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THE ASHEBORO COURIER.

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The Southern Railway announces the sale of round-trip Winter Tourist tickets to all the principal resorts of the south, beginning October 15, 1903.

The winter resorts of South and North Carolina, Georgia and Florida are especially inviting to those in search of health or pleasure. In these states are such noted resorts as Hot Springs, N. C., Camden, Aiken, Summerville, S. C., Charleston, S. C., Augusta, Savannah, Brunswick, Jacksonville, Island and Thomasville, Ga., Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Ormond, Daytona, Palm Beach, Miami, Lake Worth and Tampa, Fla., also the resorts of Nassau and Cuba, may reached via Southern Railway.

Tickets go sale up to and including April 30, 1904, inclusive, to return until May 31, 1904.

Southern Railway affords elegant train service, with the latest Pullman Drawing Room Sleeping Cars, operated through between principal cities and points, dining car service, and everything for the comfort and pleasure of the traveler.

Ask nearest Ticket Agent for further information and descriptive literature.

LOVE SONG.

One of your whole life gave but a moment,
All of your life that has come before,
All to come after it, so you ignore,
So you make perfect the present, conclusive
In a moment of age, for perfection's endowment,
Through and feeling and will and sense
Merged in a moment which gives me at last
You granted me for once, you beneath me, above
me!
Musing that despite of time future, time past,
This first of our lifetime's one instant you love
me!
How long such suspension may linger, Ah, who
can?
The moment eternal, just that and no more—
When eager's almost we clutch at the core,
While pearl's born, arms open, eyes shut and
lips meet.

—Robert Browning.

MAIN DORMITORY OF THE NORMAL COLLEGE BURNED.

Three Hundred Young Ladies Were Awakened by the Alarm Fire!—No Loss of Life.

On last Thursday morning at 3:45 fire was discovered on the roof of the kitchen of the main dormitory of the State Normal School at Greensboro, by some of the young ladies of the three hundred sleepers running through the halls giving the alarm. Of course great excitement prevailed, but the coolness and demeanor with which the young women made their escape is something marvelous, being summoned at that hour of the morning to escape for their lives. After this was done the alarm was given but the proper action of the fire department was unable to check the flames, having gotten so well under way. Fortunately no life was lost, all students escaping unharmed, many of whom lost their belongings, some saving only the gowns in which they were clad. The loss is not yet known. Many thousand dollars have recently been expended on the buildings burned, apart of which was covered by insurance, it is estimated about one third and that the total loss will reach $80,000. It is indeed sad not only to the student body, but to all North Carolinians to view the destruction.

Hotels in Greensboro were quick to extend to the unfortunate young ladies an invitation as their guests, while private individuals threw open their homes and bade them enter.

At a meeting of the executive committee it was decided that work should begin at once to replace the buildings. Temporary arrangements will be made and after three weeks the school will resume its work. It is impossible to estimate the loss the students sustained. With not all the students heard from it amounts to over $17,000.

Back to His Old Home.

The remains of J. C. Curtis, who died in Tennessee, recently from injuries received at Johnson City were brought back.

Mr Curtis was a popular locomotive engineer.

A party of engineers and Masons, and a delegation of Elks accompanied the remains to Liberty.

We copy the following from a Tennessee paper:

No greater a tribute to his many good qualities could have been offered than the tears of the strong-hearted men who surrounded him when he died and the hundreds who called to look upon his dead face.

Yesterday dozens of his brother engineers called at the undertaker's and solemnly looked upon all that is mortal of the once popular young man. Their tear-dimmed eyes and whispered words are all expressed in the pretty words of Cy Warman, the engineer poet:

"Swiftly to'ard life's terminal I trend
To run seems short tonight;
God only knows what's at the end—
I hope the lights are white."

A large party accompanied the remains on the last sad journey to the grave.

Among them were W. R. Hodge, C. O. Fraley, Dave Thomas and John Flora, engineers, and J. D. Curtis, a nephew of the deceased.

Several representatives of the Masonic lodges also accompanied the remains. Among them were W. P. Richards, worshipful master of Maxwell No. 433, Dr. J. D. Henderson and Joe Leath.

The party was met at Morristown by a number of the Elks, of Johnson City.

The farther of the deceased is living, but his mother, whom he loved very dearly, died last spring.

Pert Paragraphs.

There was a woman at the bottom of it when Maggie fell into the well.

An emergency is a case of unexpected company on Sunday.

The best is the dearest in the case of girls.

If it were not for the fools, deadbeats and sharpers would have to go to work.

Eternal hustle is the price of success.

The beauties of a snowstorm are more appealing when viewed from a comfortable second story window than when seen from the middle of a draft.

If some people were as luminous as they think they are the world would be one dazzling blaze of glory.

Perhaps pride goes before a fall, but it is sure to come after a bit.

When a man begins offering to help his wife about the house it is time to call in the doctor.

A family of four negroes were poisoned in Charlotte, N. C., recently by eating a box of sardines. It is thought that two of the children will die, the mother and one other child will recover. Tin poisoning is what the doctors called it.

OUR RALEIGH LETTER.

Raleigh, N. C., Jany. 25, 1904.—The gentlemen who aspire to high office, which they hope to attain through nominations therefor at the forthcoming Democratic State Convention, haven't much time left to bestir themselves. This being a "presidential year," and it having been agreed that only one state convention shall be held—which shall select delegates to the Dem. National convention and nominate candidates for the state offices, both—it becomes necessary to hold an early one, not later than the first week in June, and the chances are that the state committee will soon call it to be held during the month of May.

The contest for the gubernatorial nomination seems to have narrowed down to three possibilities, viz., Maj. Charles M. Stedman, Lieut. Gov. Wilfred D. Turner and Hon. Robt. B. Glenn, Hon. Thos. F. Davidson is still a candidate, it is understood, but his friends do not expect to see him nominated, unless some unforseen exigency should bring about that result.

It is generally thought that Maj. Stedman will lead on the first ballot, if his present ratio of strength is maintained, and his friends are very hopeful and sanguine of his nomination.

Mr. Glenn's friends dispute the claims of the Stedman men, and assert that their man is the more popular one and will lead on the first ballot, and they of course predict his nomination. Capt. Glenn will be here this week to address the "B. R. B. Class" of the Baptist Tabernacle, in the Sunday school room of that church.

Lieut. Gov. Turner's supporters are not making any extravagant claims, but they say their candidate is gaining in strength every day, and that when the balloting begins in the convention it will be shown that he has a large and loyal following. An astute politician said to me today: "Stedman and Glenn are near neighbors, residing in adjoining counties, and the rivalry between them is intense in that particular section. Stedman is stronger than Glenn in the east and will probably show up a larger following than Glenn in the convention, and he may be nominated. But if he is not, then Gov. Turner, in my opinion will stand an excellent chance of securing the plum. Of course Maj. Davidson's chances would improve, also, if neither Stedman or Glenn can be nominated, but I think Turner would be the man."

However, Maj. Stedman and his friends are not anticipating any such result as that. Indeed, one of them said to me a few days ago, "if the convention should be held tomorrow Stedman would be nominated on the first ballot."

The convention will probably be held in Greensboro (the home of Maj. Stedman) again this year. Raleigh apparently cares little about it and is in no better condition than in 1902 to take care of the convention or the delegates.

A state chairman to manage the democratic campaign will soon be selected, also. Senator Simmons, who has held that position for a number of years and so successfully conducted the last several campaigns, some time ago vindicated a desire to be relieved, but there are many who think it would be best for the party if he can be induced to retain the position. Several other gentlemen are in training for the place, however, as it is considered a pretty sure stepping stone to high and lucrative official honors, as in the case of Senator Simmons.

The distillers and liquor dealers, the dispensary people and the prohibitionists, and the dram drinker in "prohibited" territory (and these include about all classes) are anxiously awaiting the decision of the Supreme Court in construing the act passed by the last Legislature prohibiting the shipments of liquor into four certain counties which its sale had been prohibited. The language of one section of the new law is so general in its terms that Judge Brown decided here last week that the act applies to all the prohibition counties, although the legislators who drew the bill now say they never "intended" it to apply to any save the four counties named—Cleveland, Gaston, Cabarrus and Mitchell. Judge Cooke at Durham (now a straightout prohibition) two weeks ago decided the same question in a case before him—but placed just the opposite construction on the act from Judge Brown. So these two legal doctors of the same class differ very materially, and it is up to the Supreme court to say which is correct. The appeal will be advanced and the court will construe the law soon after it meets in February.

As the Supreme court is especially strong on the "intent" nowadays, it looks as though Judge Cooke would be sustained.

The liquor question promises to figure prominently in politics in North Carolina this year, especially in county and local politics. Just how largely it will figure in the state campaign remains to be seen.

As usual, there are intemperate prohibitionists who are losing their heads over the recent successes of the temperance forces and are throwing discretion to the winds while they "demand" more radical and stringent anti-liquor laws. Some of them are already seriously "demanding" that the legislature be chosen this year shall make intoxication a misdemeanor, per se, and pass laws that will provide for putting the drinking men in jail. Those men sent to jail should be indicted and fined heavily, they say, as well as pay a big bill of costs. Other "temperance laws" of various kinds are also "demanded."

These wildeyed fanatics are the fellows who always turn up at the appointed time to become stumbling blocks to the plans of the real reformers—the true and actual temperance advocates—as soon as the latter begins to really accomplish results. Of course the Republicans and "independents" in every county are now standing ready to cater to any opposition to the democratic organization that presents itself.

If the intemperate radicals of the temperance or anti-saloon element are given free reih this year no one need be astonished if they succeed in causing the election of an anti-prohibition, anti-dispensary, "take-a-little-for-your-stomach's-sake" Legislature to hold forth up in the capitol building next winter. Then they'll see what they will see but will never learn any wisdom or discretion.

LLEWXAM.

MONTGOMERY NEWS.

From the Examiner.

The town will be lighted from the new plant tonight.

Miss Bessie Mask, of Albemarle, has been visiting Mrs. U B Jordan. She returned home yesterday.

We are in deep sympathy with Dr. Allen and family, whose daughter, Mrs. Arrendall is at a hospital in Baltimore for treatment.

A delightful and interesting teachers' meeting was held at Ether last Saturday. Seven teachers and a house full of visitors honored the meeting with their presence. The marvelous educational interest developing in that section is very encouraging.

Mrs. D A Ewing of Fla., who has been visiting in Montgomery for several weeks, died of pneumonia at the home of Mr T A Graham at Candor about 11 o'clock last night. She was a daughter of Mr William Baldwin of Pekin, and had many relatives and friends throughout the county. Our sympathy goes out to the bereaved family.

New Idea Woman's Magazine.

Teeming with good things adapted to women of various tastes, the January number of the New Idea Woman's Magazine presents a most attractive appearance. Prominent among its utilitarian articles is one upon "Laundering," the fourth in a series upon "Profitable Industries for Women," from the pen of Sarah Slater. Frances Wilson has retold the pathetic story of Charlotte Temple in a charming way, and Grace Peter Hopkins writes delightfully of "Prominent Washington Hostesses." There are stories of exceptional merit and examples of verse that are instinct with originality and merit, and the fashions set forth represent the newest of new ideas in the world of costume.

An Unusual Suit.

Attorney W D Siler, of Siler City, began an unusual suit in the Chatham courts last week. Representing the parents of a thirteen-year-old girl named Miss Mary Siler he brings criminal action against Everett Wicker, who eloped with the girl and married her on Sunday night, January 10th, after having sworn falsely to the girl's age in procuring license, and further, filing what purported to be the written consent of the girl's father. If necessary habeas corpus proceedings will be instituted by the parents for the purpose of recovering the custody of the child-wife, upon the ground that having not reached the age of consent, she could not enter into valid marriage contract, and that the so-called marriage is therefore void.—Greensboro Patriot.

Step to the Right.

Two or three evenings ago two vehicles crashed together on Hay street, from violation of the law recognized as fair and sensible all over a civilized land, in crowded streets, on great highways, everywhere that man touch elbows closely:—"Keep to the right." One conveyance was on the left of the telephone poles in the middle of Hay street, and its driver would probably be on the losing side in a damage suit.

This law is enforced on even pedestrians in New York and other large cities. The man who should inadvertently or maliciously take the left amid the moving, hurrying throngs of Broadway would soon be brought to a stand by a policeman, with a sharp reprimand; and, if he persisted in disregarding the law of mutual accommodation, he would be arrested.—Morning Post.

"How Grandma saw Lincoln," a most interesting story, never before published, based on a incident in the life of the immortal Lincoln, will appear in the February number of Farm Life. This delightful narrative will charm every reader and the only way to enjoy it is to subscribe Farm Life early so that you can secure the February number. This is only one of the many good features of this splendid magazine for farm folks. We are certain that every reader of the COURIER will be greatly pleased to read Farm Life for a year and those who have not already subscribed may yet secure this magazine and the COURIER for only $1.00 Subscribe today.

SAM JONES' LETTER.

Atlanta Journal.

Three weeks of the new year has gone. We slid out of the old year into the new so quietly that we hardly realize that the old year is gone, and that the new year is upon us. Really, time is measured not so much by days, and weeks, and years, as by work and worry. The working man, who loves to work, never has days enough in the week or hours enough in the day. To the worrying man all days and weeks are too long, and yet for convenience and comparison's sake we say five years, ten years, fifty years, so and so, or that next year or the year after such and such will be, and we measure time and watch the days on calendars and in almanacs and count up and reckon. But life is as a unit from the cradle to the grave. God has said that a day is as a thousand years to him, and a thousand years as a day. But we look upon the close of the old year as a time to settle bills and pay taxes, and beg off from creditors, and sorter round up things ready to pass into the new year, and we come over into the new year bringing the business habits of the old, the personal habits, maybe of a life time, and our creditors bring over our indebtedness upon their books. This new year has ushered in upon us some momentous questions. The Russian, Japan racket and threatened war, which would involve, no doubt, England and maybe, Germany and France, and who knows but what the United States would be drawn into it. The Armageddon war has not yet come to pass. If they got into this fight, it looks like we might have it before it is over, but I am inclined to the opinion that Russia is only trying to scare te Japs out of something they have, for Russia must know that England will side with the Japs, and England's navy commands a position to make Russia fear her indeed. The battles of the future will be fought out by natives. No great nation will invade any other nation with armies of infantry and cavalry. The Queen of the Sea will be the King of the Earth in the years to come. But wars and rumors of wars frighten the bulls and help the bears. Just think of it, my cotton on hand, and cotton down a cent. Just think of it! Because of this Russian-Japan mess. I am forty dollars out right now because of that trouble. My neighbor, Bob McGinnis, has seven hundred bales, and is out $3,500. I reckon Bob wishes Russia and Japan had never been born, but I am still holding my cotton. I will get that 15 cents; watch me, gentlemen.

And then the Panama question. Now watch the Democrats play the fool again. I have said it and keep saying it, that the perfidy of the Republicans never avails the Democrats anything, for every time the Republicans act the rascal, the Democrats play the fool. The south wants the Panama canal, and wants it worse than they want the presidency, and it will be worth a thousand times more to the south than a dozen Democratic presidents can be worth, and my candid judgment is that my congressman or senator who throws himself against the building of that canal will find that his name is Dennis when he stands for reelection. The business interests of America have gotten way the other side of sentiment. Yankee Doodle and Dixie are tunes you can sing and play at reunions and festivals, but they wont work in cotton factories, iron mines cotton exchanges, dry goods and grocery stores; they won't buy railroad ticket nor pay board bills. This is no longer so much "the land of the free and the home of the brave," it is a land of commerce and push and get and hold; even England herself lays aside her kinship to Russia and will help Japan lick her, rather than see her commerce interfered with and her dollars diminished.

I note with profound apprehension and sorrow the announcement of the serious illness of General Gordon. General Longstreet is just laid away. He was the ranking general of the Confederate war until his death, and we do him honor now because honor is due him both living and dead. General Gordon is now the "ranking general" even in his desperate illness, as he suffers in Florid today. The south never ceased to admire Longstreet, and they have never done otherwise than love Gordon. General Gordon, the noble hero that he is, as brave as a lion and as gentle as a woman. We can never know how much he has done to weld and mould together the north and south by his lectures on "The Last Days of the Confederacy." The last conversation I had with General Gordon I said as much to him and in that conversation he said to me: "Yes, I hope I have done some good as I have lectured over this broad land." He said: "I was in Vermont some week ago," naming the city, and said he, "when I was introduced to the great audience they seemed as cold as an iceberg. I felt that the breezes were coming from off the northern ocean when I stepped out on the platform, but I determined to board the lion is his den, and being introduced to the audience, I said: 'Ladies and Gentlemen: Here is a live and kicking reble general who fought you from first to last with all the spirit and enthusiasm of his soul. I got their attention and delivered my lecture on 'The Last Days of the Confederacy.' When I was through they ran up to me and grasped my hands, some with tears trickling down their cheeks, and thanked me for the lecture, and said it was a revelation to them and the very last man, a thin visaged, black eyed cadaverous fellow, perhaps more than sixty years of age, walked up to me, threw his black eyes in my face, extended his hand, and said: 'General Gordon, I have hated you for more than thirty years; I have hated everything south. I had cause for hating you. You killed the noblest boy of my home, and he lies buried now in an unknown grave. We have mourned his loss for all these years, and I hated you and everything south because you killed my boy; but here is my hand, I will never hate you any more; I will never hate the southern people any more. When I had listened to you and heard you tell the history of your hardships, how the southern soldier marched barefooted, how he lived without a bite some days, how he suffered, I can see that he was fighting for the cause which he esteemed more dear than life. I am glad I heard you tonight. May God bless you, general. My hatred for the south is all gone now forever.'"

Truly General Gordon has been an angel of peace and good will. He loves his fellow man, but never knew the sense of fear. A brave man like him carries a heart incapable of hatred and impervious to malice. I trust the news from his bedside may give us hope of his recovery, and that General Gordon will live for many years among his fellow men, as he surely will live in our hearts as long as memory holds its place. Yours truly. SAM P. JONES.

Deserved the Job.

A Chicago firm advertised for a boy. On the postal card came this appeal:

"Mister: I want the job mi folks ain't ritch and I got to rassle. It does beat all how hard times is. im fourteen I can do chores and look well in store clocs. I want a good job in your obs let me in!"

He got the job, and his employers say he can "rassle" well.—Junior Baptist Union.

Why He Was Not Promoted.

Orison Swett Marden in "Success."

He watched the clock.
He was always grumbling.
He was always behindhand.
He had no iron in his blood.
He was willing, but unfitted.
He didn't believe in himself.
He was stung by a bad book.
He asked too many questions
His stock excuse was "I forgot."
He wasn't ready for the next step.
He did not put his heart in his work
He learned nothing from his blunders.
He felt that he was above his position.
He chose his friends among his inferiors.
He was content to be a second rate man.
He ruined his ability by half doing things.
He never dared to act on his own judgment.
He did not think it worth while to learn how.
He tried to make blunt take the place of ability.
He thought he must take amusement every evening.
Familiarity with slipshod methods paralyzed his ideal.
He thought it was clever to use coarse and profane language.
He imitated the habits of men who could stand more than he could.
He was ashamed of his parents because they were old fashioned.
He did not learn that the best part of his salary was not in his pay envelope.

Paris has devised a new mode of duelling for young women whose feelings have been ruffled. Two such recently decided that their honor demanded a duel. Having no weapons conveniently at hand, ingenuity came to the rescue. Each took off a stocking and filled it with sand. At last accounts the vanquished was reported in a hospital, probably dying.

Game Warden Weatherly continues to make seizures of game in transit to points outside the State, shipped in violation of the statutes. Two fine wild turkies and thirty-five dozen partridges were among his latest seizures.—Greensboro Patriot.

Simple and Sure Egg Tester.

My favorite home egg tester is made of a piece of tarred paper rolled up funnel shape, flattened a little at the big end and cut to fit snugly up to the eye so as to exclude the light, and at the small end round and of the proper size to admit the egg half way, as in testing. I make them about eight inches long. They can be used with either a bright lamplight or the sun, but I prefer the sun to a lamp at all times, the light being so much brighter, making the testing proportionately easier and quicker done.

The beauty of this simple tester is that for almost nothing one can have any number of them—with an incubator, in the sitting rooms and wherever there are hens hatching. Those who have never used them do not know their great value in saving sitting hens. Send for some incubator catalogue and find out how to tell a fertile from an infertile egg.

Then when the hens have been set a week or ten days—three or four at least having been set at once—go out on a bright day armed with an egg tester and a basket. Remove all infertile eggs, put the fertile ones under part of the hens and reset the others. If the eggs are inclined to be infertile, this will save the time of a numberless amount of sitters during the summer.—Mrs. N. B. Slater in Poultry Keeper.

GOOD RECEIPTS.

Brown Betty.—Put a layer of apple sauce in the bottom of a pan, sweeten and season with nutmeg or cinnamon, then put in a layer of bread crumbs, another layer of apple, and continue till pan is full, then place in oven and bake. Eat with cream.

Common cake.—Two eggs, 2-3 cup sugar, ½ cup shortening (scant,) 1 cup milk, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 2 cups flour, and (if you use lard) 1 teaspoon essence of some kind.

Hickory Nut Cake.—Take ½ cup butter, 1 cup sweet milk, 3 cups flour, 4 eggs, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 pint hickory nuts, 1 pint currants and raisins rolled in flour. Bake in one whole cake.

Salmon Salad.—One can salmon, 6 large cold potatoes, chop and mix in a dish with the fish. Rub smooth the yolks of 3 hard boiled eggs, season with salt and pepper and 1 teaspoon mustard, add 2 tablespoons cream and 1 gill of vinegar. Pour this over potatoes and fish. Mix well.

Potato Salad Dressing.—Add a little vinegar to an egg, season with salt, pepper, a little red pepper and mustard, put on the stove and heat until it begins to thicken, then remove. When cool, add 1 cup cream and a little onion juice and pour over the slices of cold potato.

Ice cream.—Whip 1 qt. cream and 1 small cup strawberries together. Add 11 cups sugar, turn onto a shallow pan, set on ice and salt, having the same proportion as for a freezer. When frozen, cut in squares and serve. Very nice.

Lemon Pie.—One lemon rind and juice, 1 egg, 1 cup hot water, 1 large cracker, or 11 small ones, 1 cup sugar. Cook until thick with two crusts.

Waffles.—The following is an excellent receipe for waffles: Beat the yolks of four eggs until creamy, add a pinch of salt and 1 pt. sweet milk. Now pour this mixture slowly into 6 tablespoons flour, mix smooth and strain through a sieve. Beat the whites of the eggs until quite stiff, fold them into the batter and bake at once in a well-greased waffle iron.

Little Vanilla Cakes.—These cakes are dainty pretty morsels. Cream one cup sugar with one-half cup of butter; add alternately one-half cup of milk and one and one-half cups of flour into which has been sifted a level teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat all thoroughly together, add a teaspoonful of vanilla and at the very last the whites of two eggs beaten to a solid froth. Bake at once in small patty-pans, using a tablespoonful to each pan. They will bake in 15 or 20 minutes and must be watched carefully.

A Beef Dish.—This can be used with beans of any kind. Take 1 pt. tomatoes cooked and strained, (to take the seeds out) have on the stove to keep hot. Now take 1 heaping spoon butter, place in a hot frying pan, put in a tablespoon of finely chopped onion and brown slightly, with a teaspoonful of flour, then put in your tomatoes. Let boil a minute, then pour over your partly cooked beans. Put in half of a red pepper, then bake until done. This is fine for supper when one hasn't much else that is hot and not much time for cooking. As we are vegetarians, we have many different ways of preparing vegetables and fruits without the use of meat, and would like to have such receipes from others.

Johnnycakes.—For four people take 2 heaping tablespoons of the very fine yellow corn meal. Put the meal in an earthern dish and add 1 teaspoon salt. Scald with rapidly boiling water until it is well granulated but not moist. Add just enough rich milk to make it of such a consistency that you can mold it into small cakes less than half an inch thick. It must be as soft as is consistent with the necessary handling. Set a thick iron frying pan over the fire with lard or drippings the size of half an egg, and when very hot lay in the cakes, but transfer after a moment to a slower fire, as they must be baked rather slowly. When golden brown on both sides, set the pan in the oven for a few moments, and serve on very hot plates. They are delicious with sweet butter and honey, or maple syrup.

SAVED BY THIS!

Never begin a journey until breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out in the cold.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected.

In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in an active condition the cold will close the pores and favor congestion of other diseases.

After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a train for a moment; it is dangerous to health, and even life.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost or difficulties of the throat produced.

Never stand still in cold weather after having taken a slight degree of exercise.

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