HOW TO CATCH A COLD.

The Various Ways In Which It May Be Accomplished.

The various ways in which a cold may be brought on are thus described by Dr. J. H. Kellogg: "A little knife blade of air blowing in through a crack in a window upon some part of the body will chill that part, and the blood vessels of that region will become contracted, affecting somewhere in the interior of the body an area in reflex relation with this portion of the surface of the body.

"For instance, the blood vessels of the skin of the top of the shoulders and the chest are associated with the blood vessels of the lungs, so that whatever happens to the blood vessels of the skin of the shoulders and chest happens also to the blood vessels of the lungs. If there is a contraction of the blood vessels of the back of the neck, there will be a contraction of the blood vessels of the nose and throat, and if there is a contraction of the blood vessels of the top of the shoulders and the shoulder blades there will also be a contraction of the blood vessels of the lungs. When the influence of the cold is continued, this contraction is followed by congestion.

"When one puts his hands into cold water for a few minutes, they are first pale and then red. This is reaction. The longer the application and the more intense the degree of cold the greater will be the contraction and the congestion. So if the back of the neck is exposed for a long time to the influence of cold one is likely to have a cold in the nose and throat. If the shoulder blades and the tops of the shoulders are exposed, one is likely to take cold in the lungs and suffer from congestion of the lungs. If the cold is long continued, it may cause not only a congestion, but an inflammation of the nose or the lungs.

"So if the bottoms of the feet become wet or chilled a weakness of the bladder may result if there has ever been a trouble there or a weakness of the stomach if there has been a catarrh of that organ."—Good Health.

BABY'S PRETTY CURLS.

Pulled Them Off In a Car and Embarrassed Her Mamma.

A well dressed woman with a beautiful baby in her arms attracted the attention of all the passengers on a Germantown car. Every one was fascinated by the baby's pretty and smiling face and particularly by two golden curls which hung down her cheeks.

After awhile the child became nervous and began to tug at one of the curls which protruded from her hood. The woman, presumably her mother, quickly stopped her, but a few moments later she looked out of the window. No sooner was her face turned than the child seized her bonnet with both hands and pulled it off. It offered little resistance, but to the astonishment of every one on the car the curls came with it, and the supposed golden haired baby showed that in reality its head was without the semblance of a hair.

The child swung the bonnet to and fro and laughingly held it up for the inspection of the other passengers. It was almost a minute before the woman turned around. When she saw what the baby had done, her face flushed, and without a word she picked up the child and walked sedately out of the car. When last seen, she was trudging down Spring Garden street with the baby tucked under her arm like a sack of oats, but still holding tightly to the bonnet and cooing, "See my pooty hair?"—Philadelphia Times.

Behind the Scenes.

"A good many people," said a veteran stage manager the other day, "have an idea that beyond the scenes of a stage there is great fun and hilarity and that actors have a jolly sort of time between their appearances before the audience. The fact is a military camp during times of inspection is no more sedate than is the rear of any well regulated stage when the public in front of the footlights is being entertained. The shifting of scenes and the proper execution of an intricate play require all the thought that can be given them. All the men and women have all they can do to properly perform their parts. If a manager is an easy going man, caring little for discipline, he soon gets to the end of his career. You may be sure there is no business that is carried on in a more businesslike way than is the playhouse, and when the fun is on in the front those behind the scenes are carefully watching to see that no hitch occurs and that every one is ready to do his part at the proper time and does it properly when the time comes."—Washington Star.

How to Dry Rubber Boots.

It was a problem how to dry out hip rubber boots. In the sitting room there was an open grate fire which was covered every night with fine coal and a few shovelfuls of ashes, so that the room never became quite cold. We found that if we heated a piece of old flannel as hot as possible and stuffed it down into the foot of a boot and stood the boot in front of the fireplace it was as dry as a bone next morning. The handiest thing to keep the boot leg open is a spring steel corset rib about 18 inches long by three-quarter inch in width.—Forest and Stream.

Out of Sight.

An English cotton buyer in Memphis was talking with the clerk of one of the hotels the other day when a commercial traveler came up. "How you feeling, Bill?" said the clerk as he extended his hand. "Oh, I'm just out of sight," replied the drummer.

After the commercial man had been assigned his room the Englishman turned to the clerk and inquired what he meant by "out of sight." The clerk explained that he meant he was feeling fine, and the Englishman recorded it in his little book.

The next morning when he same down to breakfast the clerk, following his usual custom, asked how he felt. The Englishman thought it a good time to try some of his newly learned slang and, with the air of one who has solved a difficult problem, replied, "Oh, you kaun't see me at all!"—Memphis Scimitar.

Motion and Color.

The relations between light and the eye are wonderful, and the rapidity of the vibrations of the atmosphere necessary to produce color sensations are amazing. To get the sensation of redness our eyes are affected 482,000,000 times in a second; of yellowness, 540,000,000, and of violet, 707,000,000. So that the seven hued rainbow, whose firm and subtle flame is reared out of drops of water that are ever shifting, plays upon the human eye in a manner so astounding that the strongest mind might stagger beneath the awful revelation.—London Opinion.

A TRAMP AND HIS PAL

THE TRAIL THAT ONE MADE TO GUIDE THE OTHER.

It Enabled "Appetite Bill," After His Term In Jail Was Done, to Unerringly Follow His Partner From Cincinnati to Houston.

"We have a good many tramps up in our part of the country," said a sugar planter, "and I've made something of a study of their peculiarities. The old idea that they carve marks and signs on fences that can be read by all other members of the fraternity is pure nonsense, of course, but I have known several instances in which one tramp would leave a trail, so to speak, for the guidance of a partner who might not put in an appearance for months.

"The first case of that kind I ever encountered was rather amusing. I was riding, one spring day, down a road that passes through my place, when I noticed a typical hobo industriously carving a sort of hieroglyphic on a big post standing near the fence. The mark consisted of a square and triangle side by side, and he was just putting on the finishing touches as I arrived.

"My curiosity was at once aroused, and I determined to find out if possible exactly what the thing meant, so I proceeded to collar the fellow, and after a little vigorous bluffing he told me he was putting up directions for his partner, who would be along some time in the fall. He assured me that the marks meant nothing in particular, except that he had passed and was going in the direction of the point of the triangle.

"His partner, according to the story which I dragged out of him piecemeal, was doing a six months' jail sentence for slugging a policeman in Cincinnati and when he got out on Sept. 1 would strike south, following a trail of carvings on water tanks, depots, barns and fenceposts. When the first tramp struck a good place to loaf, he proposed to stop and wait for the other to catch up.

"'What's your partner's name?' I asked.

"'It's by rights William Sparks,' said the hobo, 'but everybody calls him "Appetite Bill" on account of his always being hungry. He carries a sack to pack grub in and has red whiskers and a funny looking wart on one side of his nose.'

"I was satisfied from my prisoner's manner that he was telling me the truth, so I took him up to the house, gave him a good dinner and sent him on his way rejoicing.

"Now for the sequel," continued the planter. "One afternoon in the fall I was driving home from the station when I passed a very dilapidated hobo with red stubble on his chin and a gunny sack under his arm, and some instinct told me that Mr. Sparks, alias 'Appetite Bill,' had at last arrived. He seemed to be looking for landmarks, and when he reached the big post I saw him stop, scrutinize the carving and then start off with a new and confident step. That settled it, and I drove ahead and intercepted him at the house, half a mile farther on.

"'Hello, Bill!' I said. 'How's your appetite this evening?'

"'Appetite?' he stammered and gave such a violent start that he dropped his gunny sack.

"'Why, yes,' said I. 'Perhaps they didn't feed you very well at Cincinnati.'

"At the word Cincinnati he turned livid and glared around with such evident intention of bolting that I made haste to explain.

"'Don't be alarmed,' I said. 'I met your side partner a few months ago, and he told me to look out for you.' It took me some time to dissipate Bill's suspicions, but when I finally succeeded in convincing him that it was all right he told me a most interesting story of his journey across the country.

"A professional hobo will follow the track of another hobo with an accuracy that is curiously suggestive of woodcraft. All the way down from Cincinnati Bill had never once lost the trail, and before he left I gave him an addressed postal card and got him to promise me he would put it in the mail at whatever point he caught up with his partner. Less than a month later I received the card, bearing a Houston (Tex.) date mark; so I presume it was there they met.

"Both of these tramps could read and write, and I asked Sparks particularly why his friend didn't use some brief message in place of the hieroglyph. He replied that it would attract too much attention, and other hoboes would be likely to add misleading words, while the little square and triangle passed unnoticed.

"Since then I have encountered two other nearly similar cases, in each of which a tramp was leaving a cipher trail for a crony to follow when he got out of jail, and I infer that the practice is tolerably common. At any rate it is a curious feature of tramp life which I have never seen mentioned in any of the numerous papers and magazine articles that have appeared on the subject during recent years."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Snow Fleas.

One of the strangest of all specks on snow is the snow flea—no mimic flea, but an actual living and very lively midget, whose swarms sometimes cover the snow in patches as black as ink or convert large spaces of its surface to a dark gray color. They are creatures of the thaw. I have seen patches, says William Hamilton Gibson, two feet in diameter moving like a dark shadow across the meadow, and I remember once when a boy walking on the snow crust over a field of several acres that was everywhere peppered with their millions.

The books tell us that the insects live in moss and lichens and the rocks and bark of trees, from which they emerge for exercise in mild weather. This theory is probably warranted by the facts, but it will be no easy task so to convince many a rustic philosopher whom I know and to whom these fleas are as much a celestial shower as the snow itself.—Boston Transcript.

Limits to His Gratitude.

"I feel that I ought to make some acknowledgment to the people who were so kind to us during my late wife's last sickness," said Mr. Phroogle, "and I would like to have you insert this card of thanks in a prominent place in this week's paper."

"We are obliged to make a charge for these notices," replied the editor of The Weekly Blizzard, looking over the manuscript, "and this will cost you $1."

"Then you needn't publish it," rejoined Mr. Phroogle. "I am not quite as grateful as all that comes to."—Chicago Tribune.

Poteen.

This wild west of Ireland is the natural home of "poteen," or illicit whisky. This is because the loneliness and remoteness of the spots chosen for making it, almost inaccessible through the mountains and bogs save to those who know something about the country, are all in favor of the smugglers escaping detection, while its network of mountain lakes and small running streams affords the necessary cold water for condensing the distilled fumes into spirit during the cooling process.

Dear beyond any "parliament whisky"—by which expression he denotes that sort which has paid the tax imposed by the brutal Saxon government—is this fiery fluid to the heart of every true peasant son of Connaught, and daughter, too, for that matter, for the fair sex, especially if at all up in years, takes its fair share. And, in the interest of truth, it must be added that those who inhabit the coast counties from Kerry to Donegal, inclusive, are also fully alive to its seductive merits. Indeed, many doctors—local, of course—will tell you that well made poteen is better in sickness than the adulterated whisky usually met with in the small public houses in this region of poverty, for in the Connemara country at any rate the illicit whisky is made of pure malt, though rumor has it that the less particular palate of Donegal, for instance, is satisfied with a fire water mainly made from molasses, potatoes—aye, sometimes from almost any other rubbish you please.—Chambers' Journal.

Patrols on Russian Railroads.

The Transsiberian railroad is very closely guarded, the management feeling personally responsible for the people they carry on their trains. The road is divided into sections of one verst, or five-eighths of a mile. In a neat little log house, usually in a garden, live the guard and his people. The average family is a wife and five towheaded children. The houses were built by the company and evidently with a view to meeting the demands of increasing families. The guard or a member of his family must patrol his section night and day. He steps to the side of the track as the train approaches and after it has passed steps back into the middle of the track, holds a small green flag in the air, at night a lantern, and stands like a statue until the train has entered the next section. Several guards do duty in the heavy curves, and frequently they are only a few hundred feet apart.

Much of the track patrolling is done by women, who have proved fully as reliable as the men. The women are nearly always barefooted, and as they stand on the track holding the flag aloft, a Siberian breeze toying with their short skirts, they are fine subjects for a sculptor after a unique model.—Siberian Letter in Chicago Record.

Seeing and Knowing.

An eminent lord chief justice who was trying a right of way case had before him a witness, an old farmer, who was proceeding to tell the jury that he had "knowed the path for 60 year, and my feyther towld I as he heard my grandfeyther say"—

"Stop!" cried the judge. "We can't have any hearsay evidence here."

"Noi!" exclaimed Farmer Giles. "Then how dost know who thy feyther was, 'cept by hearsay?"

After the laughter had subsided the judge said, "In courts of law we can only be guided by what you have seen with your eyes and nothing more nor less."

"Oh, that be blowed for a tale!" replied the farmer. "I ha' got a bile on the back of my neck, and I never seed 'un, but I be prepared to swear he's there, dang 'un!"

This second triumph on the part of the witness set in a torrent of hearsay evidence about the footpath, which obtained weight with the jury, albeit the judge told them it was not testimony of any value, and the farmer's party won.

Grandfather's Hymns.

The Contributors' Club in The Atlantic gives some information concerning "grandfather's" hymns: "Imagine them and their good wives gathered in the New England meeting house, trolling forth such 'spiritual songs' as the book preserves for us:

"Then, blooming friends, a long farewell;
We're bound to heaven, but you to hell.
Still God may hear us while we pray
And change you ere the burning day.

"And, be it observed, this 'burning day' to them was something as definite as washing day. This was none of your vague purgatorial way stations, but as fiery a pit of torment as the imagination can well conceive. Here is a glimpse of it:

"Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horror and amazing anguish
Stare through their eyelids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them."

Doubling His Joy.

"Young man," said the girl's father, "do you realize that in asking for my daughter's hand in marriage you are asking me to give up my only child?"

"Excuse me, sir," replied the young man, "but you are evidently laboring under a misapprehension. I propose to come and live with you after we are married, and you will then have two children instead of one. Now, what more could you ask?"—Chicago News.

Folly of Extravagance.

"Because I agree to undertake your defense," said the eminent criminal lawyer who had been called in, "you will have to be perfectly frank with me and tell me the whole truth. Did you embezzle the $20,000 you are accused of having taken?"

"Yes, sir," replied the accused man. "I'll not attempt to conceal the fact from you. I stole every cent of it."

"How much of it have you still?"

"It's all gone but $10."

"Young man," said the eminent lawyer, buttoning his overcoat about him and putting on his gloves, "you'd better plead guilty and throw yourself on the mercy of the court."

"I'll do it if you say so, sir. What are you going to charge me for the advice?"

"Ten dollars."—Chicago Tribune.

His View of It.

"No, sur!" exclaimed Cassidy. "It's no aisy job t' be a millionaire."

"Is it just crazy talk ye're makin?" asked Mulligan.

"No, sur; I mane it. Shure, if ye're a millionaire an don't give all yer money away they call ye a sthingy ould thafe, an if ye do they'll say ye had t' do it t' square yersel' wid the Lord. No, sur; I'd not be a millionaire fur a thousan' dollars!"—Philadelphia Press.

Easily Fixed.

"Awful affair at our hotel this afternoon. Cook got angry and cut the end of a waiter's nose off with a carving knife. But one of the guests fixed it up all right."

"How?"

"He gave the waiter another tip."

THE BITER BITTEN.

A Trick That Didn't Work Out Just as Was Expected.

There were three of them, and as they entered the German saloon on the corner the tall young man, who wore razzle dazzle clothes and posed as "fast," remarked in an undertone to his companions that he would "show them something good."

They lined up at the bar, and the tall young man ordered three 5 cent drinks. When these were disposed of, he laid down 10 cents on the bar, at which the German proprietor remarked, "Nein; fifdeen." The tall young man repocketed the coin and thus addressed the German:

"I just gave you 10 cents, didn't I?"

"Yah," responded the German.

"Well, here's 10 cents. That makes 20, so you owe me 5," added the young man, again depositing the dime on the bar.

The German looked bewildered, but placed the dime in the money drawer and handed the tall young man a half dollar, with the request that he deduct therefrom the 5 cents due him. The tall young man had just the correct change, 45 cents, left in his pocket. This he promptly handed to the German and received the half dollar. Then the three companions repaired to the street and indulged in a mighty laugh, while the tall young man swelled up like a prize turkey on parade. Everything went lovely until they parted company and the tall young man boarded a car for his home in the suburbs. Imagine his feelings when the conductor handed him back the 50 cents which he tendered in response to the request for fares with the information that the piece was "bad." It was all the money he had, and he could not persuade the conductor to trust him, so he was ejected at the next corner and had to walk the remaining five miles to his home.—Chicago Journal.

TRAINING OF ANIMALS.

Only Accomplished, It Is Said, by the Use of the Whip.

The popular theory that animals can be taught tricks by firmness and kindness is a grim error, according to a veteran circus man who has sent forth the dictum that no animal was ever trained to do anything unnatural except by punishment. If it knows hunger or pain will follow disobedience, it will obey.

It takes the whip to break the colt to harness or saddle, but the end justifies the means, and the animal's intelligence when once it has learned its lesson does away with further use of the whip. But if a horse is taught tricks, such as one sees in a circus, the constant use of the whip is necessary, and the little pat on the neck the trainer gives the animal in public is not bestowed in private. There is never any let up in their training.

Trained dogs always appeal to women and children, for the little animals appear to thoroughly enjoy their work. But the barking and frisking are only the natural joy of the poor beasts at being let out of the cramped quarters where they stay when they are not in the ring. Moreover, they know the trainer does not whip them in public. There is scarcely a trick a trained dog does that he likes or that he will do at order unless punished. Willis Cobb was the first dog trainer to make a reputation, and when he was middle aged he abandoned his profession because, he said, he had not the heart to go on making a living by whipping dogs.—Cleveland World.

Refrigerated Eggs.

Eggs become unwholesome when kept in refrigerators. A fungus forms in them which is easily found by the microscope, although it is not noticeable to the taste. The fungus constitutes a danger when we consider how many eggs are consumed by all classes of society, and people of delicate constitutions ought to be particularly careful that they eat fresh and not kept eggs.

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