Home Health Club

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Simplicity and practical common sense are the foundation principles which have made the Home Health club lectures so valuable to the people. I recently read a magazine article upon the subject of personal magnetism, and the author claimed that love was the foundation of magnetism; that the true love of the individual was stamped indelibly upon every act, every word, written or spoken, and that the magnetism or love principle would respond in like proportion. If this true, then it accounts for the thousands of kind letters I receive from all parts of the world, because I love to help my readers. To relieve the sick and suffering seems to me the grandest mission a human being can have on earth. I wish to teach in such a manner that people may fully understand the foundation principles of cure and thus be able to prevent as well as cure diseases. To illustrate:

A physician once wrote instructions for the nurse of a wealthy patient who was suffering with a cold and constipation of a mild character. It read as follows:

No 1.

Allium Cepa	oz iii.
Acid Acetl 4 per cent	oz. i.
Capsicum	Q. S. to taste.
Sodium Chloride	Q. S. to taste.

Sig. To be eaten with the supper.

No 2

Nihil Sulph	Q. S.
Aqua Pura	oz ii.
Syr. Sim	oz. ii.

Sig. One dr. every half hour.

His charge for this marvelous prescription, which was really a good one, was in accordance with the ability of the patient to pay. The nurse was "wise," according to a popular slang expression, and she at once asked for five dollars with which to purchase the allium cepa, saying she must go for it herself. At the drug store she bought a remedy to overcome the odor of onions and at the grocery store she bought a common onion which weighed four ounces. At home she sliced the onion and sprinkled upon it red pepper and salt, adding one ounce of vinegar, thus filling the prescription to the letter, and served the dish with the supper of her mistress, saying that she had great difficulty in finding the allium cepa (common onion) at the drug store, as so few of them kept it. The mistress declared that it tasted very much like onion, although the flavor was better and more appetizing.

Prescription No 2 consisted of nothing but pure water and sugar or simple syrup to relieve the tendency to cough. Were the physician and nurse justified in their deception and high charges? Some will say yes, and some will say no. If the physician had frankly told the patient to eat a generous dish of onions with salt, red pepper and vinegar, she would have been insulted and dismissed him, calling in some other physician with less conscience and more tact, who would have gathered the fees and credit with great wisdom. I, however, prefer to tell the plain facts and have the gratitude of the people of good common sense than the money and praise of the other kind.

SMALLPOX.

The first and most important consideration in times of smallpox epidemic is to allay the fear which is apt to rise in the public mind, the next is to point out how the danger may be at least greatly reduced; then to teach how the disease may be mitigated when it develops. There are several points in the character of the disease which cast considerable light on the way of dealing with it. One of these points is its capability of being produced by what is called inoculation. By inoculation is meant, if a small part of the skin is rubbed off, and the pus from the smallpox pustule is introduced into the abrasion the disease will appear and spread all over the body. There are exceptional cases, in which the state of the skin or of nerve, or blood, or all together, is such that the disease cannot be communicated even in this way, but such cases are certainly not the rule. The truth that this disease is communicable by being introduced in the above described manner to the inner skin, is beyond all rational doubt. As I said before that is one point of great importance.

Another feature is that the disease tells most upon, first, those of filthy habits, second, tender people such as children and grown-up people whose outer skin is thin. This is another point of importance. These persons are more or less easily inoculated so to speak, in whatever way the virus of the disease may reach the surface of their body. Their outer skin is very little protection against such diseases as this.

The preventive treatment previously described will contribute very greatly to the general health of those who employ it. It will never do an injury but very much the contrary in all cases.

Now let us examine a case of real smallpox when it first enters the fever stage. The pulse is quickened, the skin is heated and probably dry. First of all, let us understand as nearly as possible what is really going on. That substance which is the seed of smallpox has begun to irritate the organic nerve centers of the whole body and these are throwing out heat in an abnormal degree. This is not consuming the substance which is causing all the trouble but is vaporizing it in a most wonderful manner. From an infinitesimal portion which has somehow reached the entrance into the system, there is soon formed as much as would fill a dozen millions of people and for a time it is increasing more and more rapidly.

As this continues, too, the tissue and vital fluids will be consumed more and more rapidly. But all this will depend upon the heat; if there is little heat this process will be slow, and the consumption will be insignificant. If the heat is great, all on which life depends will be consumed, and in a short time. Mark this most carefully—a certain degree of heat is essential to life. That, therefore, must be maintained.

By the aid of a small instrument made especially for the purpose, we are able to ascertain the degree of internal heat of anyone at any time. By repeated tests you will find that the amount of heat present in good health is just at 98.2, as marked on this instrument.

When the fever of smallpox has set in, the heat will have risen to 102, or perhaps even 105. By feeling of the patient's hand a sensible mother or nurse will be quite able to judge when something of this nature has taken place, although she may never have seen a "clinical thermometer." Still, it is of no small importance to have such an instrument as this.

Take a case in which the heat is 102 degrees Fahrenheit. At this stage the fever is what might be termed moderate, and if it gets no higher, the danger, and even the difficulty, will not be great. By simply applying cloths wrung out of cold water, the heat has been brought down to 100.5, and that in less than half an hour. The amount of danger thus averted by lowering the temperature to this degree cannot be overestimated.

But let us consider another case. The patient is a child, and the heat is 105. This could not continue long and recovery be possible. The whole body is wrapped in cooling cloths, which are changed as soon as they become in the less heated, until the thermometer indicates 101. What a difference now as compared with a case in which the heat continues to rise until it reaches 106 or more, and is not reduced for, say, even as short a time as 12 hours.

You must keep uppermost in your mind the fact that smallpox poison in the system depends on the degree of heat by which it is propagated, and you will then see how mild a case must be when the heat is effectually moderated as compared with one in which it is allowed to continue increasing.

This, however, leads me to remark that if an effectual lowering of the temperature is to be secured, there must be determined effort for the purpose. The cooling of the head is the first thing to be done, because of the soft character of the brain, and the importance of saving that. But, if the cooling is limited to the head, it may fail to produce as beneficent results as are desired. So the packing of the whole body may be necessary to get at the circulation as it passes through the heart itself, and this is best done by pressing cloths, cooled with ice if possible, over that organ. I would not recommend the use of ice itself, but that a cloth be wrung out of cold water, and then a piece of ice wrapped in it for a minute or so. Then lay this, say four ply, over the left side and press it very gently until it gets warm. In the course of half an hour you will see very good results from this. Of course, it should be done in a way perfectly agreeable to the patient. The great thing to be kept in view is reducing the violent heat in the whole system until it is not much higher than it should be.

The very greatest encouragement ought to sustain us in helping a sufferer in such a matter as this. Even if we succeed in bringing down the heat only half a degree, that would, in many cases, be the means of saving a life, where it might otherwise be lost. In other cases it might mean the saving from disfigurement of the countenance, and, consequently, a great measure of sore distress.

No one need rest satisfied with such partial results as these. He has only to persevere with the natural means, and he is perfectly sure of success. The cooling effect of vinegar, or good acetic acid, is very great, and in cases of smallpox it is otherwise most desirable.

It is, hence of great value to sponge the body, under the bed clothes, with this, as well as to cool otherwise. The curious matter is, that the commencement of an attack of smallpox does not indicate itself by an increase of vital action, but in the opposite. It is not an unnatural flow of spirit, but an unexplainable weariness that appears first. Nor is it heat, but chilliness, to which attention is first directed on the part of those who are watching. Yet it is the same when you cast a shovelful of fresh coal on a moderate fire. You cool at first, and the heat follows only after a time. So when the poisonous substance of this disease comes first on, or into the nerve centers, it tends to smother them till they have set up their powerful action. This is called the [illegible] of all fevers.

It is at this time however that it is vastly important that something be done, at least to mitigate after stages. There is by no means any time to be lost now. You may cut two things in this first stage. First you may give small portions of such acids as will neutralize the poisonous substance in so far as they reach it. Half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, in hot water given every five minutes will do good service. But of greater importance you may wrap the feet and legs above the knees in a hot fomentation, and if there is pain in the head you may do the same with that. Not less than two yards of flannel should be soaked with hot water and packed around the feet and limbs covered with a good thick sheet. A yard or so may be put on the head so as to heat that well also. By doing these things you save the vital energy from being exhausted or smothered, as it would be if you bowed into a newly supplied fireplace.

All communications for the Home Health Club should be addressed to Dr. David H. Beader, La Porte, Ind. Contain name and address in full, and at least four cents in postage.

STONE WALK TRAILS.

CITY PEDESTRIANS MAKE FOOTPATHS ALONG SIDEWALKS.

Their Peculiar Habit Is to Follow in the Footsteps of One Another in Their Daily Travels.

Sitting on a stone walk before one of the large downtown stores, a stone cutter chipped away at the stone. There was a ridge near the center of the lagging that ran in a nearly straight line from one end of the block to the other. On each side of the ridge the stone was worn down to a depth of two inches. The millions of feet that had passed over that walk in the last few years had all apparently followed in one track going south and the other in going north. The number of people who had walked in the exact center were so few that wear on the stone there was scarcely perceptible.

The corner policeman, who had plenty of time and was gifted with great powers of observation, had also noticed it, says the Chicago Tribune.

"Sure thing," said he. "You'll find the same condition on every walk in the city where there are such large crowds passing each day as there are here. The stone will be worn in little gutters near the buildings and near the street, but few of them will show an even wear all over the surface. Why is it? I'll tell you. People are just like sheep. They don't know it, but the same is true, nevertheless. They follow in each other's steps. They do, for a fact. It's a year ago that I noticed how the stone there was worn. I wondered why it was and began to make observations.

"I was at a loss to find the reason for some time. Then one day I noticed a fellow come around the corner and swing out near the edge of the walk. Pretty soon another man came and followed square in his tracks. The next man and the next did likewise. Then it dawned upon me that day after day, week after week, and year after year the people going south along this street have followed, without knowing it, in the exact tracks somebody else made. Look at that groove that's worn down there. It isn't over a foot in width. Of course the natural thing for anybody to do is to keep turning out to the right when walking, but if people were only guided by that they wouldn't step in the steps of the man who went before them to the extent of wearing a line in the pavement only 12 inches broad.

"No, I tell you, the fact is that there is something—primitive instinct, you say it is?—well, I don't know so much about pri—about what you said—but I do know from what I see from here that every man, woman or child who comes along that walk follows the beaten track—except the farmers. You can tell a man who is unused to the city by the way in which he wanders into the middle of the walk. They get out of the two lines of people passing one way and the other, and they really look lonesome in the center of the walk there, by themselves."

"Now watch," cautioned the policeman. "There is no excuse for a man or woman following that worn streak because of the crowd or anything else. There is plenty of room for anybody to take up the whole walk at once. But do they do it? Watch."

A man came around the corner at a good pace. He promptly found his feet in the worn place and went down the street following the same with a divergence of never more than a few inches. So soon as he had passed out of sight another came from across the street, turned into the walk and, while the policeman chortled silently with joy, followed the exact course of the man who had just disappeared. This was repeated with too great frequency to leave any question as to the facts.

"Now come here," said the officer, and he led the way to another street. Here the walk was new and entirely smooth and unworn in any place.

"Watch 'em here," was the order. "There is nothing for them to follow here as there is in State street. But the lack of a well defined line in the stone did not prevent the passersby from following in the trail of the one who went before. And always this trail was laid as was the one in State street.

"How about it now?" demanded the man in blue. "Ain't I right. Ain't the people of this city, at least so many of them as comes downtown, just like a lot of sheep? Primitive instinct, or whatever it may be, and ain't they like sheep in this respect?"

The young man stood convinced and ready to admit that it was true when a man came around the corner. A casual inspection of the man from a distance revealed the fact that his necktie was under one ear, one trouser leg was rolled half way up to the knee, and what was once undoubtedly a reputable opera hat was now a complete wreck. The man sang joyously and went down the street.

"Hah," said the young man argumentatively, "there's a fellow that don't step in the trail of the other people. There is one man at least that isn't like a sheep."

The officer moodily watched the man wend his devious way from one edge of the walk to the other for some time.

"No," said he finally, "quite true. But I should class him as a giddy young goat."

Explained.

"He's boasting that he's got a sinecure."

"What does that mean?" asked Mrs. Browne.

"Oh," replied Mrs. Malaprop, "that means he thinks everybody's lookin' at him. Didn't you never hear tell of a person bein' the sinecure of all eyes?"—Philadelphia Press.

HANDLING MILLIONS.

WORK OF MAN IN "CURRENCY BIN" OF A GREAT BANK.

Astonishing Facts Concerning the Counting of Money Brought Out by a Speed Contest for Prizes.

The handling of sums of money approximating $100,000,000 each year is a feat with which but few people have to trouble themselves. Lemoyne S. Hatch is one of these few, writes James L. Elkins in the Chicago Tribune. Mr. Hatch is in charge of the "currency bin" of the First national bank and annually bank notes, silver certificates and gold pass through his hands to a total of the amount above named. He has been handling money for the last six years, so he has counted in his life something like over $500,000,000. One night recently, at a contest held by bank clerks, he conclusively proved the old adage to the effect that practice makes perfect, by counting a total of $6,000 in notes of various denominations in the record-breaking time of 21 minutes 6 4-5 seconds.

This money, in the form of notes of different denominations, fives, tens and twenties, was wrapped in one large package divided by strips into small parcels. In counting the money Mr. Hatch sorted the denominations together, counted them, wrapped them up in packages, and made out a complete statement of the currency handled. Each package of each denomination was "proved" after being sorted and after being tied up, so in all the 845 bills of which the amount consisted were handled three times, equaling the counting of 2,535 bills one time. This is considerably over 100 bills per minute.

"This is a little faster than we generally work during the day's work," said Mr. Hatch, "but still we count a good many notes each minute during the day. We work about seven hours each day and count money all the time." The counting of money in the currency bin of a bank like this is not the simple process that many people might think. There is one thing that must be attained in a department where there is each year handled $160,000,000 in cash, and that is accuracy. The rate to which we go to obtain this will prove a surprise to many who imagine that money is counted by one man, then wrapped up, and possibly proved by another.

"In handling the money in the currency bin it is not only necessary to properly count the amount handled. Money must be sorted into the different denominations and issues. When notes are to be returned to the government—and this is done here with all old money—it is required that the various issues be returned in separate packages. Thus the man counting a stack of bills containing several thousand dollars in different denominations and issues must not only keep track of his count and sort out the denominations, but he must also watch the issues and do the same with them.

"It will be realized that to make a mistake under these conditions does not require much effort on the part of the clerk. So the money is proved three times, and when we are through with it you could look a long time without finding an error in it. This is not so much because of the effectiveness of the system as of the accuracy which the counter with years of practice acquires. In the contest held here last week the only error made in counting among all contestants was one of two cents, and that was made by a man adding checks on the adding machine.

"A man gets to [illegible] mechanical in accuracy if he is adapted to this work and stays at it long enough. It requires little mental effort on his part to count, and as for the physical end of it, while it is hard on the wrists and fingers at first, one gets used to it. I can thumb bills all day and not feel the least bit tired at night. But my hands and fingers are calloused, as you can see. No, most people don't get callouses on their hands from handling banknotes.

"The money that gives the most trouble in counting is the old bill and the one that is mutilated. This money is only counted so that it may be returned to the government, as the bank here only issues 'fresh' money. We get notes worn so thin that they seem ready to fall apart. These are hard to handle, of course. They stick together and otherwise give trouble. The bill with the corners torn off is nearly as troublesome.

"The theory of microbes abounding in old bills does not seem altogether to be able to stand alone when put to the practical test. If it did, I ought to have contracted every disease in existence. But the old money never troubled me and my five assistants actually seem to thrive and grow fat handling it."

Valuable Bird.

The rarest bird in existence is a certain kind of pheasant in Assam. For many years its existence was known only by the fact that its longest and most splendid plume was in much request by mandarins for their headgear. A single skin is worth £30, and the living bird would be priceless, but it soon dies in captivity.—Nature.

Not Sure of His Job.

Gussie—You may spurn me now, Miss Jhones, but remember that I may not always be a stock broker's clerk.

Miss Jhones—No, that's just it. You may lose your job at any time.—Pick-Me-Up.

Last Crack of Summer.

"Pa, why do they call it Indian summer?"

"Because, my boy, about half the time it's cold as an Indian."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

MOOSE SEASON IN MAINE.

Six Weeks During Which the Great Animal Is Hounded by Hunters.

The moose, that monarch of the Maine woods, and the greatest game animal to be found in the temperate zone, has been fair game for the hunters since midnight of Friday, October 14, for the close time which has protected him for ten months ended then, and for six weeks the bull moose of Maine have to run the gantlet of the sportsmen's fire, says the Bangor Commercial.

Moose hunting is the greatest sport to be had in the Maine woods, for the size of the game and the valuable trophy which the head of a good-sized bull makes with its ornamentation of great antlers is enough to cause a sportsman to endure almost any hardship in the hope of securing one of the big fellows. There is also an element of danger which makes the sport the more enticing, for a bull moose on a rampage is a dangerous foe, and unless the hunter fortunately disables his game at the first shot there is trouble in store for him. The moose's great size enables him to crash through the woods with the speed of a locomotive and with almost as much power and the knife-like hoofs and great antlers are terrible weapons when brought into play at close range. More than one hunter has paid the penalty for his carelessness and met death beneath the feet of one of these maddened monsters, and others have been treed and nearly frozen to death while a bull moose kept watch, as patiently as a sphinx, beneath the limb which sheltered them.

Moose weighing more than 1,000 pounds are often brought out of the woods, and their great heads adorned with wide-spreading antlers, form the decoration of many a "den." The largest moose ever brought to Bangor measured nine feet from his forehoofs to the top of his antlers and weighed over 1,200 pounds. In many cases the antlers measure more than five feet from tip to tip, and in some cases the breadth exceeds six feet.

When the various water plants which form the summer food of the moose have become edible in the spring the moose leaves the yard or sheltered spot where he has passed the winter and seeks the waterways. Here he spends the summer feeding on the lower plants and bathing in the water to keep cool and to protect himself from the vicious flies which are a terrible pest in some parts of the woods. When thus engaged the moose are often easily approached by persons in canoes and more than one summer visitor has carried home a photograph of a big bull or a cow and calf taking their daily bath. The cows and calves are often seen together during the summer months and in some instances are very tame and linger in the vicinity of the camps evidently pleased at the attention bestowed upon them.

Usually in April the horns of the bulls begin to sprout and they attain a marvelous growth before September. They wear their soft covering called "velvet" until September, and are sometimes found late in that month with the covering still on. During August and September the bull moose are in the pink of condition and are dangerous to meet. They tear through the woods for weeks at a time, bellowing a challenge to any living thing that roams the woods. Fierce fights between rival bulls are common at this period, and many instances are on record of such fights in which both combatants fell with their antlers locked in the death struggle.

When the cold weather comes on the moose go back into the woods and seek shelter in the thickets from the cold winds of winter. They are often found "yarded" a dozen or more together in some spot where there is plenty of food in the form of young poplars, maples and birches.

The reports which have been brought from the hunting regions indicate that moose are unusually plentiful in the Maine woods this fall. Whether the increase is due to the protection the animals have received during the past few years or whether their numbers have been recruited by moose from the northern part of the state or perhaps from New Brunswick, is not known, but whatever the reason for the increase the moose are certainly more plentiful than they have been for many years.

NOTHING SMALL ABOUT HIM

When It Came to Family Trees There Should Be No Half-Grown Bush for Him.

"John," said Mrs. Croesus, thoughtfully, "everybody in society seems to think a lot of genealogy in these days."

"Jennie, what?" exclaimed John, looking up from his evening paper, relates Smith's Weekly.

"Genealogy," repeated Mrs. Croesus. "What's that?"

"I don't exactly know," replied the good dame; "but I think it's a tree of some kind—at least, I've heard some ladies refer to it as a family tree."

"Well, what of it?" he asked.

"Why, it seems to me a sort of fad, you know, and everyone who is any one has to have one."

"Buy one, then," he said, irritably. "Buy the best one in town, and have the bill sent in to me; but don't bother me with the details of the affair. Get one and stick it up in the conservatory, if you want one, and if it isn't too large."

"But I don't know anything about them."

"Find out, and if it's too big for the conservatory, stick it up on the lawn; and if that ain't big enough, I'll buy the next in order to make room. There can't any of them fly any higher than we can, and if it comes to a question of trees I'll buy a whole orchard for you."

MUSKRAT TERRAPIN.

MARYLAND FISHERMAN MAKES INTERESTING REVELATION.

Entertains the Suspicion That the Rodents Are Served Up in Town as Diamond Backs.

"Listen," said the Eastern Shore man, as he stood on the deck of his little craft and looked across the blue waters of the Chesapeake at the fleet of oystermen in Tangier Sound, according to the New York Sun. "The price of terrapin has fallen. Do you know why? Just because some of the epicures are using a substitute.

"Redbellies? No; they've used those for years, and you couldn't possibly tell 'em from the real diamond back. Some of us down here even think one is just about as good as the other.

"But now it's something cheaper. In my opinion it's muskrat.

"Did I ever eat muskrat? No. I'd as soon eat a canned oyster, the kind folks out west buy at $1.50 a gallon. But pretty near anything wild and out of the water can be made to taste like terrapin if it's properly cooked and dressed and muskrat is dark enough to serve the purpose.

"D'ye see that low land over there beyond those tongers? Well, that's marsh. There are miles of it here, thousands of acres. Not long ago you could buy it at 50 cents and one dollar an acre. Now the best of it fetches eight to ten dollars, more than a good deal of the upland.

"The marsh is bought partly for the duck and goose shooting, but also partly for the muskrats. You can always rent out marsh like that for muskrat hunting.

"Three fresh water rivers make in over there, and the consequence is that the marsh is just an ideal place for muskrats. They breed there like mice, and they are killed every winter by thousands. We have a closed season for muskrats in Maryland, because we recognize the importance of our only plentiful fur-bearing animal.

"Men, boys and even women kill the muskrats on these marshes. They are snared, caught in steel traps, shot and [illegible] with what we call gigs, which are big, many tined spears that kill two or three at once. I've known men who would take 1,200 muskrats in the short winter open season.

"There are two storekeepers down here who buy $2,000 or $3,000 worth of muskrat skins every year, and there are buyers here every winter from Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. Thousands of these skins are exported to be reimported as something else.

"Now what do you think becomes of all the meat after the muskrats are skinned? Mind you, there must be tons of it from these marshes alone.

"If you'll visit Cambridge or any other of these eastern shore towns on a Saturday in midwinter you'll find a man on the street corner offering muskrats by the hundred without even the trouble to call them marsh rabbits. Saturday is a public day down here, and the towns are filled with country people.

"Meat down here don't specially grow into your face like [illegible] or pork. What they want is game. Canvas-back, redhead. Those who are [illegible] like it.

"But, bless you, it isn't all eaten here. A good deal is sent to Baltimore and you'll never convince me that it isn't served up as terrapin to some folks who are glad to pay 75 cents a dish for the stuff under its fine name.

"Well, you'll find it just as clean as terrapin, and no doubt as wholesome, but it isn't diamondback. I've a notion that we eastern shore men will soon take to serving the real thing on our own tables, something we've been able to do very seldom since terrapin went up to $75 and $90 a dozen."

What Russian Authors Earned.

It is the custom for Russian writers of established reputation to sell their entire copyrights to the publishers more frequently than English authors do. Shortly before his death Turgenieff disposed of the copyright of all his works to a publisher for £9,000. The different sums for which the productions of some of the best-known Russian authors of the old school have been sold are given as follows by the informant: Those of Gogol were disposed of for £700, Paschkin's and Goncharoff's each realized about £2,500, while Krylloff's fables brought about £1,400 and the entire copyrights of many well-known writers have been sold for much smaller sums than that.—Bystander.

Badly Beaten That Morning.

A Fort Fairfield lady living in the country says that a short time ago she was awakened at about three o'clock in the morning by a furious ring of the telephone in her house. Feeling from the wildness of the ring that somebody's house must be on fire or that somebody was bleeding to death, she scampered downstairs and nervously seized the receiver, only to hear a shrill soprano voice shriek: "Got your washin' done yet? Had mine out half an hour ago."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Black Chipmunk Rare.

I have lived in a chipmunk region and my life and have never seen a black one, yet black ones do occur. I have just received a photograph of one seen in the Catskills, and a correspondent at Bath, N. Y., writes me of one she has seen there for two seasons. I have not yet heard of a black red squirrel, though black gray ones are occasionally seen. Black woodchucks and black foxes are probably the result of the same law of variation.—John Burroughs in Outing.