

The Health Reformer.

OUR PHYSICIAN, NATURE: OBEY AND LIVE.

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JAMES WHITE, : : : : EDITOR.

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TOBACCO.

WHAT gives my breath an awful smell,
And hinders me from feeling well?
One single word the tale will tell!
Tobacco.

What paints my skin a dirty brown,
And keeps my manly spirits down?
What turns a *man* into a clown?
Tobacco.

What keeps me spitting all the day
On fence and wall, till people say,
"I guess he'll spit his life away"?
Tobacco.

I often ask the doctor why
So much of suffering have I.
In one short word he makes reply,
Tobacco.

I'll then no more my health abuse,
Nor chew this weed nor spit its juice;
I give my pledge, to *never* use
Tobacco.

I tell you, friends, I will be free!
My passions' *slave* no more I'll be;
And in my mouth no man shall see
Tobacco.

Now will my health return again,
I will be free from ache and pain,
For I have quit the dirty bane,
Tobacco.

Locke, Mich.

LILLA D. AVERY.

WHEN some men come to you, it is like sunrise. Everything seems to take new life, and shines. Other men bring night with them. The chill shadow of their society falls upon every innocent gayety, and your feelings, like birds at evening, stop singing and go to their roost. Away with those fellows who go growling through life, all the while passing for birds of paradise! He that cannot laugh and be gay, should look well to himself. He should fast and pray until his face breaks forth into light!—Henry Ward Beecher.

Meat-Eating.

THE New York *Times*, in an article entitled, "The Cost of the Table," after mentioning the high prices of flesh-meats, and the extravagant and wasteful manner in which this kind of food is usually cooked, and the enormous amount eaten in this country, offers the following:—

"Whether this meat-eating is beneficial seems to be more than doubtful. Are our men or our women stronger, healthier, larger-limbed, ruddier, and fairer, than Europeans of corresponding occupations and habits of life? The Irish girls who come out here and go into domestic service come generally with rosy cheeks and full figures. They probably have not eaten flesh-meat once a week in their lives, in many cases not oftener than once a month. Once here, they rush ravenously at the joints, the steaks, and the chops, which are to them luxuries and the great signs of luxurious living. The result is almost invariably that they lose the figures, and the rosy cheeks, and the health, that they brought with them, and that came with, if not of, a diet of potatoes and butter-milk. The more observant of them have already begun to notice this themselves. And in the second generation, the change is very manifest. There is rarely a paler and thinner creature than your Irish girl of the second generation.

"In brief, we all of us here eat too much meat—too much for our health, probably, and certainly too much for the well-being of our pockets. Great, brawny Scotchmen live month after month on oatmeal and buttermilk, and a healthier, harder-working class of men, it would be difficult to find. Why must we every day be eating flesh and fat? In particular, why should our women and children be, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, such great eaters of beef? Among our more comfortably-situated classes, it is safe to say that they eat meat twice a day. There is no need of this; and more, it is not wholesome. Women, who are not hard-workers, and children are much more healthy upon a lighter and less concentrated diet. Children, until they reach their teens, do not really need meat at all, and are the better in health and in looks for not having it.

"In countries where the science of living is better understood than it is with us, they live, even among the wealthier classes, upon bread, and porridge, and milk, and fruit. The boy who may

be seen at American hotels and boarding-houses, making his breakfast of beefsteak, ham and eggs, and broiled fish, all of them at once before him, and eaten in alternate bits, is unknown in Europe, where he would have his oatmeal porridge or his bread and milk. There is nothing more certain in regard to this subject than that our consumption of meat, particularly by women and children, is needless and unwholesome."

And the writer might have added that the only reason why meat-eating is less injurious to men than to women and children is because they are more active, and live more in the open air.

M. G. KELLOGG, M. D.

Tobacco an Idol.

THAT the use of tobacco is really an idol with many people, which they love more than all other gods, we often see proofs of wherever we go. Two gentlemen related to me their cases, which well illustrate it. Many years ago, when Minnesota was a new country, and prices of everything high, flour being twenty dollars per barrel, and the people very poor, one man went to Hutchinson with twenty cents in his pocket. His family were out of flour. He expected to receive more money in town, but upon arriving there did not succeed in obtaining it, so he laid out ten cents for tobacco, which left him ten cents with which to buy flour for his family. The other one went to town with fifty cents in his pocket to buy seed corn. It was all the money he had. He had been out of tobacco for several days. When he reached town, he debated a long time which to buy, seed for his field, or tobacco for his mouth. Appetite prevailed, and he laid out his money for tobacco, and started home without his corn. These cases illustrate what a mighty hold this habit will get on a man, and how he will sacrifice everything else for it.

Can this habit be overcome? Most certainly, it can. I see good examples to prove this almost every week. In this vicinity, not less than a score have given it up within the past few weeks. Some of these persons, who had used it long years, had tried many times to abandon it, and had always failed and settled down satisfied that they must always be slaves to it. Now they have given it up and readily conquered it. What is the reason? There are just two. And now, if the reader is a slave to this filthy habit, please listen, and I will tell you how surely to overcome it without a failure.

1. Make it a matter of conscience toward God. Look at it in the light of a sin against yourself physically, mentally, morally, a sin against your family, a sin against society, and a sin against God. Viewed in this light, which is the only correct light, ask God to help you conquer it.

2. Then resolve that you will abandon the habit

immediately, once, and forever, without any provisions to the contrary. Do this, and you will surely conquer it. If you start out with the idea that you will try to overcome it, but if the pressure is too hard you will take a little now and then, or that you will taper off, you will never overcome. I have seen hundreds of people, young and old, abandon it, many of these long, and most inveterate, users of it, and yet I never saw any one injured by its discontinuance. It does them good, and only good. Come, reader, throw away your tobacco and your pipe, and do it now, and resolve to be a free man.

D. M. CANRIGHT.

Living too Fast.

As a business nation, we occasionally make very grave mistakes, not in the matter of mere dollars and cents, though a good deal may even be said on that subject; but in our endeavors to stand in the front rank as merchants and politicians, we draw too heavily on the bank of nature, and, in consequence, become bankrupt. An honest business man will hesitate before expending more than he earns; in fact, his prosperity is based on the maxim that receipts should greatly overbalance outlays; but in everything concerning health this judicious axiom is forgotten, and, as a result, we die of the American disease—nervous prostration. Man, in struggling against nature, has an opponent who makes no allowances for mistakes, an antagonist without spite, but also without pity. If moderation be observed, the antagonism is healthful, is productive of decent ambition; but the moment humanity rushes into excesses it finds itself opposed by a power against which it is vain to struggle, over which it is impossible to triumph.

We boast of our energy, and with some reason, for we have no medium, even in trifles. As we destroy sleep by brooding over vast financial schemes, so we destroy health in the interest of real estate. We cannot eat a sandwich like the rest of the world, but gulp it down without mastication for fear of losing a minute or two of valuable time. When an overworked stomach protests, when a weary brain gives unmistakable signs of exhaustion, the lesson is not read aright; the overburdened animal is not rested, but is forced into fresh activity by means of alcoholic poisons. Another law of our existence is, that we must never be seen without a cigar or drugged "fine cut" tobacco in our mouths. Moderation even in this luxury is discarded, and our blood like our clothes is tainted with nicotine. Perhaps it is impolite to refer to the quantity of saliva daily lost by a shrewd business man; but what society ignores, nature takes a strict account of, as evidenced in sunken cheeks, dry lips, and lack-luster eyes. We have read in novels that the rich East Indian uncle is compelled to stimulate his liver with curry to

keep his digestion alive. The quantity of high-spiced articles consumed in this country would cause astonishment in the breast of even a Brahmapootra owner of a white elephant. If Peter Piper picked and ate a peck of pickled peppers, he would still in this respect be far behind the average American school girl.

Knowing the life of our business men, it is not astonishing that so many die of nervous exhaustion, but the wonder is that any should be alive to tell the tale. The artificial requirements of American civilization are so many that, perhaps, some of our excesses are excusable; but that we should earn money we can never use, that we should struggle for positions we can hardly ever reach, or, if reached, at the expense of health, perhaps life, are problems that will tax even ingenuity to explain. Posterity is none the better for our gains, for it follows in the same footsteps, becomes afflicted with the same disease, dies the same death. Infants are inoculated with the mania for being "smart," and learn book-keeping before they know the difference between right and wrong; youths become acquainted with the mysteries of tobacco and the intricacies of gambling before they are aware that they have either heart or brains. We are a fast nation in every sense of the term. Like the puff-ball, we grow from almost nothing to gigantic size in one night; and, like the puff-ball, having reached maturity, are good for nothing but to die. With amusements surrounding us on every side, we really do not know what enjoyment means; theaters are bores, only to be tolerated because they give us the opportunity of drinking brandy between the acts; ball-rooms are used as exhibition markets for our marriageable daughters, but have no other inducements for sedate elders; our very household fires are surrounded with only vacant chairs.

A feverish nervousness, begotten of our routine labors, makes us fretful, ill-natured, and dyspeptic. Everything is regarded from a business point of view; everything which has no direct bearing upon business is looked upon as of trifling value. We marry as a speculation, live for money, and die that our names may be used as synonyms of remarkable business tact. All is sacrificed for business; life itself is only another name for rise and fall in stocks; and so we go on, day by day accumulating money, day by day burning away our physical energy, day by day deadening our nervous sensibility, until exhaustion and a tombstone complete the unity of the tragedy. We have already lost many of our distinguished citizens through the American disease, and unless we are content to live more moderately we shall lose many more. As it is, life is short enough, and pleasures few and far between. If we cannot all be great, we can at least be indifferently sensible, and not wilfully burn out the candle of life by lighting it at both ends.—*Boston Globe*.

Getting Ahead of Your Company.

No real, practical reform can be effected by merely talking about it. There must be action; and some person or persons must lead out. Some must start before the company are all ready. A reform may be talked of and approved of by many; but all that approve in word are not ready to start out in practice. "The reform is right, but do not be too fast." Such is their language. "Such and such believe in it, but do not practice; and it is not best to get ahead of the company."

Now if all are so careful not to get ahead of their company, reform will not move very fast, unless it moves backward. Comparing ourselves with the company is not wise. Where would have been the Protestant Reformation had there been no such men as Luther and Zwingli? Some must go ahead, or there will be no reform. It is well enough to get ahead of the company, if we do not get ahead of the light. Follow the light. Do not get ahead of it. And while following the light, have no fears, though you get far in advance of the laggards. Reform means advancement. But if we wait till all are ready, there will be no advancement.

R. F. COTRELL.

Death From Smoking.

THE New York correspondent of the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser* writes: "A case in my own intimate acquaintance has this very week appalled a large circle of friends in this city. The victim was exactly of my own years, and a companion from early boyhood. For thirty years, at least, he has been a daily smoker of the choicest cigars, but in all his other habits temperate and regular, and of excellent constitution—one who, of all men, would have laughed at the suggestion that tobacco was killing him. A week ago last Sunday night he was stricken with the progressive paralysis characteristic of nicotine, and on Sunday night he died. His death was most pitiful. First, sight was lost, then speech, then motion of the neck, then motion of the arms, and so on throughout the body, and he lay for a fortnight unable to move or make a sign, save a pitiful, tongueless, inarticulate sound, which sometimes rose to almost frantic effort, all in vain, to make known what he wished to say to his family or friends—for his consciousness and mental faculties were left unimpaired till within two hours of the last, to aggravate to the utmost the horror of his situation—a living soul in a dead body. The sense of hearing was left unimpaired, so that he was conscious of all around him, while as incapable of communication with them as if dead, save by a slight sign of assent or dissent to a question. The doctors were fully agreed that tobacco was the sole cause of this stroke.—*Detroit Post*.

To Correspondents.

Mrs. A. N., N. Y., says :

1. I am troubled with weakness of the eyelids, with, I think, a slight inflammation at times. I am obliged to use them most of the time, as my business is that of dressmaking. What shall I do to make them strong and well?

2. What shall I do to keep up my strength without a tonic through the busy season of summer? I have a good appetite and no trouble with stomach or bowels, but at times my strength seems insufficient for my work.

Ans. 1. You should not look too long at any one thing, as the constant strain to which the eyes are subjected will tend to make the sight weaker. Apply a hot or cool cloth wrung out of soft water for ten or twenty minutes once or twice a day while there is inflammation; and a warm or cool wet compress, as feels the most agreeable to them, at night on going to bed.

2. The best tonic you can take is to preserve your strength by not overworking, as all artificial tonics will, in the end, prove to be of more injury than benefit. Be very careful, in eating, to masticate your food thoroughly. Do not eat in too great a hurry or when you are very weary. First get rested, then eat food of the right quality and not too great a quantity.

S. H., Ill.:

Yours is a case of chronic diarrhea with piles and prolapsed bowels. Take sitz baths, one each week; also fomentations over liver and stomach, once a week. Take an injection once or twice a week of tepid *soft water*, from one to two quarts at a time.

C. A. M.:

Your brother should leave off tobacco. Live on grains, fruits and vegetables. Take sitz baths twice a week at 90° ten minutes, 88° three minutes. Use fomentations when very painful, followed by cool compresses. Bathe his whole body at least once a week.

B. C. C. asks:

1. What is good for liver complaint and dry cough?

2. Should night air come into our sleeping rooms?

3. Is any kind of plaster good for the lungs?

Ans. 1. See article on liver complaint in February number of REFORMER. If the cough is caused by liver disease it will cease when cause is removed. If from irritation of the lungs, wet hand-rubs over throat and chest, and wearing the compress are good. If this does not remove it, you should apply for home prescription, or attend a Cure.

2. We cannot live without air, and as we can get no other kind in the night except night air, we

are obliged to recommend it, and the purer, the better; therefore ventilate your sleeping rooms, nights and days also.

3. We cannot recommend any plaster.

Mrs. M. Mc.G. writes:

I have been troubled for eighteen months with chronic inflammation of the uterus. Please tell me what I can do for it with home treatment. I am forty-seven years of age, and the mother of a large family. It would not be convenient for me to go to the Institute.

Ans. Your case is of such a nature that little good can be done by home treatment. You may try one or two sitz baths a week, and tepid soft water injections once or twice a week when not using the sitz baths. Use unstimulating diet.

Mrs. W. C. G., Mich.:

From your symptoms, we think you must have heart disease as well as prolapsus and disease of the liver. As you say you can procure proper help to give treatment, you may take a sitz bath 90° six minutes, 88° from two to four minutes, and, three days after, a dripping sheet. The next week take a half pack for thirty minutes, and, three days after, a fomentation over liver and stomach from ten to twenty minutes. These may be repeated in the same order each week.

J. G., Iowa:

You will derive much benefit from dipping your hands in cool or cold water and rubbing your chest thoroughly each morning after rising; also, by wearing silk next to the skin over chest and well up the neck. The silk being a non-conductor of electricity will protect the parts from sudden changes of weather.

Mrs. S. E. H., Wis.:

We think your son's case is one of rheumatic asthma. Give him a half pack one week from thirty to forty minutes, and three or four days after, a sitz bath 95° ten minutes, 88° to 85° from four to six minutes. Next week a cool cloth on the chest and a hot one on the back just below the shoulder for fifteen or twenty minutes. Four days after, give a dripping sheet in water of agreeable temperature. Let him pay strict attention to his diet, and use fruits of all kinds, grains and vegetables. Eat but two meals per day.

M. L. G. asks:

1. Is there any cure for constipation of the bowels?

2. Is there any cure for enlarged liver after gallstones begin to form?

3. What is the cause of enlarged liver?

Ans. 1. We have but little trouble in curing constipation with hygienic means. Use a diet of unbolted wheatmeal, oatmeal, and nice fruits and vegetables. Eat but two meals a day. Masticate well. Take one sitz bath 90° seven minutes, 88° three minutes, fomentation for fifteen minutes

over the liver and bowels, and a dripping sheet, or some form of general bath, each week, at equal intervals, and three hours after breakfast; then cover up warm in bed for an hour. Exercise by walking, and take daily percussions over the bowels.

2. Yes; if not of too long standing. But patient should go to a good Cure.

3. The causes of liver complaint are various. The use of pork, lard, grease of all kinds, sugar, and other sweets in excess, stimulants of all kinds, lack of cleanliness, and breathing impure air, are among the many causes that produce disease of this organ.

F. Z., Miss.:

Paralysis is generally too complicated to admit of home treatment. We can only say, Use unstimulating diet, such as fruits, grains, and vegetables. Eat but two meals per day. Exercise in the open air, and bathe the body twice a week.

F. B., Cal.:

Your son's case is St. Vitus dance, caused by fright. You should live where the sunlight comes freely into your apartment. His diet should be simple, yet of such a nature as to nourish him well. He should be treated as follows: Once a week give him a quick general bath, with thorough wet friction followed with dry friction. One fomentation over liver and stomach for twenty minutes, not too hot, and one pack for forty minutes, followed by dripping sheet and dry hand rubbing. Let these baths be given at equal intervals. Take him out to ride frequently. Keep his mind free from excitement of all kinds. Gentle percussions over liver, gentle dry rubbings over spine, and passing the hands from head to feet several times may be given three times per week on going to bed.

PHYSICIANS, HEALTH INSTITUTE.

What We Do at "Water Cures."

We do precisely what ought to be done everywhere—exercise a living faith in God and Nature; and as faith without works is dead, we seek to understand all existing laws of life, and work in harmony with them, never finding ourselves disappointed in the result.

The tree and the plant will grow and develop into strength and beauty if they are properly nourished and under the right conditions. But if there is a defect in any one of these, the growth is disturbed and the beauty marred. So with human beings, and they are quite as sensitive to surrounding influences as anything in the vegetable kingdom. And the great object at Water Cures is to supply all the conditions of health; so, first, order being Heaven's first law, we are systematic in all our arrangements, having regular hours for rest and recreation, and having our meals at stated times, and at regular intervals; also having a care that time

is given between for the food to be properly digested, and for the stomach to have a "season of rest." We endeavor also to have *only* food upon our tables, and the very best of that, so that the vital powers may not be overtaxed by having to dispose of elements that the system cannot appropriate or use.

Fresh air and sunshine are specially invited guests at our Hygeian Homes, and no one can afford to shut out these invigorating, life-giving influences from their houses. Colorless carpets are better than colorless blood. The sun paints our blood red as it does the grass green. So do not complain, but rather rejoice, if its light finds its way into all the nooks and corners of your dwellings. We not only admit these blessed influences into our houses, but we spend as much time as possible basking in the sunlight out of doors. May be we lose something by this, in the way of looking pale and interesting, but it is more than made up by the rosinness of health.

We have completely outwitted fashion's codes, and our nice, short dresses leave our women as free as our men to roam where they will; and with suits of ladies' cloth or other substantial material, brambles or sparkling dewdrops have no terror. This freedom from dress thralldom is one of our strong points; for dress and its contingencies absorb more energy than it takes to run all the "affairs of State," and is the cause of more aches and pains than it gets the credit of. But this matter deserves a chapter by itself.

And such real, restful lives as we lead. Of course, persons coming to us bring more or less of restlessness with them; but this soon wears off, and they settle into that quiet content which is a luxury in itself. Each individual stands upon his own merits, neither requiring or expecting anything of others, but each giving what he has to give, and accepting what comes to him. This is a basis for a true social standard. The principles of courage and self-reliance are inculcated in the teachings, and all, sooner or later, come to feel that everything depends on one's own inherent powers, and that these rightly directed lead to all the possibilities of one's nature, and, if we are sick, will lead us out of the mist and mire of dependency and disease into happiness and health, and the beauty and consistency of Nature's laws charm us into compliance.

MATTIE WILLIAMS, M. D.

New England Hygeian Home, Concord, Vt.

THE best and truest benevolence is to put a man in the way of helping himself; this gives him self-reliance, relieves him of the degradation of dependence, and makes him at once feel that he is a man—the highest aid and the best guarantee that he will act like a man.—*Sel.*

HOUSING-UP will kill any invalid.

DR. TRALL'S
Special Department.

The Hygienic System Reviewed.

BY A. CURTIS, M. D.

Dr. Trall. There is no law of cure in the universe. "The Hygienic System," Prop. 6. There is one universal rule applicable to the treatment of all disease: that is to balance functional action. Prop. 2.

Dr. Curtis. Please read Webster's definitions of the words law and rule, and his quotations of authorities to sustain his definition of each word by the use of the other. Then tell me what is the difference between law and rule, also whether we apply rules to treatment or treatment to rules. But, admitting your definition, which should govern our conduct, the law of health which requires all the tissues of the body to be in a condition capable of performing freely and fully their natural functions? or your arbitrary rule to leave nature, unaided, to fight out the battle with disease as best she may? What do you call her circulations, absorptions, secretions, and excretions, but the operations of so many *natural laws*, or *rules*, of *action*?

Dr. T. Remedial agents do not act on the living system. 8.

Dr. C. Remedial signifies relieving, correcting, restoring. How can they do these things to the living system without acting upon it?

T. There is no curative virtue in anything outside of the living organism. 2.

C. Then all the curative virtue must be inside of that organism; consequently, there is no need of any of your "Nature's *Materia Medica*" (No. 12). They are not all in it; and, if they were, what good could they do the tissues, if they did not act upon them? 8.

T. Health is normal action in relation to things usable. 5.

C. Health is that *condition* of all the tissues of the body in which they are able to perform fully and freely all their proper functions. They may be always active, as circulation, or alternately active and quiescent, as awake or asleep, sitting or walking, speaking or silent. As to "things usable," I know of nothing that cannot be used for some purpose; but I do not use *all* things for clothing, food, or medicine, because I find some things usable for one of these purposes, some for another, and some for two of them, and some for them all. I study the laws of their action as nourishing for food, conducting or non-conducting of caloric, electricity, or water, for clothing, and relaxing, depurative, stimulating, lubricating, and astringing, for medicines, and use them in their adaptations.

T. Disease is abnormal action in relation to things unusable. 5.

C. Normal action is action according to law. Abnormal action is action without or against law. To *cure* this abnormal action, we must make the tissues act according to the *laws* of myology and neurology; or are there no such "laws of cure?" 6. Please, Doctor, tell me how I shall learn *what* things are *not usable*? Must it not be done by experiments of their use on the healthy tissues? and how will that tissue know their uses, unless it feels their actions?

T. All remedial power is in the living system. 1.

C. In a case of cold, you warm the living system. If cramped, you put it into warm water. In case of burning fever, you immerse in cold water, or the cold shower, or the wet-sheet pack. These operate on the system to correct its "abnormal actions" (conditions, *C.*) and of course to *cure* the disease, that is, "restore your normal" or "equilibrical action." They are outside of the organism: how can they remedy these abnormal actions, without "acting" on the organs that perform them? If "all remedial power is in the living system" (1), why use any caloric or warm or cold water in any of these cases? If you have a fever, you admit that you are sick, and you call the fever the disease, and say that the vital force which makes this disease is the only remedial means to cure it, though it must do it by guess or at random, for you say there is in the universe no law of cure! But in your treatment you act very reasonably. You observe that obstructions to circulation provoke irritation, which generates or accumulates heat, expanding capillaries, arresting more obstructions, and deranging still further the equilibrium of vital action. You know it is a law that warmth and moisture relax all animal fibre. There is warmth enough, and too much, already. You take a cool shower bath, which will absorb the present *extra* heat, and help the *normal* quantity to open the emunctories (pores of the surface), let out the obstructions, etc., and to continue this operation till the purification is complete, you put around you a wet sheet, etc. The circulation will then be able to "restore its equilibrium," or normal action. 7. If "the functional action" can do all this without the water, why annoy the surface with the trouble of applying the water? If the cure is effected (the relief gained) by the combined use of water and the vital force, then the water is remedial. 2. If this cure is effected without any law of cure (6), then it would have been done just as well by going into an ice house for the chills and cramps, and into a dry hot-air bath for the fever. And would not that have been "empyricism"—"practice without the guidance of any therapeutic principle or primary law?"

If health is normal vital *action*, the want of this action must be disease; and, of course my friend

Trall's brain must be diseased whenever he is asleep, and whenever he reasons incorrectly (which is pretty often) his organs of perception, causality, and comparison, one, two, or all, must be diseased. May I not hope that my articles, though outside of that interesting organism (2), may help his vital force to cure that disease?

If disease is abnormal action, there can be in the universe no such thing as disease, for there can be no action that is not the result of some law or combination or counteraction of laws. The interruption of an action or a change in its direction or effects does not change its character. Damming up a river or directing it into other channels does not nullify nor alter the character of the gravitating force that causes water to flow. Whether it rises within its banks or passes into new channels, it does so in obedience to the same law, force, rule, or, as my friend calls it in physiology, power of equilibrium, or balance of functional action. 7. Whatever, therefore, will do any part of what is necessary to the cure or removal of disease is remedial (8), and the power by which it effects that object is a "curative virtue." 2.

T. Nature has not provided remedies for disease. 3.

C. In No. 12, you give us fifteen agents which you say are her *materia medica*, that is, remedies for disease. Pray tell me who did provide these, which you say are really remedies? You use the word healing and remedial in the same sense. I understand healing to mean organizing matter and with it mending up a lesion or breach. Remedial may mean assisting in either this operation or regulating deranged action, as fever, spasms, diarrhea, or costiveness. In this sense, *properties* are *powers*, whether to do good or evil. They are not effects, but are the direct causes of provoking or inviting the vital actions called irritation, inflammation, and fever.

T. Health is normal vital action, and disease abnormal vital action. 5.

C. Of course the cause of both is the vital force. How then can the cause of disease be "obstructing materials" to the action of that force? If the hygienic system removes these obstructions (18) of which one is the vital force, what becomes of the patient? Can he live without the vital force?

T. Disease is a remedial effort—a process of purification. 9.

C. Crying, sneezing, spitting, coughing, breathing, sweating, defecation, urination, menstruation, are all "processes of purification." Are they so many diseases? and can you *cure* them by means that do not act upon the body? 8. And does nature herself ever attempt to cure them? Does she not rather increase them till they eject the offending "obstructions," the true causes of disease? You say they should not be cured. True, because they are not disease.

T. Drug medicines cause disease (14)—they

add to the causes of obstructions and change acute diseases into chronic. 19.

C. Have the words change and cause no active meaning? or could these effects be produced without *any* cause?

T. "Disease is an effort to remove its causes," and the "hygienic system removes these causes and should not be cured."

C. That is, fever (disease) is an effort to remove its cause, which is the vital force. If it succeeds in that effort, it kills the patient. If it should not be cured, the patient must continue sick, and yet it is the *only* remedial agent to cure any disease! Is there not here a pretty good specimen of what you appropriately call "muddling"?

T. Drug medicines cause disease (14); poisons produce disease, every dose diminishes vitality. Disease is a process of purification and reparation.

C. Then drugs that cause disease should be given to cure scrofula, erysipelas, small-pox, consumption, bilious and yellow fever, etc., in all which cases purification and reparation (of tone) are all that are wanted for the cure.

T. Drugs do not act on the system, but the system acts on them. 8.

C. Did you not say just now that they "cause disease," "debilitate the system," produce disease, etc.? How can they do these things without *acting*? Is there more "muddling" here? How shall I reconcile such flat contradictions?

T. I define disease to be a remedial effort—to rid the system of noxious matters, or to repair damages. The causes of disease are dead, inert particles of matter. "Hygienic System," p. 24.

C. That is, dead, inert particles of matter are the agents which produce irritation, fever, and inflammation, which you call both disease and a remedial effort to cure it! "Drug remedies are causes of disease. They *cure* one disease by *producing* a drug disease. Every dose diminishes the vitality of the patient." 14, 15. "Without an exact knowledge of the [my, Dr. Trall's] first principles of medical science, the physician never can know the most important effects which his remedies will occasion"—"effects of his remedies," "remedial impressions," etc., p. 19. Here, and everywhere else, external agents are said to occasion or cause disease, and in the same breath it is declared that they do not act at all! They are said to produce "impressions" which induce or excite the system to act on them. That some produce one impression and some another, that the vital organs *perceive* these differences, and act accordingly; and yet that the drugs do not act at all! In other words, act, produce, impress, depress, poison, kill (Prince Albert), change acute disease to chronic are all neuter verbs; they mean nothing but simply to exist in the system, while the vital force performs all the acts that are performed, whether good or bad!

T. There is no chemical action in the living domain. "Hygienic System," p. 36.

C. The destruction of tissue and the formation of pus in a living system is a chemical action. The explanations on pages 36 and 37, and on to page 49, are so contradictory, and opposed to known facts, that it is not strange that, after more than twenty-five years' labor with tongue and pen to make people understand them, you have not succeeded even with those who have paid the greatest attention to you. I have studied your writings attentively and found in them much that is true, interesting, and useful. You say of allopathy, "It has not discovered the nature of disease, nor explained the *action* of remedies," p. 61. This is not quite correct. Both it and hygeio-therapy have made these discoveries. They both call disease, sometimes abnormal actions, and sometimes abnormal conditions of the tissues. They both talk about the mischievous "impressions" and "effects" of external agents on the tissues to the destruction of not only portions of the body, but the total destruction of life. Dr. T. denies that medicines act on the body, but declares that they killed Prince Albert, and would have killed his son had they not been discontinued before the work was quite accomplished. He wages a good, logical warfare against alcohol and tobacco on the same ground as against other medical poisons, that they destroy the health and lives of their victims, yet denies that they produce on the living tissue any effect at all! Allopathy says that the most efficient causes of disease and death are the best means to restore health and save life! These are terrible "muddles." The only firm "impression" made on my mind by the advocates of allopathy and those of hygeio-therapy is, that no one of them understands the subjects of which he writes, or is able to distinguish the truths from the errors which he teaches.

The Reviewer Reviewed.

BY R. T. TRALL, M. D.

THE first thing that a critic or controversialist should do is to make himself acquainted with the positions of his opponent, and the next thing to do is to state them correctly. Dr. Curtis is at fault in both of these respects; and I must do him the justice to believe that, when he penned the above singular conglomeration of truth and error, he had not seen my reply to his previous article in the HEALTH REFORMER for January. I have taken some pains to state, repeat, and reiterate my theory of disease, also, my theory of what is termed, though improperly, the "*modus operandi*" of medicines, and to illustrate them so plainly that the wayfaring man, though a physio-medical professor, need not fail to comprehend them. When Dr. Curtis does fully understand what I mean by disease, and how I explain the supposed action of

remedial agents, he must see that nine-tenths of his questions have no meaning, and that each and all of his criticisms are irrelevant. But as I am writing for the enlightenment of readers laboring under the ingrained errors and accumulated prejudices of centuries, as well as for the edification of the medical profession in general, and Dr. Curtis in particular, I am willing to treat his lucubrations as thoroughly as the boy said his mother did the milk she gave him, which looked uncommonly blue. "Mother, you have skimmed this milk, then turned it and skimmed it, and then whipped it and skimmed it." And now I proceed to remove the stumbling-blocks from his pursuit of medical science under difficulties so plainly that, if he misapprehends me or misstates me again, I shall have a right to suspect him of looking at medical problems through colored glasses.

First. A law is the inherent tendency of any thing to move, change, or remain fixed. A rule is the application of that law to some specific purpose. Thus, gravitation is a law of the universe, while architecture is the application of that law to the construction of buildings.

Secondly. Dr. Curtis makes a queer blunder in asking me if I will "leave nature, unaided, to fight disease," when I have many times told him that disease is remedial effort, and that I do not believe in fighting it. Nature is disease, just as much as nature is health. Circulation, etc., are laws of physiology, and from those laws we can deduce rules for treating (not fighting) diseases.

Thirdly. Remedial does not "signify relieving, correcting, restoring." It means an effort to recover the normal state; and the effort may be successful or unsuccessful. If I should administer to Dr. Curtis a dose of his own dear lobelia, and then ligate his neck so that he could not vomit, how would he get the poison out? He would make the effort; he might retch terribly and groan frightfully; the stomach would act remedially, but unavailingly.

Fourthly. "How can remedial agents do these things to the living system without acting upon it?" They do n't. You should never assume the answer when asking a question. I have fully explained in the former article that when lobelia passes out of the living system it is moved by the action of the living system. It does nothing.

Fifthly. True it is that the virtue is *inside* of the living system, and of the living system. "What good," says Dr. Curtis, "could nature's *materia medica* do to the tissues if they do not act on them?" They furnish the materials that the living system acts on. It *uses* them. They do not use it. Dr. Curtis might as well ask, "What good will victuals do to the stomach, if victuals do not act on the stomach?" The good is in the stomach acting on the victuals. The stomach digests the food, and other organs transform it into structure.

Sixthly. Dr. Curtis "knows of nothing that can-

not be used for some purpose," nor do I. But our discussion only concerns the vital organism. Fire may be used to boil a potato or burn a heretic. It is only hygienic agencies that can be used in the vital domain; no one has ever yet shown how the living system uses any medicinal drug, nor will Dr. Curtis ever live long enough to prove it. All that the living system does to drugs is to expel them—get rid of them as soon and as well as it can under the circumstances.

Seventhly. "Abnormal action is action against or without law." This is certainly a new discovery, and Dr. Curtis shall have the full credit of it. I did not suppose that anything could act against law, nor that there was any place where law did not exist.

Eighthly. "Please, Doctor, tell me how I shall learn what things are not usable?" I do not know that I can tell how you can learn this little lesson. But I take pleasure in informing you how I learned it. I tried it. I ate food and grew amazingly (I mean when I was young), and I learned that my digestive organs constructed my bodily organs of it. I drank water and it allayed the feeling of thirst, and I came to understand that water was used in transporting the food elements throughout the system, and floating away the waste matter. I held my breath and found that the accumulated carbon caused me to turn black in the face; then I learned that the lungs excreted carbon in the state of carbonic acid gas, and that atmospheric air was usable for this purpose. Then I took a pebble stone into my mouth, tried to masticate it, and found it *no use*. I experimented on a great variety of medicines, lobelia, tobacco, common salt, pepper, ipecac, etc., etc., and found they stung my mouth, parched my throat, nauseated my stomach, and so on to the end of the chapter. They were not usable.

Ninthly. The tissue need not feel the action of drugs; it only needs to recognize their presence. If a mad dog gets into your office, you would not wait to feel him bite you, but his mere presence in your sanctum would be sufficient occasion for you to eject him. Or if some allopath, envious of your superior success in the healing art, should throw a dead cat into your parlor, would you let it stay there unless it acted on you?

Tenthly. "Of course" I do certain things to "cure disease" says Dr. Curtis. Of course I do nothing of the kind, if the Doctor will allow me to speak for myself. I do not believe in curing diseases. I *cure persons*.

Eleventhly. "If all healing power is in the living system, why use caloric, water," etc.? Because of that very reason. The living system can use those agents for its remedial purposes. They supply favorable conditions for the remedial effort.

Twelfthly. "You say that the vital force which makes the disease is the only remedial means to cure it." I say nothing of the sort. I repeat, dis-

ease is vital action, and vital action I neither wish to cure nor kill. I only aim to direct and regulate it. Water is remedial as an agent, but the living system only *acts* remedially.

Thirteenthly. "If health is normal vital action the want of this action must be disease." No, sir; it is death. *My* vital organs act when I am asleep, because circulation, respiration, secretion, etc., go on. How it is with Dr. Curtis I do not pretend to know. He may be as marvelous an exception to ordinary physiology as he is to common logic.

Fourteenthly. "If disease is abnormal action, there can be in the universe no such thing as disease, for there can be no action that is not the result of some law or combination or counteraction of law." Dr. Curtis is either careless or forgetful. A little way back he said, "Abnormal action is action against or without law." Put that and this together and deduce the inference, if you can. Your logic can be more lucidly stated in other words, viz.: If a thing is a thing then it is no thing at all and has no existence in the universe.

Fifteenthly. "A change in the direction of effort does not change its character." Certainly it does. If you inhale the pure atmosphere the act is physiological. If you sneeze dust or snuff out of your nose the act is pathological. If a neighbor shakes hands with you the act is commendable. If he strikes you with his fist the act is criminal.

Sixteenthly. Nature has not provided remedies, etc. The agents which constitute the hygienic materia medica, air, light, water, food, etc., are provided for the normal condition—health. If we abuse them and get sick we must return to using them and get well. If we take poisons, nature has provided nothing but the consequences, sickness or death. We may succeed in getting them out and thereby save our lives, or we may take other poisons and "cure one disease by producing another." But the hygienist does not wish to cure disease. *He cures patients*.

Seventeenthly. Because poisons cause disease, and disease is a process of purification, then poisons should be given to cure disease, reasons Dr. Curtis. And for once he reasons correctly. But just here is his everlasting muddlement again. Diseases should not be cured. One poison will occasion a given disease; another poison will cure that disease and produce another; a third poison will cure the second disease and produce still another disease, and so on till the patient has gone the rounds of the drug materia medica, if he can live so long.

Eighteenthly. "Did you not say just now that drugs cause disease," etc.? Yea, verily. But causing disease is not doing anything. It is only *being*. Drugs are where they should not be, the system expels them, and the process of expulsion is the disease—a process of purification.

Nineteenthly. "External agents are said to occasion or cause disease, and in the same breath it

is declared that they do not act at all." The breathing is all right, for both declarations are true. The "impressions" are the expulsive actions of the living system, and not anything that the dead, actionless drug does. The vital powers do not perceive the different actions or doings of the drugs, but they perceive their different relations to the elements of the structures, and act accordingly. Please read "The Hygienic System" more carefully.

Twentieth. "Have not succeeded in making people understand my principles"! Who are you speaking for? So far as yourself is concerned, I confess all you allege or intimate. But there are hundreds of thousands of persons who understand and believe them and act upon them. You say you have studied my writings attentively. Perhaps you have, as attentively as is possible for one who is unalterably fixed in the rut of a particular theory. But you have not yet learned the A B C's of the Hygienic System. You never state correctly a single one of the propositions I have explained so many times. When Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood—a problem that had occupied the leading minds of the medical profession for seventeen hundred years—such was the prevailing prejudice that not one physician over forty years of age would ever acknowledge it. I have discovered the true theory of disease, and the rationale of the effects of medicine—problems that have been assiduously studied for three thousand years, and, although Dr. Curtis has had my explanations before him for nearly twenty years, he has not yet learned what they are, nor even how to state them. If the doctor would quote *my language*, instead of trying to put my ideas into his loose phraseology, there would be more hope that, before he dies, he would find out what I am driving at.

Saving Food by Eating it.

"BAD cookery," says Prof. Jewel, "has destroyed more men than famine, pestilence, or war." We would place also to the account of bad cooking half the quarrels that separate those who should be friends. Heavy bread, soggy pastry, leathery meat, muddy coffee, water-logged potatoes; how is it possible for any human stomach to keep good natured on such diet. Yet in how many families poor bread is the rule and not the exception. One week it stands a little too long before baking and is sour; the next time it doesn't stand quite long enough and is heavy; the next time it is baked too quick, or not quick enough, is underdone or overdone (that rarely), and so three-fourths of the time many families have poor bread, and some never have any that is first-class from January to December. But do we condemn to the swill-pail all bad bread? If butchers sell us bad meat, or the milkman gives us chalk or corn-

starch for the pure lacteal, we feel grievously wronged. Yet we can put sour, heavy, soda ruined bread into our children's mouths and say our prayers at night with a clear conscience. If their digestive organs cry out, and they are fretful and insubordinate, we charge their misdemeanors to original sin or total depravity, when the sin lies at our own door. This eating food to save it is the falsest of all economy; it is economy that makes a man poor, poor in health, poor in flesh, poor in animal spirits, poor in genuine piety, and his life of few days and full of trouble. Let us have good bread. It is the greatest peacemaker in any family, and all time and strength invested in insuring a first-class article pays a compound interest. Thus in substance writes a sufferer from eating food to save it.—*Sol.*

Sleep, the Best Stimulant.

THE best possible thing for a man to do, when he feels too weak to carry it through, is to go to bed and sleep for a week if he can. This is the only true recuperation of brain power, the only actual renewal of brain force. Because, during sleep, the brain is in a sense of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood which takes the place of those which have been consumed in previous labor, since the very act of thinking consumes, burns up solid particles as every turn of the wheel or screw of the splendid steamer is the result of the consumption by fire of the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutriment particles in the blood which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutriment particles during the state of rest, of quiet, and of stillness in sleep.

Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves—they only goad the brain, force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so fully exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply, just as men are so near death by thirst or starvation that there is not power enough left to swallow anything, and all is over. The incapacity of the brain for receiving recuperative particles sometimes comes on with the rapidity of a stroke of lightning, and the man becomes mad in an instant, loses sense, and is an idiot. It was under circumstances of this sort, in the very middle of a sentence of great oratorical power, one of the most eminent minds of the age forgot his ideas, pressed his hand upon his forehead, and after a moment's silence, said, "God, as with a sponge, has blotted out my mind." Be assured, readers, "there is rest for the weary," only in early and abundant sleep.

No one can be truly happy without being useful.

Lack of Knowledge.—No. 5.

ANOTHER month's observation and thought have deepened my desire that the people may know themselves. Though we cannot expect that all will take time and pains to acquire that complete understanding of the subject afforded at the Hygeio Therapeutic College, yet all may learn, at least, the elementary principles of health reform, and become so well posted in the laws of life and health as to enjoy exemption in a great measure from the suicidal course pursued by the masses, who rush on in the way of self-gratification of appetite and passion, seeking happiness, and yet seeking it in the very way that, sooner or later, undermines all true enjoyment and happiness. We repeat what we have said in a former article: "All true happiness consists in the natural and healthful action of all the faculties and functions of the body."

They who pursue happiness simply in the gratification of appetite and the lower passions suffer the effects of a diseased and broken-down constitution, a dyspeptic's gloom, or a hypochondriac's despair; and, alas! in too many cases, relief from these human woes is sought in suicide. In contrast with this, those who hold on in the even tenor of their ways, not living simply to eat and drink, but esteeming health, true vigor, and the natural action of all the vital powers and faculties, of more consequence than sensual pleasure, eating to live instead of living to eat—these have health and happiness with true energy of character, and they are lights in the world, enjoying clear light in their own souls and scattering sunshine wherever they go.

In an age like this, when appetite sways the masses, when a town, with one thousand inhabitants, and the surrounding country, sustains one wholesale liquor store and over twenty-five dram shops, when the same town contains a dozen physicians, the most of whom deal in drugs to "cure disease," which in many cases kill the patient, without reaching the real cause of the disease, and they, in the meantime, giving their patients no wholesome instruction relative to their habits of life and the bearing of these habits on health—we say when the true health reformer sees his fellows thus falling all around, ignorant of the laws of their being, and giving little heed to an understanding of nature's laws, it is enough to stir him to cry mightily and show the people their sins.

We are led to exclaim, as we see this iniquity of the world, this slavery to appetite, drugs, passion, and folly in dress, Oh! for a reign of common sense, for an arousing of the people from the lethargy and stupor of this artificial, fanciful, selfish life, to the real, the wholesome, and to that which, although called self-denial, is in reality a blessing in disguise, both physical and

mental, to all who will pay this price for its enjoyment.

In former articles I have given a few instances contrasting the drug and water treatment, and right here occurs to my mind another case, a circumstance that occurred in this vicinity last fall: A lady who was blessed with a naturally vigorous constitution, and who by observing healthful habits could very easily remain well and happy, became somewhat indisposed. Not having learned to diet and regulate her physical habits to obtain relief, she applied to a physician, who prepared some medicine for her and told her the effect of it would be to make her feel a sense of goneness, a loss of energy, and he told her to take the medicine until she felt as though she was just going to die, and then quit. So she commenced taking the medicine according to directions, and, sure enough, she began to feel like going, but, not being anxious to die just then, and never having died so as to know by experience just how near she could sail her boat to death's "hurl gate" and yet escape, she wisely concluded that "was not just the thing, to venture too much," and that she would not "run any further risk in that direction." She heard of Dr. M. G. Kellogg, who was giving lectures in that vicinity, and sent for him. He prescribed a few baths, proper diet, and temperate exercise in the open air. A few days after, the doctor and myself were riding into the village where this lady lived, and we met her on the street, walking out with her daughter, quite a piece from home, well, cheerful, and happy, making some calls upon her neighbors. She was a convert *to*, and anxious to learn more *of*, the hygienic system of treatment, and for this purpose furnished herself with Trall's Hydropathic Encyclopedia and other health publications. So the cause of health reform advances.

And, on this process of weakening the patient before claiming to cure him, I call to mind some of the circumstances of my boyhood days. It was in "the good old times" (?) of allopath and bleeding. I was living with my grandparents, who, although they deemed it important to attend personally to the care of their own souls, did nevertheless confide the care of their bodies to drug doctors, and, if my memory serves me right, the doctor was regarded with as much respect, and his visits received with as great reverence, as the visits of the minister. I remember those were times when four large hogs, well fattened, were esteemed necessary to take this farmer's small family through the year. And, as they passed for an economical family, you may be assured that not much of the scrofulous hog was lost except bone, bristles, and toe nails; for he was served up delicately, legs, ears, and appurtenances, in the shape of souse, head-cheese, and sausage, as well as the spare-rib, ham, shoulders, and broad side, served up, too, with good short-cake—

very short—tea, coffee, and the usual condiments of pepper, pepper-sauce, &c. Although the heads of this family had naturally vigorous constitutions and lived to the respective ages of seventy-eight and eighty-four, it was no proof that their habits of living were the most healthful. Had they lived in strict harmony with nature's laws, they might have attained to one hundred years.

But, as I was about to say, living as they did, it is no wonder that sometimes their stomachs were out of order, or their heads distressed. Abstinence from fatty food, or even total abstinence for a time, would soon have regulated all this; instead, however, the physician with his drugs and lancet was called. He would gravely tell grandmother, "I shall have to reduce your strength to allay your fever. You will have to be bled." And so from a pint to a quart of blood was let, the system weakened, and the patient, in a nervous condition, was now pronounced very sick, and the skill of the cook must be taxed to get some food that would "strengthen the patient."

I supposed in those days that the doctor was a great man, and what he said must be so, but, being desirous to learn cause and effect and understand the reason of things, I could not understand why the patient should be weakened for the sake of immediately going to work to strengthen him, or why they should take blood from the body and immediately set about the work of making blood again. I suppose they may have followed the directions of their medical authors, but I trust I am not uncharitable toward dead doctors in giving it as my candid opinion that making a long, fat job of the case and adding to the doctor's purse had more to do with weakening the patient than anything else.

"But," you may ask, "why call up this? blood-letting is now past, and doctors are more honest nowadays." I wish that was true; but I see so many cases where patients, who need not be there, are reduced by drugs almost to death's door, whose difficulties, with hygienic agencies, might be relieved in a few hours, that I seriously fear that the spirit and disposition of the blood-letting system still exist, although that feature of the old-school practice may, with the masses, have given place to sounder sense.

But I will mention a circumstance that happened recently in San Francisco. It was a case of scarlet fever. And, by the way, in the old-school, drugging system, scarlet fever was feared almost as much as the small-pox, and it was considered almost sure death; if not, that the patient would be left deaf, or with discharging ears, or some other defect for life. The writer, under drug treatment for scarlet fever, at the age of two years, barely escaped with life, but has ever since had one ruined, discharging ear. If scarlet and other fevers are not as fatal as they once were, it

is owing to the mode of treatment being changed, more than to the change of the disease.

Hygienists make a specialty of fevers, and deem none of them dangerous of themselves, if taken in time and treated properly with water. In case the system is not filled with gross matter, contagious virus does not get a very powerful hold, and so "the disease goes lightly."

But to the case before us. In the forepart of February, Georgia Chittenden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chittenden of San Francisco, Cal., aged about three and one-half years, began to complain of a sore throat. The parents, not deeming it a serious matter, took the child to meeting with them on the Sabbath. On returning from meeting, they discovered a swelling arising under her right jaw. She had a burning fever, her entire body being very red. Supposing it to be a cold, they gave her a warm bath and put her to bed. The next morning they found her body was covered with a fine, red rash. As they did not understand the case themselves, they sent for a doctor, who came and pronounced it scarlet fever. When he found they had given a warm bath, he said, "Do n't do so any more, but you may give a foot bath if you wish." He ordered eight powders of quinine to be given, one, once in four hours, and to put a wet cloth on her throat. He then ordered a tincture of paregoric, quinine, and spirits of camphor. This they gave two days. The child grew worse, and was very worrisome. Though naturally a very quiet child, easily amused, she was now crying and groaning, with a burning fever all the time, so that the parents obtained but little rest nights.

I arrived in the city at about this stage of the disease. They wished me to see the child. Some lady nurse had advised them to put a slice of raw pork on the swelling on her neck, and onion drafts on her hands and feet. These we left on, not thinking they would do any harm, if they did no good. She passed another wearisome night, but they gave her no more of the doctor's medicine. The next morning I called again. The child was no better, and her jaw was so swollen that her teeth were almost closed, and she could not speak plainly. We gave her a warm pack for fifteen minutes, followed by a tepid bath for two minutes. The child stopped crying almost as soon as she was wrapped in the pack. In five minutes she began to smile and said, "Ma, dis ish gud." In ten minutes, she said, "Dish ish nish, ma, it ish nish." Looking at me, she said, "Dush May take dish meshun?" meaning to ask if my little Mary took that medicine.

After the bath, we heard no more complaining, and she sat up in bed for some time. Before this she had to be held by some one almost constantly. In a few hours after this pack, the doctor came and pronounced the child "decidedly better." He thought his medicine was working like a

charm. He told them to keep on as they had been doing, and left them. That night they gave the child a warm foot bath, and gave the sink about one-half of the medicine. Child and all slept soundly from eight P. M. until sunrise the next morning. Gave the child that day another warm pack, after which she could open her mouth half an inch. The swelling had broken in her mouth and was discharging bloody matter freely. At night, gave foot bath again. Child slept well.

In the forenoon of the next day, the doctor called again. He pronounced the child recovering rapidly, and wished to see the medicine bottle. He said, "The child is looking *so much* better." Mrs. C. told him she did not know as he would like her nursing. He said it was "*first rate*," and wanted to know who had "ever complained of her nursing." Said he thought "when he had another patient with scarlet fever he should have her come and nurse it." When he had fully committed himself on the case, she said, "Doctor, how do you think a warm pack would answer in case of scarlet fever?" He shook his head in a doubtful manner; did "not think it would answer at all." Wanted to know if she had given a warm pack. Seemed to be angry, and said, "I never ordered a pack." She told him she had given the child two. "Well," said he, "I will leave the case in your hands," and hastily left the room. He did leave the case in their hands, and in five days the child was all over the house, and soon as well as ever. That is not all; here are some more converts, by experience, to the hygienic treatment.

Thus the system is gaining ground with thinking minds, and though its advance may not be with rapid strides, yet still it is advancing. Would that all might be posted, learn how to give baths, and how to proceed in common cases, and so care for their own health and their families' as to escape entirely the ravages of drugs. More men are needed who are posted in the practical working of nature's true healing art. I do not profess to be a physician, nor to venture beyond the limits of common sense and the light I have, but, from what I have witnessed, I can see that successful treatment by hygiene exerts a powerful influence in extending the cause of health reform. May the good cause still move on, and knowledge concerning the laws of life increase in the world, till with the candid there shall be "no lack."

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

Woodland, Cal., March 6, 1873.

As a very general rule, when a man gets sick it is his own fault, the result of either ignorance or presumption.

LET it be always borne in mind that cold air is not necessarily pure, nor is warm air necessarily impure.

"IF IT RAINS, LET IT RAIN."

WHAT'S the use of so much fretting
Over what we can't restrain?
It might save us much regretting,
If it rains, to let it rain!

Say not the world is such a tetter!
And spend your hours in needless pain;
But lend a hand to make it better;
Then if it rains, why, let it rain!

There's scarcely one below the sun
That has not writhed in pain;
Press forward, then, till duty's done,
And if it rains, just let it rain!

Perform your part, and do it well,
Move up the hill, and don't complain;
If fortune frowns, do not rebel,
But if it rains, just let it rain!

Sometimes it may strain every nerve,
A single honest point to gain;
What though it then be lost, do n't swerve,
But if it rains, still let it rain!

The rains are poured upon the mountains,
(There's not a drop that falls in vain)
And help to fill the flowing fountains,
Then if it rains, just let it rain!

Each herb and tree, the plants and flowers,
The blooming dell and grassy plain,
Come forth to gild earth's joyous bowers,
So if it rains, just let it rain!

Then what's the use of all this fretting,
Over what we can't restrain;
It might save us much regretting,
If it rains, to let it rain!

—Sel.

Walking.

WALKING briskly, with an exciting object of pleasant interest ahead, is the most healthful of all forms of exercise except that of encouragingly remunerative, steady labor in the open air; and yet multitudes in the city, whose health urgently requires exercise, seldom walk when they can ride, if the distance is a mile or more. It is worse in the country, especially with the well-to-do; a horse or carriage must be brought to the door, even if less distances have to be passed. Under the conditions first named, walking is a bliss; it gives animation to the mind, it vivifies the circulation, it paints the cheeks and sparkles the eye, and wakes up the whole being, physical, mental, and moral.

We know a family of children in this city, who, from the age of seven, had to walk nearly two miles to school, winter and summer; whether sleet, or storm, or rain, or burning sun, they made it an ambition never to stay away from school on account of the weather, and never to be "late;" and one of them was heard to boast that in seven years it had never been necessary for him to give an "excuse" for being one minute behind time, even although in winter it was necessary to dress

by gaslight. They did not average two days' sickness in a year, and later they thought nothing of walking twelve miles at a time in the Swiss mountains. Sometimes they would be caught in drenching rains, and get wet to the skin; on such occasions they made it a point to do one thing—let it rain, and trudged on more vigorously until every thread was dry before they reached home.

There is no unmedicinal remedy known to men of more value in the prevention of consumption than a few miles' joyous walking; let one follow it up a week—a walk of two or three miles in the forenoon, as much in the afternoon—and, except in rare cases, when a longer continuance may be made, the result will be triumphant; and yet nine persons out of ten would rather give a dollar a bottle for some nauseous drops, or poisonous pills, than take the trouble to put in practice the natural remedy of walking. Nor is there any anodyne among all the drugs in the world which is the hundredth part so efficacious in securing refreshing, healthful, delicious, glorious sleep, as a judicious walk.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Can You Afford It?

CAN you afford to work hard all day, and read, study or court the vagaries of society nearly all night, thus wasting your vitality, exhausting your nervous system, and bringing on a premature disease, decay, and old age?

Can you afford to eat hastily, and then rush to study, or business, withdrawing the nervous energy from the digestive system to the brain and muscles, and thus inducing dyspepsia, in a few years, at most, to scourge, and haunt, and make you miserable for years or for life?

Can you afford to live on rich or highly-seasoned food, eat champagne suppers, because an artificial appetite is thus gratified, rendering gout, dyspepsia, apoplexy, in the middle of life, almost a certainty?

Can you afford to commit suicide through the indulgence of appetite and passion, adopting the fool's motto, "A short life and a merry one?"

Can you afford to indulge in fast living, dressing beyond your means, driving livery horses, or keeping a horse yourself, when your income is not adequate to such expense?

Can you afford to smoke and chew tobacco; thus spending from five to fifty dollars a month, injuring your nervous system, and thereby transmitting to children a weakened constitution, making them puny invalids for life?

Can you afford to burn out your nervous system and demoralize your whole character by the use of alcoholic liquors?

Can you afford to make money at the expense of your manhood, your morals, your health, your just respectability, and your integrity?

Can you afford to gain even the whole world, and thereby make of yourself a moral wreck?

Can you afford to rob your mind to clothe your back with silks and satins, and gratify a mere love of display?

Can you afford to be tricky, and thereby defraud your employer of your just service you owe him, even though you get your pay, thus making yourself a moral bankrupt?

Can you afford to be otherwise than upright, truthful, temperate, courteous, and in all respects correct?—*Sel.*

"The Body Is more than Raiment."

IN all the wonderful works of God, as seen upon our earth, none can compare in excellence to the creation of man. And, notwithstanding the physical degeneracy of our race, we still can see evidence of the wisdom of the Creator in the construction of the human body. But, if we will turn our minds back, and in imagination view our first parents in their innocence before physical law had been violated, we can but be lost in wonder and admiration. All the different organs and functions of their systems were perfectly adapted to each other, and acted in harmony—a perfect combination of the useful and beautiful.

Such was the precious endowment made to man at first; but, alas! how sad the change that has come about. Instead of noble, beautiful beings, clothed in garments of light, what do we now behold? A glance at any assemblage is sufficient answer. Compare man's present physical condition, if you please, with what it must have been when people lived nearly a thousand years, and it becomes at once apparent how sadly we have fallen. "Man was made upright, but they have sought out many inventions." Not being satisfied with what was good, and in every way adapted to their condition, they have ever sought for the artificial, and that which deforms the beautiful, until they have become insane, and are ready to sacrifice health, and even life itself, for that which is worthless.

In nothing, perhaps, is this more apparent than in the present style of ladies' dress. The head, which should be kept cool, and as lightly clothed as possible, is loaded with a variety of articles, especially the back portion, which are not only productive of untold evils, but a gross violation of good taste, and would be thus considered had not the judgment and taste been perverted by fashion. Have our ladies intellectual strength to spare? Are they so comfortably situated that they can afford to sacrifice comfort and enjoyment? If so, why not make the sacrifice in benefiting the poor and needy around them, and not in making martyrs of themselves in so inglorious a cause as fashion? But this is not all the inconsistencies exhibited. It is not enough that the seat of the

mind should be thus burdened and injured, but the vital organs must be restricted in their action, and the warm life-current prevented from doing the work nature intended, by efforts to make improvements on nature, thereby offering insult to the great and wise Creator. We refer to the practice of compressing the waist, the evils of which are more or less understood by all. But, if the foolish, yes, wicked, fashion was regarded in its true light by those who should be the guardians of the rising generation, and who, by precept and example, should exemplify correct principles, much suffering, and frequently the life of individuals, might be saved. Add to this the insufficient clothing of the limbs, improper diet, &c., and who can wonder at the prevalence of disease among the women of the present time? Is the body more than raiment? if so, why should so many abuses be heaped upon it in consequence of the inadaptation of the wearing apparel?

The feet being supplied with larger pores than other portions of the body, the amount of waste matter thrown off is proportionately greater, so that eminent physicians have said that if they were kept in a perfectly healthful condition, there would be no danger from acute diseases. But, as with other portions of the body, nature is thought to have made a mistake in the formation of the feet, and the defect must also be remedied. Hence, among the many styles of ladies' boots offered for sale, not one can be found that will fit the feet, but the foot must be doubled up to meet the capacity of the boot. The feet must succumb to the boot, therefore, it is a query, Which is of the most importance, the boots? or the feet? a false idea of beauty? or comfort and health?

To sum up, we find in the fashionable dress of ladies that which retards the action of the vital organs, prevents a proper circulation of the blood, and the expulsion of morbid matter, and, finally, renders the use of the limbs unnatural, uncomfortable, and even painful. Nor is this all, by any means; but it is enough. And again we inquire, Is the body more than raiment? These facts are self-evident, and should be sufficient to induce every person of reason to dress with reference to health regardless of fashion; but those who are striving to honor their Creator, surely, should not mar his work, even could they do so without suffering the penalty of physical law. Why will we, like foolish children, after having received some precious gift, destroy it in trying to make it better, or mold it to a perverted taste?

M. L. HUNTLEY.

THOSE who seek for happiness, never fail to be disappointed. But, on the other hand, whoever lives a life of usefulness, cannot fail to be happy.

BETTER to have a high aim and be unable to attain it, than to have none at all.

Aim and Purpose.

It is sad to contemplate an aimless and purposeless existence—golden youth gliding by, hastening by, wasting precious opportunities, no aim, no object in view, just like a ship under full sail and well manned, but no rudder, only drifting, no harbor in view, going with the tide, or perhaps with rudder in good working order, but no port in view, only sailing, you know not where. Have an aim in life, and a noble one. Aim high, and you will hit something above your level. Are you a student? Be not satisfied to get through your studies or recitations without censure from your teacher, but study hard to acquit yourself with honor. Be not content to creep along on the level, but walk, yea, run even, up the rugged hill where honor sitteth at the peak. Are you a mechanic? If so, learn your trade well, not contenting yourself with being an average workman, but strive to become master of your art, always bearing in mind the old adage, "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

Strive to be a leader, not a follower. First, have an object, aim high, and then zealously labor to accomplish your object; success is sure to follow earnest, unceasing toil. The contestants in the Isthmian races had an object in view, and every sinew and nerve was bent to obtain the object. It was the crown at the end of the race. Life is a race, and many are on the course. You must either run or be trodden under foot; the multitude is moving on; you must not look behind or defeat is certain. Lead off in the train, and you will gain the crown at the end. Those who dally will never reach the object, but will fail at last. Reader, have a noble object in view; and then, with all your might, press forward until you reach it, and it is yours.—*Sel.*

Has She a Call?

HAS she a call to be a wife who thinks more of her silk dress than her children, and visits her nursery no oftener than once a day?

HAS that woman a call to be a wife who sits reading the latest novel, while her husband is standing before the glass, vainly trying to pin together a buttonless shirt?

HAS that woman a call to be a wife who cries for cashmere or camel's hair shawls when her husband's notes are protested?

HAS that woman a call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow soggy bread, and watery potatoes, six days out of seven?

HAS she a call to be a wife who flirts with every man she meets, and reserves her frowns for the home fireside?

HAS she a call to be a wife who comes down to breakfast in abominable curl papers, a soiled gown, and shoes down at the heel?

Has she a call to be a wife who bores her husband when he comes into the house, with a history of a broken teacup, or the possible whereabouts of a missing broom handle?

Has she a call to be a wife whose husband's love weighs naught in the balance with her next door neighbor's damask curtain or velvet carpet?

Has she a call to be a wife who takes a journey for pleasure, leaving her husband to toil in a close office, and "have an eye," when at home, to her servants?

Has she a call to be a wife to whom a husband's society is not the greatest of earthly blessings?

Has she a call to be a wife who listens to outside slanders against her husband, and does not scorn the slanderer?—*Sel.*

Diet.—No. 12.

BY MARY H. HEALD, M. D.

A STRONG argument in favor of the two-meal plan is that it is anti-dyspeptic, and, as we are a "nation of dyspeptics," we need its influence; it gives weak stomachs the needed time of rest, and allows a sufficient interval before the body is composed for sleep, to insure good, healthy, uninterrupted performance of the work of assimilation. Another very strong argument is the following: It relieves women of much irksome, monotonous labor, and gives time to be appropriated to more useful and pleasant pursuits. The preparing of food and cleansing of dishes becomes drudgery if performed too frequently. It is agreeable labor when not too often imposed, where one loves those for whom it is done; but it degenerates into tiresome routinism under unfavorable circumstances. Give woman one-third of the time now occupied in the preparation of food and duties attendant thereon, and she will have better opportunity for the cultivation and development of her higher faculties.

The two-meal plan gives to many a better division of the hours of labor; some choose seven and two, others eight and three, o'clock for the meal times, performing the hardest work of the day between those hours, and appropriating those after dinner to lighter labor, recreation, &c. Use is second nature; it does not follow that because a person has always been habituated to three or more meals per day that he really needs the same; being used to eat so often, he might feel uncomfortable upon first making the change; but, nevertheless, be the better for so doing, and after becoming used to the two-meal plan, *feel* the better. To persons of feeble digestion, we would especially recommend the two-meal plan. Let such, if possible, take the time of the customary middle meal for rest or sleep, until they become more vigorous. Those who use three meals should always make the third a very light one. Whichever is made the plan of a family or individual, should be adhered to reg-

ularly. This is as important as regularity in any department of the business of life. Mothers of very young children, and especially of babes, frequently err in this respect; they seem to pay no heed to the laws that govern digestion. Even the youngest infants can be trained to regularity. Always let one meal have time to digest, and the stomach a little period of rest, before giving another meal. Babes do not need nourishment so often as ignorant people suppose. Most children of the age of a few weeks will thrive upon five meals in twenty-four hours, one only of these being given at night; at the age of three months, many children do well without the night meal; at the age of one year, three meals generally prove sufficient, and at two or three years of age, they will thrive upon two meals a day, the same as adult members of the family. This is not mere theorizing; numbers of children have been brought up upon this plan, and in cases where the parents were delicate, but attentive to the laws of life and health, the children became more robust than their parents, having had the advantage of a correct start in life. But not only can we cite children whose lives have been greatly benefited by hygienic training, but we can point to the experience and judgment of various noted individuals and classes of mankind in confirmation of the truths we advocate. The author of our system of diet, the well-known Sylvester Graham, gives us this testimony as to its value in times of epidemic disease; he states that not a single vegetarian died of cholera during the sway of that pestilence in 1832, and that not one had the disease in even its mildest form, who was prudent, regular and temperate.

Benjamin Franklin, whose philosophy of life has been so frequently cited in this country among thrifty people, was earnest in his advocacy of temperance in all things; not only to the subject of gout, but to those suffering from almost any form of disease, did he recommend abstemiousness, cleanliness, abundant exercise, and prudent care of all one's powers.

The philanthropist Howard, who visited so many foul dungeons and infected hospitals, not only chose a very simple diet for himself, but always prescribed the same for patients exposed to the plague, and was still more strict with those actually suffering from it. He earnestly advised all exposed to it, to abstain altogether from animal food. We must remember, he was remarkably successful in treating the disease—far more so than the physicians of the places he visited. In his diary was found this record: "I am fully persuaded, as to the health of our bodies, that herbs and fruits will sustain nature in every respect far beyond the best flesh."

Heald's Hygeian Home, Wilmington, Del.

THE hardest toil of all, for daily bread, is the toil of the brain.

A Clever Doctor.

DR. CABARUS, who died in Paris last year, was one of those jovial physicians whose presence is equally sought in the sick room as in society, and who effect more with humor and pleasantry than by medicine. Being a brother-in-law of Lesseps, the celebrated engineer, and nearly related to a princely family of his native land, he moved in aristocratic circles, which deeply felt his loss.

One cure, by which, at the commencement of his career, he achieved a great reputation, is characteristic of the man. The Duchess of D—, one of the most aristocratic ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, had got possessed of the idea that she had swallowed a frog. She felt this said frog—she declared she did—and its presence robbed her of peace of mind, sleep, and even of health. The Parisian physicians had the rudeness to deny the existence of this animal, ignorant as they were that the poor lady suffered martyrdom. A fortunate chance made her acquainted with Dr. Cabarus, and to him she told her tale of woe. He felt, with a seriousness worthy of Hippocrates himself, the pulse of the fair patient, inquired after various symptoms, and when the charming aristocrat had exhausted all her store of arguments to prove her pet delusion, the youthful doctor said, after a well-feigned pause:—

“Madame, the frog is there, but I will remove it.”

He then prescribed an innocent emetic, and went to the nearest flower shop, where he bought a small green frog. Armed with this confederate, he presented himself once more before the duchess, and placed a large basin of water in readiness. The emetic began to take effect, the duchess' eyes filled with tears, and our doctor took advantage of the opportunity to slip the green frog into the basin.

On seeing the frog, a load was removed from the duchess' heart, and for an instant all seemed well. The next moment she turned pale, and, as Dr. Cabarus supported her tottering frame, she cried, in a despairing tone:—

“Oh, Doctor, I am not cured, for the frog has left little ones behind her!”

“Stop!” cried Cabarus, without allowing a trace of embarrassment to be seen in his manner, “that we shall soon see.”

He then threw a searching glance upon the frog, which he had by this time taken in his hand, and uttered, with a certainty that the whole question was settled, these words:—

“Madame, that is an impossibility, for the frog is a male!”

THE New York Board of State Charities states that there are about 10,000 maniacs in the state, and 6,000 idiots, one-third to a half of whom were brought to their wretched condition by their own parent's intemperance.

An Erect Posture.

A WRITER on health very justly condemns the habit of lounging, in which large numbers of persons indulge, as injurious to health. He says: “An erect bodily attitude is of vastly more importance to health than is generally imagined. Crooked bodily positions, maintained for any length of time, are always injurious, whether in the sitting, standing, or lying posture, whether sleeping or waking. To sit with the body leaning forward on the stomach, or to one side, with the heels elevated to a level with the head, is not only in bad taste, but exceedingly detrimental to health.

It cramps the stomach, presses the vital organs, interrupts the free motions of the chest, and enfeebles the functions of the abdominal and thoracic organs, and, in fact, unbalances the whole muscular system. Many children become slightly hump-backed, or severely round-shouldered, by sleeping with the head raised on a high pillow. When any person finds it easier to sit, or stand, or sleep, in a crooked position, than a straight one, such a person may be sure his muscular system is badly deranged, and the more careful he is to preserve a straight, or an upright position, and get back to nature again, the better.”

CONSUMPTION OF FOOD.—An instructive article in a German newspaper makes known, by carefully selected statistics, the great increase that has taken place of late years in most European countries in the consumption of articles of food and drink which our grandfathers regarded as luxuries.

In Prussia, the yearly consumption of meat per head had advanced from 33lbs. in 1806 to 40lbs. in 1849; brandy had grown from 3 quarts to 8, and wine from $\frac{3}{4}$ quart to 2 quarts. The increase in sugar, again, was from 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 7lbs., and in coffee from $\frac{3}{8}$ lb. to 4lbs. These figures do not bring us to the latest times, but the increase has been even in a greater ratio during the year since 1849.—*Sel.*

AMERICAN DIET.—We are a greasy people; from the pork fat of New England to the ham fat of the South, we wallow in greasy food. This becomes rancid on the stomach, and superinduces what Dr. Urquhart pronounces the sum of all diseases—dyspepsia. We drink tea that would frighten a Chinaman, and coffee that would serve as an antidote to opium. We pour down doses of alcoholic fluids which eat into the coatings of our intestines and destroy the gastric juices. We go to bed over-tasked, body and mind, sleep with sluggish blood in a state of stagnation, and get up only when the broad sun is staring in angrily at us through our bedroom windows. We are reckless in our pursuit of pleasure; we strain our mental powers to their utmost tension; and end, old men and women before our time, or die, or fill a cell in an insane asylum.—*Sel.*

The Health Reformer.

Battle Creek, Mich., April, 1873.

Home Again.

WE arrived in Battle Creek the 4th ult., having made the trip from San Francisco to this city in 132 hours. We left behind us the glories of early summer, with the new vegetables and fruits of the season, and were brought, in the brief period of five and a half days, where we suffer the chills of a protracted winter. The superintendent of our Health Institute gave us our first sleigh ride for the season in taking us from the depot to his home in this city. Specimens of new potatoes, which we brought from San Francisco, have attracted considerable attention from our friends.

Life in the cool climate of the Rocky Mountains through the period of the intense heat of last summer, and in the mild climate of California during the terrible severity of the winter, has been most agreeable, and very beneficial to health. We designed to remain in California until May. Had we done so, the year then past would have been to us without either summer or winter.

We have been made very happy in greeting old friends again, especially the physicians, directors, and helpers at our beloved Health Institute. The institution is, at this early period, nearly filled with patients. We love the purity of the moral and religious influence we here meet.

Thank God for a home for those whose hold on this life is loosening, and who feel that the shadows of the grave are dimming their earthly hopes, where the moral atmosphere is not polluted with skepticism, or an insipid piety, or sectarian bigotry. While all its inmates are cheerfully granted the liberty of conscience which the managers claim for themselves, it is regarded as important to the mental, physical, and moral good of patients to maintain a high moral and religious standard.

Those who are opposed to the religion of the Bible, or to any particular views of that book, entertained by the managers of the Health Institute, are not urged to any religious conformity disagreeable to their feelings. While all who remain at our Institute are expected to conform to wholesome rules, necessary to the good of patients, and the reputation of the Institute, in particular matters of religion the greatest freedom is enjoyed.

And while discussions of denominational differences are regarded objectionable, the religion of

the Bible, in its broadest, purest, sweetest, and most practical sense, is designed to be exhibited in the prayer meeting, and in the daily life of all who labor for the good of the afflicted.

We are gratified to find Drs. Ginley, Russell, Chamberlain, and Lamson, all on duty, happy in their labors of love. They are soon to be joined by Dr. Kellogg, whose successful practice in California, and his true Christian gentility, have endeared him to very many in that distant State. During the past winter, he has been fitting up at the Hygeio-Therapeutic College for active service in the great health reformation as a lecturer, writer, and practitioner.

The wide-spread reputation, and the consequent patronage of our Health Institute, create a continual pressing demand for more room, and for all the well-tried agencies employed at any institution of the kind for the recovery of the sick.

We say to those who feel that they are breaking in health, and that they need treatment at our Health Institute, Do not delay the matter too long. Be in season. One month's treatment will do you more good when just beginning to break down, than six months' after you are prostrated. And the most painful task for the physician who has a real, human soul is to tell a poor trembling consumptive that there is no hope in his case; yet, however painful to both physician and invalid, this has to be said frequently in the examination room of our Institute. Be in season.

We design to give more attention to the REFORMER for the future, and hope to be able to issue important tracts, pamphlets, and books, on the great health question. Sketches of what we saw by the way, and in California, will be given from month to month. Want of time deprives us of the pleasure of saying more this month, and we are more than willing to give the space to the excellent productions of Andrews and Waggoner.

As we passed out the hall of the main building of our Health Institute the other day, a robust young man offered his hand with a cordial, "How do you do?" We asked him his name. He replied, "Do you remember those two lean, feeble young men from Indiana who were here four years ago?" Yes, was the reply; but you are not one of them? "I am. My name is Stalker, and I have gained fifty pounds."

We then decided to request all who have been benefited at our Institute to write out, in free and easy style, a true statement of their cases. We hope to hear from very many. Address, Health Institute, Battle Creek, Mich.

Let Us Honor the Health Reform.

It is no credit to the cause of health reform that so many of those who speak and write in its behalf are themselves in feeble health. In fact this very thing is used as one of the strongest arguments against the system. Its influence upon the public mind is potent for evil. Yet it is by no means true that the principles of health reform are responsible for the condition of all who advocate those principles. Health reform consists in the government of our animal nature by our judgment, our reason, and our conscience. It teaches the principles of self-control. It instructs us to abstain from every hurtful thing, and to use with moderation every proper article of food, and every suitable recreation. There can be no ground for doubt that these are correct methods of action. Men should conform to the laws of their being, for these were framed by their Creator. Those who do not recognize the existence of such laws, and who, instead of exercising self-control, are themselves controlled by their own appetites, passions and inclinations, are certainly occupying a position that is not sustained by truth or reason.

But it is said that many of these persons are in better health than some who regard the doctrines of health reform. Here is the great stumbling-block in the way of many. Yet the truth is that no man possesses good health because of his disregard of the laws of life, and no one is feeble because of abstinence from that which is injurious, or because of the temperate use of that which is good. But there are facts which fully explain the matter.

1. A very large number of those who embrace the principles of health reform do not do this until they have, by their former ways of life, undermined and perhaps permanently ruined their health. From a consciousness that they must go down unless they change, these persons leave off their wrong habits of life, and adopt those which are right. They cannot secure good health, for they have used up too large a measure of their vital forces, but they may be able to prolong a feeble existence for many years. Their feeble condition while living thus carefully is contrasted with the strength and health which they possessed in earlier life while living in disregard of nature's laws. The evil should be set down to their past life of transgression, but it is most unjustly placed to the charge of their new life of obedience.

2. But this is by no means the only occasion of popular stumbling with respect to health reform. Many of those who take a deep interest in the work of instructing the people with respect to health reform, are persons whose zeal for every good cause brings upon them excessive and exhausting labors. Such persons, in their worn and exhausted state, are cited as instances of the evil effects of health reform in its own advocates.

But this is an entire mistake. It does indeed furnish a very plausible objection to the system, but the objection is not valid. The motives of those who thus labor may be pure, and the work which they perform may be highly beneficial to mankind, but such labor is not according to health reform itself.

Men who regard the laws of their being cannot be indolent persons. But health reform forbids exhausting labor as distinctly as it condemns unwholesome food or the eating too largely of that which is wholesome. It strictly enjoins the securing of sufficient sleep. It condemns severe mental labor during the hours which immediately precede our retiring to rest. It demands that our labor should always be within our strength, and never beyond it. If we are compelled to transgress this rule, it requires that we make up for this violation by securing sufficient rest for that purpose.

When therefore men give themselves to exhausting labor that they may do good to their fellow-men by advancing this and other sacred causes, they may be prompted by a self-sacrificing spirit, and may, perhaps, accomplish much good. But in thus laboring beyond the strength which God has given, and in prostrating their energies, they violate the laws of their being, and such action should not be laid to the charge of health reform, for it is in direct violation of that reform.

Undoubtedly those who are strictly temperate in their diet, and who use the nourishing and wholesome grains, vegetables, and fruits which God designed for man's use, can longer sustain excessive labor than can those who eat gross food, and that at all hours. But this is not taken into the account by those who are unfriendly to the health reform. It is enough that advocates of this reform can be pointed out who are themselves in feeble health. Their cases are cited as conclusive evidence that the system itself is false.

The question is therefore a pertinent one, Do not the advocates of unpopular reforms lose more than they gain when their zeal for the truth causes them to pursue a course of exhausting labor until they break down in the work? It certainly looks so. Mr. Graham pursued a course of excessive labor until his health was completely prostrated. The importance of his work, and the circumstances in which he was placed, seemed to demand this at his hands. But when his health failed under his heavy burden, then the public said that his system was shown to be false. Had he labored within reasonable bounds, he would, in the end, have accomplished more for the cause of reform than by the course which he actually pursued. The excellency of the health reform is shown, not merely by argument and reasoning, but by the fruits which it bears. Good health is the greatest of all arguments in the mind of the public. It is the greatest of all earthly treasures. We teach

that men have no right to be sick. Is it wisest and best that even zeal for truth should bring any of us to that state of ill health which shall virtually destroy the influence of our own teaching?

J. N. ANDREWS.

Effects of a Flesh Diet.

It is interesting and instructive to notice the effects of a flesh diet, even when expressly permitted of the Lord; and *permission* is all that can be claimed for it. When this permission was given it was accompanied by a shortening of life. Though we would not presume to attribute this altogether to that cause, we know that diseased food must spread disease in the system; and disease once in the system propagates itself, and thus increases by two-fold power.

Noah was six hundred years old at the time of the flood, and lived to the age of nine hundred and fifty. Shem was ninety-eight at the time of the flood, and lived to be six hundred; he outlived Abraham, who was born two hundred and ninety-three years after the flood. Before and until the flood, the average of human life, according to the obituaries given, was over nine hundred years; but so speedily was life shortened after that time that it is said of Isaac that he died, "old, and full of days," at the age of one hundred and eighty! Isaac was fifty years old when Shem died (aged six hundred), and Isaac was old, and full of days at one hundred and eighty, while Shem, at the same age, might be said to have just emerged from his boyhood! And Shem did not attain to the age of his father by three hundred and fifty years. Whether or not this cutting down of man's life may be attributed to the effects of a great change of diet, it is a co-incidence not at all favorable to flesh eating. And more especially so when considered in connection with other events of a similar character.

When God brought Israel out of Egypt it seemed to be his purpose to restore the original arrangement among his chosen people. Accordingly he "rained bread from Heaven," which was to be their constant food, until they should come into a land rich in the productions of the soil. He gave them flesh to still their murmurings, and a free use of it was followed by a great and destructive plague!

But the defenders of that practice point likewise to co-incidences. We are referred to the Indians of America and to other nomadic tribes who subsist largely on flesh, and yet are a strong and hardy people. But they use also wild fruits, nuts, and even acorns, and that for considerable lengths of time when game is not at hand. And the flesh they eat is that of wild animals, which are not fattened in confinement, as is the case with civilized races. They also live entirely in the open air, and take much exercise, which in part counteract the effects of bad diet; and they are not habituated to

intellectual pursuits, and therefore they do not exhaust their vitality in so many ways as do civilized people. But when contagious or epidemic diseases break out among them, they are peculiarly fatal, showing that their systems are not healthy; not prepared to resist such diseases. And this fact should not be overlooked; they are *savages*, and they cannot be anything else without a radical change of habits!

The act of *taking life*, whether of man or beast, has a hardening effect on the heart of man. So well has this been recognized that it has been judged by statesmen that he who follows the occupation of a butcher is not fit to act as a juror in criminal cases. And it is equally true that a free use of flesh food tends to a depraved disposition. Note the general contrast between the races of animals which live on the two kinds of food. Those which live on vegetable food seldom attempt to take life except in self-defense, or under unusual circumstances; while those which live on animal food kill for the mere gratification of a *murderous disposition*, and when they are not in need of food. It is a misfortune that there are so few examples of non-killers among the races of man to whom we may refer; but the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island are much to the purpose. When first discovered, they lived on vegetables and fruits, and all their habits were simple and natural—*not savage*. They were a mild, peaceful, strong and hardy people: even many fold stronger than those who visited the island. But intercourse with other people was followed by a change of habits, and, as might be expected, speedy degeneracy.

The reader will please pardon me for giving the following instance of the *gratification of a depraved appetite*. It is illustrative and pointed. More than thirty years ago I was in the "Far West." It was when "the Far West" meant something; before railroads had pushed their ways over the prairies, and when only lumbermen had penetrated the forests of the tributaries of the upper Mississippi. A young man of my acquaintance hired to go into a remote "pinery" as a chopper. He did not remain long, and when I asked him the reason, he gave me the following account:—

A feud sprang up between the Indians of two tribes, some of each tribe being near their lumbering works. One day this young man had cut down a pine tree, and was preparing to cut it into saw logs, when he saw an Indian coming toward him as fast as he could run through the snow. Seeing a warrior coming so directly toward him in such a manner startled him, but he soon discovered another in full chase. It was a race for life. The pursuer brought down his victim as he was getting over the tree which the young man had just felled, and taking out his scalping knife he quickly opened his side, and took out the heart of his enemy yet quivering with life, and ate it! Said my informant, "He paid no attention to me, not seeming

to regard my presence at all ; but I did not stay there to cut up that tree !”

Now I ask my readers, Could that man be anything but a savage? or, Would you expect to see him civilized without an entire change of his appetite? And so, in a degree, you must judge in regard to the use of any kind of flesh. Were you to behold a man, a stranger, take a piece of raw flesh and eat it with an appetite—could you be made to believe that he was a man of refined sensibilities and tender feelings? You *could not* believe it. You would be compelled to associate him, in your mind, with beasts of prey. All assent, more or less, to the fact that appetites and habits are the index of character, and a depraved appetite surely indicates a depraved man. But it is easy of proof that an appetite for flesh is not *natural*, in the proper sense of the word ; it is a perverted, or otherwise, a depraved, appetite. And every man who has such an appetite would be better by correcting it.

This hardening process is everywhere seen where flesh is used for food. I have read of men who were driving animals, and who, when they became hungry, would remove the skin from the haunch of a well-conditioned animal, cut out a portion of flesh, replace the skin so that it might heal, and then regale themselves on that portion of flesh, regardless of the sufferings of the poor animal so cruelly used. And I once read in the *Penny Magazine*, London, the description of an epicurean feast where a goose was roasted alive, and by a skillful process of *basting*, its life was kept in it until some parts were roasted, so that they had the extreme *pleasure* of eating some well-cooked pieces before the poor creature had ceased its agonizing cries ! Were these not savages also? Did God create man in his own image with such an appetite as this? An appetite, wherever found, whether among what is called savage or civilized society, is perverted and depraved, which leads to cruelty for its gratification.

It is common to misjudge upon this subject. Men who live on gross food, and drink largely of beer, are often supposed by their appearance to be in good health, while their systems are full of impurities and peculiarly subject to the ravages of disease. The relation of diet to health has been discussed so largely that I do not attempt more than a mere reference to it ; to argue it, I have not time at present.

It is unfortunate for society that the physiological and moral in man have been so greatly divorced from each other. It is hard to make men believe that that which is unhygienic or unphysiological must tend to immorality. In another number I will try to show more directly the influence of flesh food on morals.

J. H. WAGGONER.

The True Principles of Health Reform.

BY M. G. KELLOGG, M. D.

NUMBER FIVE.

THE human body undergoes constant change of material. It cannot perform a single action without wearing out, and using up, some of the delicate structures of which it is composed. These structures must be repaired and rebuilt as fast as they break down, otherwise the body will soon wear out and die. This necessitates the provision of new material from which the tissues and structures may be rebuilt. It also necessitates a circulatory apparatus, the office of which will be to convey the building material to all parts of the body. Our bodies are supplied with such an apparatus, consisting of the arteries, veins, lymphatics, heart, &c. They are also provided with external organs of locomotion and prehension, by which to secure such material as they need for repairs, it being contained in the food we eat.

Our bodies are composed wholly from the food we eat, yet no food is in a fit condition to be assimilated, or converted into flesh tissues, until it has been changed by a re-arrangement of its constituent atoms.

Man partakes of various kinds of food, yet he is sustained just as well as though his food was all of one kind. One lives upon food that differs entirely, so far as our outward senses can detect, from what another lives upon, yet both may be equally well sustained. This is because all kinds of food are changed into a similar substance before they are used in building up the tissues. The body is provided with an apparatus, the special function of which is to change the food eaten into proper condition for assimilation. The organs which have this work to do are the alimentary canal and its appendages. These, taken together, constitute what is termed the digestive apparatus ; and, upon its action, to a very great degree depends the health and maintenance of the body ; for if through overwork or weakness it fails to prepare the food for assimilation by digesting it, the body would waste away ; for the wearing-out process never ceases.

The digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated set of organs contained in the body. Some of the organs concerned in the work of digestion are very delicately constructed, and are very liable to become disabled so as to prevent them from doing their work well ; and this is sure to be the case unless they are supplied with the proper conditions. The alimentary canal in the human body is about thirty feet in length, extending from the mouth to the anus ; and, throughout its entire length, it is a very complicated organ. All the food we eat passes directly into this canal, and by it, and its auxiliary organs, becomes changed into a substance differing very materially from what it was before. After the constituent

BEHAVIOR is a mirror in which every one shows his image.

atoms of the food have been suitably re-arranged, they pass through the walls of the alimentary canal, and are taken into the circulation and carried to all parts of the body, to be used as nutriment.

Very few persons give sufficient attention to the conditions necessary to enable the digestive apparatus to do its work well. In fact, very few persons have a correct understanding of the requisite conditions. They have a knowledge of the fact that they eat food, and that the food sustains life, but how few ever consider that a large share of what they eat to-day will be part and parcel of their flesh to-morrow; and that a large share of the fecal and effete matters that are eliminated or cast out of the body to-day were flesh, and blood, and bone, of the body but a few hours since. Yet such is the case. And there are very few who ever give a moment's thought concerning the manner and place where the various changes in the food occur. Most people have an idea that in some way the food is digested in the stomach, and that it by some means gets out of the stomach to commingle with the blood. But they know little concerning how this is done, and they care less. Food is any substance which can be assimilated into the various tissues of which the body is composed. Digestion does not take place wholly in the stomach. In fact, the work is but fairly commenced in the stomach.

Our food, as supplied to us by the beneficent hand of our loving Heavenly Father, is in more or less of a solid condition. The fruits, vegetables, and grains, being many of them quite solid, while many others are semi-solid, all have to be ground, made fine and dissolved, and made fluid, before they can be digested. If we examine the digestive organs carefully, we shall find that one portion of them grinds the food, while another portion supplies the fluid to dissolve and digest it.

There are two reasons why the food must be ground fine and made fluid. 1. The work of digesting the food consists in the arranging of its constituent atoms in that particular manner that qualifies them to be used in building the body, and this work cannot be accomplished until after the reduction of the food to a fluid condition. 2. The absorbents which take up the digested food from the alimentary canal are very minute vessels, and they can only absorb fluids.

The necessity for dissolving the food calls for a suitable fluid to thus dissolve it. This fluid must be of a peculiar kind; for it not only has to dissolve the food, but it also has to do the work of re-arranging the constituent atoms of the food into a vital fluid; therefore, this digestive fluid must be a vital fluid, and must be prepared wholly in our bodies. It is secreted from the blood by certain little organs that have been constructed for that special purpose, and when proper conditions are supplied to them they do their

work well. They are the salivary glands, the gastric follicles, the pancreas, and certain little glands in the inner coat of the small intestines.

The salivary glands are situated about the lower jaw in such a manner that in the process of masticating the food the saliva is forced out into the mouth in large quantities, and becomes mingled with the food, and commences the work of digesting it. No fluids should be taken with our food, either for the purpose of dissolving it, or for the purpose of rinsing it down, for the reason that all such fluids hinder the work of digestion. Even milk, which is the natural food for babes, and also for young animals, has to be rendered solid before it can be digested. That is, the solid portion of the milk (the casein) has to be separated from the fluid portion (the whey, or serum). Otherwise the digestive fluid could not come in contact with the solid portions to re-organize (or digest) its atoms. This will be referred to farther on.

At the very commencement of the alimentary canal we find the salivary glands, six in number. The two largest are situated, one in front of each ear, covering the angle and back portion of the lower jaw, on each side of the face. These are called the parotid glands, and the ducts that lead from them are so placed that as the glands are moved by the jaw in the process of mastication the saliva is forced into the mouth. Two of the glands, the submaxillary, are situated under and behind the lower jaw, one on each side, about one and a half inches from the angle. Their office is similar to that of the parotid glands. The other two are called the sublingual glands, from being under the tongue. They are under the mucous membrane, on either side of the bridle, or cord, of the tongue, immediately behind the center of the lower jaw. The fluid secreted by these six glands is called saliva, and its office in the process of digestion is very important. It changes the organic arrangement of the food while it is yet in the mouth. Any person who wishes to test this matter can do so by taking a crust of bread and chewing it. After a little it has quite a sweetish taste. This is because the atoms that were arranged as bread, have been re-arranged, and this re-arrangement is recognized by the nerve of taste as sweetness. The longer the food is chewed, the sweeter it becomes and the finer it is ground, thus the better fitting it for the changes it must undergo in the stomach. It is very important that the food should be well masticated before it is swallowed; for if it is not, the stomach will have the more work to do.

After the food has been swallowed, it passes directly into the stomach, which is a sack or pouch formed by an enlargement of the alimentary canal, and situated immediately behind the lower end of the breast bone, and the seventh, eighth, and ninth ribs on the left side. When moderately

full, the stomach is about twelve inches long, and four inches in its transverse diameter. The stomach is generally supposed to be the organ which digests the food. It does not wholly digest it, yet it is the chief organ of digestion, and is constructed in such a complicated manner that it is very liable to get out of order unless proper conditions are supplied to it. Therefore, it should be studied with great care, and should be well taken care of.

When the food has been received into the stomach, it is pressed upon, and squeezed, and turned over and over, again and again, by the contraction of the stomach. This is for the purpose of crushing any large morsel, and also to bring all parts of the food in contact with the mucous membrane which lines the inner surface of the stomach.

The stomach is composed of several coats, or layers, of tissues, as are all parts of the alimentary canal. The outer coat is called the serous coat, because it secretes a serous fluid that is glairy like the white of an egg, and serves to keep the outer surface in such a condition that it can easily slide about as it is pushed upon by the diaphragm and abdominal muscles. Immediately underneath this serous membrane lies the muscular coat, in three layers. In the external layer the muscular fibers run lengthwise of the stomach. Those in the second layer run around the stomach in circles, completely covering it with circular fibers, while those of the third layer run obliquely around the upper, or large end of the stomach. Immediately underneath the muscular coat lies a coat of loose, elastic tissue that is quite open, like netting. This loose tissue contains the blood vessels of the stomach. Internally to this loose coat there is another coat, which is most important of all, as it contains the gastric follicles. This is the mucous membrane. It is quite thin, yet it is thick enough to allow the capillaries from the arteries to ramify all through it, and the gastric follicles to lodge in it. The mucous membrane lies in folds in the stomach, caused by its being of greater extent than are the other coats of the stomach. It is arranged thus that it may have more surface and contain more gastric follicles.

The gastric follicles are only about one-thirtieth of an inch in length, and about one two hundred and fiftieth of an inch in diameter at their mouths. Many of them are straight tubes, while others are convoluted, or are tubes with tubules projecting from them. Each of these tubes is surrounded by a still more delicate network of capillary blood vessels, some of which carry blood to the follicle for it to secrete, or manufacture into the digestive fluid, or gastric juice. Other of these capillary blood vessels carry back to the large veins such portions of the blood as are not used in producing the gastric juice. They also suck up from the cavity of the stomach such watery substances as

are not to be digested, and carry them, also, into the general circulation.

The gastric follicles secrete the gastric juice and pour it into the stomach, and, while the work of digestion is going on, this fluid stands like small drops of sweat on the entire inner surface of the stomach. The food having been first pressed together by the stomach for the purpose of separating the solid from the fluid portion, and the fluid, or watery portion, having been absorbed, or sucked up, by the venous absorbents, that is, by the capillary blood vessels which terminate in the veins, the solid portions are then turned over, and moved about, and broken up, by the contractions of the stomach until the gastric juice has permeated all through the food, and has become thoroughly mixed with it. This gastric juice digests the food and re-arranges its atoms so that it all looks whitish and milk-like. It matters not what the food is, if it is digested, it is converted into this same kind of material, which is called chyme. After the food has been formed into chyme, it passes out from the stomach into the small intestine, the first portion of which is called the duodenum.

Before following the food farther let us look at some of the conditions that are required by the stomach to enable it to do its work well. First, the food must be well masticated and insalivated; that is, it must be well mixed with saliva. If it is not well masticated the stomach will be occupied a greater length of time in digesting it, for it will have a double work to do. It will first have to supply sufficient fluid to soften the food, and it will also have to grind the food and reduce it to that state of fineness that it can be digested. This work of grinding the food it can only perform by pressing upon the food by contracting its muscular coats. This extra work soon wears the stomach out. Had the human stomach been intended to masticate or grind the food it would have been made with thick walls and rough triturating surfaces, like the gizzard of a chicken. The human stomach has three layers of muscle fibres, which run longitudinally, transversely, and obliquely, and by the contraction of these fibres the food is turned over and over, repeatedly, until all parts of it have been brought into immediate contact with the mucous membrane and receives its due amount of gastric juice.

It is by this churning process that the gastric juice is fermented all through the food, and the whole mass is thereby finally digested. This is the work the stomach is fitted to do, but it is in no way fitted to serve as a mill or even as a set of teeth.

Again, our food should not be taken in a fluid state, for the work of digestion cannot commence until the fluid is taken out of the stomach by absorption. And whenever the blood is in a thin, watery condition, and the kidneys and skin are in

any way inactive, the surplus serum of the blood is not passed off as urine and perspiration, but is retained, and such watery fluids as are absorbed from the stomach only deplete or reduce the vitality of the blood the same as if so much water was forced into the veins directly from the pump. The nerves of organic life often recognize the fact that the blood is already too thin, and as a result of this recognition, they prevent the venous absorbents from absorbing the fluid, and as a consequence the food is not digested; but it, through the warmth of the stomach, soon ferments and sours, causing inflammation of the mucous membrane, with a burning sensation commonly known as heartburn. Perhaps some of my readers may ask, How about infants, who live wholly upon food taken in a fluid state? To this inquiry I would reply, that the stomach of the infant differs from that of the adult, both in form and also in function. It is just adapted to use milk as food, and no other food is as good for it as mother's milk, provided the mother is healthy. But about the time the teeth begin to appear, the stomach undergoes a change that qualifies it to use solid food. And this change disqualifies it to use fluid food as heretofore. The person who habitually uses much fluid with his food must of necessity, sooner or later, become a dyspeptic, especially if he uses tea or coffee, or any hot drink as a substitute for these. All hot drinks relax the muscular fibres of the stomach and also the gastric follicles, causing what is known as a weak stomach.

Again, food must not be taken into the stomach in too large quantities, for if it is, the stomach becomes over-worked in digesting it, and the result is dyspepsia. Not only this, it will often happen that the warmth imparted to the food will often cause it to ferment, before the whole mass has been digested, and heartburn, or flatulency, follows, causing great distress. Another condition required by the stomach is that the food be taken at regular periods, with sufficient time after each meal for the food to be fully digested, and then after this there should be sufficient time given the stomach for rest before it begins the work of digesting a second meal. Whoever would have health must first learn what conditions are required by the digestive organs, and then he must supply those conditions, and comply with the requirements of all the laws that govern these organs.

The kitchen should be the lightest, airiest, and sunniest room in the house. Cookery in the dark is abhorrent to all our ideas of cleanliness and purity. It is worth a great sacrifice, in building a house for one's own use, to arrange that the kitchen should be on a level with the ground, or, better still, one or two easy steps above it, and should face the south as directly as possible, so that the cheery, lighting, drying, beauteous sunshine should stream into its large windows and doors all day long.

A Good Health Story.

LETTER TO A DYSPEPTIC.

YES, my dear Dolorosus, I commiserate you. I regard your case, perhaps, with even sadder emotions than that excellent family-physician who has been sounding its depths these four years with a golden plummet and has never yet touched bottom. From those generous confidences which, in common with most of your personal acquaintances, I daily share, I am satisfied that no description can do justice to your physical disintegration, unless it be the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds with which Mr. Addison winds up Cato's Soliloquy. So far as I can ascertain, there is not an organ of your internal structure which is in its right place at present, or which could perform any particular service, if it were there. In the extensive library of medical almanacs and circulars which I find daily deposited by traveling agents at my front door, among all the agonizing vignettes of diseases which adorn their covers, and which Irish Bridget daily studies with inexperienced enjoyment in the front entry, there is no case which seems to afford a parallel to yours. I found it stated in one of these works, the other day, that there is iron enough in the blood of twenty-four men to make a broadsword; but I am satisfied that it would be impossible to extract enough from the veins of yourself and your whole family to construct a crochet needle for your eldest daughter. And I am quite confident that if all the four hundred muscles of your present body were twisted together by a rope-maker, they would not furnish that patient young laborer with a needleful of thread.

You are undoubtedly, as you claim, a martyr to dyspepsia. Your case, you think, is hard. I should think it would be. Yet I am impressed by it, I must admit, as was our adopted fellow-citizen by the contemplation of Niagara. He, you remember, when pressed to admire the eternal plunge of the falling water, could only inquire, with serene acquiescence in natural laws, "And what's to hinder?" I confess myself moved to similar reflections by your disease and its history. My dear Dolorosus, can you acquaint me with any reason, in the heavens above or on the earth beneath, why you should *not* have dyspepsia?

My thoughts involuntarily wander back to that golden period, five years ago, when I spent one night and day beneath your hospitable roof. I arrived, I remember, late in the evening. The bedroom to which you kindly conducted me, after a light but wholesome supper of dough-nuts and cheese, was pleasing in respect to furniture, but questionable in regard to physiology. The house was not more than twenty years old, and the chamber must therefore have been aired within that time, but not, I should have judged, very recently. Perhaps its close, oppressive atmos-

phere could not have been analyzed into as many separate odors as Coleridge distinguished in Cologne; but I could easily identify aromatic vinegar, damp straw, lemons, and dyed silk gowns. And, as each of the windows was carefully nailed down, there were no obvious means of obtaining fresh air, save that ventilator said to be used by an eminent lady in railway cars—the human elbow. The lower bed was of straw, the upper, of feathers, whose extreme heat kept me awake for a portion of the night, and whose abundant fluffy exhalations suggested incipient asthma during another portion. On rising from these rather unrefreshing slumbers, I performed my morning ablutions with the aid of some three teacupfuls of dusty water—for the pitcher probably held that quantity—availing myself, also, of something which hung over an elegant towel-horse, and which, though I at first took it for a child's handkerchief, proved, on inspection, to be "Chamber Towel, No. 1."

I remember, as I entered the breakfast-room, a vague steam, as of frying sausages, which, creeping in from the neighboring kitchen, obscured in some degree the six white faces of your wife and children. The breakfast-table was amply covered, for you were always what is termed by judicious housewives, "a good provider." I remember how the beefsteak (for the sausages were especially destined for your two youngest Dolorosi, who were just recovering from the measles, and needed something light and palatable) vanished in large, rectangular masses within your throat, drawn downward in a maelstrom of coffee;—only that the original whirlpool is, I believe, now proved to have been imaginary;—"that cup was a fiction, but this is reality." The resources of the house also afforded certain very hot biscuits or bread-cakes in a high state of saleratus—indeed, it must have been from association with these that certain yellow streaks in Mr. Ruskin's drawing of the rock, at the Athenæum, awakened in me such an immediate sense of indigestion—also, fried potatoes, baked beans, mince-pie, and pickles. The children partook of these dainties largely, but without undue waste of time. They lingered at table precisely eight minutes, before setting out for school; though we, absorbed in conversation, remained at least ten; after which we instantly hastened to your counting-room, where you, without a moment's delay, absorbed yourself in your ledger, while I flirted languidly with the *Daily Advertiser*.

You bent over your desk the whole morning, occasionally having anxious consultation with certain sickly men whom I supposed to be superannuated book-keepers, in impoverished circumstances, and rather pallid from the want of nutritious food. One of them, dressed in rusty black, with a flabby white neckcloth, I took for an ex-clergyman; he was absorbed in the last number of the *Independent*, though I observed, at length, that he was only studying the list of failures, a

department to which, as it struck me, he himself peculiarly appertained. All of these, I afterwards ascertained from your office-boy, were eminent capitalists; something had gone wrong in the market—not in the meat-market, as I should have supposed from their appearance, but in the money-market. I believe that there was some sudden fall in the price of indigo. I know you looked exceedingly blue as we walked home to dinner.

Dinner was ready the instant we opened the front door. I expected as much; I knew the pale, speechless woman who sat at the head of your table would make sure of punctuality, if she died for it. We took our seats without a word. The party was smaller than at breakfast. Two of the children had staid at school, having their luncheon-baskets well filled from the cold remains of breakfast. Your eldest girl, Angelina, aged ten, one of those premature little grown women who have learned from the cradle that man is born to eat pastry and woman to make it, postponed her small repast until an indefinite future, and sat meekly ready to attend upon our wants. Nathaniel, a thin boy of eight, also partook but slightly, having impaired his appetite, his mother suspected, by a copious luncheon of cold baked beans and vinegar, on his return from school. The two youngest (twins) had relapsed to their couches soon after breakfast, in consequence of excess of sausage.

You were quite agreeable in conversation, I remember, after the first onset of appetite was checked. You gave me your whole theory of the indigo crisis, with minute details, statistical and geographical, of the financial condition and supposed present location of your principal absconding debtors. This served for what is called, at public dinners, the intellectual feast; while the carnal appetite was satisfied with fried pork, ditto roasted, strong coffee, turnips, potatoes, and a good deal of gravy. For dessert (at which point Nathaniel regained his appetite) we had mince-pie, apple-pie, and lemon-pie, the latter being a structure of a two-story description, an additional staging of crust being somehow inserted between upper and under. We lingered long at that noon meal—fifteen minutes, at the very least; for you hospitably said that you did not have these little social festivals very often—owing to frequent illness in the family, and other causes—and must make the most of it.

I did not see much of you during that afternoon; it was a magnificent day, and I said that, being a visitor, I would look about and see the new buildings. * * * * *

As we walked home, you gave me a precise exhibit of your income and expenditures for the last five years, and a prospective sketch of the same for the next ten; winding up with an incidental delineation of the importance, to a man of business, of a good pew in some respectable place of

worship. We found Mrs. D., as usual, ready at the table; we partook of pound-cake, or pound-and-a-half, I should say, and sundry hot cups of a very cisatlantic beverage, called by the Chinese epithet of tea—and went, immediately after, to a prayer-meeting. The church or chapel was much crowded, and there was a certain something in the atmosphere which seemed to disqualify my faculties from comprehending a single word that was spoken. It certainly was not that the ventilators were closed, for there were none. The minister occasionally requested that the windows might be let down a little, and the deacons invariably closed them again when he looked the other way. At intervals, females were carried out in a motionless condition—not, as it appeared, from conviction of sin, but from faintness. You sat, absorbed in thought, with your eyes closed, and seemed not to observe them. I remember that you were very much shocked when I suggested that the breath of an average sinner exhausted atmospheric air at the rate of a hoghead an hour, and asked you how much allowance the laws of the universe made for the lungs of church-members? I do not recall your precise words, but I remember that I finally found it expedient, as I was to leave for home in the early train, to spend that night at the neighboring hotel, where I indulged, on an excellent mattress, in a slumber so profound that it seemed, next morning, as if I ought, as Dick Swiveller suggested to the single gentleman, to pay for a double-bedded room.

Well, that is all over now. You have given up business, from ill-health, and exhibit a ripe old age, possibly a little over-ripe, at thirty-five. Your dreams of the forthcoming ten years have not been exactly fulfilled; you have not precisely retired on a competency, because the competency retired from you. Indeed, the suddenness with which your physician compelled you to close up your business left it closed rather imperfectly, so that most of the profits are found to have leaked out. You are economizing rather strictly, just now, in respect to everything but doctor's bills. The maternal Dolorosa is boarding somewhere in the country, where the children certainly will not have more indigestible food than they had at home, and may get less of it in quantity, to say nothing of more air and exercise to aid digestion. They are not, however, in perfect condition. The twins are just getting up from scarlet fever; Nathaniel has been advised to leave school for a time; and something is thought to be the matter with Angelina's back. Meanwhile, you are haunting water-cures, experimenting on life-pills, holding private conferences with medical electricians, and thinking of a trip to the Bermudas.

You are learning, through all this, the sagest maxims of resignation, and trying to apply them. "Life is hard, but short," you say; "Providence is inscrutable; we must submit to its mysterious

decrees." Would it not be better, my dear Dolorosus, to say instead, "Life is noble and immortal; God is good; we must obey his plain laws, or accept his beneficent penalties?" The rise and fall of health are no more accidental than the rise and fall of indigo; but it is the duty of those concerned in either commodity to keep their eyes open, and learn the business intelligently. Of the three proverbial *desiderata*, it is as easy to be healthy as to be wealthy, and much easier than to be wise, except so far as health and wisdom mean the same thing. After health, indeed, the other necessities of life are very simple, and easily obtained. * * *

You are probably aware, my dear Dolorosus—for I remember you were destined by your parents for the physician of your native sea-side village, until you found a more congenial avocation in curing mackerel—that the ancient medals represented the goddess Hygeia with a serpent three times as large as that carried by Æsculapius, to denote the superiority of hygiene to medicine, prevention to cure. To seek health as you are now seeking it, regarding every new physician as if he were Pandora, and carried hope at the bottom of his medicine-chest, is really rather unpromising. This perpetual self-inspection of yours, registering your pulse thrice a day, as if it were a thermometer and you an observer for the Smithsonian—these long consultations with the other patients in the dreary parlor of the infirmary, the morning devoted to debates on the nervous system, the afternoon to meditations on the stomach, and the evenings to soliloquies on the spine—will do you no good. The more you know, under these circumstances, the worse it will be for you. You will become like Boerhaave's hypochondriacal student, who, after every lecture, believed himself to be the victim of the particular disease just expounded. We may even think too much about *health*—and certainly too much about *illness*. I solemnly believe that the very best thing that could be done for you at this moment, you unfortunate individual, would be to buy you a saddle-horse and a revolver, and start you to-morrow for the Rocky Mountains, with distinct instructions to treat any man as a Border Ruffian who should venture to allude to the subject of disease in your presence.

But I can not venture to hope that you will do anything so reasonable. The fascinations of your present life are too overwhelming. When an invalid once begins to enjoy the contemplation of his own woes, as you appear to do, it is all over with him. Besides, you urge, and perhaps justly, that your case has already gone too far for so rough a tonic. What, then, can I do for you? Medicine I can not offer; for even your respectable family-physician occasionally hints that you need something different from that. I suspect that all rational advice for you may be summed up in one prescription: Reverse instantly all the habits of your previous physical existence, and there may be some chance for you. But perhaps I had better enter more into detail.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

(Concluded Next Month.)

How Some Women Kill Themselves.

WHILE a very stylish looking young lady was passing down Michigan Grand Avenue, she suddenly fell to the walk in a dead faint. Several ladies gathered around and had her removed inside the market, where sprinkles of camphor and water brought her to, but only to faint again. One of the ladies then unhooked the dress of the unconscious victim, and found that her corset strings had been drawn so tightly that the ribs had been well-nigh crushed in. A knife was brought into requisition to cut the laces, and within a moment thereafter, the lady was able to stand up, and soon got into a carriage and proceeded homeward.

Fashion has decreed that women's waists must be reduced to a gunbarrel size, if possible, and this was a fashionable lady, determined to reduce her waist to the standard size, even if she laced the life out of her body. What induced her, or what induces any lady, to imagine that they look more genteel, or more refined, or more lovely, with a waist like a broom stick, instead of the one nature gave them, is more than can be explained. The strongest man in the world could not live a day with his body imprisoned between the jaws of a corset, and how a woman stands the squeezing is a mystery. One of the best physicians in the city says that half of his practice comes from victims of tight-lacing, who have a rush of blood to the head, cold feet and hands, fever, and palpitation of the heart, dyspepsia and indigestion.—*Sel.*

Clothing.

THE first clothes that mortals wore were made by the Lord God; but a good many of the later suits and styles show plainly enough that the devil has had more to do with them. The Lord's garments were made of durable material, and were warm, comfortable, modest, and decent; and that is more than can be said of much of the raiment for which persons now take thought.

The devil rules the fashions. They come from the wickedest cities in the world, and Christian mothers squander the Lord's money and waste the precious hours of life that they may ape the styles which the gay harlots of Europe have planned to lure fools to destruction.

Not like "the skins of beasts" of which the Lord made coats, are the materials which the servants of Satan prepare, but fig-leaf aprons, gossamer veils, fabrics which hardly hide the nakedness of their wearers, and which allow death to shoot his arrows without restraint, largely compose the fashionable clothing of the day.

Fashions, outlandish, inconvenient, unhealthy, and indecent, are worn until modesty, virtue, health, and life itself, are sacrificed. In the common walks of respectable American society not

one woman in five can draw a natural breath to-day to save her life; and not one in ten but would, with a dress of ample size, expand about the waist six inches within six months, and thus double her powers of service, endurance, and enjoyment. But none of them dress tight! and *all* of them are *sick*. There is probably not, among the refined and fashionable classes in the United States, one *well* woman in a hundred; and there are multitudes of persons who do not know a strong, healthy woman in all the circle of their acquaintance.

O women, mothers, sisters, and daughters, on whose health, life, and piety, so much depends, turn your hearts away from these vanities. Remember, your bodies should be temples of the Holy Ghost. Lay off the tawdry ornaments of fashion, the tinsel with which Satan garlands the victims who are led captive at his will, and let your adorning be that "of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."—*Sel.*

Good Health as an Element of Success.

IT is no exaggeration to say that health is a large ingredient in what the world calls talent. A man without it may be a giant in intellect, but his deeds will be the deeds of a dwarf. On the contrary, let him have a quick circulation, a good digestion, the bulk, thews, and sinews of a man, and the alacrity, the unthinking confidence inspired by these, and though having but a thimbleful of brains, he will either blunder upon success, or set failure at defiance. It is true, especially in this country, that the number of centaurs in every community—of men in whom heroic intellects are allied with bodily constitution as tough as horses—is small; that in general, a man has reason to think himself well off in the lottery of life if he draws the prize of a healthy stomach with a mind, or a prize of a healthy stomach without a mind, or a prize of a fine intellect with a crazy stomach.

But of the two, a weak mind in a herculean frame is better than a giant mind in a crazy constitution. A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy. Wit, judgment, imagination, eloquence, all the qualities of the mind, attain with a vigorous constitution a force and splendor impossible without it. A mechanic may have tools of the sharpest edge and highest polish; but what are these without a vigorous arm and hand? Of what use is it that your mind has become a vast granary of knowledge, if you have not strength to turn the key?—*Home and Health.*

Oh, madness! to think the use of strongest tea,
And strongest drinks, our chief support of health,
When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong beyond compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

MRS. WHITE'S DEPARTMENT.

"COLD AS CHARITY."

THESE lines, the writer informs us, were suggested by facts which came to her knowledge, and deeply pained her heart. We trust, however, and believe that her experience is exceptional.

"COME, Bridget, hand the dinner in!
 'Tis ready, do n't you see?
 What makes you wait so long? 'T will soon
 Be cold as charity."
 As Katy's words fell on my ear,
 This question came to mind;
 Can it be so? Is charity
 A frozen thing, and blind?
 We always think of charity,
 As genial, warm and true,
 The doing unto others as
 You'd have them do to you.
 And then I looked about the world,
 In every sort of home
 That ope's its doors to wanderers,
 Compelled by want to roam.
 Those institutions where the sick
 Are offered beds and care,
 Were freely scanned, and oh! my heart
 Grew faint, and cried for air.
 Not air to fill the lungs, and keep
 The body moving on,
 But now and then a breath of love,
 Like that which moved St. John.
 In some few hospitals and homes,
 A heavenly light is shed
 By those who nurse the afflicted poor,
 And soothe the dying bed.
 But ah! in some the atmosphere
 Is cold, and dark, and dead;
 And many yearning ones for whom
 Our precious Lord hath bled,
 Are cursed and taunted, when they dare
 In agony to groan,
 Or howsoever humbly seek
 To make their wishes known.
 Must these things be? Oh, God forbid!
 In pity, help thy poor,
 The worn and weary, suffering souls,
 Who wait at Dives' door.

—Sel.

Proper Education.

HEALTH is a great treasure. It is the richest possession we can have. Wealth, honor, or learning, is dearly purchased, if it be at the loss of the vigor of health. None of these attainments can secure happiness if health is wanting. It is a terrible sin to abuse the health God has given us. Every abuse of health enfeebles for life, and makes us losers, even if we gain any amount of education.

Parents who are wealthy, in many cases do not feel the importance of giving their children an education in the practical duties of life, as well as in the sciences. They do not see the necessity, for the good of their children's minds and morals, and for their future usefulness, of giving them a

thorough understanding in useful labor. This is due their children, that, if misfortune should come, they could maintain noble independence, having a knowledge how to use their hands. If they have a capital of strength, they cannot be poor, even if they have not a dollar. Many, who in youth are in affluent circumstances, may be robbed of all their riches, with parents and brothers and sisters dependent upon them for sustenance. Then how important that the youth be educated to labor, that they may be prepared for any emergency. Riches are indeed a curse when the possessors let them stand in the way of their sons' and daughters' obtaining a knowledge of useful labor, that they may be qualified for practical life.

Those who are not compelled to labor, frequently do not have active exercise sufficient for physical health. Young men, for want of having their minds and hands employed in active labor, will acquire habits of indolence, and will frequently be obtaining, what is to be most dreaded, a street education, lounging about stores, smoking, drinking, and playing cards.

The young ladies will read and excuse themselves from active labor, because they are in delicate health. Their feebleness is generally the result of their lack of exercising the muscles. They may think they are too feeble to do household work, but will work at crochet and tating, and preserve the delicate paleness of their hands and faces, while their care-burdened mothers toil hard in washing and ironing their garments. These ladies transgress the fifth commandment. They do not honor their parents. But the mother is most to blame. She has indulged and excused her daughters from bearing their share of household duties, until work becomes distasteful to them, and they love, and enjoy, delicate idleness. They will eat, and sleep, and read novels, and talk of the fashions. Their lives are useless.

Poverty, in many cases, is a blessing; for it prevents youth and children from being ruined by inaction. The physical should be cultivated and properly developed, as well as the mental. The first and constant care of parents should be that their children may have firm constitutions, that they may be sound men and women. It is impossible to attain this object without physical exercise. Children, for their own physical health and moral good, should be taught to work, even if there is no necessity as far as want is concerned. If they would have virtuous and pure characters, they must have the discipline of well-regulated labor, which will bring into exercise all the muscles. The satisfaction children will have in being useful, of denying themselves to help others, will be the most healthful pleasure they ever enjoyed. Why should the wealthy rob themselves and their dear children of this great blessing?

Parents, inaction is the greatest curse that ever came upon you. Your daughters should not be allowed to lie late in bed in the morning, sleeping away the precious hours lent them of God to be used for the best purpose, and for which they will have to give an account to God. The mother is doing her daughters great injury in bearing the burdens the daughters should share with her for their own present good and future benefit. The course many parents have pursued in allowing their children to be indolent, and to gratify a desire for reading romance, is unfitting them for real life. Novel and story-book reading are the greatest evils that youth can indulge in. Novel and love-story readers always fail to make good, practical mothers. They live in an unreal world. They are air-castle builders, living in an imaginary world. They become sentimental, and have sick fancies. Their artificial life spoils them for anything useful. They are dwarfed in intellect, although they may flatter themselves that they are superior in mind and manners. Exercise in household labor will be of the greatest advantage to young girls.

Physical labor will not prevent the cultivation of the intellect. Far from this. The advantages gained by physical labor will balance them, that the mind shall not be overworked. The toil will then come upon the muscles, and relieve the wearied brain. There are many listless, useless girls who consider it unlady-like to engage in active labor. But their characters are too transparent to deceive sensible persons in regard to their real worthlessness. They will simper and giggle, and are all affectation. They appear as though they could not speak their words fairly and squarely, but torture all they say with lisping and simpering. Are these ladies? They were not born fools, but were educated such. It does not require a frail, helpless, overworked, simpering thing to make a lady. A sound body is required for a sound intellect. Physical soundness and a practical knowledge in all the necessary household duties, are never a hindrance to a well-developed intellect, but highly important for a lady.

All the powers of the mind should be called into use, and developed, in order for men and women to have well-balanced minds. The world is full of one-sided men and women, because one set of the faculties are cultivated, while others are dwarfed from inaction. The education of most youth is a failure. They over-study, while they neglect that which pertains to practical business life. Men and women become parents without considering their responsibilities, and their offspring sink lower in the scale of human deficiency than they themselves. Thus we are fast degenerating. The constant application to study, as the schools are now conducted, is unfitting youth for practical life. The human mind will have action. If it is not active in the right direction, it will be active

in the wrong. And in order to preserve the balance of the mind, labor and study should be united in the schools.

There should have been in past generations provisions made for education upon a larger scale. In connection with the schools should have been agricultural and manufacturing establishments. There should have been teachers also of household labor. There should have been a portion of the time each day devoted to labor, that the physical and mental might be equally exercised. If schools had been established upon the plan we have mentioned, there would not now be so many unbalanced minds. E. G. W.

God speed the brave woman
 With life undefiled,
 Who can wash her own dishes
 And dress her own child!
 Who pities the slaves
 Under Fashion's control,
 Who deck out the body
 And famish the soul.
 Then wield the pen, sister,
 True woman and friend,
 Till thy race own its folly,
 And haste to amend.

A Mutual Reform.

AN early caller who had happened to drop into the usually cheery breakfast parlor of the Hildreth's, one morning in December, would have found something forbidding and uncomfortable in the air. Not exactly a "family jar," for the Hildreth's were too well-bred for such a mishap; still the family equanimity was somewhat disturbed. Mr. Hildreth, usually grave and stately, looked very stiff and stern; Mrs. Hildreth looked sad, and had a suspicious moisture in her eyes; Miss Hildreth looked half vexed and wholly grieved; and the cause of this "little unpleasantness," handsome, reckless Owen Hildreth, sat with a sullen, defiant look upon his usually too merry face, that ill replaced the smiles for which the laughing mouth and flashing, black eyes seemed made.

Something of remorse, too, was in his look, although his pride struggled hard to conceal it. His sister saw it, as she always saw every change of expression in the face of her idolized brother, but his mother did not see it; nor his father; if he had, perhaps his voice and manner would have been less stern when he spoke to Owen.

"And now, sir," he concluded a previous exhortation, "I want you to understand that this sort of thing must cease! You are disgracing your family, and ruining your prospects for life; at the rate at which you are now progressing, you will be a worthless *roue* by the time you are thirty. I have counselled you and entreated you to abandon your dissipated habits; advice, entreaty, has done no good, and I shall now *command* you to make an immediate reform."

And Mr. Hildreth rose and walked stiffly from the room, followed by his meek better half.

Owen remained gloomily silent, with his curly head resting upon his hands, and feeling an uncomfortable wish that his sister would say something, combined with an equally uncomfortable hope that she would n't. Presently, a caressing pair of arms stole about his neck, a soft cheek was laid against his flushed brow, and his sister's sweet voice whispered gently :—

"Owen, dear, don't feel so ; papa is right, you know he is, Owen."

Owen made no reply, but bent his head a little lower, while a very perceptible tremor shook his frame. Kate smoothed his dark curls, and whispered again :—

"Now, Owen, you know you've been a naughty boy, and you should not be angry at papa. You know how much he hopes for you."

"He expects too much!" replied Owen, sharply. "He seems to think a fellow ought to develop into a man of business, as soon as he leaves college!"

"Now, Owen!" remonstrated Kate; "you know better, you know papa does n't expect more than you ought to be willing to do, why won't you listen to reason?"

"I'll listen to anything from *you*, Kate," he exclaimed, lifting his head and looking into her sweet face.

Kate laughed, and taking a seat beside him, she said, coaxingly :—

"All that papa asks of you, Owen, is to give up the society of fast young men with whom you go about so much, abandon the dissipations into which you are falling, and try to form sober and steady habits."

Owen said nothing, and Kate urged :—

"Now, won't you try, dear Owen?"

Owen looked at her curiously, as he answered :—

"Kate, I'll make you an offer. I'll reform if *you* will!"

"If I will?" queried Kate, puzzled.

"Yes," replied her brother, with a nod. "You are just as dissipated in your way as I in mine. You go to balls and parties every night, and spend as much for dress as I do for wines and cigars. You waltz every night with men fully as bad as those to whom you object as associates for me. Now, I tell you again, I will reform if you will!"

Kate looked very thoughtful; this was a new idea to her. It never occurred to her that she was as dissipated as her brother.

"Well, Kate," said Owen, roguishly, after quite a silence; "what do you say?"

"I agree!" said Kate, impulsively. "I will leave my follies if you will yours. We will reform together."

"All right!" and Owen tossed back his curls with boyish gayety, as he kissed his sister's cheek by the way of sealing the compact.

So from that time forth, the ball-room missed

Kate Hildreth; while the ranks of the dissolute saw no more of her brother. The mutual promise was well kept.—*Fireside Companion*.

Aspirations.

Now don't be frightened, dear reader, I am not going to inflict upon you a long, dry essay on this old worn-out subject, but only to tell you of a fair-haired, blue-eyed woman, Clara Deane by name, who had aspirations. Lofty aspirations she called them; spirit longings, and a great many other fine names she gave to her discontent. For the long and short of it was, Clara was a discontented woman; and so, my dear sir, or madam, are you, who think you are a little better than common, vulgarly contented people, because you have aspirations.

May Heaven preserve me from these same aspirations! Yes, Clara was discontented, when she ought to have been very happy. She had a pleasant little cottage home; a husband with just the warmest heart, full of kindest sympathies, with love and good will for every living thing, and loving Clara with a strong, true, manly love; she had, beside, three little rosy-cheeked, gleesome children, Allen, Sue, and baby Joey. So, out of pure gratitude, she should have been happy.

But her husband, with all his good qualities, had not one bit of sentiment, which was a great grief to Mrs. Clara; almost as great a grief to her, perhaps, as her "spirit longings" were to him.

But the head and front of his offending, in her eyes, was, he was a farmer, and poor, so that they kept no servants, and Clara was obliged to cook potatoes and meat, mix bread and make pies; when all the while she felt her mission to be something far higher—to walk the realms of fancy; to gain, as she felt she was capable of doing, the pinnacle of literary glory. Instead, she must darn little Allen's stockings, or mend Sue's dress, or hush to sleep peevish, tired little Joey, until sometimes she almost felt the little clinging arms to be fetters binding her to her hated tasks and hindering her in the full development of her higher spiritual nature.

How could her heart be in her homely tasks, she asked herself, when it so longed to be soaring among the stars, to give utterance to the burning thoughts, the brilliantly glowing conceptions of her lofty soul.

Poor, mistaken Clara! Her constant repining cast a gloom over the home that should have been one of the brightest in the land. Her husband felt that in some way he failed to make her life happy, though this had been his most earnest wish.

The little ones sought him for sympathy in all their little griefs, and not the silent mother, who so seldom had more than a sigh, or at most, a quiet kiss, for these little hindrances. But Prov-

idence sometimes manages these things for us ; and now by what sorrow was Clara awakened from her morbid discontent. An epidemic fever swept through the country, and many a bright young life went out.

When the terrible scourge had passed, Clara sat with an almost breaking heart amid her broken idols ; for mother love had not been dead in her heart, only covered over by a vague unrest.

Within her darkened, silent home there was now no merry shouts and laughter, no childish voices. They were all gone, her jewels ! First, noble little Allen, then darling baby Joey, and last of all, patient, loving, little Sue. Now, Clara's little hindrances are gone ; the little feet, so soon wearied in the life-path, are at rest ; the little fettering arms lie quietly beneath three little mounds ; and now she can develop "her higher spiritual nature." But, oh, the aching of the sad, sad heart ! How did she long for the prattling voices, the noisy, restless feet that had so often disturbed her. She would give worlds were they hers to give, to hear that music again. Over those three graves Clara vowed to be a truer wife, a better woman. And now, though they are lonely—*how* lonely none can tell who have not lost their treasures—they are drawn nearer each other by this mutual sorrow ; and if they have not great happiness, they have found instead, blessedness.

Why are we so apt to underrate our woman's duties, to think house-work low, fit only for ignorant people who have scarcely a thought beyond what they shall eat, or what they shall drink, or wherewithal they shall be clothed ?

There is no higher mission for woman than home duties. There is none which needs greater refinement, mental or moral ; none which calls for superior intellectual endowments. There are other missions for women, and honorable ; but true womanhood, in its loftiest sense, is the true wife and true mother ; and she who scrubs the kitchen floor or daintily cleans the windows, making home comfortable and happy, fulfills a mission as high, perhaps higher, than she who gives her thoughts to the world clothed in beautiful language.—*Sel.*

LONG TRAILS.—The *Revolution* does not approve of one of the fashions. This spritely paper says :—

It is both in sorrow and in anger that we notice, in these days, the lengthening of skirts for street wear, so that the back breadths dip into the dirt, just enough to thoroughly befoul the border of a woman's garment. A few inches more or less of silk or cashmere seem now to furnish a line of separation between the bespotted follower of fashion, who is in the hands of her dressmaker, like a puppet pulled by a string, and the rational-minded human being who judges for herself what things

are decent and seemly for a woman to wear. We do not hesitate to pronounce the present style of street sweeper, which women are beginning to adopt, altogether vile. It is a degrading badge of servitude, and a woman who respects herself is culpable for copying and extending such a dirty and senseless style. No woman, if she is not an idiot, in these days when physiological laws and rational ideas ought to exert some little influence in introducing healthy and convenient costumes, can excuse herself for allowing a modiste to tack on to her person an appendage calculated to outrage every idea of decency by wiping up the tobacco filth and miscellaneous litter of our dirty side-walks."

Unaired Chambers.

I PASS some houses in every town whose windows might as well be sealed in with the walls for any purpose they have but to let in the light. They are never opened, summer or winter. In winter it is too cold ; in the summer the flies stray in, or, if they are netted, the dust sifts through the nets. Now I can tell a person who inhabits such chambers when I pass him in the street—there is such a smell about his clothing. I always wish for a sniff of cologne, or hartshorn, or burnt feathers, or something of the sort, to "take the taste out." A house that is never aired has every nook and corner filled with stale odors of cooked meats, boiled vegetables, especially cabbage and onions, which, as the weeks go by, literally reek in their hiding places.

Who has not wished sometimes to hang a new servant's clothing out of doors some frosty night until it should be thoroughly aired ? But I have seen the fine ladies come sweeping into church with their velvets and silks, when said velvets and silks gave unmistakable evidence of having been housed in just such shut-up chambers. Oh, what a tale that odor of pork and cabbage tells about the lady's style of housekeeping ! The very garments of the children tell the same story of uncleanness. It is bad to have unwashed clothes, but there may be an excuse for it. But what excuse can there be for unaired ones, when air is so cheap and free ? There is death in such unaired chambers. Better a swarm of flies or a cloud of dust, better frost and snow in a room, than these intolerable smells.

Dear girls, the first thing in the morning, when you are ready to go down stairs, throw open your windows, take apart the clothing of your beds, and let the wind blow through it as hard as it will. There is health and wealth in such a policy. It helps to keep away the doctors with their long bills. It helps to make your eyes sparkle, and to make your cheeks glow, and to make others love your presence. Girls who live in these close, shut-up rooms can only be tolerated at the best in any circle.—*Country Gentleman.*

Items for the Month.

To Delinquents.

We hereby notify all delinquents that this is the last number of the REFORMER they will receive unless they pay up, and renew. See the paster on this number. If the figures are 8-1, your subscription expired with the December number. 8-2 expired with January; 8-3, February; 8-4, March; 8-5 will expire with April. All delinquents are urgently invited to pay up to January, 1874, and not suffer their names to be stricken from our lists.

PUBLISHERS.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of the friends of health reform, especially in the State of California, to the notice of Dr. S. W. McConihy's Hygienic Home at Sacramento, Cal., given on the last page of the cover.

Those in want of small fruit plants, roots, and vines, can obtain them of W. C. WHITE for less than one-half the usual prices of nursery agents, and will be sure of good articles, safely packed, and sent at the right time. See notice on last page of cover.

E. J. C., of York, Pa., says:—"Our poison M. D.'s have set all our men to using tobacco for their health, and rum is an every-day dose for all the ills that flesh is heir to. The REFORMER is a wide-awake David. I hope you will sling the biggest stones you can find at the great poison giant. You can't knock his brains out, though, for he don't have any."

Then and Now.

DR. FRANKLIN describes the farmer's condition in 1776 as follows:—

Farmer at the plough,
Wife milking cow,
Daughter spinning yarn,
Sons threshing in the barn—
All happy to a charm.

Another writer gives the account of 1871 as follows, applicable, at least, to some latitudes:—

The farmer gone to see a show,
His daughter at the piano,
Madame gaily dressed in satin—
All the boys are learning latin,
With a mortgage on the farm!

The best preparation for a fine head of hair is good health. The best and cheapest means are the proper use of a hair-brush and pure water.

A KIND *no* is often more agreeable than a rough *yes*.

No reformation can be relied on which is not founded on intelligence, associated with strict religious principles.

OUR BOOK LIST.

The books named below will be furnished by mail, post-paid, at the prices given. By the quantity, at the Office, or delivered at the express or R. R. freight offices, for cash accompanying orders, at one-third discount on those books published at this Office. Those books in this list not published by us will be furnished by us as low as by their publishers.

Health and Diseases of Woman. By R. T. TRALL, M. D. Price, post-paid, 20 cts.

The Hygienic System. By R. T. Trall, M. D. Published at this Office. It is just the work for the time, and should be read by the million. Price, post-paid, 20 cents.

Tobacco-Using. A philosophical exposition of the Effects of Tobacco on the Human System. By R. T. TRALL, M. D. Published at this Office. Price, post-paid, 20 cents.

Cook Book, and Kitchen Guide: comprising recipes for the preparation of hygienic food, directions for canning fruit, &c., together with advice relative to change of diet. Published at this Office. Price, post-paid, 20 cents.

Science of Human Life. This is a valuable pamphlet, containing three of the most important of Graham's twenty-five Lectures on the Science of Human Life—eighth, the Organs and their Uses; thirteenth, Man's Physical Nature and the Structure of His Teeth; fourteenth, the Dietetic Character of Man. Published at this Office. Price, post-paid, 35 cents.

Hand Book of Health.—Physiology and Hygiene. Published at this Office. Price, post-paid, 75 cents; paper cover, 40 cents.

Hydropathic Encyclopedia. TRALL. Price, post-paid, \$4.50.

Water Cure for the Million. TRALL. Price, post-paid, 30 cents.

Uterine Diseases and Displacements. TRALL. Price, post-paid, \$3.00.

Science of Human Life. By SYLVESTER GRAHAM, M. D. His complete work of twenty-five Lectures. Price, post-paid, \$3.00.

Hydropathic Family Physician. By JOEL SHEW, M. D. Price, post-paid, \$3.50.

Domestic Practice. JOHNSON. Price, post-paid, \$1.75.

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