

Crusade on Tuberculosis

The Henry Phipps Institute of Philadelphia, which has been established by the generous gift of a wealthy resident of that city, is doing a great work on behalf of persons suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis or consumption. The physicians employed by this institution have compiled some excellent rules to be observed by persons suffering from this disease, the careful following of which will prevent the extension of the disease to others, and will greatly aid the sufferers to recover.

Don't spit on the sidewalk, on the street, nor into any place where you cannot destroy the germs which you spit up.

Do not swallow any spit which comes up from your lungs or which comes out of the back part of your throat.

Spit into a spit cup when it is possible to do so.

Always use a spit cup with a handle to it so that you can hold it close to your mouth.

When you use a china or earthenware spit cup always keep eye and water in it and scald out the spit cup once or twice a day with boiling water.

When you use a tin spit cup with a paper spit cup inside burn the paper cup at least once a day and scald the tin cup with boiling water.

Never use a handkerchief or a rag or any material other than paper to spit in or to wipe your mouth with.

When you cannot spit into a spit cup, spit into a paper napkin.

Always use a paper napkin to wipe your mouth with, after spitting, and be careful not to soil your hands.

Always carry a cheap paper bag in your pocket or sash to put paper napkins in which you have used.

When you have used a paper napkin, either to spit in or to wipe your mouth with, fold it up carefully and put it away in the paper bag.

Every evening, before going to bed, burn your paper bag together with the napkins which you have deposited in it.

If you have a mustache or beard shave it off or crop it close.

Always wash your lips and hands before eating or drinking, and rinse out your mouth.

If you have a running sore take up the matter which is given off with absorbent cotton and burn it.

Avoid handshaking and kissing. These customs are dangerous to you as well as to others. They may give others consumption; they may bring you colds and influenza which will greatly aggravate your disease and may prevent your recovery.

Do not cough if you can help it. You can control your cough to a great extent by will power. When you cough severely hold a paper napkin to your mouth so as not to throw out spit while coughing.

Sit out of doors all you can. If you have no other place to sit than the pavement sit on the pavement in front of your house.

Don't take any exercise when you have a high fever.

Always sleep with your windows open, no difference what the weather may be.

Avoid fatigue. One single exhaustion may change the course of your disease from a favorable one to an unfavorable one.

Go to bed early. If you are working, lie down when you have a few moments to spare.

Don't take any medicine unless it has been prescribed by your physician. Medicine may do you harm as well as good.

Don't use alcoholic stimulants of any kind.

Don't eat pastry or dainties. They do not nourish you and they may upset your stomach.

Take your milk and raw eggs whether you feel like it or not.

Keep up your courage. Make a brave fight for your life. Do what you are told to do as though your recovery depended upon the carrying out of every little detail.

Always keep in mind that consumption can be cured in many cases and that it can be prevented in all cases. If your own disease is too far advanced for you to recover, console yourself with the idea that you can keep those who are near and dear to you from getting it.

Nerve Poisoning Through Indigestion.

Prof. Bouchard, the eminent French scientist, has shown that the decomposition of food which often takes place in the stomach and intestines in indigestion gives rise to powerful poisons. When absorbed into the body, these produce effects entirely similar to those produced by strychnia, opium, alcohol, and other poisonous drugs. If food is retained in the stomach beyond the normal time, either because of its indigestibility, the taking of too large a quantity of it, or a crippled state of the stomach, these changes are certain to take place.

Cardinal Gibbons a Pedestrian.

Cardinal Gibbons is a fervent advocate of pedestrianism as a means of prolonging life and of adding to health and vigor. His eminence has passed the allotted span of life, yet he does a ten-mile tramp almost every day of his life, yet denying himself when the weather is most severe. To Baltimoreans he is a familiar sight out for a jaunt, but strangers generally are astonished when told that the diminutive, somewhat shabby looking man, without one single exterior sign of his dignity, is the illustrious churchman and scholar. He usually walks alone and it is a token of marked favor to be invited to join in his rambles.

Tea Growing in California.

Some of the farmers near Santa Rosa, Cal., are experimenting with tea growing, and the effort seems to be meeting with success. It is said that there is no reason why tea should not be grown in some sections of this country, though the earlier South Carolina experiment is not known to be making great headway.

This fact explains a very large share of the distressing symptoms which afflict the chronic dyspeptic. The giddiness, the tingling sensations, the confusion of thought, and even partial insensibility, which are not infrequently observed a few hours after meals in chronic dyspeptics, are due to this cause. Here is the explanation of the irascibility, the despondency, the pessimism, the indecision, and various other forms of mental perversion and even moral depravity, which are not infrequently associated with certain forms of indigestion. The total depravity which we often hear talked about, is, half the time, nothing more nor less than total indigestion.

A Convincing Test.

In the Far East the Japanese have won victories which have astonished the world. They show themselves to be more enduring, more resistant to the effects of wounds, keener witted, sharper in tactics, and quicker in execution than their Russian antagonists. The Jap is content with a simple diet of rice, peas, or beans, which is quickly digested and converted into brawn and brains, while the Russian must have his meat and his vodka.

The same dietary, the same simplicity and naturalness in habits of life, which give toughness, fiber and endurance and immunity against infection, afford equal advantages in fighting the battle of life in any direction.

The brain worker who wants to keep his mental vision sharp and desires power to pursue his subject with unceasing energy, must keep his blood clean by a pure, simple, natural diet.

The lawyer, the clergyman, the business man, the teacher, the investigator, the inventor, will find the same advantages in living in harmony with natural principles as does the plucky Japanese soldier, who is, for the first time, testing his metal by a great contest with an army of civilized men.

Alcohol vs. Long Life.

It is very easy to prove that the influence of alcohol, as of every other poison, is to shorten life. Dr. Willard Parker of New York, shows from statistics that for every ten temperate persons who die between the ages of twenty-one and thirty, fifty-one intemperate persons die. Thus it appears that the mortality of liquor users is five hundred per cent greater than that of temperate persons. These figures are based on the tables used by life insurance companies.

Notwithstanding the constant protest of both moderate and immoderate drinkers, that alcohol does not harm them, that it is a necessary stimulant, a preventive of fevers, colds, consumption, etc., and the assertion of certain chemists that it is a conservative agent, preventing waste, and so prolonging life, the distinguished English actuary, Mr. Nelson, has shown from statistical data which cannot be gainsaid, that while the temperate man has at twenty years of age an average chance of living forty-four and one-half years, the drinking man has a prospect of only fifteen and one-half years of life. At thirty years of age the temperate man may expect thirty-six and one-half years more of life, while the drinker will be pretty certain to die in less than fourteen years.

On the other hand, the Rechaite societies in England show statistics clearly indicating that total abstinence is in the highest degree conducive to longevity.

RECIPES.

Savory Soup—Cook half a pint of small navy or soup beans in three pints of water for two hours, adding boiling water as needed. In a separate kettle place two small parsnips, scraped and sliced, one good sized onion cut fine, two stalks of celery and half a can of tomatoes. Cover well with boiling water and cook until the vegetables are very tender; then add the beans and press all through a fine colander or soup-strainer. Return to the stove, simmer a moment, and just before serving, stir in slowly a cupful of hot cream or rich milk. A can of sweet corn may be substituted for the beans. As it takes less time, and may be put in with the other vegetables, it is sometimes preferred by the housewife who is her own cook.

Spinach With Eggs—Pick over and thoroughly wash the spinach; boil quickly until tender, but still bright green (if cooked uncovered it keeps its color better); drain, and press dry in a hot, square pan. Turn out on a hot platter, cut across and lengthwise to form squares. Place a nicely poached egg on the top of each square, and arrange slices of lemon around the edge of the platter, to be served with the spinach. A wooden or bone salad fork and a spoon are a help in serving.

Bright Library Attendant.

A man went into the general reading room of the congressional library in Washington the other day to get some specific data for a paper he was writing. He told an attendant he wanted to find out something about paval bulls and asked if they had any record of anything of the kind. He had never been in the reading room before and did not know the limitations of some of its attendants. He selected a desk and sat down. At the end of half an hour the attendant returned. "I think, sir," he said, "you churchman and scholar. He usually walks alone and it is a token of marked favor to be invited to join in his rambles."

Discovery of Pike's Peak.

Lieut. Zebulon Montgomery Pike, an officer in the United States Army, discovered the famous peak Nov. 15, 1806. The chamber of commerce of Colorado Springs has started a movement to honor the one hundredth anniversary of this event in 1906 by a celebration to be participated in by the entire state.

The Uncrowned King

Or God of Mammon, as he serves
Straight to his goal he cuts his way,
Perhaps on some vast continent
His hand was closed but yesterday.

"Aye, yesterday," you all deign
Because one died is all he done?
The uncrowned monarch never dies,
The sun hath set—there springs the sun.

Nor shall his tower be the less
If in his childhood's bygone peace
The gutter cradled him, nor may
A steeper birth his strength increase.

He is, for good or ill, he is;
And woe to those who blindly cling
Unseeing to the ancient thrones,
And rock not of the Uncrowned King!

—Clinton Dangerfield, in the Century.

AT THE CALL OF DUTY

BY NELLIE CRAVEY GILLIPIRE

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When I entered Thompson's room, he was pacing excitedly up and down the floor in a way that was altogether new in my experience of him. He paused a moment to look at me in a half startled, half uncertain way; then resumed his pacing without a word beyond an abrupt "Good morning."

He carried an open letter in his hand, and I noted that his face bore a strained, tense look and that it was perfectly pallid.

Presently he stopped in front of me and flung himself dejectedly into the chair opposite. After a second's hesitation, he leaned over and thrust the letter into my fingers.

"Read it, Dick, and for God's sake, tell me what I'm to do."

The letter ran:

Charity Hospital, Feb. 6.

My Dear Mr. Thompson:—I have under my care, a patient in whom you will recognize the wife supposed to be dead for many years. Briefly, her story is this:—Seven years ago, she left your house in an impulsive moment—she says you will remember the details well enough—so I pass them over. The only thing clear to her seems to be the recollection of heavy snow storm and the fact that she was insufficiently protected from the bitter cold. She sat down on someone's doorstep to rest, after hours of distracted wandering. She realized then what she had done, but a sense of foolish pride kept her from going back. After that, her mind became a blank, and so it has remained through all these years—till now.

If this letter reaches you, come at once to the hospital. Mrs. Thompson has so far recovered that she will be able to return to her home within the week, unless some unexpected complication ensues. Respectfully yours,

Dr. L. S. Whiddon.

P. S.—The above letter is written with your wife's full permission.

L. S. W.

I could not restrain a glance of compassion as I returned it to Thompson. His face was like ashes and he trembled visibly from head to foot.

"My first thought was for poor little Elsie. Thompson must have divined this, for when he next spoke, it was as though we had been just talking of her. He looked at me a moment with dry, pain-dark eyes before he spoke. 'You will explain—this to her, old fellow? You know, you understand—you—do believe in my good faith, Dick, do you not?' He regarded me anxiously. Then, in a dull tone, he went on:—'Thank heaven I told you the whole story of my wife's strange desertion of me—of her complete disappearance into the world for many months—of the sudden intelligence I received of her death, and—'he broke off abruptly and walking over to an open window, stood for many minutes, looking down into the crowded street."

"You never investigated the circumstances surrounding her death?" I asked after a pause.

"The proofs I had, or thought I had, seemed incontestable enough," he replied despondently. "I mourned her sincerely and genuinely for long months after."

"My sister is too true and sensible a woman not to understand—everything," I said presently, "and I—hope I am too good a friend to doubt."

Thompson's eyes flashed a quick gleam of gratitude into mine at this.

She threw back the veils from her glowing face and stood looking at us from one to the other. The keen, winter wind had crimsoned her cheeks to the hue of pomegranate blossoms, and coaxed innumerable flecks of black brilliance into the gray irises of her eyes.

Thompson stood silently by. For an imperceptible second, I caught his glance, wistful, appealing—almost desperate. Neither of us could speak. Elsie's glance of good-natured surprise changed to one of consternation.

"Why—whatever is the matter with you two?" she demanded, almost sharply. "I half believe you've been quarreling or something."

Thompson took the letter out of his pocket and handed it to her without a word. She opened it slowly, trying hard to keep her hands steady and the color in her cheeks. Then, he bent

"You will do your duty, Jack."

suddenly and laid his palm over the written words. "Don't," he said hoarsely. "I'd rather tell you myself."

She looked up at him dazedly, all the light going out of her eyes as they recognized the tragedy in his. She sat quite still, almost statue-like, waiting for him to speak.

He hesitated a moment, then broke out passionately, the despair in him rushing to uncontrolled utterance:— "I have just learned that I have a living wife—the woman who deserted me in a fit of petty temper—the woman whom I mourned as dead—whom I honored and cherished in my home while she made it hers! There's no human law now to hold me to her. There is a law that will give me my freedom. I—"

Elsie interrupted him with a deprecating gesture. "There is a divine law," she said in a tone of finality.

Thompson did not speak for several seconds. Afterward, he said, dully:—"You are right in this—as in everything. I shall, of course, do what is right."

"You will do your duty, Jack, I am sure of that," she returned in a low tone. Elsie rose as she spoke, and a few moments later, we took our leave.

At the foot of the steps, we came face to face with a special messenger. "Mr. Thompson live here, sir?"

"He does. Anything wrong?"

"Yes. A woman just died at the Charity Hospital. She—"

"Yes, I know. Three doors to the left—up this flight."

Elsie had entered the coupe and was waiting for me. "To the Metropolitan Opera House," I told the driver. She looked at me in hurt bewilderment. "Oh no—not there—not now!" she cried, a quick reproach leaping to her tear-blinded eyes.

"I took her hands in mine and held them close till she calmed herself. 'Everything is all right,' I said, then, 'I have just found out that the woman—that she is—dead. But this day, at least, belongs to him and—to her.'"

When We Did Not Care for Japan.

When the first embassy from Japan arrived in Washington a member of the Senate rose and said: "Mr. President, the first ambassadors from the venerable country of Japan are about to arrive. I move the Senate do now adjourn to meet and welcome the Japanese." Immediately another senator was on his feet, not to second the motion, but to say sharply: "Mr. President, I humbly trust the Senate of the United States of America will not adjourn for every show that comes along." That settled it.—From Mrs. Roger A. Pryor's "Reminiscences."

Hair-Splitting.

Senator Beveridge was answering an argument.

"The gentleman has been splitting hairs," he said. "He has been trying to prove that two like things are different. He resembles the young lady who defended her sex's reticence. 'Some women can't keep a secret,' said one of them to this young lady.

"She can, too," the young lady answered. "It isn't the woman who gives away the secret. It is the people she tells it to who let it out."

A MODEL YOUNG MAN.

But It Was Business, Not Principle, With Him.

"Didn't that hurt you, sir?"

The clerical-looking gentleman in the rear seat of the trolley car turned inquiringly to the nicely-dressed and clean-cut young man who sat beside him, as that individual winced slightly, for his foot had just been stepped on by a portly man who was leaving the car.

"Yes, sir—it hurt very much," he said simply.

"I thought so," said the clerical man. "Allow me to congratulate you on your control. I observed with pleasure, sir, that no oath sprang to your lips. Great pleasure to meet a young man like you. Have a cigar?"

"Thank you, I don't smoke," said the young man.

"Splendid!" exclaimed the clerical interrogator. "I smoke myself," he said, "because I lead a sedentary life. But I glory in a young man who doesn't. May I inquire, sir, if you know the taste of liquor?"

"No, sir; never touched a drop."

His new friend clasped him by the hand. There were tears in his eyes.

"Remarkable!" he exclaimed. "In these unregenerate days it is indeed soul-satisfying to gaze upon such a model. May I ask, my dear friend, what high motive impels you to abstain from these influences, that are sapping the lifeblood from the nation?"

The young man smiled. "Certainly," he replied. "The fact is, sir I find that I can't dissipate and do a faro bank at the same time."—Colliers.

VENISON WAS ALL RIGHT.

But if It Had Been Beef He Would Have Called It Tainted.

Gov. N. J. Bachelder of New Hampshire does not believe in keeping venison, in the English fashion, for a month or more until it has turned green.

"I like a piece of venison as well as any man," he said recently, "but I want the meat to be fresh and sweet. I can't understand the English method of 'hanging' game till it has become quite putrid."

"My private opinion is that most people don't like game that has been 'hung'—I believe that they only pretend to like it. They are like a man who sat near me in a New York restaurant one autumn day.

"A dish of meat was set before this man, and I saw him taste it, give a 'pwh' of disgust and beckon to the waiter.

"Walter," he said, "this steak is positively bad. It must be three weeks old."

"The waiter looked at the dish.

"Beg pardon," he said, "I have made a mistake, sir. I have brought you venison."

"Venison?" said the patron, with a gratified smile. "Ah, yes. Then you may leave it."

"He took another mouthful of the meat.

"To be sure," he said, "it is venison, and very nice, too; very nice, indeed."

Struck Ground Again.

At a small station in the north of Ireland an old man, carrying a carpet bag, and accompanied by an old woman, evidently his wife, entered the train. It was apparent from their expressions of curiosity, mingled with anxiety, that this was their first railway journey. The train started, and they both looked eagerly from the window, and as the speed increased a look of keener anxiety gathered on the old woman's face. A few minutes later the train ran on to a long bridge, the sides of which could not be seen from the carriage window. With a little shriek the old woman clutched her husband's arm. Meanwhile the train sped onwards, and was soon once more on solid earth. The old woman was quick to note the change. Her features relaxed, and she sank into her seat with the fervent exclamation: "Thank goodness, she's struck the ground again."

The Song of the Stars.

Along the world of Melody
Each sends its radiant gleams.
And One is—Eternity,
Cold as the utmost northern sea,
On Beauty's isle in beauty's beams.
Her eyes are jewel in northern night,
And One is set in the northern night,
The Empress star; by Jewry supreme;
Of her he is the dreamer.

Who knew the gods and drew their fire
To flame his ever-flaming lyre—
Nordia—great where all are great,
Brunhilde's self reincarnate.
And Walker, dimming a thousand stars,
The faintest one as bright as Mars.
And Homer, too,
A ruby set in skies of blue.

Another burns with softer glow,
One nearest heaven—Melba; lo!
That transient star whose light appears
But once in every hundred years.
And Sembrich—star that makes the birds
Sing.

Aurora girls
None brighter 'mongst her jeweled throng.
And her whose light
Puts the aspiring sun to flight—
Frenette; the Venus star of song.
The lovers' asteroid, the impassioned One.
—Alfred Bryan.

Mine of Vari-Colored Oak.

A Russian timber dealer has discovered a valuable mine of oak. It is in a river of south Russia, in layers three or four feet deep, scattered over 150 square miles, and its most striking feature is its variety of colors, supposed to be due to the variegated soil of the river bottom. Not fewer than twelve shades of pink, blue, yellow and brown have been noted, each log having its own uniform shade. The logs taken out have ranged from forty to 200 feet in length and from fifteen to twenty inches in diameter, and it is estimated that more than 150,000, averaging seventy feet, remain.

Helen Gould as Lady Bountiful.

The county of Delaware, New York state, has been benefited in many ways by the fact that it was the birthplace of Jay Gould, the famous financier, and is now the summer home of several members of his family. The benefits have come largely through the wise beneficence of his daughter, Miss Helen Gould, whose favorite summer home is the little village of Roxbury, on the eastern edge of the county. A beautiful church, a commodious public library and a pretty park are some of the good things that have come to Roxbury as gifts from Miss Gould.—Leslie's Weekly.

Children Sodden With Liquor.

The cantonal school board of Ticino, in Switzerland, complains in a circular to parents that owing to children being allowed at home to partake too freely of the strong native liquor, boys and girls often go to school in a hopelessly intoxicated condition.

First Use of Piano.

There are 10,700 pieces of wood, cloth and felt, and 1,185 feet of wire in a concert grand piano. The earliest recorded public performance on the piano forte took place at Covent Garden, England, on May 16th, 1767.

Made Ill by Unfiltered Water.

After a club dinner at a hotel in Stockholm, says the Frandfurter Zeitung, several hundred persons fell ill of typhoid, due to unfiltered river water being used for washing the vegetables.

Canada an Anglers' Paradise.

Canada is the paradise of the angler. Within easy range of Quebec are hundreds of lakes, sometimes mile in extent, which swarm with fish, and nearly all of which are free to all comers.

Great Britain's Herring Fisheries.

The quantity of herrings landed on the coasts of the United Kingdom is equal to that of all other fish.

THE NEIGHBORS

ALL USE THEM NOW.

Quick Cure of Rheumatism by Dodd's Kidney Pills. How They Saved the Shop of a Kansas Blacksmith—Cure was Permanent too.

Goodland, Kan., Feb. 20th.—(Special)—So quick and complete was the cure of N. E. Albertson, a local blacksmith, that it almost seems like a miracle. He had rheumatism so bad he feared he would have to give up his shop. One box of Dodd's Kidney Pills drove away all the pains and they have never returned. Speaking of his cure Mr. Albertson says: "I had rheumatism in my shoulders and arms for years. Part of the time it was so bad I could not sleep at night. My arm hurt so that it seemed I would have to give up my blacksmith shop. I went to the drug store and bought one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and took them. I have not had the rheumatism since. A great many of the neighbors are using Dodd's Kidney Pills since they saw how they cured me."

The average person takes about 0.0003 grains of arsenic in his daily food. Fish, rock-salt, water, and wine are comparatively rich in arsenic.

Millions in Oats.

Salzer's New National Oats yielded in Mich., 240 bu., in Mo., 255 bu., in N. D., 310 bu., and in 30 other states from 150 to 200 bu. per acre. Now this Oat if generally grown in 1905, will add millions of bushels to the yield and millions of dollars to the farmer's purse!

Homebuilder Yellow Dent Corn grows like a weed and yields from 157 to 200 bushels and more per acre! It's the biggest yielder on earth!

Salzer's Speltz, Beardless Barley, Macaroni Wheat, Pea Oat, Billion Dollar Grass and Earliest Cane are money makers for you, Mr. Farmer.

JUST SEND THIS NOTICE and 10c in stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples. [W. N. U.]

The wife who carries her coquetry through life is beloved to the end of the chapter.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running nose or impaired hearing, and when it is entirely closed, business is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but a local inflammation of the mucous surface. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness caused by a running nose or impaired hearing that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, etc.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The public kickers often have but weak private consciences.

Foot Comfortable Ever Since.

"I suffered for years with my feet. A friend recommended ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE. I used two boxes of the powder, and my feet have been entirely comfortable ever since. ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE is certainly a godsend to me. Wm. L. Stormont, Washington, D. C." Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative from Johna's Tablets. All druggists return the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box, 25c.

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1522.

When Your Grocer Says

he does not have Defiance Starch, you may be sure he is afraid to keep it until his stock of 12-ounce packages are sold. Defiance Starch is not only better than any other Cold Water starch, but contains 16 ounces to the package and sells for same money as 12-ounce brands.

Humility gives the level head on the lofty height.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

The first United States mint was established in 1792.

"Dyspepsia Tormented Me for Years. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cured me." Mrs. J. S. Donaghy