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[May 16, 1872.]

GREAT BANK ROBBERY. SKILLED CRACKSMEN GET \$670,000.

THE STORY OF THE RAID AT NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS—A FAMILY OF SEVEN GAGGED AND GUARDED FOR FIVE HOURS—THE ESCAPE.

From the Springfield Republican of Jan. 27.

Northampton woke up, yesterday forenoon, to learn of the most audacious, deliberate and startling bank robbery that western Massachusetts, if not the whole country, has ever known. A band of seven men, who had been hanging about the town for at least a month, it would seem, entered the house of Cashier Whittlesey, of the Northampton National Bank, and bound, gagged and guarded for hours seven people. They compelled him to give them the combinations on the safe vault, waited until they knew the night watchman had gone home, and then, getting into the vault and safe with only one of the four keys needed, took a large amount of securities, locked the vault after them, and departed on the early morning Springfield train; and whences they came and whither they went, up to date, is a riddle. An expert had to be summoned from New York, and the lock was not opened until an early hour this morning. The result is sufficiently appalling. The table of the securities taken shows a total of \$670,000. Of course much of this is not negotiable, so that it is difficult to estimate the real loss to the bank and the depositor. The bank officers offer a reward of \$25,000 for the return of the property and the conviction of the burglars. The loss falls comparatively lightly upon the bank, the greater part of the securities belong to special depositors. The table of the funds taken shows \$15,000 Missouri State bonds, \$5,000 Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad shares, \$1,000 Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, \$1,000 Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, \$2,000 Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati, \$44,000 Union Pacific, \$105,000 Ohio and Mississippi 2d mortgages, \$55,000 United States bonds, \$15,000 Atchison, Topoka and Santa Fe, \$12,000 Fort Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw, \$9,000 Ogdenburg and Lake Champlain, \$30,000 Missouri Pacific, \$350,000 to \$100,000 registered stocks and bonds of the United States and various corporations, \$10,000 greenbacks and national bank bills, \$7,000 Detroit, Lansing and Lake Michigan; total, \$670,000.

The band are supposed to have entered the house of Mr. Whittlesey, on Elm street, about half a mile from the bank, through a second-story window. He and his wife were aroused about 1 A. M., and ordered by two of the burglars, T. B. Cutler, a Gazette printer, and his wife, Miss Mattie C. White, of Williamsport, Pa., Maria Benton, an invalid boarder, and the servant girl, had been similarly awakened, and were filled into the Whittlesey bed room. All were bound and gagged, the burglars running short of rope and dispatching the servant, for clothes line. The man were rather a jolly set, inclined to pay some attention to the comfort of their victims; they advised the women to put on three pairs of stockings so that the binding ropes would not cut them. One of them casually remarked that he had noticed Mr. Whittlesey's fine watch at Watch Hill, R. I., two years ago, and tried to claim acquaintance with him from that time. This watch they took, but Mrs. Whittlesey slyly picked hers under the bureau and so saved it; they picked her fine cloak out of the bureau, and she said, "Give me that old thing; I'm cold," and gained that. One of the ladies said she was sick and needed medicine, whereupon an attentive burglar offered her a spoonful of brandy. Conversation was carried on, more or less briskly, but always pleasantly, up to 4 A. M. The burglars, who wore kid gloves, were well disguised by masks made from the legs of satin drawers, with places cut for the eyes, long linen dusters and blue overalls. They took, besides the watch, fifteen dollars from Mr. Whittlesey's pocket.

Mr. Whittlesey, when asked to give the three combinations to the vault, for the outer, inner and chest doors, gave them wrong twice and thrice, but the burglars wrote them down and made him repeat. Of course they caught him, and a pistol compelled the truth, though he told them that four keys were necessary to open the vault lock, three of which were at the houses of the other bank officers. At 4 A. M. Mr. Whittlesey was taken to a downstairs bed room, the whole family gagged, and four of the burglars withdrew to operate on the bank. Three hours after Mrs. Whittlesey succeeded in freeing herself and giving the alarm from a window. The whole party were speedily liberated, and the cashier, still wearing the handcuffs, went to the bank. A clever workman soon fitted a key, and all the handcuffed were soon released. Examination at the bank showed that the cracksmen had unlocked the outer door, but were apparently balked by the safe lock, lacking three of the requisite four keys. They tried the metal of the door with bars, and wrenched off two dials, which serve as an index for working the combination, hoping so to tamper with the lock. They were entirely unmoled, the watch having gone home. There is every indication that six, and perhaps all, of them left on Conductor Adams' 6 o'clock Southern train. Five of them had tickets previously bought and one paid his fare. It is surmised that one of them may have got left, for a man was inquired, soon after, for a chance to follow the regular train by

freight, and a team, driven furiously toward H Lyoko, was heard by the family of Sheriff Wright passing on Maple street, where, also, a linen duster was picked up. The lock upon the vault was a supposed especially safe affair. It was Dexter's double-dial combination, with Herring's patent for disconnecting the tumblers from the spindle, was patented by Oscar Yale last April, and put on the bank only last October. For safety it was accounted fully equal to, if not better than, the chronometer lock. But the gang knew all the ins and outs of locks, for when Mr. Whittlesey told them that they could not enter with but one of the four keys required, they had responded, "We know more about bank locks than you do." Of course they did, for when the new lock was put in, a conspicuous notice was posted up warning burglars that it would be idle for them to wrestle with this four-keyed combination. This notice was probably sadly taken down, early this morning, when the desecrated inner sanctuary of the institution was reached by the skilled workman.

There are many indications that the burglars have been planning their work for at least a month. Some four weeks ago a suspicious character lingered in the bank so long, on various pretenses, that the officers marked him for a burglar. A small hand bag was picked up near the primary school house on Ridge street, December 23, containing a pair of new handkerchiefs, like those used at Mr. Whittlesey's, a number of ring stamps, nails, etc. Only Tuesday afternoon a boy found in the attic of that same school house another bag, in which were several bits, a bit-stock and a whisky-flask, the discovery of which broke up the school for the day, and brought Sheriff Wright and Potter to make a closer examination. They found, in the same place, four new double army blankets, a pulley and considerable rope, a lot of sandwiches in paper bags from the Stamford (Ct.) Railroad restaurant, roast chicken, apples, etc., a copy of the New York Sea of December 22, and a pair of satin drawers, minus one leg, which last was found in Mr. Whittlesey's house yesterday, having been used as a mask. The provisions had evidently been stored at least a month. Mr. Whittlesey attended a committee meeting relative to the Edwards Church in the directors' room of the Hampshire County Bank, Tuesday evening, which closed about 9 o'clock, when the clerk, in pulling down the curtain, saw four men run from the rear of the building.

During yesterday Northampton was rather inclined to be merry over the ill success of so boldly contrived a scheme, and was innocently lousy during the day in laughing at the plight of Cashier Whittlesey's folks. The bank officers were confident that their patent lock had withstood the attack, and the special depositors gave over their anxiety for the time. Very many people waited for the opening of the vault, however, this morning. The full extent of the loss did not reach the *Republician* until three o'clock, when the bank officials had had time to fully examine their affairs. The savings bank people, on the floor above, wish it understood that their securities can be in no way affected, as their vault is entirely separated from that of the national bank. Upon the depositors in Northampton and the whole region, who had trusted that safe above all others, the loss will be crushing. What with bad tobacco years and the hard times, the calamity ranks almost with the heaviest of our disasters of fire and flood.

At the latest advices no word had been received from the robbers, who have proved their position in the business above cavil. Special Policeman Kingsley, who was on duty at our depot, saw three men get off from the early northern train and hastily embark to Boston, whom he now thinks were "suspicious." Of course dispatches were sent to all the cities yesterday, giving particulars of the affair, and a squad of the State detectives have been summoned. The big reward will draw the best detective skill of the country to Northampton. It was notable that there were few plausible theories as to who the robbers might be. One suggestion made editor Winslow the leader of the band, and on one of his borrowing trips that he attempted so unsuccessfully by correspondence with several of our local banking institutions.

The Search for Charley Ross.

A correspondent of the Boston *Globe* gives an interesting account of a recent visit to the Ross family, in Germantown, and describes the means that have been taken to recover the lost boy. As the sympathy with this distressed family is almost world-wide, the particulars given are of general interest. The letter says: The writer would say that he passed a couple of days with Mr. Ross, at his home in Germantown, a short time since, and would like to inform the reading public that every night and morning from that Christian family fervent and earnest prayers are offered for the return of the "little lost boy." The days are spent by the father in every effort that promises the slightest degree of success in finding Charley. Letters arrive by the dozen, some of sympathy, some making inquiries and some simply ridiculous. A letter arrived (which the writer of this article saw), written in German, from an apparently intelligent man, stating that if Mr. Ross would take a young hen that had never laid an egg, and cut it in four pieces with a knife that was new; lay the four pieces of chicken on a newly planed board, at midnight; walk three times around the board, repeating the words enclosed three times, he would have Charley returned to him the next day. As Mr. Ross

is the most courteous of men, these letters are all answered. Letters of sympathy from England, Germany, and in fact from all over the world, have been received. Soon after the disappearance of Charley, a letter would have received from, say Wisconsin—"Come on at once, Mr. Ross, we have found Charley. There is no mistake," etc. Mr. Ross would start by the next train. Upon his arrival he would find a boy with red hair, blue eyes, or perhaps he would have an unmistakably Celtic cast of countenance. The writer saw photographs of over twenty different boys who had been looked up in this manner. Mr. Ross is now obliged to do the identification business by telegraph, and decides the matter by a few questions. At the tea table the writer met little Walter, an exceedingly bright and knowing boy, who was taken with Charley and left on the road, eight miles from home. Poor little Charley was a quiet, sensitive little fellow, who was the good boy of the family, full of affection and kindness. How he must have grieved his poor little life away among the brutal men with which he was surrounded! The mother informs me that she feels that he is alive, and that God will not fail to answer the many prayers that have been offered for his safe return. Little Walter has always persisted in saying that the horse used by the abductors would turn around and laugh at them. Repeated reprimands would not cause him to vary his statement. About a year after the abduction, a horse wandered into Newark, N. J., covered with bars, emaciated and worn-out; he was taken to a stable and Mr. Ross notified. Upon the arrival of Mr. Ross the horse was harnessed to the same kind of buggy used in stealing the children, and little Walter invited to ride. Upon being touched by the whip the animal turned round to his driver, dropped his under lip, puckered up his upper lip and showed his teeth, while Walter clapped his hands and shouted, "There, papa, didn't I tell you he laughed?" The best detective talent in this country has been engaged for six months, without success, in tracing that horse and buggy from Germantown to Newark. The writer saw the original letters written by the abductors to Mr. Ross. Imagine the feelings of a kind father when he reads "Charley has been secreted in a place not fit for a human being to live in. The light of the sun has not shown on him for six months, and if any of your detectives discover the place of his concealment, that will be the signal for his instant death. We have it so arranged that his body will disappear, and nothing be left to exterminate us." Mr. Ross is a gentleman of high social standing in Philadelphia, was never a "fast man," has no enemies, has a noble Christian woman for a wife, and as an interesting and well-to-do family of children as the writer ever met, and the public may rest assured that Charley was stolen, and stolen for the sole purpose of extorting a ransom of \$20,000. Mr. Ross has made and is now making every effort to recover his stolen boy. Fearing I have trespassed too much upon your columns, I will close by saying that there is a faint clue now being run out in a Southern city that promises to elucidate the mystery of the fate of poor Charley Ross.

Meetings of Creditors.

One of the most amusing phases to visit in these times of business depression is "a meeting of the creditors" of one of the first that have suspended payment. If you are one of the creditors, you have the honor to receive an invitation to attend the meeting. It is generally neatly printed, and in it they request the pleasure of your company at such a day and hour, at their own or their lawyer's office. Perhaps you swear a little when you read it, which is naughty. If too good to do that, you swear mentally (but I have heard some swear openly and call the firm bad names), and at last you decide to accept the invitation.

On arriving at the meeting you find a mixed assemblage, about half-smoking, and most of them in the best humor; but there are a few sour creditors, who have old foggy notions of right and wrong. One of the creditors, perhaps only on paper, jumps up and says, "I nominate Mr. Jones as chairman." It is a "crooked" figure it is generally a friend of the firm's. The motion is seconded and carried. Secretary nominated, motion seconded and carried. Everything is carried at a meeting. A motion is never negatived. Meeting organized, hats come off.

Some one moves that a statement of the liabilities and assets be read. Motion seconded and carried. Statement generally reads something like this: Liabilities about \$30,000; stock on hand about \$12,000 present value about \$9,000; bills receivable and open accounts, \$23,000; bills bad, \$9,000. Firm offers thirty cents at six, twelve and eighteen months. Up jumps one of the old foggy creditors and wishes to ask Mr. Smith, one of the firm, what he meant by stating to him a month ago that he had \$50,000 stock, and only owed \$10,000. Mr. Smith replies in a bland voice that "the gentleman who last spoke must have misunderstood the tenor of his remarks at the time he mentions."

Rate old creditor says he "rather thinks he did not, and is ready to go on the stand and swear to it."

Up jumps another old foggy and wants to know how his books stood on December 31. Mr. Smith replies that "his books were not balanced."

Old foggy "wants to know why they were not balanced."

Mr. Smith replies "because we could not make them balance." [Laughter.]

Then Young America jumps up and says "he does not see that talking will mend matters; time is more valuable, and he cannot afford to lose any more of it at this meeting, as he has several more to attend to-day. [Laughter.] The firm no doubt needed more capital to conduct their business properly, and took this means to obtain it. [Laughter.] No doubt if they settle with them on these terms the firm could take a larger store in a better location [laughter.] and most of the creditors could sell them more goods than they did before [laughter.] and get worse 'bit next time. [Laughter.] [Therefore I move the offer be accepted."] The chairman states that the motion is before the meeting. Motion carried.

Young American.—I move we adjourn. Carried.

Young America.—And I move an amendment "to the nearest restaurant" to drink everybody's health, the firm's included. [Laughter.]—*New York Sun.*

The Legal Status of Married Women in Pennsylvania.

In the *Penn Monthly* for last month is a clear and able article on this very interesting—and we may say important subject—the gist of which is in the following summing up: "A married woman is entitled to maintenance by her husband during his lifetime; a right which she may enforce (if he neglect or refuse to provide for herself and her children) by making contracts for necessities, for which he is liable. Upon his death, she is entitled to common law dower in real estate, after the payment of his debts. If he dies intestate, she may have statutory dower, viz: One-third of the real estate, of which he died seized absolutely, in case he leave children, if not, one-half of the personal estate, or in case he has left a will, she may elect between taking the legacy therein contained or the rights given her under the statute—and in addition \$300 of his estate for the support of herself and her children is exempted from sale for the payment of his debts. In her own property she is entitled to fee use and enjoyment along with her husband, and holds it free from all liability for his debts; she is also entitled to her separate earnings when her intention to claim them is filed on record. Her property may be liable for judgment recovered against him for her torts, or on a judgment against both on a contract for necessities entered into by herself alone, if the husband has nothing on which an execution may be had, and it is always liable for contracts entered into by her before marriage. By a trust for "her separate use," either real or personal property may be so settled that she shall receive the income, but neither she nor her husband can have any control of the estate, nor shall it be liable for any of her debts or engagements. But such a trust must be made during coverture or in immediate contemplation of marriage, and cannot survive a divorce. We also find that the contracts of a married woman and any agreement to bind her separate estate without her husband's consent, are absolutely void except in certain cases. These are, contracts for the repair or improvements of her real estate, transfers of stock of railroad companies or corporations created under the laws of this State, checks and receipts to banks for money on deposit with them, and contracts for the purchase of sewing machines. In case of her husband neglecting or refusing to provide for her, she may become a feme sole trader, and thereby contract as though she were unmarried."

A Wonderful Wheat Country.

From the *Portland Oregonian*.
We have been in the habit of supposing that the Wallamet Valley was the greatest wheat growing country on the habitable globe, and have felt like indulging in an indefinite amount of vainglorious boasting over the record of fields producing fifty bushels or more to the acre, and whole farms averaging thirty-five or forty bushels. But our beautiful valley and our farmers must look to their laurels henceforth. From a gentleman of undoubted veracity, carefulness and accuracy, we receive some information concerning wheat raising in Eastern Washington Territory which surpasses the best showing we remember to have seen in this part of the country.

C. Maier, living near the base of the Blue Mountains, in Walla Walla Valley, in 1873, raised on a sixty-acre field 4,020 bushels of wheat, an average of 67 bushels to the acre; and in 1875 from a sixty-acre tract, 3,420 bushels, or 57 bushels to the acre.

Mr. Masterson, residing four miles south of Walla Walla, raised on ten acres 850 bushels—85 bushels to the acre. Mr. Kennedy, whose farm is on Dry creek, six miles from Walla Walla, harvested 5,252 bushels from 150 acres—35 bushels average; and this was a volunteer crop—that is, the second crop from one sowing.

These crops, says our informant, were produced on ordinary wheat land; and that is considered good, "but no better than hundreds of thousands of acres now lying vacant in Walla Walla and Whitman counties, especially north of Snake river, where there is a country vast enough to produce more than 25,000,000 bushels per annum, and where a failure of crops has never been known."

Circumstances Alter Cases.

The other day, while a Vicksburger was riding toward Jackson, in his buggy, he saw a long-haired young man sitting on a roadside fence. There was such an air of utter desolation about the countryman that the Vicksburger drew rein and inquired: "For God's sake! what ails you, young man?" "Nothing, for God's sake!" was the meek reply.

"But is any one dead?" "Hain't heard of anybody, but old Matthews, and he went off two months ago."

"Are you sick?" "I feel kinder bad."

"Well, you look bad. In fact, you are the worst looking young man I've seen since the close of the war."

"I was all right till a month ago," said the young man, looking still more solemn.

"What happened then?" "Woman went back on me?" "Did, eh! Were you engaged?" "I'd hung around there for a year or so, and we'd hugged and loved and hooked fingers. If that isn't being engaged, then I don't know."

"And she backed out?" "Yes."

"Well, I've been through the mill myself. I had a woman go back on me in that way three months ago, and didn't lose a bit of sleep over it."

"No, sir?" "No, sir."

"But, then," sighed the young man, as he hitched along on the rail, "the woman you love didn't own sixteen mules, and have a clean hundred bales of cotton to sell!"—*Vicksburg Herald.*

Result of Idleness.

A generation ago, says a New York correspondent, Gregory Dillon occupied a prominent place among the successful merchants of New York. He had laid by a comfortable fortune, and was president of the Immigrant Industrial Savings bank, one of the strongest institutions of the kind in the country. Had Gregory Dillon been a man of small means it is not probable that his son, Romaine Dillon, would now be awaiting trial for murder. The father left a large estate, a considerable part of which went to Romaine. The son then fell into the ways of idleness, living at hotels, and lounging about town instead of earning his own living. Having means to supply all his needs he became arrogant in manner, assumed an air of superiority, and made himself extremely disagreeable to his former friends. He then grew irritable and eccentric, taking offense at the merest trifles, and finally shot an estimable gentleman dead in the Westminster Hotel for walking in a way he did not like. Of course the plea of insanity is set up, and it is pretty certain to save Romaine Dillon from the gallows. But it will probably take him to a lunatic asylum, where all men of his sort ought to be. The Dillon family is one of the most respectable in New York, and it receives much sympathy in the disgrace brought upon it by the act of an unworthy member. Gregory Dillon was a man of the highest character. One of his sons, John B. Dillon, a lawyer of some prominence, died in Ireland a few years ago.

Respectable Swindlers.

To the respectable swindler, says the New York *World*, there is no more attractive mode of robbing his neighbor than by a fraudulent failure. Of course he is not always found out. In one-half of the cases of fraudulent failures and compromises the debtor who has been overtaken by misfortune offers to settle on a basis of say from twenty-five to fifty per cent., he really cannot give more, and if forced into bankruptcy he very much doubts what with lawsuits, losses, delays and lawyers' fees, if even half that amount will be eventually realized. After a few meetings the creditors come to the conclusion to make the best of a bad bargain—they sign a paper for compromise on a basis of fifty per cent., express great sympathy for the unfortunate debtor, and wish him every success in the future. In this case the "unfortunate debtor" has been eminently successful. He lives handsomely on the spoils of his victims, enjoys their sympathy, holds his head as high as ever, and takes the darkest possible view of the immediate future. He sees no signs of better times, business can only be transacted at a loss, and everything is going behindhand. These gentry have done incalculable injury in the way of retarding the permanent re-establishment of confidence; they are the scum and outgrowth of illegitimate speculation and feverish activity.

Treatment of Sore Throat.

In cases of ordinary sore throat, the simplest and best treatment is the wet pack, using a linen cloth wrung from cold water, and over this a knit or crocheted band, four feet long and four inches wide. Apply two or three nights in succession, unless it is a very serious case, when the pack should be kept on during the day. If taken off in the morning wash the throat in very cold water, and rub dry with a coarse towel and with the hand. This will prevent taking more cold. The more friction used the better; let it be a sort of squeezing of the parts, so as to affect the deep-seated tissues. Sore throats may be prevented by these means, from becoming chronic.