

The Elk County Advocate.

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. XI.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1881.

NO. 34.

The Farmer's Corn.
At early dawn, when o'er the leaves
The hear-frost creeps and steals their bloom,
When trees stand stiff in gloom
Beneath the sunless morn,
Old Farmer John salutes his sheaves
Of ripened corn.

Bright jewels 'mong the stubble gleam,
And sparkle from his careless tread,
And gossamer, o'erleaved,
Envelopes the naked thorn;
But Farmer John, to all a-dream,
Moves through his corn.

The startled hare before him springs,
And down the furrow speeds like wind,
While crisp leaves stir behind;
The yellow mists, upborne,
Skim o'er the vale on noiseless wings
Above the corn.

But Farmer John with anxious eyes
The struggling stalks of dawn surveys,
And through the spreading haze
That veils the face of morn
A blood-red rim he sees arise
To greet his corn.

And fear creeps through his trembling veins
As the rising sun dilates in red,
And as each mountain's head
His crimson robes adorns,
John knows that the coming rains
May sweep his corn.

Still high o'erhead the waning moon
Reveals a patch of clearing blue,
And hope comes peering through
With Luna's welcome hue,
That yet a favoring sign
Will bless the corn.

The changed sun, erst steeped in fire,
Behold, pours forth rich amber streams
That quench with bright joy-gleams
The frowns his face had worn,
For heaven and he may now conspire
To save the corn.

See, o'er the east a golden mantle's flung!
Fast move the mists from out the north,
And as the winds come forth,
To little shrubs are torn
The great cloud-masses that o'erhang
The golden corn.

And lo! the wakened crows soar high;
Over arrow-straight they upward fly
O'er bits of dappled sky,
And leave the earth below;
While clouds of lazy rooks float by
The twinkling corn.

What smiles sleep in the farmer's eyes!
To-day he'll "in" that precious grain,
For he knows the dreaded rain
Such biddings does not scorn.
So, whistling thanks to sun and skies,
He leaves the corn.

The Parson's New Coat.
The village of Buzzville having gone
safely through the autumn and
preserving season; having with praise-
worthy zeal carried off the palm as
regarded the annual county fair, over
and above the surrounding towns; having
shown themselves in an elaborate
"harvest festival" for their church—and
yet surviving, now must attend to their
world to conquer before settling down
for the winter.

"Our minister needs a new coat," said
Miss Miranda Stebbins, rattling her
knitting-needles in huge delight at first
proposing an idea; "he does, most
dreadful bad, an' that's a fact. Hain't
any of you noticed how shiny it is?"
She cast a reproachful glance on all
of the circle—many, while they agreed
on unblemished cotton and red flannel,
also carried on admirably the war with
their tongues—and then proceeded:
"An' I say it's a cryin' shame to see him
git up in that pulpit another Sunday
with that old coat on. Somethin' must
be done. I'm awful glad I thought of it."

"You hain't thought of it any quicker
an' anybody else," spoke up little Mrs.
Bisbee, a stout, burly matron, with
flaming cheeks; and her black eyes
flashed fire. "Tain't alius talkin'
folks git the first idea. I've been a-thinkin'
of that same thing for some time
now," she added, with a venomous snap
at the pious figure behind the rattling
needles. "An' I shall do my best to git
the parson one," she added, the best
brye bread premium, which Miss Miranda
had successfully carried off before her
very eyes at the county fair, urging her
on.

built matron, who looked as if she had
plenty of opinions of her own, and
could express them when occasion re-
quired.

"Gracious!" ejaculated little Mrs.
Bisbee, with a short laugh; "who ever
said that pocketbook anyway? I never
did, an' I don't believe any of you have
either."

A cent's as big as a cart-wheel to
her, said the big square woman, who
didn't love Miss Miranda to death.
"It all runs in the family. They
wouldn't any of 'em open their mouths
to breathe, if they didn't get something
at the same time they git it out."

"Well, she won't put anything in her
mouth this time," observed the
"Square's" wife, laughing and settling
back comfortably. "It's the first sewin'
meetin', I guess, where she's gone home
before tea."

"An' it means somethin' to go home
before tea from Mrs. Deacon Higby's,"
exclaimed little Mrs. Bisbee, enthusi-
astically, with an energetic bob of her
black curls over at the hostess. "So
she's lost her cake an' credit, too."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Deacon
Higby, deprecatingly, though she wrig-
gled all over with delight at the implied
praise to her supporters. "My doughnuts
ain't so light as usual, an' the loaf cake
ain't riz quite as I'd like it. The
deacon came home last night in a chill
an' I run in the midst of 'everything' to
give him a cambré sweat. So I didn't
hev as good luck as I set out to hev."

Notwithstanding these lamentable
failures, the round, comfortable visage
of Mrs. Deacon Higby presented a
series of rippling smiles that threat-
ened to eclipse every feature of her ex-
pressive face, while she smoothed her
fat hands complacently together.

"Oh, well, you can talk," said little
Mrs. Bisbee, energetically, and begin-
ning to count up her list of subscrip-
tions to the parson's new coat, "but we
all know, as well as the next one, that
your cousin's. Fifteen, twenty, twenty-
five, no, twenty-two—Mrs. Spence
Higginson makes twenty-two—twenty-
five, twenty-eight, thirty, thirty-one—
thirty-one and a quarter. Oh, dear!
what a pity 'twasn't just thirty-two."

"I'll make it up," said the "Square's"
wife, quickly, enjoying the distinction
of being the only woman in the room
to whom a dollar and two more, less
didn't make a matter worth a moment's
consideration. Now, then, thirty-two
dollars ought to git a first-rate article.
Where'll we buy it? that's the ques-
tion."

Hereupon ensued a lively discussion,
the deacon's wife favoring employing
the village tailor, and, as he was second
cousin to her husband, family reasons
might have something to do with her
opinion. Some of the ladies falling in
with her, the idea would soon have
been carried, but for the warlike, de-
termined attitude of the other party,
who decidedly favored the coat being
made at home.

"Fall of town," more stylishly, said
Mrs. Bassett, the "Square's" wife, with
an undeniable air that took immensely.
"I hain't approve in the least its being
done here. When we give anything,
let's give a good one. How should we
feel to see the parson up in the pulpit
with anything but the best on it?"

"Our minister needs a new coat," said
Miss Miranda Stebbins, rattling her
knitting-needles in huge delight at first
proposing an idea; "he does, most
dreadful bad, an' that's a fact. Hain't
any of you noticed how shiny it is?"
She cast a reproachful glance on all
of the circle—many, while they agreed
on unblemished cotton and red flannel,
also carried on admirably the war with
their tongues—and then proceeded:
"An' I say it's a cryin' shame to see him
git up in that pulpit another Sunday
with that old coat on. Somethin' must
be done. I'm awful glad I thought of it."

"You hain't thought of it any quicker
an' anybody else," spoke up little Mrs.
Bisbee, a stout, burly matron, with
flaming cheeks; and her black eyes
flashed fire. "Tain't alius talkin'
folks git the first idea. I've been a-thinkin'
of that same thing for some time
now," she added, with a venomous snap
at the pious figure behind the rattling
needles. "An' I shall do my best to git
the parson one," she added, the best
brye bread premium, which Miss Miranda
had successfully carried off before her
very eyes at the county fair, urging her
on.

Mrs. Squire Bassett, Mrs. Bisbee, and
in compliance to her relationship to
the aforesaid 'Blah' Williams, Mrs.
Deacon Higby was unanimously ap-
pointed to confer with the tailor and
order the coat.

Feeling quite sure at this point that
duty had been done and full preparation
for any fancied insult to the deacon's
family pride had been made, they one
and all, in a highly exalted frame of
mind, energetically set to work on the
supper.

"I never see such eaters," said a muf-
fled voice. The remark was addressed,
in the depths of a big closet full of all
sorts of family lumber and cast-off ar-
ticles, to another person who, like the
owner of the voice, was crammed in a
most uncomfortable position up against
the door that led into the "keepin'-
room" where the sewing society was
convened. "Whackety! if we should
eat so much, I guess ma'd whip us.
Just look at Miss Bassett's stuff!"

Thereupon the other figure bounced
up with great difficulty to get a good
view from the keyhole. When he had
gotten his eye fixed, he drew a long
breath. "Whew! don't she, though. An'
see Miss Henderson! Her nose is a
yard long. Look at her bite into that
biscuit!"

"Let me see—let me see," exclaimed
the boy on the floor, crowding up to
push the other away from the keyhole.
"That's my place. Get away, Tom, I
say. I want to see."

"Tain't your place any more'n
mine," retorted the other, in an awful
whisper that but for the rattle of cups
and saucers going on on the other side
of the door must needs have been
heard. "The closet belongs to both of
us; so of course the key-hole does."

"Well, I want to see once," said the
first boy, waiting the point of exclu-
sive rights; "so git away, or I'll hol-
der you." And he gave a smart push to
the figure enjoying a view of the society
that caused it to take its eye quickly
away from the key-hole, while he re-
sented his wrongs.

"If you do, you won't git nothin'
but a whackin', an' I'll cut an' run," he
declared, savagely, damming up into
the vacated place on the floor. "So'd
look if you want her; then you've got
to give the place back."

"She's beginnin' on another," cried
the victor, as loudly as he dared. "Oh!
my jim-jams! I say, Tom—"
"What?" said Tom, gloomily, on the
floor.

"There won't be a scrap left for us
if they keep on eatin' like that. The
riz cake's agoin' just awful! Let's go
out in the back yard and holler 'fire,'
an' start 'em home."

"Oh no, we musn't," cried Tom, in
alarm; "that will spoil the whole."
"They can't eat much more," he added,
decidedly. "An' then, after we've had
our supper, we'll start an' tell all we
know. Hain't we heard lots?" he asked,
enthusiastically.

"Lots!" declared his brother; "I guess
we have. Just twice as much as we did
at last s'ctety; then 'twas all about
Jimmy Ann Rogers; that wasn't no fun
at all."

"Let's go to Cousin 'Blah's' first," said
Tom, eagerly, "an' mad him all up; an'
then we'll cut 'cross lots to Miss
Mirandy's. Let's, Joe."

In anything but a sweet frame of mind,
preparatory to the sleep that wouldn't
come at her bidding.

"It's outrageous," she hissed to her-
self, her false teeth being out and cer-
tifiedly placed on the bureau. "I never
was so insulted in my life. That little
fat chunk of a Miss Bisbee, too, to do
it! An' Miss Higby to set by an' see
'em, an' never say a word! I'll be up
to 'em, I will."

Thereupon she blew out the candle,
and flounced her thin frame down into
the middle of her feather-bed, trying to
think of something bad enough to sat-
isfy her thirst for revenge. Suddenly
she sprang into a sitting posture.

"I'll git straight up now an' write it
down, before I forget it," she cried, in
great excitement. "For I never 'll git
it into my head to go again."

And clambering out of bed, she groped
around in the dark to light her candle,
when she proceeded to slip her feet into
some flannel slippers, and herself into
a monstrous bed-gown of wonderful
pattern.

"There, now, what was it? Let me
see," she said, scratching her head with
the end of a rusty penholder that she
had with great difficulty found, after
much rummaging in the bureau drawer.

"Oh, yes, that was it. Yes, now,
then."

The old pen scraped its way over the
small, many pieces of paper that Miss
Mirandy considered suitable for the oc-
casion, until these words appeared:

"REVEREND MISTERS BLODGETT, DEAR
SIR: (On second thoughts, consider-
ing the 'Dear Sir' too familiar, she
had, with extreme pains, marked it
over, while a blush flew over her pale
countenance, and lighted up the dismal
beams.)

"REVEREND MISTERS BLODGETT.—There
bein' an effort started to give you a
coat, I wish to state out of profound
respect to yourself and Miss Blodgett
that—here Miss Mirandy, finding still
quite a stock of respect left within her
bosom, concluded to bestow it liberally,
so she added, with extra flourishes—
my best wishes to you and yours, and
I am, Sir, your obedient servant, Miss
Mirandy Stebbins."

Miss Mirandy couldn't help reading
this over three or four times, she was
so delighted with it. Then she blew
out the light, and clambered into her
feathers again.

"On second thoughts," she said, as
she drew up the thick comfortable
around her sparsely, "I won't send it
now. I can afford to wait an' when the
coat's done, I'll git it. 'Blah' Williams
to stick it in one of the pockets. That'll
be 'most as good as holdin' give it,"
and hugely tickled at the turn of affairs,
she composed her mind and fell asleep.

On the first Sunday in December—a
bright, beautiful day—the First church
in Buzzville was crowded to its utmost
capacity. The presentation had taken
place the evening before, and consisted
in the coat being sent over at the hands
of the tailor's boy, with a note contain-
ing the names of the fair donors.

Two Pictures.
Many years ago an Italian artist, while
wandering through the streets of his
native city, saw a little boy whose coun-
tenance bore heavily so wondrously
pore that, in contemplating it, he forgot
the troubles and anxieties thrust
upon him by pecuniary embarrassments.

"How I should like to portray those
features," soothed the artist.
"Will you come to my studio, my lit-
tle lad? I should like so much to paint
your picture."

Most willingly the boy accompanied
the painter, and soon enjoyed the pretty
sight of another little lad—his second
self—smiling down upon him from the
artist's easel.

The painter often sank his every
thought in contemplation of the lovely
picture. When the bitterness of life
made him weary of living, he needed
but to lift his eyes to the beautiful pic-
ture that graced the wall of his studio,
and its look of innocence and hope
would drive the shadows of despair
from out his heart and fill it with hap-
piness. Many were the offers to buy
the picture of the lovely child; but the
artist, though often in want, steady-
fastly refused to sell "his guardian
angel," as he called him.

Years passed. Many times he sat
and gazed upon the blooming beauty
of the face before him, the artist ques-
tioned himself as to the probable fate
of the pretty child. "I would like to
see him once again; would like to see
how he looks." He would say to him-
self, "I wonder if I would know him?
Has he grown to be a man, good and
true, or a knave—a ne'er-do-well; or
does he dwell in heaven?" And, as
once again the artist sauntered through
the streets of his beautiful town, he
came upon a youth whose features bore
the stamp of vice so terrible, of a
degradation so low, and an expression so
diabolical, that his sight caused him to
hasten his steps. What a picture! "How
I should like to sketch those features
as a contrasting piece to the beautiful,
pure innocence of the boy I portrayed
years ago," said the artist to himself.

The youth, having noticed the inter-
est with which the artist scanned him,
begged for money, for he was both a
beggard and a thief.

"Come with me to my studio; let me
paint your portrait, and I will pay you
what you may demand."

The youth followed the artist. When
the sketch had been completed, and he
had hidden in his pockets the coins the
artist gave him, the beggar turned to
go. As he gazed fell upon the picture
of the little boy he started as if stung
by a serpent; while his eyes seemed
riveted on the painting, he paled as if
in death. It seemed as though he'd
ask a question, but fear appeared to
choke his utterance. He pointed to the
picture, and, throwing himself down on
his knees, he wept and wailed aloud.

"Man, what ails you?" asked the
astonished painter.

"But twenty years ago you bid me
come to you, as now, and then, as now,
you portrayed me—your face was then
mine own! and now? You see me
wreck—a ruin—a human being,
so degraded that all the pure, the good,
will turn their faces in disgust!"

The astonished artist could hardly
credit the testimony of his senses.

"But tell me, whence this terrible
change?"

The youth told his sad story: An
only son and of great beauty; his pa-
rents spoiled him; bad companions
taught him their vices; brothers and
gambling dens became his home, until
he had lost his all, and then—unable,
or, rather, unwilling to work, and, as
yet, ashamed to beg, he began to steal;
caught in the act, he was thrown into
prison; and then he went on to tell
how each bad act appeared to contain
the germ of another—appeared to
create the desire; aye, the necessity to
commit another and a worse one.

Past and Present.
There is a good deal of harmless
prattle about the superior health, the
strength and wisdom of our great-
grandfathers and great-grandmothers.
It is a common thing to hear old people
who ought to have their senses talking
about the good old times and the higher
moral and physical ability of those who
lived long ago. While we have great
respect for the old folks, living and
dead, we must not shut our eyes to the
reality. The truth is that people live
longer now than ever they did. The
medical profession knows more now
than ever it did; and we could put into
the field to day a bigger army of cen-
tenarians than our grandfathers could in
the good old days when they were
young.

Moreover, old people now are much
more vigorous than the old people of
times past. Our people are growing
larger and stronger. It is not so very
many years since the American woman
was a slight, delicate creature; now she
is tall and portly. The numbers of sin-
gularly tall and well-proportioned young
men and women to be seen in the streets
of New York to-day astonish the old
fellows who remember the boys and
girls of forty and fifty years ago. Some
persons imagine that this increase in
size is confined to the children of our
foreign-born citizens; but this is a great
mistake, for the increase growth is gen-
eral. Certainly the mixture of races
may have something to do with it, but
whatever may be the cause, it is a fact
plainly to be seen by every observer.

The greatest known feats of physical
strength and endurance are recorded to
the credit of the young men of this age;
and, indeed, it is hardly too much to as-
sert that the greatest runners, the great-
est walkers, the greatest jumpers, the
greatest swimmers, the greatest oars-
men, the greatest weight-lifters, the
greatest gymnasts, the greatest boxers,
the greatest fencers and the heaviest
men that ever lived are among the
living to-day. There seems to be a
universal increase in the growth of hu-
manity. The height, the chest meas-
urement and the weight of the soldiers
of the immense armies of Europe of the
present time are at least as great as
they were among the picked men of the
much smaller European armies of fifty
years past, clearly showing that the
average man of to-day is as big and as
strong as the picked man of long ago.

The fact stares us in the face that the
grown-up sons and daughters of the
old people of this country are, as a
rule, bigger and stronger than their
fathers and mothers were. An ordinary
sized Englishman finds considerable
difficulty in squeezing himself into the
armor of one of the Norman conquer-
ors of his country; but what could one
of our Western farmers do with it?
Certainly he could pick it up and look
at it, but this is all.

We have great respect for the mem-
ory of our grandfathers and great-grand-
fathers, as well as for our grandmoth-
ers and great-grandmothers, but we
cannot afford to delude ourselves with
ideas and notions that fact and figures
set aside. People are inclined to over-
estimate the measure of wisdom and
ability of the grand old fellows of days
gone by. It is an amiable fault, but
still a fault; because the truth is not so.

A Miner's Experience.
He was on his way home from Lead-
ville. He had on a good old suit of
suit, a bad hat, and he had been taking
his meals thirty home apart to make
his money carry him through.

"Yes; I like the country out that
way," he replied to the query. "The
climate is good, the scenery is fine, and
some of the people are honest as needs
be. The trouble is knowing how to take
the lead ore."

"I should think that would be easy."
"Yes, it looks that way; but I had
some experience. I am the original
discoverer of the richest mine around
Leadville. Yes, I am the very man,
though you couldn't think it to look at
these clothes."

"Then you don't own it now?"
"Not a bit of it."
"How is that?"

"Well, I was looking around the
hills and found signs. I collected some
specimens for assay, staked off a claim
and went off to the assayers. It was two
days before he let me know that I had
struck the richest ore that he had ever
assayed and then hurried back to my
claim. Hung my buttons if it hadn't
been jumped."

"How?"

"Why, a gang of sharpers had found
the spot and built up a pole shanty and
hung out the sign of the First Baptist
church over the door. True as shoot-
ing they had, and the law out there is
that no man can sink a shaft within 200
feet of a church building. They saw
me coming, and when I got there they
were holding a revival. There was six
of them, and they got up one after the
other and told how wicked they had
been and how sorry they were, and
would you believe it—they had the cheek
to ask me to lead off in singing. I went
to law, but they beat me. Three days
after came the verdict, the First Bap-
tist church had burned down, and be-
fore the ashes were cold the congrega-
tion were developing a mine worth
\$3,000,000. You see I didn't know
how to take them."

"Was there any particular way to
take them?"

Reconciliation.
If thou wert lying, cold and still and white,
In death's embrace, oh, mine enemy!
I think that if I came and looked on thee,
I should forget; that something in the sight
Of thy still face would comfort me, in right
Of death's and impotence, and I should see
How pitiful a thing it is to be
At feud with aught that's mortal.

So, to-night,
My soul, unfurling her white flag of peace—
Foretelling that dreard hour when we may meet,
The dead face and the living—fain would cry:
Across the years, "Oh, let our warfare cease!
Life is so short, and hatred is not sweet;
Let there be peace between us ere we die."
—Caroline A. Mason, in Scribner.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.
How to avoid drowning—stay at
home.
Advice to a married man: Put a safety
valve upon your self-esteem if you do
not want to get "blown up."

"I would not strike you for \$10," said
J., playfully, to his friend E. "Well,
you would not get it if you did," replied
E.—Philadelphia Sun.

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"
Or take in its strength such a boastful delight,
A single bad humor can scatter a crowd,
And I say that means business can put it
to flight.

"You want a flogging, that's what
you want," said a parent to an unruly
son. "I know it, dad, but I'll try to get
along without it," said the independent
brat.

Lesson for young housekeepers—
"How can you tell a young fellow from
an old one?" "By the teeth?" "But
fowls have no teeth!" "I know they
haven't, but I have!"

A newly married couple riding in a
carriage, were overtaken, whereupon a
standerby said it was "A shocking
sight." "Yes," said the gentleman, "to
see those just wedded fall out so soon."

A clergyman remarked the other day:
"Alas! how times change! In the Old
Testament days it was considered a mir-
acle for an ass to speak, and now it
seems as though nothing short of a mir-
acle would keep one quiet."

The cable has informed us that the
czar and the Emperor William kissed
each other when they met at Dantzig;
but it forgot to add that after the oscu-
lation the czar gave a significant sniff
and remarked in an "aside": "Great
Cesar, Bill! you've been eating Lim-
burger!"

A young lady became so much dis-
satisfied with a gentleman to whom she
was engaged to be married that she dis-
missed him. In revenge he threatened
to publish her letters to him. "Very
well," replied the lady. "I have no reason
to be ashamed of any part of my
letters, except the address."

Habitual Mouth Breathing.
Many people sleep with the mouth
open, and thus make this organ per-
form a duty which should be transacted
by the nose. There are many objec-
tions to this, and Dr. Wagner clearly
points them out. The air in passing
through the channels of the nose, for
instance, is raised to the temperature of
the body before it reaches the larynx.
Thus breathing, now matter how low
the temperature may be, the sense of
cold is never felt below the border of
the soft palate. But when one breathes
through the mouth on a cold day the
sensation proceeds as far as the larynx,
and an irritating cough may be caused.
Then, again, in nose breathing the air
is moistened by the natural secretions
which cover the turbinated bones in a
condition of health, and the short
bristly hairs at the openings of the nos-
trils act as a filter to arrest impurities
and reduce the likelihood of laryngitis,
bronchitis or pulmonary disease. In
nasal breathing, the air is raised to the
temperature of the body before it reaches
the larynx. Thus breathing, now matter
how low the temperature may be, the
sense of cold is never felt below the
border of the soft palate. But when one
breathes through the mouth on a cold
day the sensation proceeds as far as the
larynx, and an irritating cough may be
caused. Then, again, in nose breathing
the air is moistened by the natural secre-
tions which cover the turbinated bones
in a condition of health, and the short
bristly hairs at the openings of the nos-
trils act as a filter to arrest impurities
and reduce the likelihood of laryngitis,
bronchitis or pulmonary disease. In
nasal breathing, the air is raised to the
temperature of the body before it reaches
the larynx. Thus breathing, now matter
how low the temperature may be, the
sense of cold is never felt below the
border of the soft palate. But when one
breathes through the mouth on a cold
day the sensation proceeds as far as the
larynx, and an irritating cough may be
caused. Then, again, in nose breathing
the air is moistened by the natural secre-
tions which cover the turbinated bones
in a condition of health, and the short
bristly hairs at the openings of the nos-
trils act as a filter to arrest impurities
and reduce the likelihood of laryngitis,
bronchitis or pulmonary disease. In
nasal breathing, the air is raised to the
temperature of the body before it reaches
the larynx. Thus breathing, now matter
how low the temperature may be, the
sense of cold is never felt below the
border of the soft palate. But when one
breathes through the mouth on a cold
day the sensation proceeds as far as the
larynx, and an irritating cough may be
caused. Then, again, in nose breathing
the air is moistened by the natural secre-
tions which cover the turbinated bones
in a condition of health, and the short
bristly hairs at the openings of the nos-
trils act as a filter to arrest impurities
and reduce the likelihood of laryngitis,
bronchitis or pulmonary disease. In
nasal breathing, the air is raised to the
temperature of the body before it reaches
the larynx. Thus breathing, now matter
how low the temperature may be, the
sense of cold is never felt below the
border of the soft palate. But when one
breathes through the mouth on a cold
day the sensation proceeds as far as the
larynx, and an irritating cough may be
caused. Then, again, in nose breathing
the air is moistened by the natural secre-
tions which cover the turbinated bones
in a condition of health, and the short
bristly hairs at the openings of the nos-
trils act as a filter to arrest impurities
and reduce the likelihood of laryngitis,
bronchitis or pulmonary disease. In
nasal breathing, the air is raised to the
temperature of the body before it reaches
the larynx. Thus breathing, now matter
how low the temperature may be, the
sense of cold is never felt below the
border of the soft palate. But when one
breathes through the mouth on a cold
day the sensation proceeds as far as the
larynx, and an irritating cough may be
caused. Then, again, in nose breathing
the air is moistened by the natural secre-
tions which cover the turbinated bones
in a condition of health, and the short
bristly hairs at the openings of the nos-
trils act as a filter to arrest impurities
and reduce the likelihood of laryngitis,
bronchitis or pulmonary disease. In
nasal breathing, the air is raised to the
temperature of the body before it reaches
the larynx. Thus breathing, now matter
how low the temperature may be, the
sense of cold is never felt below the
border of the soft palate. But when one
breathes through the mouth on a cold
day the sensation proceeds as far as the
larynx, and an irritating cough may be
caused. Then, again, in nose breathing
the air is moistened by the natural secre-
tions which cover the turbinated bones
in a condition of health, and the short
bristly hairs at the openings of the nos-
trils act as a filter to arrest impurities
and reduce the likelihood of laryngitis,
bronchitis or pulmonary disease. In
nasal breathing, the air is raised to the
temperature of the body before it reaches
the larynx. Thus breathing, now matter
how low the temperature may be, the
sense of cold is never felt below the
border of the soft palate. But when one
breathes through the mouth on a cold
day the sensation proceeds as far as the
larynx, and an irritating cough may be
caused. Then, again, in nose breathing
the air is moistened by the natural secre-
tions which cover the turbinated bones
in a condition of health, and the short
bristly hairs at the openings of the nos-
trils act as a filter to arrest impurities
and reduce the likelihood of laryngitis,
bronchitis or pulmonary disease. In
nasal breathing, the air is raised to the
temperature of the body before it reaches
the larynx. Thus breathing, now matter
how low the temperature may be, the
sense of cold is never felt below the
border of the soft palate. But when one
breathes through the mouth on a cold
day the sensation proceeds as far as the
larynx, and an irritating cough may be
caused. Then, again, in nose breathing
the air is moistened by the natural secre-
tions which cover the turbinated bones
in a condition of health, and the short
bristly hairs at the openings of the nos-
trils act as a filter to arrest impurities
and reduce the likelihood of laryngitis,
bronchitis or pulmonary disease. In
nasal breathing, the air is raised to the
temperature of the body before it reaches
the larynx. Thus breathing, now matter
how low the temperature may be, the
sense of cold is never felt below the
border of the soft palate. But when one
breathes through the mouth on a cold
day the sensation proceeds as far as the
larynx, and an irritating cough may be
caused. Then, again, in nose breathing
the air is moistened by the natural secre-
tions which cover the turbinated bones
in a condition of health, and the short