

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

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Select Poetry.

MATRIMONIAL.

MATRIMONY is a lot
For every man's digestion;
When the shell is fairly cracked,
Pop! goes the question.
Pretty girls will sigh and blush—
Smiler all they can, sir—
Till, from out their pouting lips,
Pop! goes the question.
Cupid fans the holy flame—
Rankest kind of arson—
When it gains a certain height,
Pop! goes the parson.
Quite throughout the honeymoon—
Made of rosy colors—
Into sundry dry goods tills,
Pop! goes the dollars.
When a year has shown its tail,
Round the corner, (may be),
Out upon the happy world,
Pop! goes a baby.
Lolher gives it catnip to
Father gives it brandy,
And adorns its gastric tube,
Pop! goes the candy.
All the sweets that earth can yield,
Won't suffice to calm it,
Daddy screws his lips—and then,
Pop! goes a "d—n it!"
Madam lets the husband swear—
She must be the whipper;
And above the youngster's heels,
Pop! goes the slipper.
Bachelor who lives next door,
Stands it for a season;
But before the year is out,
Pop goes his reason.
Maiden lady, up the stairs,
Stamps, each moment faster,
Till from the ceiling underneath,
Pop! goes the plaster.
Dirty, ragged, little boy,
'Neath the window lingers;
Thumb applied upon his nose,
Pop! goes the fingers.
All around the neighborhood,
Such antics are enacted
And while mamma is scolding him,
"Pop" goes distracted.

A SNAKE STORY. A WOMAN NINETEEN MONTHS WITHOUT FOOD.—We learn from the Albany Times that Mrs. Hayes of the town of Day, Saratoga county, N. Y., whose case was detailed some time since, and who had lived nineteen months without food or drink, died a week or two ago. She remained insensible for fifteen months of that period, and up to a few days of her death, when she seemed to revive, and spoke occasionally. After her death her body was opened, and a snake five feet long and half an inch thick, was taken from the stomach. It was alive when removed, but died soon after.

DANCING.—The Alabama Methodist Protestant Annual Conference has adopted the following resolutions:—That any parents or guardians belonging to our Church who shall patronize that school of sin, the dancing school, by sending their children or wards, shall be subject to trial and reproof, suspension or expulsion as the case may demand.

A Select Story.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

FROM REAL LIFE.

Reader, you have probably seen many noble looking men, but never one more so than Charles Frankly. His looks did not belie him, for he was all he seemed to be. He was the son of an honored and retired merchant that dwelt far up in the upper part of the town, away from the hum of business and the cares of business life—His business he had given up to Charles, who carried it on with much energy and tact that it could be but thriving and prosperous, and bid fair, ere long, to become the best in the whole great Metropolis.

Many were the temptations which daily beset the path of Charles Frankly; yet he passed through it with a character unblemished and without a spot to mar the best in the whole great Metropolis.

A beautiful bride his father had chosen for him; gay, dashing and brilliant; they called her Isabella Leory. Yet, he fancied sometimes that a false robe shrouded her, too.
Walking slowly up the street, the Leory mansion was a seemingly old man—it was Charles Frankly, thus disguised to see through the gauze that others wore. Ringing the bell, he was answered by Isabella in person, with but one look at his old and tattered garments and out stretched palm, she cried, "Begone, sir," and shut the door in his face. With a curse upon his lips he walked away.

Evening came; the mansion of James Leory was brightly lighted, and all was gaiety and mirth within. Yet there was one that joined not the gay throng; in her room she sat pale and trembling, holding in her hand a crumpled note; again she reads it over to see that there is no possible mistake!

Miss Leory:—I cannot attend your party. I was the poor old man that stood before you this morning; you remember your words to me?

CHARLES FRANKLY.

P. S.—It would have been better for you and me had you been a friend to the poor.
"Lost! lost!" she said to herself. "Gone forever! But who cares?" And, suddenly springing up with a forced smile she entered the presence of her company.
Not long after Charles Frankly brought to his city house a truly lovely and transcendently beautiful bride. With her whole soul she loved her noble husband, and that love was fervently returned.

"Please, good sir, do come and see my poor mother, she is so sick," said a little girl one dark and dismal night, looking up into Charles Frankly's face.

"Yes, I will go," he answered, "go on and I will follow."

Ten years had changed somewhat the appearance of Charles Frankly, yet that bright, shining smile still lightened up his countenance. Through him the distressed found comfort, and the poor food and raiment. The poor and rich alike honored him.

"Did you say your mother was very sick?" asked he, taking the little hand affectionately.

"Yes sir," she answered, timidly.

"Well, then," said he, "we will stop and get a doctor."

So, crossing the street and ringing a door bell, he was answered by a man with a light.

"Come with me, doctor, if you please," said Frankly.

"Yes, sir, immediately," and stepping back into the hall, he set the light down on a table, and putting on a large overcoat quickly followed on with Frankly and the poor little girl.

Ere long they came to a dark alley. This they entered, and from it passed into a room, dark, damp and dismal, while a faint groan met their ears as they entered.

"Have you no lights?" said Frankly to the little girl.

"No, sir," said she.

So, giving her a piece of money, he told her to get some as soon as she could. She went and quickly returned, bringing a light. On a low couch of straw, lay a woman, and as the light shone through the room, she gazed wildly around. Walking up to her side, Charles Frankly told her he was a friend, and had come to comfort and cure her.

In faint tones she thanked him, yet with a full and overflowing heart, 'twas then that she looked back over her past life and she sighed as she said—

"Oh, had I been a friend to the poor!"

Morning came; so seemed new life to the sick woman. Tender care, nourishing food and medicine, had done their work, and she felt revived and better.

Charles Frankly stood by her side, and gazed earnestly in her pale and wayworn face; and as he did so he wondered where away back in life, he had seen that face; before long memory came to his aid, and he remembered.

"Leory, was that once your name?" said he.

"Who calls me Miss Leory?" said she with a quick start.

"Do you remember Charles Frankly?" said he.

"What, is it you?" she exclaimed, and do you come here now to cheer and comfort me—when I turned you from my door like a dog? Oh, how I have longed to be forgiven, and can you now?"

"I do, freely," said he in return.

"Oh, then may the blessings of the Most High rest upon thee."

"Listen," said he; "I must tell you something. Your father has forgiven you for wedding that man, and longs to take you back to his home. He knew well that your husband was a poor man and was not wealthy as you supposed."

Stepping back and speaking in a low tone to the doctor, he left the room. Ere long he returned with a white haired man; it was James Leory. Joy beamed in his countenance as he beheld and embraced once again his only daughter and grand child; and how fervently he blessed Charles Frankly for his kind care over them.

Ere long, Miss Leory—for she took not her husband's name—was duly installed in the mansion, and, a short time after her husband, who had deserted her, died, in Spain.

But never again from that door was driven the needy. She teaches Nelly, and she teaches the poor.

Those were too severe lessons that she had learned ere their import was heeded. And Oh, readers, whoever you may be, for your own good, now, and in the future "Remember the Poor."

How Ben Purtle got his Wife.

The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle. He was red-haired and hair stood as if it cherished the supremest contempt for its next neighbor. His face was freckled as the most bespotted turkey egg. His nose supported at the bridge, a large lump while the end turned viciously to one side. His mouth had every shape but a pretty shape. His form was uncouth as his face was ugly. The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle—what was more still, Ben had a handsome, bouncing, blooming wife—such as can only be grown up on a country farm.

"How the deuce," said I to Ben one day, "did you get such a wife? you uncouth, misshapen puintessence of monstrosity."

Ben was not at all offended by the impertinence of my question, and forthwith began to solve the mystery thus:

"Well, now, gals what's sensible ain't cothed by node of your party and bifalutin' airs. I've seed that tried more'n once. You know Kate was allers considerable theer purtiest gal in these parts and all the young fellers in the neighborhood used to try to ocher her. Well, I used to go over to old Sammy's too, just to kinder look on, you know, and cast sheep eyes at Kate. But Lord sakes! I had no more thought than I could get Kate than a Jerusalem cricket could hid in the hair that wasn't on old Sammy's bald head—no sir-ree. But still, I couldn't help going, an' my heart would kinder flutter, and my eyes would burn all over, whenever I'd go to talk to Kate. And one day when Kate sorter made fun of me like, it almost killed me sure, I went home with something like a rock jostling about in my breast and swore I'd hang myself with the first plow line I found."

"Did you hang yourself?"

"No, daddy blazed out to me for not taking old Ball to the pasture in the morning, and scared me so bad I forgot it."

"Go on," said I, seeing Ben pause with apparent regret that he had not executed his vow."

"Well, soon on Sunday morning—(I reckon it was about a year after that hanging scrape)—I got up and scraped my face with daddy's old razor; and put on my new coppur britches and a new liney coat mammy had dyed with sassafras bark and went over to uncle Sammy's. Now I'd got to loving Kate like all creation, but I

never cheaped to anybody about my feelings. But I knowed I was on the right side of the old folks."

"Well, now, ain't it quar," contined Ben, after a slight pause during which he rolled his quid to a more convenient place in his mouth, "how a feller will feel sometime?"

Something seemed to say as I went along, "Ben Purtle, this is a great day for you," and then my heart jumped and fluttered about like a jay-bird in a trap. And when I got there and seed Kate with her new checked homespun frock on, I reily tho't I should take the blind staggers enyhow."

Ben paused again to brush the fog from his eyes and then continued:

"Well, I found the order of the day was to go muscading hunting. Joe Sharp and his two sisters and Jim Bowles was ther. I'd knowed a long time that Joe Sharp was right after Kate; and I hated him worse than a hog hates to find the way out of a tater patch; but I didn't let on. Sharp had on white britches and fine shoes and broadcloth coat, but everybody knowed he wasn't worth a red cent. He walked with Kate, and you ought to see the airs he put on. It was "Miss Kate" this, and "Miss Kate" that, and all such nonsense. After a while we came to a slough whar we hsd to cross on a log and I'd a notion to pitch the sassy good-for-nothing into the water."

"Why didn't you?" I asked, sympathizing with the narrator.

"Stop, never mind," said Ben, giving me a nudge. "Providence does that all up brown. Nothing must do but Joe Sharp must lead Miss Kate across ther. He jumped on the log in high glee, and took Kate by the hand, and off they put. Just as they had got half way across, a tarantation big bull frog jumped off in the water—you know they holler—"Snakes!" screamed the blasted fool, and knocked Kate off up to the waist in the nasty, black, muddy water. And what'd yer think he done? Why he run backward and forced a hollerin for a pole to help Kate out of the water. Kate looked at me and I couldn't stand it no longer. Curchuck I lit ten feet from the bank in no time. And d'ye think the scamp didn't come up after we'd got out, and said, "Ar you hurt, Miss Kate?"

My dander was up. I couldn't stand it, I cothed him by the seat of his white britches, and his coat collar and gin him a toss. Maybe he didn't go clear under when he hit the water, I didn't see him out. Me and Kate put for the house. When we started off Kate said:

"Ben just let me hold on to your arm, my knees feel sorter weak."

"Repeat Jeminy! I felt so quar when she tuck hold. I tried to say something nice, but my drotted mouth would not go off no how! But I felt as strong as an elephant, and helped Kate along. Bimeby Kate said:

"Ben, that Joe Sharp's a good for nothin' sneakin, cowardly nobody; if he ever puts his head inside our door again, I'll souse him with dish water, sure."

"I tried to say something again, but, cuss the luck, I couldn't say nothing but squeaked Kate's hand and sighed like a creaky bellus."

"We'd got clean out of sight of the others, and Kate says—

"Ben, I feel that you're my protector, and I believe daddy's right when he says you're worth all the rest of the boys in the neighborhood."

"Ben Purtle," says I, "this is a great day for you," and I made a tremendous effort to get my mouth off again, and out it popped sure enough:

"Kate," says I, trembling all over, "I love you to distraction, and no mistake. I've loved you long and hard. My heart's been almost broken for two years; and I want you to say right straight up and down, whether you're a going to have me or not!"

Kate hung down her head and didn't say nothing, but I felt encouraged, for she kinder sighed. Says I, "Kate, if you're gwine to have me, says so, and if you don't want to says so, jist squeeze my hand."

Well, she squeezed my hand right off. Lordy, how I did feel. I felt as if a stream of warm water or sassafras tea sweetened with molasses, was running through my bones! and I lit cothed her in my arms, and kissed her right in the mouth and she never tried the first time to get loose."

Ben was so overcome with this narrative of his courtship, that a pause for breath was necessary.

"How long after that," said I, "before you were married?"

"Old Sammy was mighty proud, and so was the old 'oman, about the thing, and we married next fall after the muscadine scrape."

"Do you think your wife loves you yet, I asked.

"Why, lordy, yes. She thinks I'm the purtiest and best feller in the world. I tell you, sir, its no use a talking; bifalutin' airs and quality dressing and colone and such things ain't a gwine to go down with sensible gals, sure."

The Warrior Maiden.

Some time just before or about the beginning of the revolutionary war, Sergeant Jasper, of Marion's Brigade, had the good fortune to save the life of a young, beautiful and dark eyed creole girl, called St. Clair. Her susceptible nature was overcome with gratitude to her preserver, and this soon ripened into a passion of love, of the most deep and ferent kind. She lavished upon him the wealth of the affections, and the whole depth of passion nurtured by a South-erna sun. When he was called upon to join the ranks of his country's defenders, the prospect of their separation almost maddened her. Their parting came; but, scarcely was she left alone, ere her romantic nature prompted the means of re-union. Once resolved, and no consideration of danger could dampen her spirit, and no thought of consequences could move her purpose. She svered her long and jety ringlets, and provided herself and set forth to follow the fortunes of her lover.

A smooth faced, beautiful delicate stripling appeared among the hardy, rough and giant frames who composed the corps to which Jasper belonged. The contrast between the stripling and these men, in their uncouth garbes, their massive faces, embrowned and discovered by sun and pain, was indeed striking. But none were more eager for battle, or so indifferent to fatigue as the fair faced boy. It was found that his energy of character, resolution and courage, amply supplied his lack of physique. None ever suspected that she was a woman. Not even Jasper himself, although she was often by his side, penetrated her disguise. Her fellow soldiers treated her with kindness and respect, and often applauded her heroic bravery. The roter prison, it was her weight of respect that unknown, she was by his side for to watch over him in the hour of danger. She had fed her passions by gazing upon him in the hour of slumber; hovering near him when stealing through the swamp and thicket, and being always ready to avert danger from his head.

But gradually stole a melancholy presentment over the poor girl's mind. She had been torured with hopes deferred; the war was prolonged, and the prospect of being restored to him grew more and more uncertain. But now she felt that her dream of happiness could never be realized. She became convicted that death was about to snatch her away from his side; but she prayed that she might die, and he never knew to what length the violence of her passion had led her.

It was the eve before the battle. The camp had sunk into repose. The watch fires were burning low, and only the slow tread of sentinels fell upon the profound silence of the night air, as they moved through the dark shadows of the forest. Stretched upon the ground with no other couch than a blanket, reposed the warlike form of Jasper. Climbing vines trailed themselves into a canopy above his head, thrugh which the stars shone down softly. The faint flicker from the expiring embers of a fire fell athwart his countenance, and tinged the cheek of one who bent above his couch.

It was the smooth faced stripling. She bent low down, as if to listen to his dreams or to breathe into his soul pleasant visions of love and happiness. But tears traced down the fair one's cheek, and fell silently but rapidly upon the brow of her lover. A mysterious voice has told that the hour of parting has come, to-morrow her destiny is consummated. There is one last, long, lingering look, and then the unhappy maiden is seen to tear herself away from the spot, to weep her sorrow in privacy.

Fierce and trembling is the conflict that on the morrow rages on that spot. Foremost in that battle is the intrepid Jasper, and ever by his side fights the stripling warrior. Often during the heat and the smoke gleams suddenly upon the eyes of Jasper the melancholy face of the maiden. In the thickest of the fight, surrounded by enemies the lovers fight side by side. Suddenly a lance is leveled at the breast of Jasper; but swifter than the lance is Sally St. Clair. There is a wild cry, and at the feet of Jasper sinks the maiden, with the life blood gushing from her white bosom before his breast. He heeds not the din or the dangers of the conflict; but down by the side of the dying boy he kneels. Then, for the first time, does he

learn that the stripling in his love; that often by the camp fire, and in the swamp, she had been by his side; that the dim visions in his slumber, of an angel face hovering above him, had indeed been true. In the midst of the battle, with her lover by her side, and the barb still in her bosom, the heroic maiden dies!

Her name, her sex and her noble devotion soon became known throughout the corps. There was a tearful group gathered around her grave; there was not of those hardy warriors one who did not beweer her grave with tears. They buried her near the river Sautee, "in the green shady nook, that looked as if it had been stolen out of Paradise."

LEGAL TENDER.

Gold, Silver, and Copper Coins, their Composition, Weight, and how far they are a Legal Tender.

By the act of Congress, January, 1857, the standard of gold for coinage, is established at nine hundred thousandths fine, that is, nine parts pure gold, and one part alloy, said alloy being composed of one part silver, and nine parts copper. The gold coins authorized by law, are as follows viz:

Double Eagles of the value of \$20, each weighing 516 grains.

Eagles of the value of \$10, each weighing 258 grains.

Half Eagles of the value of \$5, each weighing 129 grains.

Quarter Eagles of the value of \$2 50 each weighing 64 5 10 grains.

Pieces of the value of \$3, each weighing 87 4 10 grains.

Pieces of the value of \$1, each weighing 22 8 10 grains.

SILVER COINS.

The standard of which is nine parts pure silver and one part copper, are as follows, viz:

Dollars of the value of 100 cents, each weighing \$412 5-10 grains.

Half Dollars of the value of 50 cents each weighing 192 grains.

Quarter Dollars of the value of 25 cents each weighing 96 grains.

Half Dimes of the value of 5 cents, each weighing 19 4-10 grains.

Pieces of the value of 3 cents, each weighing 11 52-100 grains.

The new cent pieces are composed of eighty-eight parts copper and twelve parts nickel, each piece weighs 72 grains.

All United States Gold Coin and the Silver Dollar are a legal tender to any amount. Half Dollars, Quarters, Dimes, and Half Dimes, to the amount of five dollars. Three Cent silver pieces to the amount of thirty cents, the Cent piece only to the fractional part of a dime.

The coins of Great Britain, France, Germany, etc., are no longer a legal tender.

Matrimonial Disaster.

"I'm getting aggravated," said one of the hen pecked to a friend whom he met in the street. "My wife is a saving critter—a sword of sharpness; she cuts the throats of my felicity, stabs my happiness, chops of my comforts, freezes my prospect, ruins my reputation, and snips up all my Sunday go to meetings to make jackets for the boys. She gives all the witles to the children, to make me spy and jump like a lamplighter. I can stand it—my troubles are overpowering when I come to add them all up!"

"Pooh! nonsense—behave nice; don't make a noise in the streets—be a man, counsellor my friend."

"How can I be a man, when I belong to some body else? My hours ain't my own; I belong to four people besides myself—the old woman and three children, I'm a partnership concern; and so many has got their fingers in the pile that I must bust. I'll break, and sign over all the stock in trade to you."

MARRIED.—At Athens, Pa., on the 30th ult, Mr. James Bee and Miss Martha Ann Flower.

Well hath this little Bee Improved life's shining hour; He gathers honey now all day From one sweet chosen Flower. And from this hive, if heaven please, He'll raise a swarm of little Bees.

A Dutchman thus describes the New Yorkers:

"Ene people, dey go about de streets all day scheating each others, and dey call dat business."

A young lady in one of the leading circles at Washington, was complimented by a gentleman on the simplicity and good taste of her dress, at an evening party. She replied: "I am glad you like my dress; it cost just seven dollars, and I made every stitch of it myself!"

Farmer's Column.

BEST THING FOR BURNS.—It may be put down as a settled fact that the very application for all kinds of burns and scalds is an immediate application of dry wheat flour. It is, without controversy, better than any and all the 'healing waters,' turpentine, oil, 'pain killers,' &c., that can be named.—We speak positive on this point, because it is one decided by the best physicians, and we have had abundant practical proofs of its efficacy.

Heat disorganizes the flesh, deadens the cuticle or outer skin, emits air which is irritating. A good coating of flour shuts out the air, soothes the irritation, and dries up the fluids thrown out. Do not imagine that 'something healing' must be applied. Not all the saves in the world can amend broken flesh. You can stick together broken glass or wood with wax or glue. You can weld together seared iron, but no such application to flesh disorganized, cut or burned away.—Nature, so to speak has a way of her own, and only one way to repair a breach in the flesh. The healing material comes from within. If the hand be cut, bring the severed parts together, hold them there steadily, cover up the part from the air and from external injury, and the healing will go on as long as there is no disturbance. If from curiosity or anxiety, or other cause, you disturb the half-formed new flesh, a sore will be the consequence.

We repeat, for all kind of burns or scalds, however severe, put on only thick coat of flour. If a hard crusty mass be formed, so as to prodify irritation, after a day or two wash off the surface carefully with blood warm water, dry partially, and put on more flour, but never disturb the actual surface of the sore until, when entirely healed the scab falls off of its own accord.—Our word for it, this treatment will best promote the cure of burns.—American Agriculturist.

How MUCH PER ACRE.—How to Estimate the yield per acre of a growing crop of wheat, rye, oats, or barley, which he says has been found correct in England. As it seems easy of application, and approximately correct, we give the plan, and hope it will be tried at the next harvest-time.

Frame together four light sticks, measuring exactly a foot square inside, and with this in hand, walk into the field and select a spot of fair average yield, and lower the frame square over as many heads as it will enclose, and shell out the heads thus enclosed carefully, and weigh the grain. It is fair to presume that the product will be the 43-50th part of an acre's produce. To prove it, go through the field and make ten or twenty similar calculation, and estimate by the mean of the whole number of results. It will certainly enable a farmer to make a closer calculation of what his field will produce than he can by guessing.

Catching and Curing Colds.

Colds are sometimes produced in the following manner:—When a person in cold weather goes into the open air, every time he draws in his breath the cold air passes through his nostrils and wind-pipe into his lungs, and consequently, diminishes the heat of these parts. As long as a person continues in the cold air he feels no bad effect from it, but as he returns home he approaches the fire to warm himself, and very often makes some warm and comfortable drink to keep out the cold, as it is said. The inevitable consequence is that he will perceive a glow within his nostrils and breast, as well as over the whole body. Soon afterwards a disagreeable dryness and huckness will be felt in the nostrils and breast. By and by, a short, dry tickling cough comes on. He feels a shivering, which makes him draw near to the fire, but the more he tries to heat himself the more he becomes chilled. All the mischief is here caused by the action of the heart. Such being a frequent cause of cold the following rules for avoiding the complaint may be adopted with great advantage. When you come out of a very cold atmosphere, you should not first go into a room that has a fire in it, or if you cannot avoid that you should keep for a considerable time at a great distance as possible, and above all, refrain from taking warm or strong liquors when you are cold.

This rule is founded upon the same principles as the treatment of any part of the body when frostbitten. If it were blown to the fire, it would soon mortify whereas, if rubbed with snow, no ill effect arises from it. Hence if the following rule was strictly observed, when the whole body or any part of it is chilled; bring it to its natural feeling and warmth by degrees, the frequent colds we experience in winter would in a great measure be prevented.—Dr. Graham's Domestic Medicine.