

"And they fill that tank about two-thirds full of water."

"Yes. What then?"

"Why, then, they freeze it."

"Oh," exclaimed the disgusted stranger, "that's it, is it? I had an idea that they boiled it!"—*Golden Days*.

A Conscientious Jury.

First Citizen—If you had doubts of the guilt of Mrs. Borgia, the alleged poisoner, why did you vote to hang her?

Second Citizen (who was on the jury)—Well, you see, the trial made her so notorious that we knew if we didn't hang her, she'd soon be appearing on the stage.—N. Y. Weekly.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—He—"The Van Alstyne lives in great style, don't they?" She—"Yes, they even have a dissipated son."

—Soft Sawder—"But I don't call this a fashionable 'at'!" "It will soon be so, madam, if you wear it!"—*London Punch*.

—A touch of love makes the most matter-of-fact man a poet, or, what amounts to the same thing, makes him think he is a poet.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

—Particularly the Regrets.—Maid—"Mr. Small couldn't call to-night, and he sends his regrets and this little present." Miss Little—"Thanks for both."—*Epoch*.

—Trembling Youth—"Madam, I love you to distraction; will you be my wife?" Girl of the Future—"You may leave your references and call again!"—N. Y. Herald.

—Walker (newly married)—"I hope you will do justice to my wife's biscuits, old man?" Cutting (his guest)—"Well, frankly, I think they deserve thirty days."—*American Grocer*.

—"My husband is very fond of animals," said Mrs. Furber. "Last night in his sleep he turned over and said: 'Take out something for the kitty.'"—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

—"Seems to me you're pretty rough on me for an old friend," said the six dollar clerk as he ruefully looked at his worn-out linen collar.—*Binghamton Republican*.

—"That was a great scheme of Franklin's for getting lightning out of the clouds," said Flickens to his slangy room-mate. "Yes," was the reply. "Pretty fly."—*Washington Post*.

—"I beg pardon, but won't you ask your wife to remove her hat? I can't see the stage." Husband (whispering back)—"Ask her yourself, please. You don't know her as well as I do."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

—Sweedle—"I can't see what makes everybody rush to that little restaurant on the corner." Pipes—"The salt-shakers never clog. Only place of the kind in town."

—Ed Spieer—"A Brooklyn policeman shot seven times at a brother officer and only just grazed him once." John Moore—"Probably his motto was 'We aim to please!'"—*Week's Sport*.

—A Ken Sense of Humor.—Jack (with his knees)—"O, Ethel, say the word—what on earth are you doing with that camera?" Ethel—"Don't move, Jack; I want to show you something funny."—N. Y. Sun.

—"They tell me Miss Rizzle calls you an upstart," said a young man to Gus de Jay. "Yes; but I can't blame her, don't you know. I had sat on a pin just at the time don't you know."—*Washington Post*.

—She Gave Credit When Due.—Wife (sternly)—"Was that you singing, Mr. Heavysides?" Heavysides (meekly)—"Yes, dear. I sometimes sing when I am alone." Wife—"You have more consideration for the feelings of others than I had given you credit for."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

—"Brethren," said an old negro preacher, "I've got a three dollar sermon, I've got a two dollar sermon, and I've got a dollar and a half sermon; I want this indelicate audience to take up a collection, and then I will know which is the easiest to give you."—*United Presbyterian*.

ON KEEPING WARM.

The Requisites Are Proper Food and Clothing and Fresh Air.

A writer on hygienic topics in a New York exchange says concerning the philosophy of keeping warm: With the mercury in the sitting-room at sixty-eight degrees one ought to be comfortably warm. If he is not, the temperature is not at fault. Either more exercise, more carbonaceous food or more clothes are needed; possibly more pure air is needed, for bad air will strike a chill to the stoutest heart. Instead, then, when one feels cold, of increasing the fire in the range, increase the heat in the blood, or more carefully prevent its escape by putting on garments that are non-conductors of heat; open the windows and let in more oxygen, and let out the poisonous products of respiration, or go into the open air and draw from un-falling reservoirs fresh supplies of heat and vigor.

There are women who suffer from chilliness most of the time from fall to spring, and who therefore live as much as they can in rooms heated to eighty and ninety degrees. They object to much underclothing, and make slight change in summer and winter body wear. Of course they are always having colds and illness of various kinds, which plenty of flannels would entirely prevent. Some assert that flannels irritate the skin and can not be endured next to it. If not, a silk or cotton garment may be worn next to the skin, and flannel over that. Vigorous friction of the entire surface of the body before going to sleep and upon rising from sleep is an excellent thing to keep one warm.

Starchy food, sugar and fats, all articles containing carbon in abundance, are good foods for cold weather. Pastries, cakes and crullers are in season now, if ever they ought to be in season. Candy in cold weather is grateful to the palate and far less injurious, if injurious, than in warm weather. Instead of burning carbon in the stove then, put it into the stomach; put on clothing till chilliness ceases, exercise till the body is all in a glow, keep the air of the rooms fresh and pure, and the liabilities to sickness that makes winter a season to be dreaded will be largely reduced.—*Boston Budget*.