

ODDS AND ENDS.

EXERCISE FOR BABY. MANAGING HORSES.

A PHYSICIAN'S VIEWS ON THIS VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Influence of Expressed Activity on the Growth and Development of Infants. This Authority Declares Positively For Freedom of Movement.

"Infantile Athletics" was the subject of a paper read at a meeting of the section on pediatrics of the New York Academy of Medicine by Dr. Henry Ling Taylor.

"When one considers the important physiological effects of muscular activity," said Dr. Taylor, "it is apparent that the human organism is imperfectly adapted to a sluggish or sedentary existence. Medical practice, at least in the cities, is largely made up of disorders which are distinctly traceable to the neglect of proper exercise. Primitive man, being obliged to hunt and fight in order to exist, was of necessity athletic, and now that the struggle has in a measure been shifted from brawn to brain, men still find it advantageous to train their muscles in sports and games. When the important relation of muscular activity to nutrition, respiration, circulation and elimination is recalled, this wholesome instinct easily finds its vindication. Heavy muscular mass is in an important sense a supplementary heart and a supplementary kidney. The lungs are never thoroughly ventilated, except through vigorous exercise. Moreover, the nervous and muscular elements are so intimately related as to form practically but one system. Education and progress come through motor and sensory experience—that is, largely through muscular activity. Growth itself is influenced by exercise.

"Dr. H. G. Beyer of the United States Naval Academy has shown that not only do these cadets who take systematic gymnastic training largely exceed those who do not in average gain in weight, lung capacity and strength, but that their average gain in height during the four years is greater by over an inch. The cadets range in age from 16 to 21 years, and it is probable that appropriate exercise would have similar if not greater effect in children.

"It is even more true of the infant than of the adult that the kind and degree of habitual muscular activity will largely determine the structure of the body and the tone of the mind and character. It is more true because the infant is more incomplete and more plastic. The newborn babe is, as it were, but half made. Its organs are immature, its activities restricted, and they will never attain full and harmonious development except under the stimulus of use. It is not without significance that exercise is begun five months or more before birth, and that the infant appears upon the scene with a kick and a cry. Though among the most helpless of nature's children, the infant comes with considerable training and some remarkable muscular endowments, as for instance, the well known ability to support itself by grasping a horizontal rod. In waking hours the small limbs practice constant and vigorous movements, superficially aimed, but important in producing tissue changes fundamental to nutrition, as well as in furnishing sensory and motor experience necessary to mental and bodily growth, development and power.

"At 3 months of age the baby finds its hands and begins to reach out for and hold objects, at 6 or 9 months it creeps; at 12 or 14 it walks, and so progresses from simple to complex purposive movements and to such adjustments as put it in more comfortable and intimate relation with its surroundings. "Since the infant has such ample endowments and spontaneous impulses to wholesome activity, our first and most important care must be to avoid undue interference or repression. It is interesting to observe what pains some uncivilized mothers take that the wrappings and appliances needful to protect the baby shall not prevent freedom of movement. In describing Indian cradles Mrs. Fletcher says: 'It is a mistaken notion that the child is kept up all the time. Every day the baby is bathed and placed on a robe or blanket to kick and crawl to its heart's content, but when the family cares call the mother away he is put into the cradle, with his arms free to play with the many bright beads that hang from the hook which encircles the head of this little portable bed.'

"What a refreshing contrast to the insipid experiences of our overprotected, overcoddled youngsters. Still, rough exercises are not required for civilized babies. They will attend to their own gymnastics, if not prevented. It is evident that the movements of the trunk and limbs should not be impeded with wrappings. Baby's activity should have free play. At the start we are confronted with the conventional bellyband; if tightly adjusted, it must exert injurious pressure; if too loosely adjusted, it gets displaced and rolls into a contracting string. When adjusted with a proper degree of snugness, it may be innocuous, and do its benefits outweigh its disadvantages? The clothing should be loose and simple, fitting in successive layers, so that all can be put on at once.

"When it comes to artificial exercises for the baby there are few prevalent among us that were calculated to help him. Monotonous jarring, shaking and trotting are undesirable, if not harmful. When the idea is once grasped that a good, hearty cry is an admirable chest expander, there is less temptation to this form of parental indulgence, for it will usually be found that the baby is trotted for the sake of the trotter rather than for its own. Peevishness is of course undesirable. If due to indigestion or other physical ailments, the baby should be treated. If complicated by overindulgence, the treatment should be tempered with discipline which should not stop with the child."

HOW YOU SHOULD AND HOW YOU SHOULD NOT TREAT THEM.

Horses Err From Ignorance, Pain or Fear. They Must Be Convinced That Punishment Is Unwise—Use the Whip Sparingly and Never Rely on the Annet.

Horses are essentially creatures of habit; of gentle, confident dispositions, but excessively nervous; timid, at times inimitable, and prone to resist strenuously anything that frightens them. If, for example, you put a rope halter on an unbroken colt and tie him to a post, the more the rope cuts into his tender skin the greater will be his struggles, until he will finally yield to a halter that chafes no more.

Through nervous fright horses sometimes become panic stricken and absolutely uncontrollable. They suffer also occasionally from what, for want of a better name, may be called "nervous paralysis," when they seem to be physically incapable of motion. This condition is almost invariably the result of brutal treatment, and the only reasonable explanation of it is that the emotion aroused in the horse by punishment is fear; that when he finds that he cannot escape anger and a spirit of resistance are mingled with his fright, and that these combined emotions produce this morbid state.

The horse is quick to take advantage of the ignorance or the fear of those who control him. As compared with the dog, he is somewhat slow of comprehension, but he differs from the dog in this also—that he seldom becomes "too old to learn new tricks," and his memory is so retentive that he never forgets what he has once thoroughly learned.

It may also be set down as a rule, with but few exceptions, that he prefers to do just right. If he errs, it is from ignorance, pain or fright, rarely from stubbornness or vice. This seems to be generally unknown or at least disregarded, for of all animals the horse is the least understood, the most harshly judged and unjustly treated, and for the least infraction of discipline he is too often brutally punished. If men who train horses would control their tempers and endeavor to ascertain the cause of the animal's misbehavior, they would find that there is often a good excuse for his actions.

The eye is the best index to the animal's feelings. The ears are very expressive, but they do not reveal as plainly the emotions that are dominating him as the eye does. Therefore study the eye with its varying expressions, and when you can read its meaning you hold the key to one of the chief secrets of successful horse training.

The horse should be convinced that resistance is useless, but do not be impatient or harsh. Remember that success is the reward of unwearying patience. If you fall at first, keep trying until you succeed. Do not be discouraged if you do not seem to make much progress. Your task may take weeks or even months, but if you persevere you will triumph.

While it is true that with some horses the whip must be occasionally used, it should be the very last resort, and remember always that one, or at most two, cuts and a few sternly spoken words are more efficacious than an hour's punishment. There is no more vicious or false idea than that a horse is benefited by a "sound thrashing." On the contrary, it is the very worst thing you can do, because the horse's recollection of the pain and the fresh occasion by it is more vivid and enduring than his remembrance of why it was administered, and at your next lesson he is nervous and afraid and at the least note of anger in your voice (for horses judge the mood of the trainer by his manner and his tone of voice) he may become almost uncontrollable in his efforts to escape the expected flagellation.

It is a safe rule for any one having a hasty temper not to have a whip at hand. The temptation to use it may be great. And it is also wise not to attempt to teach him when you are in a bad humor, for if he does not do just right you will probably vent some of it on him.

When whipping is used only as a last resort, the necessity for it seldom arises. As the horse makes progress in his education he understands better what is required of him and transgresses less frequently, and nearly always a sound reprimand when he knows that he is misbehaving is sufficient. Sometimes when this is disregarded a slap with the open hand will cause instant obedience. There are two forms of punishment, or rather brutality, that are inexcusable under any circumstances—these are striking a horse over the head, no matter how light the blow, and kicking him—and aside from their inhumanity there is great danger of permanently injuring him. Whenever during a lesson a colt or young horse becomes heated and angry, cease at once, and if you have been impatient and abused him keep away from him and do not approach him until he has forgotten the occurrence.

Be soothing and gentle in your manner and your tone of voice. Win his confidence, and you will never regret it, for then in the hour of danger your voice and the touch of your hand reassure him, and he will face imminent peril if only you are near.

In conclusion never forget that the triumph of the trainer's art is in will, courage and cheerful obedience from a desire to please, and because long custom has made it a habit, not because the horse fears to disobey through dread of punishment.—Our Animal Friends.

He Held the Winning Hand.

They were having the usual game of cards in the smoking apartment. The traveling men swapped jokes, nailed lies and told bigger ones. The stranger who just sat in to fill out the game contributed nothing but smiles and an occasional general laugh to the social features of the occasion.

Every once in a while a jovial drummer would announce that he had some poker in his hand, and an occasional ride bet was made under the rules of the great American game.

Finally one of these challenges elicited from the stranger an admission that poker was about the only game of cards of which he did not possess some knowledge, but he had rather a peculiar hand, and because of the value it would have in other games he would just take a chance.

Bets were readily made until there was \$50 in the pot, when a call was made, and the stranger awkwardly asked how many points his opponent had.

"We don't count points," was the answer, "but I have four aces. I reckon that will take the plunder."

"Well, I declare!" gasped the stranger, as he leaned back and mopped his brow. "Here I am with high, jack, game, big casino, an ace, a run of five and a flush," as he threw down the ace, king, queen, jack and ten of diamonds. "I really thought I had you beat," and he shoved the money toward the paralyzed drummer.

In the midst of the row that followed "A royal flush!" was shouted by some one, and the stranger was hilariously assured that he had won. His surprised face never gave away so much as a clench until he was alone that night.

Spiders and Their Ways.

We find marked differences in habits, tastes and characters among spiders as among human beings. Some kinds prefer always living in houses or cellars, not seeming to care for any fresh air or out of door exercise. Mr. Jewell tells of two spiders that lived for 18 years in opposite corners of a drawer, which was used for soap and candles.

Others delight in making burrows in the earth, or in the hollows of stones or behind the loose bark on trees, and others live under rocks. Many never leave their webs, but patiently wait, hoping some insect will become entangled in the snares they have set. Others dash about and seize upon every luckless insect that crosses their path. The most adventurous of all are those that sail out into the world on one of their own little threads.

In the bright autumn weather, if we observe closely, we may sometimes see some of our own small spiders ascend to the tops of trees, fences and other high objects, rise on their toes, turn the spiders up and throw out a quantity of silk and sail away. They grasp the silken thread with their feet and seem to be enjoying themselves as much as the birds and butterflies.—Margaret W. Longtin in Popular Science Monthly.

Dr. Nicoll, who came to this country with Dr. Barrie, read the American newspapers while he was here and occasionally admits that he liked them. He has confessed to The Westminster that in his opinion no American newspaper is more misunderstood abroad than the press. He thinks our newspapers are less sensational than they seem to be and says very truly that you may look in vain in them for such matter as the divorce reports which the most popular English papers publish. Undoubtedly we Americans like the newspapers we have better, on the whole, than others in the market, but we are so continually advised that our passion for them is guilty, that while we satisfy it with prodigality we seldom attempt to justify or even to excuse it, so that to bear our journals praised by a visitor excites emotions of considerable novelty.

After all, a liking for newspapers is like a liking for one's fellow creature, apt to concentrate itself on individuals. If Dr. Nicoll had been impolitely enough to say which American papers he liked, his comments would have gained in interest all that they lost in discretion.—Harper's Weekly.

The Care of Clothing. "Always shake, brush and fold your clothes at night," is Walter Germain's advice to men in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Never hang coats—fold them. Trousers should be folded by putting the two waist buttons together and preserving the crease. Fold lengthwise and then double. Coats are folded lengthwise, the sleeves in half first, then each half of the coat to the sleeve line, then the two remaining halves, the lining being on the outside. Waistcoats are folded in half lengthwise. Never lounge about your room in your clothes—nothing destroys them so much. When you come in during the afternoon or at night, remove your coat, waistcoat and trousers and put on a bath robe if you are to remain in your room for any time. Always have an old coat at the office."

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Over Studied.

A YOUNG LADY'S HEALTH RUINED PREPARING FOR GRADUATION.

Was Over-ambitious and Went Beyond Her Strength. Constant Pain and Misery—Her Critical Condition.

From the Democrat, Shelbyville, Ind.

In one of the main streets of Shelbyville, Indiana, resides Mrs. Emily Edwards and her seventeen year old daughter, Cora. The young lady is one of the charming misses of the city, she being known for her beauty, and perfect health.

"Although enjoying good health now," said her mother to a reporter recently, "she has not always been so fortunate. I suppose Cora, until two years ago last March, was as healthy and strong as any girl of her age. She was attending school and was studying hard. Perhaps she was too studious, for we noticed that the healthy color in her cheek was rapidly disappearing, and she was becoming pale and thin. Dark, swollen circles began to appear under her eyes, and she rapidly became worse. We were living in Franklin, Indiana, at the time, and Cora would have graduated that Spring. She stopped attending school and endeavored to get a rest, but her health kept failing. Her blood was colorless and impure. She would also have sick headaches, could scarcely eat or sleep, and was almost continually in pain. Nothing which we did for her seemed to do any good.

"Differed a physician treated and prescribed for her, but she kept getting worse. She had formerly weighed 100 pounds, but during her illness her weight had dwindled down to 75 pounds. I began to think there was nothing we could do for her better, when I happened to notice an article in a paper regarding the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I thought that if there was ever a pale person it was certainly Cora, so I decided to buy a box of the pills and let her try them. It was the first of last May when she began, and near the middle of June when she stopped using the pills. The first dose helped her, and after the first box had been taken, she was a different girl. She continued with this medicine and when she had taken eight boxes a complete cure had been effected. She is now stronger, can eat more, sleep better, and weighs more than she did before she was taken sick. I am sure too much cannot be said about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in her case, as they undoubtedly saved her life. We have recommended them to a number of sufferers."

The young lady, and a word of approval, and that she felt very grateful for the benefit received through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. "I agree with my mother," said she, "that I would not be living to-day had I not used these pills."

To leave no doubt as to the truthfulness of her story Mrs. Edwards cheerfully made the following affidavit:

SHELBYVILLE, IND., May 13, 1897. This is to certify that the above story concerning the illness and subsequent recovery of my daughter, Cora, is an exact and truthful representation of the facts in her case.

Mrs. EMILY EDWARDS.

SHELBYVILLE, IND., May 13, 1897. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of May, 1897.

L. C. MAY, Notary Public.

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THE CITY.

Farewell to the mountain side, For the city is calling me.

The chimpin's scattered with lavish hand From the gayly apparelled land. There's an opaline tinge to the freshening air, The soul of autumn is everywhere. But how can I longer bide, Fair though the mountain be? For the city has lifted her eyes again, She's smiling and beckoning over the plain. As the leaves drift down, As the winds grow chill, Her warm blood bounds and her pulses thrill.

Oh, the mountain's glow with the frosty breath, A fever fever, ere the rigor of death. That grisly winter'll bring, But the city—the city's awake, astart, Her deadliest winter but warms her heart— She calls to me over the sunny plain, And my spirit awakens and lives again.

Farewell to the crimson and gold, To the mountain's billowy line, But sing, my heart, with rapture strong— The city breathes anew!

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

TROUT AND PICKEREL.

Something About Their Methods of Feeding, as Observed at the Aquarium.

It is easy to observe at the aquarium the habits of fish in feeding. Some are sluggish, some are fierce and some are sly. The trout are fed on live killies. The killies when thrown into the tank scatter in all directions, with the trout after them like chain lightning, twisting and turning with marvelous celerity. The killies double, the trout dart after them. Rising to a bunch of killies at the top, the trout fairly nanks the water fly. They jump almost, if not quite, clear out of it, as if they were turning somersaults, and down they go in again and on after the killies. It is a dashing, slashing, crashing pursuit, and in about half a minute the killies are all gone.

The pickerel—how different! How silent, and yet how sudden! The killie dropped in above darts downward through the water. Not pursued, it slows down and halts in the middle of the tank to rest and to recover its equilibrium after its recent disturbing experience of being removed from its home in the live food tank, carried about in a galvanized iron tray, and finally dropped into another tank as food for other fishes.

At a little distance is observed the pickerel. It has come up silently, like a long, slender, little steamer moving dead slow. It comes to a halt so smoothly and quietly that the instant of its halt is not noticed. It is simply seen to be lying there, motionless, about six inches from the killie. All is peace and quiet in the tank, and the killie still balances itself in the water and rests. Suddenly, with no apparent exertion of power, the pickerel darts forward. The movement is so sudden that it is not realized that the pickerel has moved, until it is seen in its new position. The killie is gone. It is now in the pickerel's interior, and probably with only a very hairy notion, if any at all, of how it got there. The methods of the trout and pickerel are very different; their results, however, are much the same.—New York Sun.

One Woman's Trials.

A resident of Staten Island has lately been very much annoyed by some of the urchins of the neighborhood. She is a great lover of nature and has on her front piazza a number of potted plants which have been cared for all winter. At night, when everything is quiet, the boys come and manage to steal one or two plants without discovery. One by one her choice flowers have disappeared, and although she has watched for the thieves they have never been caught.

The other day she conceived a plan by which she saved her remaining treasures. Tying a string to each flower-pot, she connected the ends with a bell in the hall. That night she waited patiently for the alarm. At last there was a tinkle and then a crash. Rushing out of his senses, running down the path. When he found the pot tied and heard the bell ring, he dropped his booty and took to his heels. The boy escaped, but there has been no more trouble with flower thieves.

This woman is very fond of pets of all kinds and has a number about the house. One day, while marketing, she saw a beautiful gamecock and thought it would make a novel sort of pet. Paying \$5 for her find, she had it sent home. The bird arrived before its mistress and was received by the cook, who chopped off its head and prepared it for dinner.—New York Times.

Senators and presidents have climbed so high with pain enough, not because they found the places especially agreeable, but to vindicate their manhood in our eyes.—Emerson.

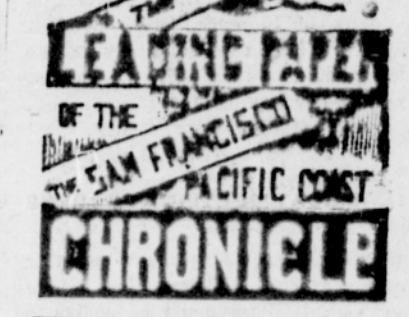
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THE ARENA.

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The Largest British Painting.

The largest picture ever painted by a British artist is said to be Sir James Thornhill's work on the ceiling of the great hall at Greenwich hospital, representing the founders, William III and Queen Mary, surrounded by the attributes of national prosperity, which measured 112 feet by 65 feet.

The largest picture ever painted and exhibited as such by a British artist is one by John Martin, the subject being "Joshua Commanding the Sun to stand still." It was hung on the walls of the Academy in 1818.

A smaller but a portrait group picture, painted by Paul Verelst, containing over 800 figures, measured 26 feet by 17 feet.—Strand Magazine.

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