

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

BY A TRAINED NURSE.

There is not a more undignified ailment in the whole list of the ills that flesh is heir to than a cold in the head. Pocket handkerchiefs are at a premium, and the sufferer feels that silk ones are the one luxury in life worth having.

Vigorous treatment in the beginning will abort it if it is commenced with the first symptoms. Send to the druggist for a mixture containing sulphate of atropia one two hundred and fortieth of a grain; bi-sulphate of quinine two grains, and Fowler's solution, five drops, to each dose. Take a dose once in two hours for three or four times, until the throat begins to feel slightly dry. If this does not entirely relieve the symptoms, repeat the treatment the next day. Copy this prescription carefully, and use it with care as some of the ingredients are poisonous. There is no danger in using it if the directions are followed exactly.

Before going to bed take a warm bath. The next morning sponge the body rapidly with tepid water, rubbing it hard until the blood circulates quickly and the skin is in a glow.

Take more exercise than usual, and do not sit in a hot room with the windows shut. Mix a teaspoonful of cream of tartar in a tumblerful of water and drink it during the day. If there is constipation take a gentle laxative, as a rhubarb pill. It is very important that all the avenues of the body for carrying off waste matter should be wide open.

If a cold in the head is neglected it may end in chronic catarrh. The membrane that lines the nose becomes permanently inflamed, and a cure is very difficult if not impossible.

The early symptoms of measles are like those of cold in the head. This should be borne in mind, especially with children, and the rash watched for. It appears in small, dark red dots, first on the forehead and temples, near the hair.

A cold on the chest, as it is popularly called, is a far more serious matter than a cold in the head. This is particularly the case when the lungs are delicate and there is a predisposition to disease of the chest.

It begins with a feeling of tightness and soreness across the chest; perhaps now and then a sharp darting pain and some oppression, as if a weight were resting on it. There is a slight fever and later a cough.

The whole surface should be well rubbed with warm camphorated oil, and covered with cotton batting, secured in place by a broad strip of flannel. This should be worn day and night and removed piecemeal by pulling off part of the batting every night.

The feet should be soaked in hot water with two tablespoonfuls of mustard to the gallon, and a glass of hot lemonade taken. If the invalid bears quinine well, five grains may be given and repeated twice in twelve hours. If there is much pain apply a mustard plaster until the skin is red; when there is a hard dry cough relief will be obtained by inhaling the steam from a pitcher of boiling water. As the cough becomes looser and the invalid begins to expectorate, a teaspoonful of a good cough mixture every two hours will help to soothe; flaxseed tea, a warm drink of gruel, hot milk or beef tea is very grateful after a fit of coughing. A person with a cold on the chest should stay in-doors, and will get rid of it sooner in bed than out of it. If obliged to leave the house, warmer stockings should be worn than usual and the feet well protected against dampness.

The best way to get rid of a cold is not to catch it. Warm underfannels and stockings should be worn in winter and not left off until the weather is really hot. Then they should be exchanged for thinner ones. The feet should be carefully shielded from damp by thick solid boots, or India rubbers.

Draughts should be avoided, particularly a cool breeze on the back of the neck, a peculiarly sensitive spot. No one who values health should go from a hot room into the open air without an extra wrap for protection. A flannel jacket should be worn over the night-dress at night, and the habit formed of sleeping with the window open.

If the top sash is let down one inch and the bottom one raised the same distance the ventilation will be better than if either alone were opened two inches.

Mrs. Lucy Wixom and her twin sister, Mrs. Wood, have just died in Oakland and Ionia counties, Michigan, respectively, aged 91 years.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is entitled to special praise and recognition. The American Analyst. Sold by all druggists and confectioners, 5 cents.

# "German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he

Hereditary often coughs enough to make him sick at Consumption his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

### An Infant in an Incubator.

In one of 'he wards of the Babies' Hospital, at New York, a baby, born prematurely is thriving in an incubator. The expectation is that the child will emerge from the incubator in about two weeks about as well equipped to enter upon the struggle for existence as is the ordinary weakly infant.

The incubator is a box about 3 feet long and 18 inches wide. There is a shelf in the box, which serves as the foundation for the thick bed of soft cotton upon which the child lies. Over the box is placed a glass cover, one end of which is slightly raised by a bit of wood for the purpose of giving ventilation. The heat is supplied through a tin tube about three inches in diameter, and is obtained from kerosene lamps, which are kept burning day and night, regulated as to the amount of flame by thermometers inside the incubator. The intention is to keep the temperature inside the incubator at about 92°.

Stretching, twisting, rolling, and squirming, the infant whose life the hospital people have undertaken to save is passing comfortably through the period of incubation, and while at first sight of him one as somewhat shocked at his meagreness and skinniness, he gradually gazes at him contentedly, impressed and reassured by the history of his case as related by the hospital physician and his nurse.

The little boy was born about two months in advance of the proper time, and his mother died just as he came into the world. Had he at once been placed in an incubator there would have been no doubt that he would do well. But a friend of the boy's mother undertook to bring him up and kept him in her care for four weeks. When she turned him over to the Babies' Hospital he weighed but three pounds and was terribly emaciated. It was decided at once that there was but one way to save the little fellow's life, and that was to put him into an incubator.

The boy has steadily improved. He takes his milk twelve times a day, part of it from the bottle and part of it from the breast, and he enjoys every mouthful. When he came to the hospital he had practically but one lung, the other had collapsed. To-day the collapsed lung has become serviceable again.

It seems almost too much to believe, but there is a probability that the helpless, pitiable atom in the box may develop into a strong, handsome man.

A famous German restaurateur went into the Bankruptcy Court the other day. Judge of the sensations of his customers when they learned that he owed a bill of 15,000 marks to a knacker for supplying him with the carcasses of horses and donkeys! To the ingenious question as to what he wanted with these animals, the man had to answer, "Why, my customers ate them as vension!"

### Dreadful.

"Where's mamma?" Dotty stole down from the nursery to see mamma for a little while; but mamma had gone out.

It was twilight and the sitting-room was nearly dark except for the glow which came from the fire in the grate.

"Who's zis?" said Dotty, going toward the lounge.

There was quite a heap on it. Edith, her big sister, often threw her hat and cloak there when she came in from school and now they were mixed up with the slumber-robe, and somebody must be sleeping under them, for a bit of black hair peeped out from one end.

"Poor papa!" said Dotty, going up and stroking the hair with her soft little hand. "He's tum home wiv a headache again. I'm sorry. I'll tomb his head and I won't sturb him one bit."

She brought a comb and carefully worked away at the black locks, whispering to herself:

"Papa always likes his head tumbled when he's dot a headache."

"He's fast as 'eeep, I dess," she went on finding that he did not move. She put her little face close down to the hair and half-whispered.

"Papa, does I 'sturb 'ou?"

But Papa did not answer, so she kept on combing, saying to herself:

"How glad he'll be when he wakes up and finds his headache all don!"

But just then the comb caught in a tangle.

"Oh papa, did that pull?"

No answer, and the combing went on. Another pull and the head moved a little.

"Oh papa, I'll be more careful, 'ou see if I don't."

But a harder tangle came. The head moved toward her and fell upon the floor at her feet.

"O-o-o-o-o!" What a scream went before Dotty as she rushed into the hall.

"What's the matter?" cried Edith, who was just coming down stairs.

"What's the matter?" asked mamma, who was just coming in the street door.

"O-o-o-o-o!" Dotty was too much terrified to answer, but Edith caught her in her arms as she tried to run up stairs.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

"O-o-o-o-o!" cried Dotty, sobbing as if her heart would break. "Papa! Papa!"

"What about papa? He's down town."

"No—I've—pulled his head off."

"Nonsense, Dotty. What do you mean?"

"O, I have—I did. In there." She pointed to the sitting room, but kicked and screamed when Edith carried her toward the door.

"Papa isn't here," said mamma.

Dotty hid her head on Edith's shoulder as mamma lit the gas, but took a little peep out as Edith said: "See. Papa isn't here."

"O-o-o-o-o! Yes, he is—he's on the lounge."

Mamma tossed over the things on the lounge. No papa was there.

"But—look on the floor," sobbed Dotty.

Mamma picked up the thing of long, straight black hair which lay there.

"It's my new monkey skin muff," said Edith.

Life's race well run,  
Life's work all done,  
Life's victory won,  
Now cometh rest.

Sorrows are o'er,  
Trials no more,  
Ship reacheth shore,  
Now cometh rest.

Faith yields to sight,  
Day follows night,  
Jesus gives light,  
Now cometh rest.

We awhile wait,  
But soon or late  
Death opens the gate,  
Then cometh rest.

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