

SCIENCE AND TUBERCULOSIS

Methods of Fighting This Most Insidious of All Diseases—
Best Plan Is to Keep Body in Proper Condition.

The "Cold Air Cure."

Cold air purifies the blood, energizes the heart, puts new vim into the muscles, helps the stomach, wakes up the liver, lifts the whole being to a higher plane of life.

The most successful consumption resort in the world is Davos, a winter resort in the Swiss Alps, near the Engadine, where the snow is six feet deep and the temperature close to zero all winter. Every winter hundreds of tubercular patients from all parts of the world resort to Davos to take the "cold air cure."

Cold air cures (there is no doubt about it), when accompanied by wise and skillful management, and careful regulation of diet. In the summer season this great healing force is available only in a small measure by means of cold baths, ice rubs, and fans; but in the winter season, the keen frosty air is everywhere, ready to be put to work as the great uplifting power it is when rightly applied.

The winter season alone provides continuous tonic conditions. The dense air, containing from one-eighth to one-fourth more oxygen than mid-summer, stimulates all the vital processes to a higher degree of activity. Here is a healing force which is in operation day and night, and steadily lifts the patient up to a higher level until the ebbing tide of life turns backward, and renovating forces of the body resume their activities with all the old-time vigor.

The Price of Indoor Life.

Within the past twenty years there has been a steady development of confidence in the out-of-door method of treating pulmonary tuberculosis. The wonderful success that has attended the outdoor treatment in all countries, irrespective of altitude or special climatic advantages, has demonstrated the immense value of the outdoor life as a curative means. This is not surprising, since man is naturally an out-of-door animal. The indoor life which most civilized human beings live is wholly artificial. We pay an enormous price for the luxury of living in houses. Not only pulmonary tuberculosis, but a large number of other chronic maladies are the natural outgrowth of the lowered vital resistance which results from the conditions imposed by modern civilized life.

We have become too much civilized. A mild return to savagery is the one thing needful at the present time. In cold weather we can not live out of doors, but we can take care to supply our living rooms, and especially our bed-rooms with an abundant supply of pure cold air. This is a very excellent remedy for morning headaches, which usually mean air-poisoning.

Appetite Juice.

The taking of food into the mouth is a signal to all the digestive organs to prepare for work. Even the sight and odor of food may cause an outflow of saliva, and at the same time the gastric juice pours into the stomach.

Pawlow, of St. Petersburg, in experiments upon a dog, observed that when food was introduced into the animal's stomach through an opening made for the purpose it was not acted upon; the digestive juice was not poured out, and the stomach apparently remained inert for nearly half an hour. On the other hand, when the animal was allowed to see and smell the food, the saliva and the gastric juice poured forth abundantly, even though the animal did not actually taste a morsel. It is important that the food should be retained in the mouth for a sufficient length of time to make the proper impression upon the nerves of taste, so that the entire digestive apparatus shall be thoroughly prepared to carry the food substances through the successive steps of the digestive process.

The thorough chewing of the food produces an abundance of what Pawlow calls "Appetite Juice," which is the best and most important juice formed by the stomach. Hence food must be well relished, and eaten with careful attention to very thorough mastication.

Vital Activity in Cold Weather.

The vital fires burn brighter in cold weather. The whole tide of life moves with greater activity. The process of digestion is quickened because the process of oxidation is increased.

The liver requires oxygen for making bile and performing all its varied functions, and the oxygen we breathe in cold air, improves the function of the liver, so it can do one-seventh more work than before.

The muscles, also, depend for their activity upon oxygen. In an excess of carbonic acid gas the muscles are asphyxiated, and so one feels depressed in warm weather.

A person does not get out of breath so easily in cold air as in warm. The woodchopper can swing his axe with more energy on a cold day. Cold air aids in the elimination of the poisonous matters which are all the time forming within the body.

When oxygen is not plentiful enough to make the vital fires burn sufficiently to consume the fuel and waste of the body, then much of the waste material is left behind in the form of imperfectly burned substances, which may be called cinders of the body.

Burning Up the Body Cinders.

All food must be burned within the body to be of any value. If too much food is shoveled in, the body furnace

is clogged. If too little draft is supplied the fuel is not entirely consumed. This leaves "cinders" which are the cause of many chronic diseases, and of premature old age.

The fuel supply may be regulated in the dining room. The draft is dependent on the kind and amount of air breathed. Cold, crisp, fresh air furnishes perfect draft. The blood takes from this kind of air, when it is breathed in, just the element needed to burn the food.

Six breaths of out-door air contain as much of this element—oxygen—as seven breaths of overheated, indoor air. As man breathes about eighteen times per minute this means a loss of four thousand breaths a day by living in a hot, close indoor atmosphere. The amount taken in depends on the habits of life. A deep breath must be earned. A few moments vigorous outdoor exercise will do it. The nostrils dilate, the chest heaves, the heart quickens, the lungs expand, and the fresh air is pumped into the body at a rapid rate. The draft is open. The cinders are burning up. The whole system is being cleared of rubbish.

Don't be afraid of cold air. There's life and health out of doors.

Alcohol vs. Strength.

The laborer, the traveler, and the soldier use alcohol under the delusion that it produces strength. When fatigued, the laborer takes a glass of grog, and feels better. He imagines himself stronger. His increased strength, however, is wholly a matter of imagination.

The use of alcohol makes a man feel stronger—makes him believe that he can do more work, endure more fatigue and hardship, and withstand a greater degree of cold than he could without it; but when an actual trial is made, it soon becomes apparent that the ability is lacking. Numerous experiments have shown that alcohol decreases muscular strength. Says Dr. Brunton, "The smallest quantity takes somewhat from the strength of the muscles." Says Dr. Edmunds, of London, "A stimulant is that which gets strength out of a man."

Some years ago a series of experiments were made for the purpose of determining the influence of alcohol upon the muscular strength. The combined strength of all the different groups of muscles in the body was found, in the case of a healthy young man, to be 4,881 pounds. The young man was then given two ounces of brandy, and the test was repeated. He felt confident that his strength was increased. In fact, it was found to be only 3,885 pounds, a loss of more than one-third. A notable diminution in strength was still present ten hours after the administration of the brandy.

Real Healing Agents.

There are many fictitious remedies. Some make a man feel better when he is really getting worse. The most valuable measures which can be employed in dealing with the sick may be said to be baths, exercise and diet. The chronic invalid can be made well only by being reconstructed. The sick man must be transformed into a healthy man by a process of gradual change. He has been months or years in tearing down his constitution and substituting an inferior grade of material. Now this process must be reversed, and little by little, the old tissues must be torn down and new tissues built in their place.

Warm baths help throw off stored up poisons, and cold baths hasten the destruction of waste tissues, increase the activity of the heart and of all the organs, encourage the formation of the digestive fluids, and increase the appetite for food.

By means of exercise the movement of the blood is quickened and the old diseased tissues are broken down and carried out of the body. Exercise always diminishes weight. By exercise a normal appetite is earned and deep breathing encouraged.

Pure simple food is the proper material with which to construct a new and healthy body. Man is built of what he eats. The house is no better than the material. Thus baths, exercise, and a natural dietary constitute a curative trio, each helping the other.

WHOLESOME RECIPES.

Tomato Sauce—One quart strained tomatoes, one tablespoonful nut butter, one grated onion. Mix well and boil five minutes. Thicken with cornstarch to the consistency of thick cream. Salt to taste.

Cream of Peasoup—One cupful ground peanuts, one-half teaspoonful celery salt; one small onion cut fine; one pint cooked tomatoes. Cook slowly and long. When done rub through a colander and add three pints of rich milk or part milk and part cream. Let come to a boil and serve at once.

Macaroni with Kornlet—Boil until tender one and one-half cups of macaroni, broken into inch lengths, in salted water. Rub one can of hulled sweet corn through a colander or use the prepared Kornlet, and add to it one pint of cream or nut cream. Heat to boiling and thicken with one tablespoonful of flour. Mix with the cooked macaroni, add one and one-fourth teaspoonfuls of salt; turn into a pudding dish and brown in a hot oven.

Date Dainties—Wash and steam for about ten minutes some choice dates. Split one side, remove the seed, putting in its place one-fourth of a walnut nut; press together and roll in powdered sugar.

LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON
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CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

The winds proving unfavorable, it was not until an evening in early July that the "Black Petrel" anchored in the harbor of Bordeaux.

Knowing the location of Greloire's house, Laffitte lost no time in reaching it, and was admitted by a sleepy-eyed servant, who led the way through a spacious hall to a closed door at the farther end; this he opened noiselessly, and announced Jim's presence.

At the sound of the servant's voice Greloire started hastily; with a joyful exclamation he jumped to his feet with outstretched hands.

"Jean, Jean, lad! It is truly thy very self! And thou hast at last broken way, and come back to the old fold!"

Laffitte grasped the welcoming hands and shook them cordially. But his eyes, still searching Greloire's face, saw, beneath its look of momentary gladness, one of keen anguish; and the younger man wondered what trouble had come to his friend.

"I cannot say as to that, old comrade," was his guarded reply. "I have certainly broken away, for a time, at least; but for how long, and to what purpose, the near future must decide—not I."

Greloire's face clouded again, but only for an instant; and, placing a chair for his guest, he pressed him to take breakfast.

This, however, Laffitte declined, explaining that he had already partaken of the meal aboard ship.

"I feel greatly flattered, Jean, that you should be in such haste to see me," said Greloire, as he began to eat, doing it in a perfunctory fashion that indicated the performance of a duty.

"You are very welcome. But"—with a keen glance—"why have you come?" "To ask you to take me to the emperor, and, if it may be, help me to find some way of serving him."

Greloire's fork fell upon his plate. "The emperor!" he repeated, a

There was a short silence, after which Greloire, who appeared to have been turning something in his mind, exclaimed, "Bien! I believe I can see a very clear way for ourselves."

"Yes—what is it?" "Do you remember Murier? It was he who brought you to Bonaparte, that morning after the storming of Toulon. Do you remember?"

A grave look had been deepening in Laffitte's face, and his voice had a softer tone as he answered, "Yes, yes, old friend, I remember Murier. But what can he possibly have to do with our project?"

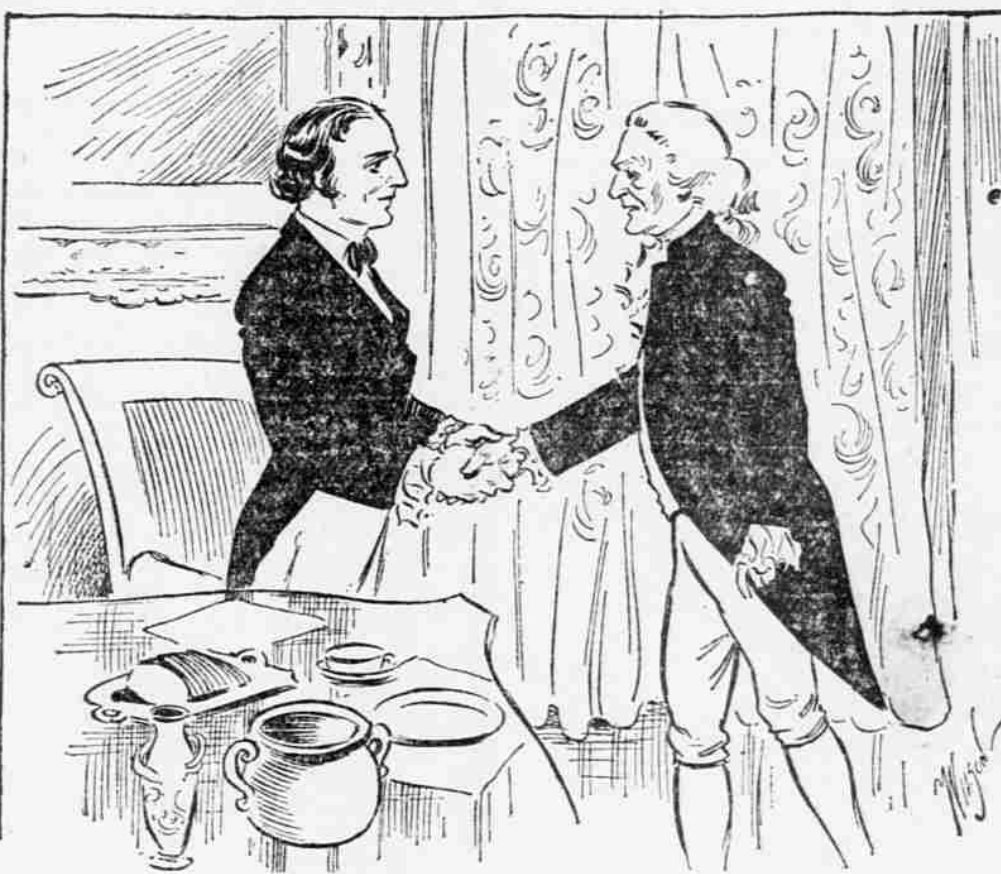
"Much, as you will see when I explain. Murier and I were much together, and much to one another—close comrades. He lost an arm at Wagram, was decorated, and pensioned, and then went to Elba, where he has since lived with his married sister, Madame Teche, whose husband is a farmer. We will go first to Murier; he is close to the emperor—perhaps in his service, and I doubt not that he will be able to arrange for an interview. But of this I am certain—that he will welcome us, and do all in his power to serve us."

"Good!" exclaimed Laffitte, from whose face the reminiscent look had vanished. "And now, Greloire, let us consult as to the details. How soon can we depart?"

Then while the day grew, the two perfected their plans.

Laffitte and Greloire set out on horseback that same evening, making no prolonged stop until Toulon was reached. They arrived there early one afternoon, and rested until the following morning; and the two—Laffitte more especially—felt like ghosts returned to former scenes as they rambled about the slightly changed streets.

They left their horses at Toulon, and pushed on by hired conveyance to Cannes. Then, in order to avoid suspicion, they crossed over to Leghorn,



"Jean! Jean, lad! It is truly thy very self!"

cloud of anguish sweeping all the brightness from his face. "Know you not what has happened—that he is no longer emperor of France?"

"What!" cried Laffitte, starting from his chair. Then he added lightly, "You are jesting, or trying to surprise me. Perhaps you will tell me that he is now ruler of all Europe."

"I can explain everything in a few words," replied Greloire, evidently trying to repress his feelings, and assume a calmness of manner. "The Russian campaign was most disastrous, and the emperor returned, beaten. The allies followed him to Paris, where he defeated their three armies, one after the other, although he was outnumbered five to one. But he lost many men, some of his most trusted marshals turned traitors, and he was forced finally to abdicate. Then the allies—those who had been proud of his friendship, and sought his aid in former years—sent him to Elba, as his ruler."

Laffitte, who had listened with wide-open eyes, seemed scarcely able to comprehend all that he had heard.

"What is this you tell me?" he muttered slowly, amazement and rage giving a new look to his face. "Do you say that the emperor is on Elba?" "He is, and exiled there. I am telling you what all Europe has known for weeks!" cried Greloire passionately, the tears streaming from his eyes.

"And I came, hoping that he could find use for my services here in France."

Laffitte spoke despairingly; for again, as three years before, had Greloire uttered words to stir the uttermost depths of his nature.

"Tell me, old friend—do you think it would be possible for me to see him?" "Why not? He receives many people who visit Elba in order to pay him homage."

"Then surely I should be able to see him. But how can it be arranged? Cannot you think of some plan?" demanded Laffitte, a mingling of pleasure and impatience showing in his face as he again seated himself.

"How soon do you wish to start?" "At once, for I can afford to lose no time. It must be now," was the impatient reply.

and, chartering a large fishing smack, sailed for Porto Ferrajo, the principal port of Elba, where the emperor resided.

The Teche farm was about a mile inland; and one of the younger men offering his services as guide, he led the way from the beach, across a grassy field, until, having passed through a piece of woods, they came out upon an eminence overlooking a fertile valley, planted with vines, as were also the opposite hillsides.

Below lay a spacious wooden dwelling, and near it a man, coatless, and with one shirt sleeve swinging empty of the arm that should have filled it, was walking slowly about, a large dog following at his heels.

"Murier himself, by all that is fortunate!" muttered Greloire, raising a hand to better shade his eyes from the glare of sunshine, after which he took a deep breath, and sent his voice ahead in a vigorous and prolonged shout.

They were close enough to see Murier's perplexed face as he turned quickly and looked toward them. But the perplexity was lost in a glow of glad eagerness, as he came forward and grasped Greloire by the arm, while the latter's hands caught the coatless shoulders and shook them playfully.

"Aha, old comrade," Greloire cried laughingly, "I rejoice to see that the Elba sun has made those cheeks of thine less white than when I last saw them, in the hospital. Thou art well?" "Quite well, my dear Felix, I assure you," was the more quiet reply. "But what happy fortune has brought thee to this part of the world, to gladden my eyes?"

"You shall know all about it later," said Greloire. "But let me present you, Murier, to Captain Laffitte, of Louisiana—in the United States, you will understand. He is my friend."

Murier extended his hand to Laffitte, who, with a few courteous words, clasped it warmly.

It had been agreed that Laffitte should be known to Murier as Captain Laffitte, from America, who desired to do himself the honor of paying his respects to the exiled emperor.

The only person now exercising surveillance upon Elba was the English

commissioner, who happened to be absent for a day from Porto Ferrajo. This was a fortunate circumstance for Laffitte and Greloire, as the commissioner was supposed to keep a watchful eye upon the emperor, and report his observations to the English cabinet.

Still—as Greloire had said—it was no uncommon thing for travelers to visit Elba with the object of paying their respects to Napoleon; and Murier, after laying Greloire's request before him, was to ascertain if he would consent to receive his former soldier and the American captain that same evening.

Thus had it been settled when Murier and Greloire came out of the house and joined the two who were chatting on the shaded veranda.

When their hostess took her departure, Laffitte turned to Murier and asked abruptly, "How does your emperor bear his exile? Seems he happy at all, or even content?"

"Have you ever seen him? You speak as one who admires—yes, loves him." Murier spoke rapidly, and his searching eyes showed a certain surprise at the eagerness manifested in the younger man's face.

"I surely admire and love him," was the answer, hearty and yet evasive of Murier's question. "Cannot one do this without having seen him?"

"Indeed yes, m'sieur," replied Murier, in a tone of strong emotion. "Are there many hearts in America, may I ask, who hold him thus?"

Laffitte hesitated a moment before answering with an emphasis that left nothing for Murier to desire, "If they knew him as do I, every heart would feel as does mine. As it is, nowhere in France is his name held more sacred than in Louisiana. Now, m'sieur Murier, will you not answer my question?"

"Certainly, m'sieur le Capitaine; I will answer you frankly. Whenever I have seen the emperor, which of late has been frequently, it has been to see him tranquil, almost to indifference." Here Greloire, who had been listening with growing indignation, broke into the conversation.

"And think you, Murier, that such a state of affairs is to continue? Can you believe that his wonderful powers are crushed—lost in this indifference of which you speak? No! I believe that, sooner or later, he will rise and—"

"Sh!" warned Murier, with a quick, imperative gesture. "This is a time and place, old comrade, when it is wise to do no believing aloud. Let us talk no more of such matters, but learn from m'sieur le Capitaine something of that wonderful country of his—Louisiana."

The talk was interrupted by the reappearance of Madame Teche, who summoned them to dinner; and Greloire and Laffitte—the former more especially—who had found little enjoyment in the cuisine of the fishing smack, were not slow in accepting the invitation.

By the time full justice had been done to the generous meal, the hour had come for Murier to report for duty; and, promising to return with all possible speed, he left the guests to be entertained by his sister.

The twilight was near, with the glow of sunset paled in the valley, and the shadows climbing the hills outlined sharply against the liquid glory of the cloudless sky, when he returned with the information that the emperor would, at 8 o'clock, receive Greloire and his friend, the American gentleman; and shortly afterward they, guided by Murier, took their way across the darkening valley, and entered a grassy road that wound through a gateway of the hills.

(To be continued.)

CAUGHT IN CLEVER TRAP.

Answering of Familiar Cry Proved Undoing of Criminal.

"Co-ee" is the curious cry that was one of the signals of the native blacks of Australia. The cry was speedily adopted by the invading whites. The final "e" is a very high note, a sort of prolonged screech that resounds for long distances through the bush, and thus enables separated persons to ascertain their relative positions. On one notable occasion this peculiar cry was heard in London. A daring bush-ranger made his appearance one morning in front of a bank in Bal-larat, and coolly posted a notice on the door to the effect that the place would be closed for an hour.

Entering, he terrorized the officials with his revolver, and got clear away with \$30,000. Some time afterward the authorities received information that the man had been seen in London. One day a detective thought he espied his man in the Strand, but not being quite sure he hit upon an expedient. He uttered a piercing "Co-ee."

Passers-by stood fixed in astonishment, but the Australian, acting on the spur of the moment, and recognizing the familiar sound, hastened to the person who uttered it. He was promptly arrested and was taken back to Australia.

Duke's Soubriquet.

When he was at Eton, it is said that the duke of Westminster was known as "Jack Sheppard." He was at that time a small, thin boy, with a sharp figure and face. He wore his hair somewhat closely cropped, after the French fashion, so that he was the living image of Cruikshank's picture of Jack Sheppard in Ainsworth's famous novel.

No Trace.

Patience—"They say there are microbes in kisses."

Patrice—"Yes, but isn't it a lucky thing that they don't leave any marks?"

A WOMAN'S MISERY.

Mrs. John LaRue, of 115 Paterson avenue, Paterson, N. J., says: "I was troubled for about nine years, and what I suffered no one will ever know. I used about every known remedy that is said to be good for kidney complaint, but without deriving permanent relief. Often when alone in the house the backache has been so bad that it brought tears to my eyes. The pain at times was so intense that I was compelled to give up my household duties and lie down. There were headaches, dizziness and blood rushing to my head to cause bleeding at the nose. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills benefited me so much that I continued the treatment. The stinging pain in the small of my back, the rushes of blood to the head and other symptoms disappeared."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all druggists. 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Punctured Bubble.

The phrase "punctured bubble" is applied to any person, enterprise or thing that in the beginning looks brilliant and promising, but which, after a short existence, is punctured by criticism and then disappears as quickly as a broken bubble.

Pasteboard Resists Bullets.

At some firing experiments by the Swedish government the bullets failed to penetrate targets made of pasteboard three inches in thickness, yet they easily pass through planks five inches thick.

Book Brings Big Price.

The sum of \$20,000 was paid at a London auction for a "Codex Psalmi Arum" of the year 1459, of which only twenty copies were originally printed.

Life of Telegraph Wires.

Telegraph wires will last for forty years near the seashore. In the manufacturing districts the same wires last only ten years and even less.

A New York contemporary wants to know if Julius Caesar is dead. We have not noticed his death notice anywhere.

SPREADING THE NEWS BROADCAST.

That Dodd's Kidney Pills cured his Diabetes. After long suffering Mr. G. Cleghorn found a permanent relief in the Great American Kidney Remedy.

Port Huron, Mich., Jan. 30th.—(Special)—Tortured with Diabetes and Bladder Disease from which he could apparently get no relief, Mr. G. Cleghorn, a bricklayer, living at 119 Butler St., this city, has found a complete and permanent cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills and in his gratitude he is spreading the news broadcast.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills made a man of me," Mr. Cleghorn says. "I was a sufferer from Diabetes and Bladder Disease. I was so bad I could do no work and the pain was something terrible. I could not get anything to help me till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. They helped me right from the first and now I am completely cured. I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to all my friends and they have found them all that is claimed for them."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney Ills from Backache to Bright's Disease. They never fail to cure Rheumatism.

One month in the school of affliction will teach thee more than the great precepts of Aristotle in seven years; for thou canst never judge rightly of human affairs, unless thou, as first felt the blows, and found out the deceits of fortune.—Fuller.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

You do not cleanse yourself by snuffing every one else.

Among those who have received the highest award—the Grand Prize—at St. Louis World's Fair, was the A. J. Tower Co., the makers of the FISH BRAND SLICKERS. Many of our readers who went to the Fair, will recall their fine exhibit in which waterproof garments were shown adapted to so many uses that almost every department of the world's work was suggested. The Grand Prize was a deserved tribute to one of the oldest manufacturing concerns in the country.

The man who puts his heart into his work will always get ahead in it.

The Best Results in Starching can be obtained only by using Defiance Starch, besides getting 4 ounces more for same money—no cooking required.

It takes more than the Sunday suit to make the solid saint.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES. Technic. Piled, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Your druggist will refund money if FALCO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

You soon lose the religion you try to keep to yourself.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 333 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

"Time to burn" keeps the devil's furnace going.