

OSAGE VALLEY BANNER.

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THE FOREST FIRE.

Ever nearer, faster, higher,
Comes the waves of lurid fire!
Roaring, hissing for their prey,
Can it be the Judgment Day?

When the "stars of heaven shall fall,"
And a sulphurous smoky pall
Hides the sun, and "like a scroll"
In God's hand, the sky shall roll?

Not but save that day of wrath,
The destroying angel's path
Never left a drearier plain,
Marked with ruin, death and pain.

Where last night the homestead stood,
Ashes now, and blackened wood;
And in place of wife or child,
The scattered corpse, and anguish wild.

All, all is gone! and the bare earth,
Wasted and burned, smothered death,
In the sad image of their fate,
Bitter, and black, and desolate!

Flash the sad news from sea to sea,
The Nation's griefs flow full and free,
And every northern train rolls fast,
With aid and comfort hurrying past.

The Saviour's voice we hear once more,
These gifts are to his poor:
Let them be such that by His throne
We shall not blush our names to own.

And, oh! remember well His word,
Let them be such that by His throne
We shall not blush our names to own.
—Detroit Post and Tribune.

The Habit of Mouth Breathing.

It is certainly remarkable that so little has been written on a subject so important as mouth breathing. It appears, indeed, that Dr. Cassells, of Glasgow, communicated, four years ago, an interesting paper on this topic to the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, but the scope of that essay was confined to the consideration of the habit as a cause of aural troubles. It has been discussed, also, from a general sanitary point of view by Mr. George Catlin, well known as the portrayer of Indian life and customs. But we now have for the first time an exhaustive treatment of the subject by Dr. Clinton Wagner.

Dr. Wagner begins by pointing out that man is by nature a nose breather, the practice of mouth breathing being acquired through carelessness, ignorance or a local trouble which renders nasal breathing difficult or impossible. The unweaned infant always breathes through its nose; unless it did the act of sucking could not be performed. From observations made by Hensell in the Freiburg clinic, it appears that in healthy infants the mouth is almost always closed during sleep, the tongue lying in contact with the hard palate, and the mouth not acting as an air passage. The relation which the nose bears to the functions of respiration is too often overlooked by persons suffering from bronchial or pulmonary disorders. It can easily be verified by experiment that the air in its passage through the tortuous channels of the nose is raised to the temperature of the body before it reaches the larynx. No matter how low the temperature may be, the sense of cold is never experienced below the border of the soft palate so long as breathing is carried on with closed mouth. Moreover, the air thus inhaled is moistened by the natural secretions which cover the turbinated bones in a condition of health, and the short, bristly hairs at the orifices of the nostrils act as a filter or sieve to arrest dust and other impurities which the air may contain, and which if drawn in by the mouth, may act as an exciting cause in developing laryngeal, bronchial, or pulmonary trouble. It is even asserted that man can inhale through his nose for a certain time mephitic air in the bottom of a well without harm; whereas if he opened his mouth to answer a question or call for help, his lungs are closed, and he expires.

The causes which lead to habitual mouth breathing are to be looked for in the nose, mouth or throat. Until recently the methods of examining the nose were so imperfect that a correct diagnosis was, in many cases, impracticable; but now, with the aid of the rhinoscope and by means of a strong reflected light thrown up through the nostrils, dilated by a proper speculum, it is possible to recognize any obstruction to the passage of air. Some instances of congenital imperforate nostrils are reported, and the like occlusion may be caused by a cicatricial contraction from scalds or burns. Foreign bodies, too, such as buttons, seeds or stones, may lodge in the inferior meatus, which is the passage chiefly concerned in breathing, and thus produce complete or partial closure. A general thickening or hypertrophy of the mucous membrane, covering the turbinated bones, such as is found in chronic nasal catarrh, would, in some cases, completely shut up one or both passages. Indeed, a slight congestion from an ordinary cold may so nearly close the air channels that breathing through the nose becomes for the time very difficult. The mouth is therefore resorted to, and thus the pernicious habit may be unconsciously acquired. Among the mouth causes which interfere with proper nasal respiration the most common are enlarged tonsils. The glands press the velum upward and backward against the posterior wall of the pharynx, and prevent the passing of air from the nose to the larynx. Irregular, uneven or protruding teeth, by obstructing perfect closure of the mouth,

may also give rise to the practice of mouth breathing.

Dr. Wagner tells us that habitual mouth breathers can be at once recognized, as the practice stamps itself indelibly on the physiognomy. The retracted lips, open mouth, receding gums, protruding teeth, diminished size of the orifices of the nostrils, the wrinkles of the outer angles of the eyes, and the lines extending from the wings of the nose to the angles of the mouth, gives the persons addicted to this habit a silly, and, sometimes, idiotic expression. The nasal ducts, being vaulted, like disused roads that grow up to grass and weeds, become the seat of polypus and other diseases; the sense of smell is greatly weakened or altogether lost; the contour of the nose is changed, and it acquires an undeveloped or atrophic appearance. The sense of hearing may be affected, the injury ranging from slight impairment to total deafness through habitual mouth breathing. According to Cassells the air must pass through the nose, otherwise it can not reach the tympanic cavity. Dry sore throat is one of the most distressing disorders resulting from the habit under discussion. The practice known as "hawking" is a familiar symptom of this trouble. The hawker is always a mouth breather, and the unpleasant sound is made in the effort to dislodge the hard, dry and tenacious mucus from the pharynx and posterior wall of the mouth. In all cases where the habit is caused by nasal obstruction, there is a voice disturbance, an imperfect resonance from the air or tone which passes upward into the nasal cavity, but finding no outlet there, returns and escapes through the mouth, the individual then being said to speak through his nose. The disagreeable habit of snoring is caused by sleeping with the mouth open. The nose breather never snores.

In children, as might be expected, the effects of mouth breathing on the general constitution are strongly marked. Dr. Wagner has no doubt that in infancy and early youth, when the bones of the thorax are soft and flexible, the deformity known as "pigeon breast" is brought about by this habit. Children should be sedulously taught to use the mouth for eating and speaking only, and the author recommends that, during sleep, those in charge of them should adopt the practice followed by Indian squaws of closing an infant's mouth by gently pressing the lips together. People of mature age also need to be impressed with the necessity of persistence in the practice of nose breathing. For those who are addicted to keeping the mouth open for breathing during sleep only, it is suggested that compulsory closure may be successfully carried out by means of a linen or leather support for the lower jaw, adjusted to the top of the head.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Making Newspapers.

"There is nothing in the paper," said a young friend, dashing it to the floor. "No news at all; it's miserable, stupid." Look again, my dear friend, at the carefully-printed columns, the different headings, foreign, home and domestic news, the wit and humor. Think, for a moment, when you gaze at it, how the editor has tried to please you. There is probably no class of men more overworked than these, no labor more wearing than mental labor. It is so easy to cry out: "Nothing in the paper," for those who know little of the drudgery, the painstaking, the hours of mental weariness, the tedious compositions. It is a common thing for a person, when not exactly suited, to exclaim: "There is nothing in the paper." In a railroad car I once observed two gentlemen purchase copies of the same edition of a paper. One soon handed his to a neighbor, exclaiming: "Here, Sam, have the morning paper. There is nothing in it to-day; it is hardly worth reading." The other gentleman continued to be absorbed. Presently the man by his side asked him what interested him so much. "Everything," the paper is well gotten up this morning; the editorials are especially fine." This proves that what pleases one does not suit the other. Be assured it is no child's play to edit and conduct a newspaper; it is a very tedious, important, responsible position, and the man who manages a well-circulated, satisfactory newspaper has almost the wisdom of a Solomon. Let those who doubt take the editor's place for a while; nothing more is needed for a grumbler. Our friend, when she is tempted to make such silly remarks, had better pause to consider whether the fault be in the paper or her silly little head.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

The hot earth in the vicinity of Lukville, Ore., is a great curiosity. Through this earth is constantly ascending a hot vapor, and both earth and vapor are strongly impregnated with remarkable curative properties.

The extremely healthy man's little joke—"I have never had an snoma in the world."

The Sailor Who Could Measure the Minutes Correctly.

A good story, told at the expense of a well-known ex-Judge, is going the rounds of the lawyer's offices, and it is heartily appreciated by those who best know the irascible but good-hearted disposition of the old gentleman. It was an admiralty case, where he is most at home. The deposition of a sailor, who was soon to die, had to be taken at his bed-side in Brooklyn, one day last week. "How long," the ex-Judge snapped out as the first question on cross-examination, "do you think it was after the vessel left the wharf before the collision occurred?"

The sailor was himself something of a character, and not so near death but that he appreciated the vital importance of "getting back on" a cross-examining lawyer.

"Waal," he drawled out, "bout ten minutes I'd judge."

"Ten minutes! Ten minutes!" exclaimed the lawyer, jumping up. "Man, how long do you think ten minutes to be?"

"Jest 'bout ten minutes," was the untruffled reply.

"How do you generally measure ten minutes?" persisted the lawyer.

The old sailor turned slowly in bed and eyed his questioner. Then he turned back again and said, indifferently: "Waal, sometimes wid a watch and sometimes wid a ciack."

This made the lawyer a little mad. He jerked his watch from his pocket and said, in a quizzical, high-pitched voice: "Oh, you do, do you? Well, I'll tell you when to begin, and you tell me when ten minutes are up."

The sailor slyly winked at the lawyer on the other side, and he took in the situation in an instant and made no objection. The ex-Judge stood with his back to a mantel on which a little clock was quietly indicating the time to the sailor, who lay facing it.

"Aye, aye," the sailor said, and remained silent.

After three minutes had passed the ex-Judge became impatient and exclaimed: "See here, are you going to keep us here all day?" But the sailor made no answer. As five and six and seven minutes went by the lawyer became almost wild in his assumed anger at the man for keeping them so long beyond the time. But not until the hand of the clock was on the exact notch of ten minutes did the sailor speak. Then he said, carelessly: "Guess the time mus' be 'bout up."

The Judge put up his watch and sank in his chair. "Well," he said, "of all the men, dying or alive, that I ever saw, you can measure time the best."

It is said that the ex-Judge does not even yet know what made the other lawyers double themselves over with laughter as they did at that last remark of his.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Camping Out.

And so you are going to camp out in the woods during the closing days of summer and the opening days of fall. What can be more delightful than this recreation? But don't forget to take along some ammonia; nothing will relieve the pain from the sting of insects quicker. It would also be well to procure a bottle of iodine and a camel's hair brush to paint the swelling caused by the poisonous September mosquitoes. You will also find at the drug stores and the repositories for sporting goods a very superior kind of horribly smelling ointment, which will be useful for smearing on your face and hands to keep off flies. Stout gloves, though uncomfortable at this time of year, will thwart the ravages of bugs of divers sorts, and mosquito netting worn about the face will answer a similar purpose. You also want plenty of matches to light a smudge in your tent every night. Moreover, a sharp scalpel and a pair of stout forceps will prove of assistance to your companions in extracting wood ticks from your back. Court plaster, for application to scarified portions of your cuticle where you have clawed yourself in a vain effort to appease the itching of gnaw bites, you will, of course, add to your stores.—*Boston Journal.*

—One of the last numbers of the suppressed *Golds* reports the massacre of the family of a Jewish innkeeper near Wassikow, in the Government of Kieff. Mordko Rykleman, the innkeeper, was awakened in the middle of the night by a knocking at the door of the house and by voices demanding admission. Looking out of the window and seeing a band of peasants armed with cudgels, he refused to open. The peasants then burst the door and murdered the innkeeper's father, wife and six children. Rykleman himself escaped to Wassikow, but when he returned to the inn with a company of soldiers they found only the corpses of his family. The murderers had carried off everything of value from the house, and were about to set it on fire, when they took alarm at the approach of the soldiers. Nine peasants were detected soon afterward while dividing some of the stolen property, and were lodged in prison. They are to be tried by a military court.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—*Scribner's Monthly* is to be known as *The Century* after October.

—The composer of "Die Wacht am Rhein" receives a pension of one thousand dollars a year.

—Mrs. Jessie Fremont Ferris, a niece of General John C. Fremont, has made her debut as an actress.

—The clearest-headed and best-informed political writer in France is a woman—"Juliette Lambert."

—Senator Ben Hill has undergone a second operation upon his tongue for the removal of fungoid growth.

—Carl Schurz has agreed to lecture the coming season, under the auspices of the Williams Lecture Bureau.

—A bust of Artemus Ward is wanted by an advertiser in an English newspaper. Artemus Ward was, and still is, a great favorite in England.

—The first printer in the German city of Frankfurt was Christian Egenoloff, born in 1502 and died in 1556, and a tablet has just been erected to his memory in the wall of the house where he worked and where he died.

—A spare, handsome man of sixty-four, with fine nose and tense upper lip, is the Rev. Newman Hall. His work "Come to Jesus" has been translated into twenty languages, and has reached a circulation of three millions.

—Grace Greenwood is in London suffering from frequent attacks of acute bronchitis and asthma, but most grieved at her inability to write. Her musical daughter will soon make her debut as a high soprano.

—A work on bibliography, just published in Germany, says that Schiller's "Song of the Bells," has received eighteen French translations, seventeen Latin, fifteen English, four Italian, four Bohemian, four Polish, three Hungarian, two Russian, and one each in Dutch, Norwegian, Danish, Spanish, Hebrew, Lithuanian, Swedish, Slavonic, Low German, Flemish, Wendic and Roumanian; in all, eighty-three translations.

—Says the *Christian Union*: Miss Frances E. Willard is endeavoring to direct public attention to the writers of the South, and is continuing in that way the good work of mediation between two sections whose principal misfortune probably is their ignorance of each other's sentiments and character. Literature in the South is decidedly looking up, and it will be a great gain to the literature of the country when Southern life finds a full and artistic expression in books. Mrs. Burnett and Mr. Cable are in the very front ranks of American novelists, and are showing what rich fields and strong dramatic situations Southern society affords the novelist.

HUMOROUS.

—There is a man in St. Louis who has a wonderful memory. It is thought the city will eventually employ him to remember the Sabbath.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—A New York man recently sold his wife to a neighbor for a dollar. Some men seem to take delight in swindling their neighbors.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A Kentucky girl was struck by lightning and killed while dressing for her wedding, and the hard-hearted Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: "There's such a thing as a girl being too attractive."

—J. W. Riley has a poem on "The Lost Kiss." He doesn't make it very plain as to how he lost it; but it is presumed her mother came into the room just in time to catch him at it.—*Rochester Express.*

—"Did you get that girl's picture, Brown? You remember you said you were bound to have it." "Well, not exactly," replied Brown; "I asked her for it and she gave me her negative."—*Boston Transcript.*

—Good-looking women are generally weaker and less capable of getting along than plain ones. By watching the horse-car conductors, we have observed that a pretty girl requires twice as much assistance to get on a car as does a homely one.—*Boston Post.*

—When a Methodist preacher of any prominence in this State does or says anything worthy of note, half the papers in the commonwealth make a note of it, and say: "Rev. So-and-so, formerly of this city." Such is one beneficent feature of the itinerant system.—*Louisville Courier.*

—The man of prudence employeth the hired hand-maid whose hair matcheth in color that worn by the wife of his bosom, but the fool heedeth not this important point, and, when he weareth a long, blonde hair on the lappel of his coat, his black-haired wife waxeth wroth therewith, and pattedh his head with a club.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—She said he had a flattering tongue,
As to his arms she fondly clongue,
And love's sweet roundelay he sung.

For that, said he, my love, I guess
You cannot, cannot love me less;
Give me the little hand I press!

'Tis true, she said, with glance oblique,
While blushing roses dyed her cheek—
The twin will be made one next wique.
—*Somerville Journal.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—It is now generally believed that apples keep better in moist or damp cellars than in dry ones.

—A good way to use up bits of cold roast beef is to chop them fine and add about a third of the quantity of cracker or bread crumbs, stir in enough milk or water to moisten it, season well with pepper and salt, then roll in balls or flat cakes, dip in egg and fry in butter.

—To Make Custards to Turn Out.—Mix with the yolks of six eggs well-beaten three half-pints of new milk, three-fourths of an ounce of dissolved isinglass, sweeten, flavor and boil over the fire in a bain-marie until it thickens; pour into a dish and stir until quite cool; then pour into cups to turn out. These you may place upon a dish and surround with jelly.

—Quince Preserves.—Pare, core and quarter fine, large quinces. Lay aside all inferior and badly shaped pieces. Cook the fruit in water enough to cover, having first weighed it. Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit, and a cup of water for each pound of sugar. Make this into a clear sirup, and when the fruit is easily pierced with a straw, drain it from the water and put it, while still hot, into the boiling sirup; seal up in air-tight jars. Can quinces in the same manner, using less sugar.

—Chow-Chow Pickle.—One peck of green tomatoes, two quarts of vinegar, one cup of sugar, half pint of mustard seed, three tablespoonfuls of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful of cloves, half dozen green peppers, one dozen of onions. Chop the tomatoes; add salt, first a layer of tomatoes, then salt; let it stand all night. In the morning drain off the brine and add the above ingredients, cutting the green peppers and onions fine. Let it all boil till quite tender. Put in jars and cover tightly.

—To Stop Nose-Bleed.—The *Scientific American* gives the following novel plan: The best remedy for bleeding at the nose, as given by Dr. Gleason in one of his lectures, is in the vigorous motion of the jaws as if in the act of chewing. In the case of a child a wad of paper should be placed in its mouth, and the child should be instructed to chew it hard. It is the motion of the jaws that stops the flow of blood. The remedy is so very simple that many will feel inclined to laugh at it, but it never has been known to fail in a single instance, even in very severe cases.

—Tomato Catsup.—Over-ripe tomatoes make a flavorless catsup. They must be in prime condition and sound. Take two pecks of tomatoes, slice them, and put in a porcelain kettle; iron pots make black catsup; boil to a pulp, then strain and pass through a sieve; then return the juice to the kettle; add to it two ounces of salt, two of mace, two tablespoonfuls of whole black pepper, one teaspoonful of cayenne, one-half tablespoonful of ground cloves, six tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, one-quarter of a clove of garlic, and an ounce of celery-seed; boil three hours. When it is cooling add a tumblerful of strong vinegar. Put in bottles and cork tight.

—Ophthalmia or inflammation of the eyes in cattle is sometimes general throughout a district. It may be caused by some prevalent condition, such as the weather or the presence of pollen in the air, which irritates the organ, or by dust or other impurities which have the same effect. The proper treatment would be to wash the eyes with some stimulating solution to cause them to throw off the offending matter: sulphate of zinc, one dram, dissolved in a quart of water, may be injected into the organ with a syringe. The disease may also be a result of estarrh resulting from either of the above causes, in which case the wash for the eyes may be used, and half an ounce of chlorate of potash may be given daily for three or four days.—*N. Y. Times.*

—To Preserve Green Crab Apples.—Select full-grown crab apples, wash them and cover the sides and bottom of your preserving kettle with grapevine leaves, and fill it with the apples, spreading a thick layer of vine leaves over it. Fill up the kettle with cold water, and set over a slow fire; let them simmer, but not boil. When they are quite yellow take them out, peel off the skins with a penknife and extract the cores very neatly. Put them again into the kettle with fresh vine leaves and water, and set them over a slow fire; do not let them boil. When they have become green, take them out with a skimmer, weigh them and allow one pound of sugar to every pound of fruit, and a scant half pint of water to every pound. Put the sugar and water into the kettle and let it boil until the scum ceases to rise, when add the fruit and let it boil slowly till all are transparent. You may put the grated yellow rinds and the juice of some lemons in them. When done, spread out in large dishes to cool, then tie them up in glass jars, after putting a piece of tissue paper over them wet with the white of an egg.