

The Health Reformer.

OUR PHYSICIAN, NATURE: OBEY AND LIVE.

VOL. 7.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JULY, 1872.

NO. 7.

THE HEALTH REFORMER

IS ISSUED MONTHLY BY

The Health Reform Institute,

BATTLE CREEK MICHIGAN.

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Terms: $\$1$ One Dollar per Year, invariably in Advance.
Address HEALTH REFORMER, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE SUMMER SHOWERS.

BEFORE the stout harvesters falleth the grain
As when the strong storm-wind is reaping the plain;
And loiters the boy in the briary lane;
But yonder aslant comes the silvery rain,
Like a long line of spears brightly burnished and tall.

Adown the white highway, like cavalry fleet,
It dashes the dust with its numberless feet.
Like a murmuring school, in their leafy retreat,
The wild birds sit listening, the drops round them beat;
And the boy crouches close to the blackberry wall.

The swallows alone take the storm on their wing,
And, taunting the tree-sheltered laborers, sing;
Like pebbles the rain breaks the face of the spring,
While a bubble darts up from each widening ring,
And the boy, in dismay, hears the loud shower fall.

But soon are the harvesters tossing the sheaves;
The robin darts out from his bower of leaves;
The wren peereth forth from the moss-covered eaves;
And the rain-spattered urchin now gladly perceives
That the beautiful bow bendeth over them all.

—T. Buchanan Read.

Misapplied Hygiene, Mental and Physical.

THERE is quite a difference between the theory of any subject and the practical application of it. There are many theoretical mechanics who can plan a piece of work even to the minutest points and intricacies, but have no ability to take up the tools and carry out their designs. So in the medical art, many theories are put forth whereby life may be prolonged; but, in applying those theories, many patients fall victims to misapplied theories which, when fully tested, prove the most destructive to human life.

There are even many true and common-sense principles in vogue for the bettering of the condition of suffering humanity, which, from a wrong application, prove a hindrance to the recovery of the sick. The hygienic system perhaps suffers more from this cause than any other, from the fact that many think because drugs are discarded, any one can successfully practice the

“true healing art.” This is very far from being the case. Those who meddle with hygienic agencies are handling a potent system, which can do great good or a vast amount of harm. An erroneous idea prevails among mankind generally that if a “little does good, much will do more good,” and thus they are continually dosing with medicine or dabbling with other agencies in hopes of a speedy recovery of health. But dame nature is very conservative in her actions, and can sometimes be coaxed, but never driven. Yet the idea with the sick and their friends is constantly kept in view that “something must be done.”

One patient, being slightly indisposed, took Wright's Vegetable Pills to the amount of seventeen. As they did not operate as he desired, thirteen more were taken, making the matter still worse. As a last resort, he came to me for help. By a thorough alcoholic sweat, he was relieved in about an hour, and declared he would take no more such strong medicine; but, in a few weeks, he again resorted to strong drugging.

A hygienist, getting treatment every other day by the advice of her physicians, took a wash-off every morning in her room for fear she should not gain fast enough; thus over-urging nature to work beyond her resources, she stood directly in the way of nature's quiet way of doing business.

If people would pay more attention to mental hygiene and less to treatment of any kind, there would be many less aches and ills in life, and a better state of society generally. The study of mind is a theme of vast importance, but how few rightly understand its powerful resources in health and disease. How many there are who are lost to the world because of a diseased imagination, shutting themselves up to their “peculiar feelings,” who, by a little study of mental hygiene, would come the nearest to finding the elixir of life. But the most hopeless task of all is to convince these sentimental patients of the erroneous ideas entertained by them. They will many times lawyer their points through in spite of friends or physician, and thus tax the time and patience of all who come in contact with them, year after year, when there may not be the least cause for such a state outside of a morbid mind, induced by want of proper exercise and dietetic relations.

And worst of all may be the habitual practice

of novel-reading. Too much reading of any kind befores the mind, for not a tithe of what is read is retained.

All parts of the body need exercise to invigorate and develop the whole frame, so that all its members may each act in harmony with the whole, and thus become able to bear alike the burdens of life.

J. H. GINLEY, M. D.

Health Institute, Battle Creek.

Electricity.

THE question is often asked us, "Do you make use of electricity at the Health Institute?" For the benefit of all, we answer, Yes. We have the most approved and scientific apparatus for its application ever invented. It is known as the "Electro-Thermal Bath." It is so arranged that the electric current is under perfect control of the operator, who is enabled to throw it in a single part of the body, or over the whole surface, at pleasure. It is safe and pleasant to take, is adapted alike to the wants of the weakest infant or the most robust adult, and comes the nearest to being a specific for acute and chronic diseases of any medical agent with which we are acquainted, and eliminates drugs from the system. It combines all that is really useful in the hot air bath, or Turkish bath, and far excels the far-famed mineral springs. It soothes, invigorates, and rejuvenates, the whole system, and is one of the most potent remedies in the whole materia medica.

We shall leave no means untried which will benefit our patients, and are constantly adding new agencies as fast as they become thoroughly tested.

DR. GINLEY.

Diet.—No. 7.

BY MRS. M. H. HEALD, M. D.

WHEN food is fried, it is saturated with the oil of the butter, lard, or other fatty substance used, and all its particles are rendered exceedingly indigestible. The same is true of hot bread and cakes, covered with butter, of the various rich cakes of festive occasions, and of nearly all the different forms of pastry in daily use among large classes of the people. The gastric juice of the stomach is unequal to the task of reducing these oily matters to chyme, and so bile has to be introduced into the stomach by an unnatural, reversed action of the duodenum. The bile mingling with the oil makes a soapy mass. It is only thus that it can pass on through the digestive canal. One of our hygienic writers remarks that he respects his stomach too highly to consent to make a soap-dish of it.

He who values a true life more than a so-called good dinner, will abstain from all the unwholesome dishes above-named; nor will he lose in power to enjoy the pleasures of the ap-

petite in consequence. The Creator, in a spirit of wisdom and benevolence, endowed man with various appetites, among them, the desire for food, whose proper gratification leads to keen enjoyment of the bounties of earth.

Bread has been called "the staff of life," yet it is not generally such to the American people. In the first place, the wheat meal, of which it is made, is robbed of its virtue by being bolted. The outer covering, or bran, a very necessary ingredient for the health of the intestinal canal, is taken away, and oftentimes, with it a portion of the richest parts of the grain—that which lies immediately under the branny covering. This improper mode of preparing wheaten flour for food has resulted in various forms of disease, the fundamental one being constipation. And not only is the wheat itself thus despoiled, but in the ordinary process of bread-making, yeast of different kinds is introduced, and the meal made to undergo a process of fermentation which deprives it of its sweetness, and still further destroys its value, as food. To add to the mischief, common salt is introduced—an irritating, fever-provoking agent. In some communities, soda-biscuits largely take the place of fermented bread. They are little better; in fact, as they are often mixed, the soda being in excess over the counteracting acid, they are more injurious, soda having no property whatever of food, and being highly deleterious to the delicate mucous surface of the stomach; if the proportions of the alkali and acid were exact, the product resulting from the mixture would be common salt.

Those who want good, wholesome bread—the very best that can be made—must select the best quality of white winter wheat—must have the entire grain ground evenly, for which purpose, the mill-stones must be well sharpened. They must not permit any of the hull or bran to be removed by the bolting-cloth. They must mix the freshly-ground wheat with pure soft water. Not another element must be introduced; only the best of wheat and pure water are necessary. The batter or dough must be baked in a *very* hot oven, and the product will be the finest quality of bread that can be made—one of the most wholesome articles of food that can be offered to man.

In the department of bread-making, as elsewhere, simplicity and regard for health have been overlooked. In the artificial modes of life so common to civilized society, we indulge in a very varied dietary, and introduce much complexity into our cookery, expecting to be rewarded by greater appetitional enjoyment. But vain is our hope; for the farther we depart from exceeding simplicity, the more we vitiate our tastes, and the less capable are we of detecting the delicate and varied flavors of simple substances. Take a person who is accustomed to salt and spices, to sugar and other condiments, and offer him dishes prepared without any sea-

soning whatever—his blunted sense of taste will pronounce all such insipid and unpalatable, while the one who is thoroughly unused to rely upon such additions, will enjoy many delicate and pleasant flavors in the same food. Yet the one whose senses are obtuse, is often heard to pride himself upon his ability to appreciate and enjoy the pleasures of this life, little thinking that, even in this respect, he is the inferior of the one whose more simple and natural life gives him finer and more acute senses.

Healds' Hygeian Home, Wilmington, Del.

A Chapter on Health.

SOUND health is sweeter than gold. The healthy laborer, whistling at his work, enjoys life much more than the pale-faced dyspeptic who rides by in his carriage. "A contented spirit is a continual feast." Health brings content; there can be no content without it. An ounce of prevention is worth ten pounds of cure; good health is very easily lost; once lost, it is not easily regained. Daily care, a little trouble, doing things that can easily be done, will save you from days, weeks, perhaps months of idleness and languishing on a sick bed, and materially prolong your life. Two-thirds of the diseases to which, especially in cities, you are subject are caused by bad air, impure water, and filth, and may be prevented by free use of pure air, pure water, and strict attendance to personal cleanliness. Says the report of the Metropolitan Board of Health for 1867: "Fresh air and pure water, constant ventilation and thorough cleansing, are natural means of preventing and destroying the causes of infection and disease." The human body throws off, by the skin and the lungs, every four hours, from three to four pounds of refuse, which is poisonous. "The excremental action through the pores of the skin (Report, 1870) covers the body with filth, which, if not removed, becomes a source of disease and contagion; and it should be removed at least once in every twenty-four hours, and all the clothes worn during the day should be thoroughly aired during the night.

There cannot be sound health without pure air; and the air cannot be pure if it is contaminated by exhalation from the lungs. Could the breath that has been exhaled by a person in a close room be tinted with some coloring matter, and made darker in proportion to its increasing unfitness for re-inhalation, we should, in a crowded and ill-ventilated assembly, find ourselves enveloped in a dense cloud, whose visible appearance would cause us to fly from a danger so apparent. Bear in mind that each breath you exhale contaminates a cubic foot of air, which must be replaced by pure air, or else you re-inhale the exhaled air and poison the blood. It is at night, in sleeping apartments, that the system receives its greatest detriment from im-

pure air, for it is then that the blood lays in its extra store for the day's consumption.

"Suffocation in the foul air of an unventilated tenement" is the provoking cause of many a death. Says the Metropolitan Board of Health, 1867: "The fact is becoming every month more and more apparent that fully one-half of the acute diseases of the lungs, and much more than half of the deaths by congestion of the lungs and bronchitis in New York, are chargeable to the foul and stagnant atmosphere of the unventilated, improperly-heated rooms in which the great majority of the people spend their days and nights. Upon no subject is popular information and common sense more needed than in regard to the purity and amount of the air which human beings should have every minute in the twenty-four hours." The sun, especially the morning sun, is a great life-giver. The experience of patients in hospitals is, that those on the sunny side of the wards stand a better chance for recovery than the others every way, whether in cases of ordinary sickness or of pestilence, or of wounds and surgical operations.

After securing pure air, pure water, and general cleanliness, the next thing is wholesome food. Do not buy stale fish or vegetables of the huckster because they are cheap; such food is dear if obtained for nothing. There is no excuse for buying them, so long as a person can laugh and grow fat on oatmeal, barley, and unsifted wheat. Take as much sleep as you want; it is "the foster nurse of nature." Do not keep steadily in pursuit of health, disciplining yourself with dumb bells, New Zealand clubs, sandbags, and other athletic exercises. Not every man is born to be a pugilist; do things in moderation; and do not cultivate one part of your body at the expense of the rest. Keep your finger off your pulse; do not carry a pocket looking glass to examine your tongue by. Do not keep perpetually distressing your insides with polite attention; forget that you have such things as stomach, liver, kidneys, pulse; they will be all the better for it, and so will you. Oftentimes, when you feel oppressed, taking good long breaths of air, through your nostrils, will relieve you—it is something like a blower to the furnace, starts the fire afresh, and blows out the flues. The healthy man is contented, happy, with little; the sick man—all the riches in the world will not make him a happy man, or prevent his envying the robust, rugged urchin of the streets. —*Turf, Field and Farm.*

CULTIVATE the physical exclusively, and you have an athlete or a savage; the moral only, and you have an enthusiast or a maniac; the intellectual only, and you have a diseased oddity—it may be a monster. It is only by training all together—physical, intellectual, social, and spiritual—that the complete man can be formed.—*Phren. Jour.*

Experience in Health Reform.

EIGHT or nine years ago, we took our first lessons in health reform. It came to us as an angel of mercy. Although we were comparatively free from the ills that afflict our race, yet our habits were such we were fast approximating to that point where health is exchanged for sickness.

We adopted the two-meal system, and gradually changed our diet from the usual mode to that which was more hygienic. As we left the use of injurious articles, we left with them our headaches, bilious diseases, catarrh, etc. We thought it a happy exchange, and they have never returned, except as transient visitors when we have violated the laws of our being. We have learned that there is no real necessity for these disagreeables, and that when we have them to endure, they arise from a wrong course of action. The reform dress I have worn the most part of the time for six years, and expect to wear it the remainder of my life. I can well afford to be out of the fashion for the benefit it brings to me.

Our children were predisposed to scrofula, it manifesting itself at an early age of their existence. The eldest was a tall, slender, narrow-chested child, possessing a nervous temperament, with very weak digestive powers. The scrofulous humor manifested itself at times until he was three or four years of age. He was also subject to lung diseases from the slightest cold. We fed him regularly from an infant, and at the age of eight months he refused food when offered him more than three times a day. When less than two years old, he was ready to take his two meals with us, and a drink of milk at night. We purchased Dr. Trall's "Handbook of Practice," which was a great help to us, together with other information we gained relative to treating disease hygienically, and no physician was ever summoned to our family under any circumstances. He is now eight years of age, and, although not quite as rugged as some children, yet he seldom sees a sick day or passes a meal without eating with a relish.

The youngest child, now nearly three years old, has also been brought up on the so-called "starvation system;" but his ruddy countenance, healthy appetite, and pleasant disposition, are good evidences of health. Their sleep is sweet and undisturbed, for their stomachs are not burdened with food when they retire; and a circulation of fresh air through their sleeping room day and night enables them to arise in the morning with freshness and vigor.

My father came to live with us nearly four years ago. Previous to that time, he had discarded the use of swine's flesh, tea, and tobacco. He had through life eaten largely of flesh-meats, often eating at irregular periods, and for several years had been troubled with a chronic disease of the bowels, and was also very much troubled

with cracked hands. After adopting the health reform more fully, he improved much in health, and his hands are almost entirely well. He is now eighty-one years of age, and labors more like a man of fifty. Last summer, he walked a mile and back each day and raised vegetables and corn more than enough to supply the family, besides laboring in the hay field to some extent. In the fall and forepart of winter, he traveled nearly the same distance and cut wood sufficient to supply the family a year and a half. The present spring, he has done a large share of the work in a sugar-plant a mile and a half from home, the sugar-bush numbering one hundred and fifty trees. He seems to enjoy his labor, and partakes of his plain but nourishing food with great relish.

But I have extended this article beyond its proper limits, and will close by saying that nearly every day of our lives we thank God for the health reform.

MRS. S. B. WHITNEY.

Essex Co., N. Y.

The Beginning of Summer.

"GIVE me back my youth again!" did you say? Friend, it's a mistake. Ten to one you would n't have it again if you could. If Old Time were to come bodily to you to-day, saying, "Take back, O wise middle-aged Noodle! these twenty past years of your life, with all the pains and disappointments which have made you c'ear-sighted and sound-headed, with all the silly actions you perpetrated in those days, and all the occasions on which you made a long-eared donkey of yourself; worry through a second time all the tight boots and tribulations, all the tooth-aches and heartaches of your youth; do, be, and suffer it all again; be, in short, once more, just the soft young Noodle you were twenty years ago"—ten of manhood's hearty hopes to one dolorous wail for your lost youth, that you answer: "Pass on, Father Time! And you may as well tip those twenty golden sand-grains back into the lower half of your hour-glass; I do not want them!"

What matters it that the golden days have left us, if better days come after them? Let them go. Do n't attempt the impossibility of holding them back. Once for all, there is no misery so distressing as the desperate agony of trying to keep young when one can't. One can't be young unless one is young. Only once is it given to us to be untried and soft, and gushing and superlative; and, when the time comes for it all to go, no sort of effort can hold back the fleeting days.

After all, there is n't any particular reason why one should want to hold fast, with such a desperate clutch, to one's departing youth. Are the days of our youth really our happiest days? Not at all. To be sure, pen-drivers of high and

low degree contend that they are; but will facts bear them out in so doing? Again, not at all. The time of youth is, *par excellence*, the time of storms and disappointments. It is the time of illusive dreams and phantom hopes, just as infancy is the time of bogies. It is the time of fret and worry. It is the time when we want we don't know what. It is a most unsatisfactory time.

Nevertheless, terrible as they are, youthful disappointments are by no means the worst things in the world. Not one in five thousand but survives them, and does well. They only show us what we really want, or, better yet, what we really do not want. Thoughtful young people in the latter half of their teens, probably without exception, are thrown into a muddle of conflicting hopes. It is a most perplexing muddle, too. They are all morally certain that they shall do great things some day, and show the stupid old world what's what, or, if not exactly what's what, at least who's who. Perhaps, in a general way, they care more about the who's who, than the what's what. Each one knows he can be an extraordinary something or somebody. But he does n't know what to be—can't tell for his life in what particular direction to turn his mighty gifts.

Youthful aspirations are mostly illusions. We do n't believe it when we are young, but we discover it as we approach middle-age.

I have been told twenty times, by elderly people, that if there was a single aspiration dearer to me than another, a solitary hope upon which I had set my whole heart, that aspiration and that hope would surely be dashed to the ground, and shivered to infinitesimal atoms. Well, I do n't believe it—I never did believe it. They said my poor little aspirations would be thus ignominiously dealt with, in order to teach me the vanity of human hopes and the dependence of the human soul. I do n't believe that, either. But when we approach middle-age, and turn to look backward upon the ruins of the youthful hopes we have left behind us, lo! they are but the ruins of crazy air-castles! There is not a worthy hope or a pure aspiration implanted within us, but there is implanted also the means of its fulfillment. As a matter of fact, the youthful hopes, so ignobly crushed, are only those illusive structures which are not built upon the tough foundation of common sense. And if, from all the undefined ambitions and misty aspirations of springtime, there remains one single longing which has not perished, one single hope which we cannot quite put aside from our thoughts, let us accept the working-out of that one aspiration as our life's task. It is something to be thankful for. Older folks can't make light of you any more because you are young, and therefore foolish. You begin, at last, to be wise with the wisdom of experience, which is better than the wisdom of books.

Not the raw, fitful spring, but the warm, rich summer, is the golden time. There is a deep, intense joy that comes from the indwelling knowledge of tried power, which is like no other joy in this life. You had no such exultant joy as that when you were very young. You could n't row your little boat then with that long, telling oar-sweep which now sends it shooting over the blue waves. Could you? Whatever purpose you set about, you have a strong will and a skillful hand for it, which you had n't fifteen years ago, or even ten.

Is it not better? It is better, far better. So let the days of youth go; let us turn our eyes before us. There are fairer islands in the sea of Time than even the enchanted shores we leave behind us. The summer flowers are brighter and richer than the pale roses of early spring. And the years just to come are the years during which we shall know all the fullness, all the intensity of life, with its depths of love, its heights of joy, its marvelous unknown possibilities. Let us make room, then, gracefully and gladly, for the happy, workful time of middle-age—*Good Health*.

THE ETHICS OF LOAFING.—The very air of this age is charged with the oxygen of restless enterprise, and it acts upon men's souls as a new and most furious alcohol. The high places of the land contain men guilty of gross intemperance in work, regularly drunk with eagerness to toil, sots on the fiery liquor of a tyrannous and unintermitting industry. It may be a question whether the best assurance of a long life is not a feeble constitution. The men of iron frames, of muscles wrought of the heart of oak, of giant energy and endurance, are the very men who presume upon the extent of their physical capital, and soonest become bankrupt in vitality. The ethics of loafing needs to be expounded; and the sin of inordinate industry to be denounced. No man has a better right to kill himself by overworking than he has to do it by over-drinking. If suicide be a crime, he who dies by putting too much task upon his strength is as truly a criminal as he who dies by putting a bullet through his head. If a certain amount of rest and recreation is necessary to a man's health and life, the omission to take it is as great an offense against God's law in nature, as would be an omission to take food; and death by willful starvation is no more an act of self-destruction than is death by willful fatigue.

A SPORTING gentleman, who boasts of having a very correct watch, said to a friend with whom he was riding a long way across the country to a meeting, pulling out his watch, "If the sun is n't over that hill in a minute and a half, he will be too late."

To Correspondents.

Mrs. L. W. J., Wyoming Co., N. Y.:

It is a crick in the back. Take sitz bath once a week; fomentation when the parts are painful; thorough friction and spating over the part will do good.

To your daughter, give graham diet with good fruits, out-door exercise; suspend her clothing from the shoulders, and have her dress loosely.

S. A. C., of Ohio:

Your mother is dyspeptic, with torpidity of liver. Her best plan would be to come here awhile and learn how to take treatment and how to live.

L. S. H., Vermont:

We cannot prescribe in your case. You had better apply to some physician who makes these diseases a specialty.

H. B., Forest, Ohio:

I live in a miasmatic district, and have been afflicted with "chills" for several months; I use "hard water," tea, coffee, pork, tobacco, and drugs. Under the present circumstances, can I hope to get well? What must I do to be saved?

Ans. Cease to do evil, discard injurious articles, tea, coffee, tobacco, pork, and drugs. The use of hard water is detrimental to health. If pure soft water cannot be obtained otherwise, rain water filtered is good. If possible, leave the miasmatic locality for one where you may breathe a wholesome air. Select a nutritious diet, take proper rest and exercise. Seek to make your social surroundings agreeable, and to keep the mind cheerful. And with suitable baths, which we are unable to prescribe because of the limited knowledge of the case, we cannot see any reason why you may not get well.

M. W., Putnam Co., Ind.:

Your disease is catarrh. You should adopt a more strict diet. Use no grease of any kind. But let your diet be mostly of grains, fruits, and choice vegetables. Out-door exercise rest from cares, and sufficient bathing, to keep the skin active and clean, perhaps one good general bath per week, and occasional foot baths, will be sufficient.

M. J. J., Iowa:

Your trouble is a morbid state of the blood. The liver fails to excrete properly the bile elements. They are carried through the circulation and retained in the tissues of the joints and skin, irritating them and causing eruption.

The way of cure is to live in harmony with the laws of health in every respect. Let your diet be principally of grains, fruits, and vegeta-

bles, simply cooked. Avoid all greasy preparations. Breathe abundantly of pure air. Dress in reference to health. Use soft water. Overtax neither mind nor body. Surrounded with household cares and labors, it is not best to take much water treatment. Two sponge baths a week to keep the skin clean and vigorous is probably all that is advisable.

B. H. V., of Springfield, Ill., says:

Will you please inform me through the HEALTH REFORMER what are the causes of and cure for painful and irregular menstruation?

Ans. Deranged menstruation has several causes. A very common cause is taking cold about the time the function commences. Displacement and congestion of the uterus also causes it. Cure: Improve the general health, replacing the displaced organ when that is its cause.

W. McN., Otsego Co., N. Y.:

The three cases you mention are all dyspeptic, and need about the same kind of treatment, such as sitz bath once a week; fomentations over stomach, liver, and bowels, twice a week for 10-15 minutes at a time; graham diet with sub-acid fruits; breathe fully, and take out-door exercise. Nine-tenths of the diseases which we have to prescribe for through this journal arise from diseased livers and stomachs. These induce a train of evils for which the only remedy that will prove successful is to break up the habits which induce them.

E. C., of Richburg:

Rheumatism is a scrofulous disease. Those of strong constitution and hearty feeders are the most liable to it. Hygienic diet is a good preventive. Treatment consists of packs, sitz baths, fomentations, dripping sheets, &c.

W. C., Iowa:

We think your boy will have a stiff knee. The fluid of the joint is probably lost. You should apply to some surgeon near home; or, if this is impracticable, use fomentations two or three times a week, and make efforts after each fomentation to straighten the leg.

M. I. S.:

You have a bronchial trouble, liver complaint, also disease of the pelvic organs. You should come to the Institute. If impossible, send for home prescription. Live hygienically in the mean time, taking one general bath per week, and rest from care and labor.

R. B., of Minn., says:

My boy was fifteen last March. About six or seven weeks ago, he was taken with severe pain in the left side of his head (when he got up in the morning), which caused a kind of fainting or apoplectic fit. I treated him with water, but it lasted a week, and then he was quite deaf. The next I discovered was a jerking of

the nerve back of the face, and then his shoulder would draw up, then his left hand would turn in; his leg would also jerk in, then up, and it grew worse, so that he could not sit still. His back, he said, was all sore, with bunches; but I could not discover any outside. His back is not so sore now. When he is tired, his tongue seems thick. He does not use his left hand much; has a good appetite; his diet is mostly of grains, fruits, and vegetables; he eats but little meat or butter. When he was about six years old, he had inflammation of the lungs, and took a great deal of medicine. Has always had a bloody discharge from his gums, in the night mostly, which we thought was the effect of calomel. His joints swell sometimes.

Ans. We regard the case of your son as one in which the tissues are very gross, liver torpid, and the skin inactive. The excretions are locked up in the system, poisoning the blood. You should confine him to a strict diet of grains, fruits, and vegetables, discarding all kinds of grease. Give him but two meals per day. Give him a sitz bath once at 90 deg. 7 minutes, 85 deg. 5 minutes, one fomentation over liver and stomach for 15 minutes, and one general bath per week. Give as follows: Monday, sitz bath, Wednesday, fomentation, and Friday, general bath, three hours after breakfast; then let him retire for one and one half hours. Light labor and exercise will be good for him.

PHYSICIANS, HEALTH INSTITUTE.

Pure Water.

NOT in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and corruption, does your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life—pure, cold water. But in the glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, low down, in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing, and high up on the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where storm-clouds brood and the thunderstorms crash; and out on the wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it—beverage of life, health-giving water.

And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-drop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the icicles, till they seem turned to living gems; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail-shower; folding its soft curtains softly around the wintry world, and weaving the many-colored bow, that seraph's zone of the air, whose warp is the rain-drops of the earth, and whose woof

is the sunbeams of heaven, all checked over with the celestial flowers of the mystic hand of refraction—that blessed life-water. No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving children weep not burning tears in its depth! Speak out, my friends; would you exchange it for the demon's drink, "alcohol"?

A shout, like the roar of a tempest, answers, "No!"—*Gough.*

A Card.

ABOUT one year ago, I received a copy of the HEALTH REFORMER, with a request to subscribe for it, which I did rather reluctantly for I had no faith in its principles. We had often remarked that it was nobody's business what we ate or what we drank, how much or how often, and, like thousands of others, we were living in total ignorance of what impure, unhealthy, and abominable food we were daily making use of. Swine's flesh was our principal flesh food, of which we partook morning, noon, and night. At that time my body was completely covered with an eruption. I had taken drugs and medicines, but they only drove the eruption to the surface.

After reading a few numbers of the REFORMER, pork, beef, and other flesh-meats were banished from our table, and in less than three months from the time I left off the use of swine's flesh as food, the eruption with which I had been troubled about a year had nearly disappeared. Nature did what medicines could not do. Truly, we feel very thankful for the REFORMER.

We often hear of women taking a cup of tea to cure the headache. My wife has been a tea-drinker for twenty years, and a sufferer from headaches, but since the chocolate, coco, coffee, and tea, have disappeared, she has been free from headaches. Although we both labor quite hard with body and mind, we find our health and strength increasing on two meals a day, and that without flesh-meats. We believe that hygienic living is profitable as well as healthful. And in addition to the two new names and two dollars which I send with this, are two dollars to pay for the REFORMER. Hope you will send it where it will be appreciated.

M. WOOD.

CHICAGO ITEMS.—One hundred and thirty-one deaths the past week.

THERE were 628 deaths in this city during the month of May.

FOURTEEN deaths by small-pox the past week, and fifteen by convulsions.

WHERE gold and silver dwell in the heart, faith, hope, and love, dwell out of doors.

DR. TRALL'S
Special Department.

Salt and the Small-Pox.

DR. CARL BOTH professes to have made the discovery that common table salt is a preventive of small-pox. His theory is that small-pox is occasioned by an excess of albuminous matter in the blood, so that a portion of it is thrown into the skin, constituting the disease, and that salt will check or prevent this excess. He admits that salt is not used in the system in any manner; that it undergoes no change, and that it is expelled as salt. And in what manner it can check, prevent, or regulate, or modify, the excess of albumen, we are left to conjecture if we can.

Dr. Both maintains that "a person who does not exhibit this superabundance of albuminous matter in his blood is not liable to small-pox under any circumstances." Here might be a question to argue; but Dr. Both, in another part of his article, forgetting his theory, makes a statement which renders discussion entirely unnecessary. He says, "It is possible that the suddenly excessive use of salt may be the immediate occasion of the appearance of small-pox, though previously caused by the want of it in the first place."

Small-pox cannot exist without superabundance of albumen. Salt checks this superabundance; yet the sudden excessive use of salt causes small-pox! Admitting the premises, our conclusion would be just the opposite. The more salt, taken suddenly or otherwise, the more *no* small-pox. If small-pox cannot exist without much albumen, and salt destroys ("checks") albumen, the more excessive the salt the more defective the albumen, *ergo*, the less liability to small-pox. Suppose the person take salt enough to check or destroy all the albumen? He may die, but how could he have small-pox? Such is inevitable logic of plain common sense—a commodity not very common in medical writings.

Dr. Both is as much bothered to prescribe the preventive quantity of salt as he is to make his premises and conclusions agree. Too little of the preventive will not prevent the disease, and too much of the preventive is just as bad in not preventing it. How are we to know when we are sufficiently salted? He hints that taste ought to be the guide as to quantity, but admits that it is not, and yet gives us no substitute. Habit modifies taste; the more salt one is accustomed to use (as is the case with liquor and tobacco) the more one has a taste for; and besides, the use of other condiments, seasonings, and stimulants, as sugar, pepper, butter, tea, coffee, etc., modifies the taste for salt as well as the quantity required. So that, practically, the whole subject is inextricably muddled.

The following paragraphs present the main points of the theory of Dr. Both in his own language:

"Every farmer and gardener knows that without the use of fertilizers of some kind, they can raise nothing; and they know equally well, that if they apply the fertilizers in excess, the result will be the ruin of their crop. Excess, therefore, as far as the result is concerned, is just as bad as its opposite—a deficiency. There must be a certain relative proportion of things everywhere, in order to secure a given result; and this is as true in reference to the blood as to anything else. Nature, therefore, must have instituted within us a check or means by which to regulate the amount of albumen in the blood, as otherwise it might get so thick as to prevent it from flowing at all. This check is the *blood salts generally, but common table salt especially.*

"The salt we eat leaves our body again as salt, without undergoing any change whatever; but while in the body, performs the office of keeping the albumen in proper balance. Hence, from this physiological fact, it becomes evident that, if salt is wanting, albumen will be found in excess; and if salt preponderates, or is in excess, albumen is deficient, or in demand; both cannot be in excess at the same time.

"In short, we wish to be understood as saying that the *predisposition* to small-pox consists in an undue proportion of albuminous matter to the blood salts, and that as the result, an otherwise inoffensive nervous irritation becomes sufficient to cause the blood to part with this superfluous albumen, which in this case is thrown into the skin, and constitutes that condition which is commonly called small-pox. And we further maintain that a person who does not exhibit this superabundance of albuminous matter in his blood is *not* liable to small-pox under any circumstances of exposure, or contact with patients suffering from this disorder."

Every farmer and gardener *and physician* ought to know that proper fertilizers are the food of plants; and they ought to know, moreover, that animals and human beings do not need and cannot use fertilizers. They can only use organic compounds. All that the plant requires in order to prepare and maintain the right quantity and proportion of albumen, and other organized matters, is pure food; and the same is true of the human being. If nature has instituted any "check within us," to regulate the amount of albumen, it ought to be found especially in something within us, and not especially in common table salt which is especially outside of us.

AN attorney observed to a brother in court that he thought whiskers were unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend, "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced!"

The American Medical Association.

THE *elite* of Allopathy held its annual meeting in Philadelphia the first week in May. We have watched the proceedings of this learned body of conservators of the public health for twenty years, and cannot see that it makes much progress. As a Mutual Admiration Society it may do very well. It elects officers, appoints committees, passes resolutions, visits the institutions, makes eloquent speeches, congratulates the world on its continued existence, eats good dinners, drinks inspiring toasts, and appoints the place for the next meeting. These are, however, routine generalities. For several years, the only important specialties have been women and negroes. The great, grand, superimportant question has been, and still is, What does the medical profession propose to do about women doctors and medical negroes? It is clear that "the profession" does not like them. Then why not let them alone? Others may like them—and there is where the shoe pinches.

The President could not get through with his introductory remarks without a tilt at women doctors; and as soon as regular business proceedings commenced, the Association proceeded to denounce women and negroes, not as women or negroes, but as members of a "learned and liberal profession." It even retrograded so far toward the dark ages as to denounce those who refused to denounce the women and negroes aforesaid, in that it refused to admit, as delegates, physicians who had counseled with women doctors and medical negroes, or who had taught in, attended, or in any manner countenanced, the colleges and schools where women doctors and medical negroes had been educated. The Philadelphia *Press* expresses the sentiments of an enlightened community respecting these old fogies:

"The American Medical Association which assembled in this city yesterday commenced its session by ostracizing, not colored delegates only, which was censurable enough, but a number of white delegates, because they have affiliated with physicians of color. This is carrying the spirit of caste, born of African slavery, to a ridiculous extent, but more than this, it is a flagrant insult and wrong to medical gentlemen of irreproachable character, and whose abilities are at least above the average. Some of the physicians thus denied admission to the association are Professors in the medical department of the Howard University at Washington, and are gentlemen whose judgment and experience would prove valuable to the body. The double objection was urged against them that they are professionally connected with both colored and female physicians. The refusal to admit them on such grounds is an insult to our civilization, and is a disgrace to the medical fraternity, of which the more catholic and liberal-minded minority

cannot too hastily wash their hands. The world certainly moves, inasmuch as slavery has been abolished, colored men have been given all the rights and privileges under the law which white men enjoy, and women are now enabled to acquire a thorough training in almost every branch of knowledge. But the doctors, or a majority of them, seem to have stood still while civilization has moved on and left them behind."

In conclusion, we will remind the American Medical Association of a resolution which was discussed and adopted in its meeting in St. Louis, Mo., a few years ago.

"It is wholly incontestible that there exists a wide-spread dissatisfaction with what is called the regular or old allopathic system of medical practice. Multitudes of people in this country and in Europe express an utter want of confidence in physicians and their physic. The cause is evident; *erroneous theory*, and, springing from it, *injurious*, often—*very* often—**FATAL PRACTICE!** Nothing will now subserve the absolute requisitions of an intelligent community, but a medical doctrine grounded upon *right reason*, in harmony with and avouched by the *unerring laws of nature*, and of the vital organism, and authenticated and confirmed by successful results."

Until the American Medical Association can stand on a platform of theory and practice in harmony with the laws of nature, the less it confabulates about women doctors and medical negroes, the better for its future reputation.

Discouraging Alcohol.

AT the late meeting of the American Medical Association, Dr. Horner, of Virginia, introduced a resolution which was adopted, that the members of the Association should discourage the use of alcohol as a stimulant in their remedies. This is one of the hugest jokes of modern times. Alcohol, as a medicine, is either good or bad. If good, its use should not be discouraged. All that is wanted is a knowledge of the cases to which it is applicable. If it is bad, it should not be discouraged, but prohibited. What would be thought of a convention of clergymen who should resolve to discourage stealing among their members? Would not the better way be to repeat the command, without any qualification, "Thou shalt not steal"? The resolution of discouragement is a concession that alcohol is bad *per se*. But, of course, the *animus* of the transaction was to play "hide and seek" with the temperance folks. Dr. Richardson, of London, has lately demonstrated that alcohol, in the medical sense of the term, is not a stimulant at all, but a sedative. And perhaps, in view of this fact, Dr. Horner's resolution was only intended as a shrewd dodge. The profession can discourage the use of alcohol as a stim-

ulant and encourage it as a sedative, thus tickling the temperance organizations, humbugging the dear people, promoting the grog business, preserving the emoluments of the profession, and making everything beautiful.

Hygienic Arithmetic.

AN exchange paper states that, in the city of Cincinnati, O., seven millions of dollars are annually expended for beer alone. But as other alcoholic liquors are extensively used, as well as tobacco, the whole expense of these pernicious narcotic-stimulants cannot be much if any less than ten millions. And if we add the indirect waste—capital and labor employed in producing them, and loss of time and health consequent on their use—the amount will be more than doubled. Now let us apply the scale we have established to the whole world. Many places use less and some more of these poisons, in proportion to population. But the closest calculation we can make will exceed one hundred dollars worse than wasted for each inhabitant of the earth—more than one hundred thousand millions a year!

Need any one wonder at the degradation and pauperism of the toiling millions? or the dissipation and selfishness of the rich consumers? or the struggle everywhere between drudgery and luxury, capital and labor? Here is the great problem for the political economist and the sociologist. The political controversies of the day, even the wars among the nations, present and prospective, sink to insignificance, compared with the grand primary question of use and abuse. The supply of all human needs does not require more labor than is consistent with health and pleasure. But if three-fourths or nine-tenths of the labor is worse than wasted, a large portion of the human race can be nothing but slaves or serfs.

The property of the United States is reckoned at less than forty millions of dollars; and that of the whole earth can hardly be reckoned at more than one hundred thousand millions. Can it be possible that this sum—all the property of the earth—is wasted and reproduced every year? A very little ciphering will now convince any good arithmetician that it is true. But if destroyed and reproduced once in ten years, or even once in a generation of thirty years, the case is sufficiently appalling.

A few years ago, Earl Grey, of England, calculated that the four leading nations of the earth—England, France, Germany, and the United States, wasted one thousand millions of dollars on tobacco alone. The same nations waste a much larger sum on alcohol, and by adding other pernicious things and superfluities the whole sum can be doubled. Any one, therefore, curious in statistics, can easily calculate the problem of *destructive industry* which de-

grades humanity and ruins the nations. If the downward tendencies of nations and societies are ever arrested, it will be by *productive industry* and nothing else. But we cannot hope for this until politicians become health reformers.

"Only Homœopathic."

A HEALTH journal which is the organ of a "Water Cure," in answer to the question, "Do you give medicines?" answers, "only homœopathic." Why "only"? Is this not a confession that all medicines are bad, and that "only" the least is tolerated? If the proprietor recognized homœopathic medicine to be good *per se*, his answer should have been, and doubtless would have been, "Yes, homœopathic." Such a reply would have approved the principle of medication, and indicated that system of drug-medication which it considered as the best. But its answer condemns all druggery, while it admits that it employs it. Of course the admission is a concession to popular prejudice. But how is prejudice ever to become unpopular unless the people are educated out of it? And this must be done by instruction, not concession. It is very difficult to condemn a thing and practice it at the same time; or if we do, the example of our practice will do more to perpetuate the evil than our precepts do to eradicate it.

We do not object to the use of medicine, whether homœopathic or allopathic, by those who believe in it, nor is it our business whether those who do not believe in it use it or not. That is a matter between them and their customers. But we do object to misnomers, as we oppose fraud and falsehood. We object to calling drug-medication water-cure, whether the druggery be administered in little or big doses. Hygienic treatment is one thing, drug-medication is as opposite as another thing can possibly be. They can never be chemically united however much they are mixed mechanically.

Work for Invalids and Students.

A HEALTH INSTITUTION where such invalids as are able to work, in payment of a part or of the whole of their expenses while undergoing treatment, has long been felt as a desideratum. But, in order to render such an enterprise successful, a large capital would be required—sufficient to purchase and stock a large farm and extensive gardens, with extensive buildings and workshops. It would be indispensable to combine mechanical with agricultural labor, so that employment could be given at all seasons of the year. It would also require a business management quite different and distinct from the duties proper of the cure department. It would be impossible for the physicians who have doubting, fearing, half-distracted patients to prescribe for and manage during the day, and precarious cases

to dream over during the night, to superintend farms, gardens, and workshops. Nor could the business proprietor perform this extra and incongruous duty, when he has customers constantly going and coming, guests to provide for within, and marketing to see to without.

We have had many letters each year for more than twenty years, suggesting the propriety and importance of a working "Home" for invalids who had the additional misfortune to be poor. And we have many times suggested the plan to capitalists who seemed philanthropically inclined in the direction of the hygienic system. In a few instances we have succeeded in inducing them to consider the matter somewhat seriously. But they invariably came to the conclusion that it would be pecuniarily hazardous—that money would be more productive and certainly safer in 5-20's or 7-30's—a calculation I do not doubt the soundness of, judged by the ordinary commercial standards.

Several of the health institutions have given employment to a limited number; and we have always employed as many invalids as we could find work for, and in some cases when the work of finding the work to do and seeing to the doing of it was more bother than the work was worth. But we have now made such business arrangements as will enable us to accommodate a much larger number than heretofore. We can now give constant employment to twenty or thirty invalids at a time, provided they are able to work moderately so as to average four hours per day, for which we will allow them one-half the expenses for board and treatment as long as they desire to remain. The offer applies to ladies and gentlemen. Should we succeed in our present plans, we may be able to double the number another year.

We can also give employment to fifteen or twenty students, of either sex, who desire to work out a medical education. They will be required to work on full time between the college terms, and between the lectures during college terms. By this arrangement they will be enabled to attend two full courses of lectures without paying out any money except for clothes, private washing, and text-books.

Answers to Correspondents.

HYPOCHONDRIA—W. B. M.: "Dr. Trall, Dear Sir: I have been troubled with a kind of melancholy or hypochondria for several months, and have tried everything in the way of medicine without avail, and write to ask if in your experience this distressing malady is curable? I am unable to understand the cause of my condition, nor can any of the many physicians whom I have consulted explain it."

The usual causes are defective digestion and a torpid state of the liver. Chronic congestion of the brain, the result of over-excitement or

of debilitating habits, sometimes occasion it. For successful treatment, all the appliances of a Health Institution are generally required. The dietary must be very plain and simple, all gross and obstructing articles, as sugar, butter and fine flour, avoided, and the superficial circulation restored by bathing, friction, and appropriate exercises.

SEA SICKNESS.—R. B.: "I am seventy years of age, am about starting for Europe, and I desire to learn how you managed to avoid sea sickness when you crossed the ocean a few years ago."

All the management required is to live rather abstemiously a few days before starting. If one is easily disturbed by a rolling or irregular motion of the vessel, he should keep the horizontal position as much as convenient until he gets accustomed to the motion. Keep on deck, in the fresh air, as much as possible.

RHUBARB PIES.—M. E. F.: These are admissible, except for very weak stomachs, if seasoned only with dates or other sweet fruit. But rhubarb should not be kept in tin cans, as its oxalic acid, combining with the alloy of tin and lead, forms a poisonous salt—the oxalate of tin and lead.

WHITE SWELLING.—L. A. M.: The child is scrofulous and needs fresh air, sunshine, and a simple diet. Give it a tepid abluion twice a week, and keep the inflamed joint covered with wet cloths, frequently renewed, so long as there is preternatural heat.

NEURALGIA.—T. B.: Either hot or cold applications may relieve for the time. Sometimes hot and cold alternately are the best. To effect a cure, the causes or conditions on which the disease depends must be removed, and this may require months of hygienic treatment. Mercurial and narcotic medicines are the usual causes of such obstinate neuralgic affections.

"LAWS OF CURE".—P. T. B.: The difference between the Homœopathic law of cure—"similia similibus curantur," and the Allopathic law of cure—"contraria contrariis curantur," is one of words, not ideas. Both profess and confess to "cure one disease by producing another," the other being a drug disease. This plan may do for the disease, but it is bad for the patient.

ABNORMAL DEPURATION.—N. R. S.: "I cannot understand how an ulcerated surface, caused by wet bandages, the wet-girdle, or the chest-wrapper, can 'carry off waste materials from the blood,' as is taught by some writers. Can you explain?"

We cannot explain. We do not believe the statement. The pus of an ulcer is not waste material in the blood, for it was never in the blood. It is waste of the blood elements them-

selves, caused by improper treatment. The principle of depurating the impurities of the blood through artificial channels instead of the natural emunctories is as mischievous in practice as it is absurd in theory.

NUMBNESS.—S. O. H.: Your blood is thick and viscid, in consequence of torpidity of the liver, thereby obstructing the fine capillary vessels, pressing unduly on the nerves, and causing the sensation of which you complain. Take a tepid ablution each other day, and air-bath or dry rubbing on the alternate day, and adopt a strictly fruit and farinaceous dietary, avoiding sugar, milk, and all condiments.

THREATENED APOPLEXY.—W. Y.: You have only to diet rather abstemiously on plain, simple food, avoid all obstructing materials, as fine flour, milk, sugar, etc., and purify the blood of its viscid matters by frequent ablutions, to overcome all predisposition to apoplexy. Exciting causes, as violent exercise, overheating the system, and mental worryment, should of course be avoided as much as possible.

HOMŒOPATHIC SURGERY.—Y. E. M.: We cannot inform you how homœopathic surgery differs from allopathic, except that it is performed by a homœopathist. In other respects the operations are precisely similar, so far as we can learn from the authors and books of the two schools. "*Similia*" does not work surgically. What homœopathist would think of operating so as to produce a similar wound, fracture, dislocation, atheroma, felon, wart, or cancer?

FOUR YEARS' AGUE.—E. O. R.: "I took the ague four years ago, and am not yet cured of it, though I have taken a great deal of medicine. I do not have chills as formerly, but am very constipated and bilious. What can you advise me to do?"

Quit taking medicine and start by first train for a health institution, "where moth and rust doth not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." We mean, where doctors do not poison you, and drugs do not eat out your vitality.

A PLEASANT story is told of Mr. Colfax, which, if not new to all our readers, is worth many readings. At a large dinner party where were illustrious American and foreign statesmen, he declined to take wine. A noted senator, himself a little heated, exclaimed across the table, half jestingly, "Colfax *dares* not drink!"

"You are right," said Mr. Colfax, seriously, "I *dare* not."

That simple answer, given with gentle and earnest solemnity, was itself an impressive temperance lecture.

HE that has no friend and no enemy, is one of the vulgar, and without talents, power, or energy.

IF WE WOULD:

If we would but check the speaker,
When he spoils a neighbor's fame;
If we would but help the erring,
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah! the wrongs that might be righted,
If we would but see the way!
Ah! the pains that might be brightened,
Every hour and every day;
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride;
Let us lift our fainting brothers,
Let us strengthen ere we chide;
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Attention to Sanitary Laws.

THE present year seems to be regarded by medical men as an exceptional one for the prevalence of diseases of a malignant type. The cause of this is not definitely known; it may be some atmospheric peculiarity—the deficiency or the excess of some element in it. But it is a well-established fact that epidemics of every kind are checked by strict attention to sanitary laws, and spread rapidly when these laws are neglected. Fevers of various kinds are known to be caused by imperfect drainage, ill-ventilated rooms, and general uncleanness. And even where general cleanliness is not neglected, the exhalations arising from a damp cellar or from a stagnant pool in the vicinity will engender disease. A careful inspection of houses by the occupants is a great safeguard, if discovered difficulties are promptly remedied. We would suggest that ladies interest themselves somewhat about this matter, and personally examine their dwellings and surroundings, and assure themselves that everything about them is in as cleanly and wholesome a condition as is possible.—*Sol.*

THE editor of the London *Times* once said, "I can find any number of men to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense." To write for a paper is one thing, to edit it is another. Historians, poets, novelists, essayists, write well, but papers need men who can select, alter, combine, and fashion, matter to suit an audience composed of varied elements.

SMALL-POX is gradually becoming unpopular, and cerebro-spinal meningitis seems to be the coming disease. Persons so unfortunate as to be afflicted with this last-named malady are certainly entitled to sympathy, and yet those who have the small-pox are far more likely to be pitted.

ONE great secret of a physician's skill consists in the allowing of his patient to get well.

Tobacco.

THE vital truth that underlies and uplifts all dietetics, all physiologic righteousness, is the proper subordination of all our physical or material appetites to moral ends. "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin," was the great apostle's forcible statement of the same truth in a different sphere of application. In the divine economy there is nothing indifferent, but every act is positively right or wrong. Whatever is needful to the healthful sustenance of our bodies, the vigorous performance of all their functions, that is not merely innocent, but laudable—whatever goes beyond this, looking to a sensual gratification which terminates in itself and aspires to nothing beyond, is disallowed and pernicious. "What end is it calculated to subserve?" is the touchstone of every solicitation by an appetite for indulgence; and by the truthful answer must the innocence or culpability of acquiescence be determined.

Tobacco, like alcohol, first appealed for favor under a medicinal guise, as an antidote for certain physical ills, as well as a soother of cares and a balm for a wounded spirit. Experience has long since proved its claims to medical virtue utterly illusory and unfounded. Were the thousand best doctors on earth called this hour to deal with so many different diseases or ailments, it is possible that not one of them would prescribe tobacco. It is clear, therefore, that tobacco is not one of nature's great remedial agents for the removal of disease. Then why do men seek and consume it? For precisely the same reason that they imbibe intoxicating liquors. The senses are drugged, the nerves are soothed, by that which debauches the entire physical and moral economy. As alcoholic stimulation results from the strenuous efforts of nature to expel a deadly poison, so narcotic relaxation of the nerves and muscles is attended by a more tranquil feeling of sensuous enjoyment. Alcoholic stimulation is nature's resistance to the effects of poison; narcotic relaxation is a welcome given by our mortal frame to the silent approaches of dissolution and death.

The right of a human being to seek enjoyment at the expense of his own physical integrity is not admitted. To allow it is to affirm the innocence of suicide. But the right to annoy, disgust, and damage others by the use of tobacco is even more clearly non-existent than the right to injure ourselves.

No person does or can use tobacco without offense to the uncorrupt by whom he is surrounded. They may complaisantly disclaim nausea, but they nevertheless feel it. Their insincere politeness should rebuke his coarse egotism.

But the smoker or chewer who gratifies his perverted appetite in the thronged street, the

public conveyance, the public assemblage, and even the meeting for divine worship—what shall we say of him? He *knows* he is paining and damaging those who have never given even a constrained, hypocritical permission; he knows that he is making himself a general nuisance for ends purely personal and selfish; he knows that he is permitted thus to annoy and injure others only because their courtesy so immeasurably transcends his sense of justice. He presumes only because he is confident they will submit to personal annoyance and harm, rather than wound the feelings of one who has no regard for the feelings of others.

When, oh! when will men realize that the non-medicinal use of narcotics is vice, and one of the most inexcusable, most egotistic, most repulsive of socially tolerated evils? When shall our youth be impressively taught to shun tobacco as the natural ally of every form of sensual demoralization?—*Horace Greeley.*

EFFECTS OF DRINKING.—The saddest instance of the power of intoxicating drink to destroy the highest intellect and debase the noblest character, is seen in the career of Dick Yates, ex-senator and ex-governor of Illinois. Endowed with rare mental powers and with noble impulses which made him one of the foremost champions of the battle against slavery and oppression, his career in the Senate was a brilliant one, only dimmed toward its close by the painful fact, which became daily more and more evident, that the man who could boldly defy the slave power, and whose public virtue stood firm in the face of all temptation, was incapable of resisting his own appetite for strong drink, and was fast becoming its helpless slave. Spite of all efforts of his friends and admirers, spite of his own earnest resolutions in his better moments, he went steadily down, until he became a disgrace to the party which had placed him in the Senate, and divided with the notorious Saulsbury the shame of a senatorial drunkard. He has been the pride of his own State, and deservedly so. He it was, as governor of Illinois, who sought out the tanner of Galena, and gave him command of a regiment, and from this colonelcy, granted by Dick Yates, Gen. Grant rose to his present position. Could he (Yates) now but control his appetite, no office in the gift of his State or the country would be beyond his ambition; but rum has blighted his career, and he is now quoted as a terrible example of its overpowering mastery. The latest scandal regarding this unfortunate man is that having adopted the doctrines advocated by Tilton, Woodhull & Co., he has become so abandoned and bare-faced in his profligacy that his wife, a most worthy and amiable woman, has been obliged to file a bill for divorce. Thus has he fallen from his high estate, and all through the curse of intoxicating drink.—*Sci.*

Physical Decline of American Women.

WHY is it that the woman is physically inferior to the man? To this we answer, she is not inferior, naturally. We can prove this by the females of past days, by the women of Jerusalem, Rome, Greece, concerning whom history gives us abundant details respecting their life, manners, dress, and the like. We do not find any record of the physical inferiority of woman to her lord and master recorded in the writings of later days. Pope, who loved to have his fling at the pampered women of the court and the licentious women of the town no more than the writers of any other stamp of the same period, makes no charges of a natural weakness of the animal woman. No record of this kind is made by the historians of the colonists of the various settlements in America, whether Dutch, English, French, or Spanish.

Finally, the Indian women of this country, when unexposed to the damning influences of civilization upon the animal economy, are *pari passu*, equal to the man, enduring cold, hardships, and more labor than the man, with equal results. Dr. Livingstone, in his travels in South-Africa, while he recognizes the existence of female diseases among the women, does not note any physical inferiority of the women to the men. I am also informed by gentlemen of extensive experience among the slaves of the South, that the muscular vigor of the men and women among the field-hands is not markedly different.

Let us take the actual condition of the rich children of different sexes in New York city and looking at them, let us see if there is any wonder that they are sickly, miserable, and inferior in physical force to what they should be, and why the female is constantly, after they each can walk alone, far below the male even in his imperfect physical development.

So long as children are infants, wearing the same dress, their exposures are the same, but as soon as the boy leaves his cumbersome garments, the swaddling-clothes, the distinction begins. The right of women "to be free and equal" with man will come with a Declaration of Independence which shall strip off the fetters of petticoats and the gilded meshes of lace which have so long bound down the gentler sex. For a short period, the rich boy is little benefited by the change of attire. The shape of his garments do indeed give liberty to the limbs and play to the muscles, but the exigencies of rich velvet jackets, silken trowsers, and white shirts, with their lace "*fret work*" of frills and furbelows, require him to be constantly guarded, and the natural ebullitions of his animal life restrained by imported bog-trotters, educated to know what dirt is, or by a more fashionable *bonne d'enfant*, who unites to her duties instruction in the freedom of Parisian morals with the restraints of French manners.

Soon the American boy is beyond the demoralizing influences of Hyperion curls which have so long fed the sickly vanity of his enervated mother. His velvet cap, which he so recklessly offered to his friends to be "pegged at" with tops, has given place to one of meaner stuff, and in games of ball, tag, and the like, he neither "respects his cloth" himself nor exacts regard for it from others. Witness the impetuosity with which those boys in yonder retired street rush in friendly strife after the "shinny ball;" hear their full-mouthed cry. Does not the air permeate the lungs to their farthest cranny, leaving no portion of their tissue full of stagnant blood? Are not the pores of their skins opened to the free out-pouring of the waste of the body?

We may speedily follow the boy in his career through life, and while we find him free from the bad effects of tobacco and alcoholic stimulants, engaged in out-of-door exercise, even while breathing the air of a city thronged by nearly a million souls, and most imperfectly attended to by the authorities in its sanitary matters, yet we find the man comparatively vigorous. Debility and disease commence with the boy confined over his book in ill-ventilated school-rooms, neglecting healthy exercise for the ambition of literary superiority; or in our own city, most frequently bent over a ledger. It is worthy of note that there is scarcely a single well-ventilated private counting-room in New York, and most of the bank-rooms are little better. The New-York merchant changes his badly-heated house for his worse heated counting-room, not by the healthy walk from one to the other, but by the locomotion of a crowded, shut-up omnibus or car. Is it strange that the health of the business men of this city is deteriorating? that gout, dyspepsia, and all chronic diseases, in addition to consumptions, erroneously supposed to be the only malady engendered by want of exercise and bad air, are greatly on the increase?

But although the physical stamina of the men is not what it might be, it is far superior to that of the women, to whom we will again turn. We will start with the girl who has kept pace with her brother until the date of his assumption of breeches and their inalienable privileges. We feel that we are treating upon a delicate subject, and we beg our readers to attend to the general idea, rather than to any peculiar form of expression, or to any particular illustration, about which there may be more than one opinion.

So soon as the sex of the child is made evident by any outward manifestations or dress, so soon does the bodily degeneracy commence. The child is then considered as an ornament, in the present or the future. The respectability of the mother is dependent upon the immaculate purity of its worked pantalettes and under-clothing—no mud-pies for you, my dear, after

this. "Julia, my dear, or Julia, you awful freckle-face, you *must* put on your hat, and be sure and keep out of the sun," that is, go into the damp shade, till you grow up like a potato-sprout in the cellar, white and semi-vitalized. "But Julia, I see the wind is blowing. Wind is horrible for freckles; you can't go out to-day." To-morrow it is, "Clementina Angelica, it is too damp for you to go out." "But, mother, George is out playing!" "Yes, George is a great boy."

Soon Julia and Clementina Angelica go to a fashionable boarding-school, where they learn to play a polka, crochet, and the like; and for health, walk up and down Broadway twice a week in a procession the principal use of which is its serving as an advertisement of Madame X's school.

Look at the dress of woman. Were men to so direct the fashion of woman's dress, in order to enable him by physical force to overcome her and tyrannize over her, he could not more completely fetter her than she shackles herself. Her sleeves are placed so low down upon the waist that she is unable to raise her hands to the top of her head or use them freely in any direction; her limbs are restrained in their motions by a profusion of flowing skirts, and her breathing interrupted by lacings or corsets, which displace the organs and slowly destroy life. It is in vain, however, to hope for any relief from the tyranny of fashion. Were these injuries caused by any edict of church or State, long ere this they would have been abrogated. Against the decrees of fashion there is no appeal. We must therefore seek for other evils more curable.

It is the females of cities and large towns imbued with city manners and customs, where these maladies are most rife, and found only in exceptional cases among our poorer classes, who are not exposed to fashionable follies. In cities, all of the better classes of the population live not so much for themselves as for other people; more solicitous as to what Mrs. Grundy may say, than for their own comfort and health. They are constantly going somewhere at improper times and seasons and hours. So delicate in health that they cannot go out to perform any duty if the sky be a little overcast; in fact, accustomed to spend the most of the time cooped up in the house, dressed perhaps too warmly, yet in the evening, no matter how stormy, freezing, or tempestuous, they can ride in a coach, with head and shoulders uncovered, or, with clothes well tucked up under their arms, they can walk through slush and mire to sit for hours in a cold theater, an ill ventilated vestry or lecture-room, or worse still, into an over-heated, over-crowded ball-room.

But this is not bad enough; no matter whether it is at the time of the periodic functions or not, the young girl whose constitution is yet in process of formation, or the young matron engaged in the great work for which the division into

sexes was created, spend hours in the most outrageous muscular exertion, in dances which would seem to have been invented by some arch enemy of woman, so effectually do they, aided by a too great weight of clothing, shake up the whole frame and dislocate every internal organ pertaining to womanhood. We really think that the polka and its varieties which so jar the frame, have done more than any one single cause, to injure the health of our American women.

We must be allowed to dwell upon this branch of the subject. Just think of the young woman who spends her days with a book or with her needle in the quiet of her own house, not even going out for a walk, save semi-occasionally, when she takes an omnibus at the end of the first block, from fatigue. Think of this fragile creature, overcoming this chronic habit, and the languor which her periodic condition imparts, with organs excited, turgid, and enlarged, dancing these muscular dances, then stimulating and aggravating the difficulties by libations of champagne. Think, too, of the cream, ices, oysters, and jellies, indulged in at this unseasonable hour, and in what quantities! And then when every pore is steaming, when the pulse is beating wildly, half-clad, to seek, through the sleet and frost, her home. Perhaps our lady lives so near that a carriage is not deemed necessary, and what a chill strikes through the India-rubbers in the walk of half-a-dozen houses; and then to bed in the small hours, perhaps to repeat the same thing every night or two for the season.

This is no fancy picture. You know it, yet you ask me, Why is it that this young creature has this and that malady? And all New York, and all America (the only place in the world where young girls of sixteen are allowed so to do), are doing the same foolish thing the whole season through. Is not this a suicidal epidemic?

Women can still do something. They have yet a work to perform. Strip off your follies, your profligacies. Live for something better than dress and fashion, and that ease and self-indulgence which, like a coy maiden, when courted most, furthest retires. Accept your earthly mission to elevate man, to lift him above the perishing dross and sickly vanities of this world.

If the sins of the past can only be alleviated, in the future they may be prevented. Be a mother to your children; be a companion for your boys and girls. The follies of the young are too often only the manifestation of the sins of the mother—sins of omission—of neglect of the child's thought, which, instead of being trained, as the gardener inclines the twig, is allowed to be blown about by every passing breeze. Fill your child's thoughts full; stuff them to repletion with the good, and there will be no room for the bad to get in. You know how to satisfy the demands of his stomach, yet

you do not attempt to cater for his nobler mental and moral nature.

Be a mother! The fashionable woman whom we once met dancing wantonly at a city ball when her only child lay at home sickening with scarlet fever, is not the type we urge you to copy. She was but an ostrich who leaves its young on the desert sands. No, be a true mother, instinct with all the holy attributes of maternity.

Ah! if you will but accept the noble office you are called upon to perform, if you will but occupy the heart of your husband, if you will but fold your children into your own self, know their inmost thoughts, be their confident, their life-spring, their guide, truant husbands, as they are called, sons designated as "only a wild," will be rare, and the world will be renovated. To these pure joys does the true woman say dress and fashion are preferable?

Like all good actions, these will redound with blessings. In the exercise of these duties, in the cultivation of home joys and affections, the exposures and consequent diseases will not be met with. Life will not be a state of constant invalidism. Will you think of these things?—*The Knickerbocker*, 1860.

A Six-Minute Remedy.

JUST now, a traveling vender of a headache specific entered the room below. Eloquently, and almost enthusiastically, he discourses upon the marvelous effects of his wonderful medicine. He has cured thousands of cases of headache within the short space of six months, and has never failed in a single instance. In less than six minutes after taking his magic liniment, he will guarantee a cure in the most obstinate, brain-racking case. The lady replies that she had tried many highly-praised remedies and had found them all useless, and said she would try no more. Now follows a brilliant display of medical knowledge, manifested by an eloquent flow of technical gibberish, professedly explanatory of the hidden cause of the malady, and how his remedy, unlike all others before it, strikes right at the root of the difficulty, and the headache is instantly dissipated.

This last flourish is successful. His end is gained, the victim ruined. One individual almost wishes that some of them had the headache, that they might experience the pleasure of having it cured in six minutes. At this juncture in affairs an absent son returns, and confesses to having had the headache for three days. Now offers a grand chance to exhibit the magical power of his drug. The boy is quietly seated. A dose is poured into the stomach, a few passes on the forehead with the finger dipped in the lotion, and, how strange! the headache is no more. Stealthily the fumes of the drug impreg-

nate the atmosphere of my room, the first sense to my olfactories being that of a drug shop.

A bottle is taken. Duped again perhaps for the fiftieth time. How the people love to be humbugged! Former experience is of no account, they must learn over and over again by sad trial the same lesson that drug specifics are both useless and injurious.

As the vender goes on his way, perhaps to dupe and dope the next family, I cannot help feeling a sense of gratitude to God for the glorious light of health reform; and also, sad, that so many are ignorant of its invaluable principles. And not a few choose darkness rather than light. How much better to relieve the aching head in the natural way by abstaining from food, and taking rest, than to continue eating unhealthful food, or overloading the stomach, and then swallow some poisonous drug to paralyze the action of the stomach, giving immediate relief, but doing permanent injury. Or what is far better still to live healthfully and avoid the headache altogether.

Every drug specific that relieves distress, or kills pain instantly, is injurious always doing its work by paralyzing the parts, effecting a cure in about the same manner that the inebriate finds relief from a troubled mind in a glass of grog. The only proper way to eradicate disease is to cease to do evil, and learn to do well. Supply healthful conditions, and let nature do the work.

H. A. ST. JOHN.

Physiology.

PHYSIOLOGY, in its relation to the laws of life, is the science of the functions of the entire natural man. Our bodies are made up from what we eat and drink, the same as the tree or plant is made up from the soil on which it feeds. If the soil in which the tree grows be rich, or well supplied with all the ingredients necessary, a strong, hardy product may be expected. On the other hand, if the soil be thin or sterile, the tree or plant will be stunted, or otherwise injuriously affected. So in regard to the food on which we subsist. Poor food will make poor blood, and poor blood will make poor tissue, bone, muscle, and nerve. Good coal will make good gas; poor coal, poor gas, and furnish a poor light.

Only that which can be readily assimilated and converted into healthful blood has any business in the human stomach. Very much that is eaten, and very much that we drink, cannot be thus assimilated or appropriated, and is only an enemy to the body. Instead of favoring growth, many substances in which we indulge are actually poisonous. Many drink alcoholic liquors, which are neither food nor drink. Many chew, snuff, or smoke tobacco, and impregnate their whole systems with vile elements which poison the blood, interfere with healthy growth, blunt the

moral sensibilities, and stupefy, exhaust, and wear out, the nervous system prematurely.

If one would acquaint himself with the laws of life and health, and live in accordance with hygienic principles, he may escape most of the diseases and infirmities with which the race is afflicted. Even epidemics, such as cholera, yellow fever, and small-pox, often do not touch a perfectly healthy organization; only those already predisposed to disease become easy subjects. Foolish and ambitious parents push and crowd the minds of their fragile children, that they may become "smart," and show off to advantage. Under such treatment, immature brains become abnormally large, the young minds unhealthfully active, and a touch of brain fever cuts off the young lives like buds before they blossom. Precocious children may be everywhere seen in our cities. The artificial mode of life pursued by many parents tends to augment this growing evil. A better knowledge of physiology would correct all this.—*Wells' Annual of Phrenology.*

Health.—A Letter to Mothers.

MOTHERS, is there anything we can do to acquire for our daughters a good constitution? Is there truth in the sentiment sometimes repeated, that our sex is becoming more and more effeminate? Are we as capable of enduring hardship as our grandmothers were? Are we as well versed in the details of housekeeping, as able to bear them without fatigue, as our mothers were? Have our daughters as much stamina of constitution, as much aptitude for domestic duties, as we ourselves possess? These questions are not interesting to us simply as individuals. They affect the welfare of the community; for the ability or inability of woman to discharge what the Almighty has committed to her, touches the equilibrium of society and the hidden springs of existence.

Does she attach value to the gems of intellect? Let her see that the casket which contains them be not lightly endangered or carelessly broken. Does she pray for the welfare of the soul? Let her seek the good of its companion, who walks with it to the gate of the grave, and rushes again to its embrace on the morning of the resurrection.

Fashion seems long enough to have attacked health in its strongholds. She cannot even prove that she has rendered the form more graceful, as some equivalent for her ravages. In ancient Greece, to which our painters and sculptors still look for the purest models, was not the form left untutored? the volume of the lungs allowed free play? the heart permitted, without manacles, to do the great work which the Creator assigned it?

Let us educate a race who shall have room to

breathe. Let us promise, even in their cradle, that their hearts shall not be pinioned as in a vice, nor their spines bent like a bow, nor their ribs forced into the liver. Doubtless the husbands and fathers of the next generation will give us thanks.

Yet, if we would engage in so formidable a work, we must not wait until morbid habits have gathered strength. Our labor must be among the elements of character. We must teach in the nursery that "the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost." We must leave no place in the minds of our little ones for the lunatic sentiment, that the mind's healthful action, and the integrity of the organs on which it operates, are secondary to the vanities of external decoration. If they have received from their Creator a sound mind and a sound body, convince them that they are accountable for both. If they deliberately permit injury to either, how shall they answer for it before their Judge?

And how shall the mother answer it, in whose hand the soul of her child was laid, as a waxen tablet, if she suffer fashion to cover it with fantastic images, and folly to puff out her feverish breath, melting the lines that wisdom penciled there, till what Heaven would fain have polished for itself, loses the fair impression, and becomes like common earth?—Mrs. Sigourney.

Self-Denial.

IN the columns of the *New York Times*, we notice a department for letters from the people, entitled, "Cost of Living." In this column, from time to time, we see ideas coming to the surface, which show that the cost of living in New York, even on the most prudent scale, is quite expensive; but many of the articles consumed by families spoken of in this column are, viewed from a hygienic standpoint, not only quite unnecessary, but injurious.

It is evident that most of the writers of these letters are people of moderate incomes; and many of them are going to the extent of their means, and some of them are exceeding their incomes in the expenses of living.

Now, could these worthy people only see their true interest in this matter, they would welcome the system of hygiene, as presented in the REFORMER, as a God-send, not only to help them to solve a financial problem, but as a means of happiness in this world, and having a tendency to habits of virtue.

But few, however, are willing to deny the appetite until they see the necessity of reformation. When a man sees that his present and future happiness depends in a great measure upon the manner he controls his appetite, he may perhaps deny its imperious demands. Let all who value life and health deny the claims of vitiated appetite.

JOS. CLARKE.

The Health Reformer.

Battle Creek, Mich., July, 1872.

Appetite Again.

WE have more to say upon the subject of the appetite, which, for want of room, we could not give last month. We have spoken quite fully upon the power of perverted appetite. Now we wish to show how the tyrant may be conquered. And we would here state that reclaimed drunkards, and emancipated tobacco, tea, and coffee slaves, may shout greater victories than officers who lead their men in most successful battles. An inspired proverb reads, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." It may be said with equal truth and force, He that conquers perverted appetite is greater than he who conquers armed forces.

Hard and difficult as it may be, the work of restoring morbid appetite to a natural and healthful condition can be done. And as appetite gets the mastery by indulgence, so it is conquered and becomes man's servant only by rigid abstinence. As indulgence is the cause, and the debasing rule of appetite is the result, in the one case, so abstinence is the redeeming cause, and natural appetite, controlled by reason and conscience, health and happiness, are the glorious results, in the other case. But the man of strong habits, who undertakes to grapple with, and conquer, his appetite for fashionable indulgences, may as well understand on the very start that he "has the bull by the horns." And he should count the cost, lay his plans well, and nerve himself for the contest.

There is, however, a very important fact we wish here to plainly state for the encouragement of those who feel the need of reforming in habits of life, and at the same time dread the difficulties and sufferings that they may have to encounter. It is this: Proper abstinence will soon give them complete victory, when the delights of taste, and the pleasures of existence in simple and natural habits, will far exceed those of their present gross and unnatural lives of hurtful indulgence.

The drunkard leaves his cups, and suffers inexpressible mental and physical agony until by abstinence, and proper habits, the fire is taken

from his blood and brain, and nature restores order, and gives his being, as far as possible, her original stamp. This accomplished, the redeemed inebriate has lost his love for liquor, and feels that he is a man again. It is not to be questioned that the man who satisfies his depraved cravings for whisky feels a sort of momentary pleasure in indulgence. But the enjoyments of existence with him whose habits are natural and healthful are almost infinitely greater than with those who are ruled by appetite, and who surrender to the momentary pleasure found in the gratification of morbid appetite.

Here are facts of the greatest importance, not only in harmony with natural law, but sustained by the happy experiences of thousands of reclaimed drunkards. But it is difficult to make the drunkard, in his soberest hours, see and feel the force of these facts. His friends may wish to help him; but he, alone, must fight the battle with appetite, or never enjoy the victory. The higher powers of his mind are benumbed and enfeebled, having surrendered to the rule of appetite, which has ascended to the throne of his being. He, however, decides to make the effort to reform, and abstains from liquor for a few days. He is in agony, and feeling no assurance that, if he perseveres, the period of his suffering will be brief, he is in danger of yielding to the pressure of the mistaken idea that abstinence dooms him to a life-long period of mental and physical agony. Oh! to get across this, to him an impassable gulf, beyond which he now sees no fields of delight; but where, when fairly across, he may shout victory in the midst of the natural and healthful pleasures of an almost new existence, is the greatest victory that mortal man can achieve, and one long step toward Heaven. And yet, this victory can be won.

What we have said in the case of drunkenness is as true of tobacco inebriety. The appetite for tobacco will continue, so long as it continues in the system. The system can be freed from tobacco by abstinence, and hygienic treatment, when the appetite for tobacco will cease. Boys have a natural dislike for tobacco. But this they overcome by taking it into the system by use. And when their blood becomes poisoned, and tobacco enters into their being, so that they become walking tobacco, the collision between nature and tobacco ceases, and tobacco on two legs enjoys tobacco in any form. To-

bacco is quite at home with tobacco, while dame nature is compelled to stand back and witness the terrible ruin. Completely eradicate tobacco from the human system, and restore the taste to a natural and healthful condition, and tobacco will be as offensive to the emancipated tobacco slave as to the pure youth before he took the poison into his blood.

We do not recommend any one to try to overcome appetite for tobacco by a long, tedious, murderous process of leaving off by degrees. The victory is seldom if ever reached in this way. Total abstinence is the only sure course. And we recommend hygienic treatment to those who find it a difficult task to overcome tobacco. In order for a speedy and sure victory, the poison should be taken from the blood as soon as possible. Water treatment will do this at a rapid rate. We have packed tobacco invalids in the wet sheet, and taken them out in forty minutes, when the room would be filled with the scent of tobacco, sensible to the smell and even the taste; and the sheet itself would become discolored with the filthy taint of tobacco. We recommend treatment, with plain hygienic food, at the Health Institute at Battle Creek, Mich., as the surest and quickest means for the tobacco invalid, or tobacco slave, to recover, and conquer the power of the habit.

And what we say of intoxicating drinks, and of tobacco, is true, in the main, of tea and coffee. Total abstinence is the only remedy. And when these habits are overcome, and restoration, as far as possible, to natural conditions, takes place, whisky, tobacco, tea and coffee sicknesses, in a hundred forms, subside. For example, there are thousands of women in our country who use neither tea nor coffee, who once used strong tea for the headache. Tea did give them temporary relief; but at the same time laid the foundation for more severe headache. And now they bear the joyful testimony that when they had by abstinence overcome their love for tea, their headache had also disappeared.

Those on our side of this question, who have passed through the struggle against the clamors of morbid appetite, and have gained the victory, can appreciate this view of the subject. Those on the other side must pass over to us, and in their own experience work out the matter before they can fully understand the subject.

And right here is where the subject of health reform meets one of its greatest difficulties.

Those under the control of appetite hardly see anything in the reform but privation and starvation. They sit down to a hygienic dinner without flesh-meats and highly seasoned gravies, where all the food is as far as possible in its natural state, and they become disgusted with its saltless, insipid tastelessness. They pity us, and, deciding from their condition of taste, are grieved that we are starving ourselves. But the very dinner they despise, we enjoy with the keenest relish, and, in point of amount, do it liberal justice. We starve? Not we. Who ever saw a real health reformer with a "poor appetite"? If one exists, we would like to see him. Returning to temperate habits restores the appetite, so that health reformers take their food with a keen relish. We had a clear illustration of this matter in the case of our Willie. Before the reformation in our table, when it was set three times a day, and twice each day with flesh, the child's reply to his mother's interrogation at breakfast, "What will you have on your plate, Willie?" would frequently be, "I don't see anything on the table I want." But when the table was cleared of flesh-meats, pepper, vinegar, pickles, mustard, greasy, spiced, and saleratus cakes, &c., and the two meals a day were adopted, the boy's answer to the question, "What will you have on your plate?" was, "Victuals, mother, victuals." The simplest and most healthful food could then be received with a relish far exceeding that enjoyed in eating the greatest delicacy before his appetite was restored by proper habits. Here we find the reason why the poor serf enjoys his simple fare a thousand times more than his epicurean lord. But it is a hard matter to make fashionable eaters understand the facts in the case.

Should we be compelled to sit down to a fashionable dinner and eat of dead swine, sheep, ox, or poultry, highly seasoned, the performance would be disgusting and painful. The very spices, salt, pepper, vinegar, mustard, and pickles, that would delight fashionable taste, would be extremely painful to ours. And we should not only pity our friends who were under the control of fashionable appetite, but we would pity ourselves for that day at least. And the grand difficulty in this subject is, that those on the other side cannot understand the matter fully until they have come all the way over in an experience of their own to our side of the question.

In reference to the salt and sugar question we wish here to state that one of the most important victories we have gained, has been to overcome a love for the common use of these at the table. Now the wheat-meal or oat-meal pudding tastes best without the common application of sugar. And the potato loses its natural deliciousness when sprinkled with salt. In fact, the common use of salt has become painful. "But," says some wise one, who stands in approximate condition to that of Lot's wife, "the Lord himself said, 'Salt is good.'" Certainly, amiable friend. And the good Lord knew just how much salt to put into the potato.

The Lord has done his work wisely and well. When men leave their artificial and gross habits of life, and adopt as far as consistent the natural, then they will enjoy the delights of taste restored to its healthful tone and condition.

We say to all health reformers, Live strictly up to the convictions of your own enlightened minds. Be not led into condemnation by the entreaties of friends. At home live health reform, and when you go abroad carry it with you. Live it, and at proper times, in proper places, and in a proper manner, talk health reform. Never let the opposition, or the kind entreaties of friends, gain ground on you. But ever hold on your way, and, by all proper means, labor to impress those around you with the importance of the subject.

To those who are making changes we would say, If you make them all at once, be sure to make a corresponding change in your mental or physical labor. If your circumstances are such that you cannot nearly suspend labor for awhile, or spend three months at our Health Institute, you should in matters of diet make the changes gradually. But do not forget to change. As you prize health and the favor of God here, and a happy existence in his presence in the next world, turn from the violation of natural law. And let it be your study and constant effort to come, in your habits of life, more and still more in harmony with those laws instituted by the beneficent Author of your being.

THE blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example that roll away from him, and go beyond his ken on their perilous mission.

What you keep by you, you may change and mend;
But words once spoken can never be recalled.

Our Health Institute.

THE Health Reform Institute, located at Battle Creek, Michigan, is rapidly rising to public notice and favor. Its managers have not been ambitious to call the attention of the public to it, by advertising beyond the hitherto limited circulation of the REFORMER; but have done what they could to make it what such an institution should be, that its patrons might find a speedy cure, and go away well, to advertise the public of its merits. In this way its growth has hitherto been slow, but sure.

The following candid statement is from the editor of the *Shoolcraft (Mich.) Dispatch*, V. C. Smith, whose social qualities and truly gentlemanly deportment endeared him to the entire Institute fraternity and made him a blessing to his fellow-patients.

HEALTH REFORM INSTITUTE.

In a former number of the *Dispatch* we referred to the Health Reform Institute located at Battle Creek, Mich., since which time we have had an opportunity of testing the remedial merits of this Institution; and the result of our experience and observation enable us to speak advisedly in regard to its excellence; not only as a pleasant home for weary invalids, but a place where those suffering from disease may confidently expect to find relief, and, in most cases, ultimate recovery.

The steadily increasing prosperity of this Institute has induced the Board of Directors from time to time to enlarge and add to its accommodations; so that at present, its facilities in every department are ample. The main building is pleasantly situated, with a beautiful oak and hickory grove in front, interspersed with evergreens, and among which are pleasant walks, croquet grounds, and some conveniences for gymnastic exercises. At a short distance from this building are several cottages, fitted up with well-ventilated rooms for the use of patients with special reference to their comfort and enjoyment, and the restoration of their health.

The bath rooms are in the back part of the main building, which are supplied with soft water, well ventilated and conveniently arranged, with the Hot Air Bath, Spray, and all other baths usually found at an institution of this kind. In connection with these, are the Swedish Movement Cure—the Lift Cure, and the

Sun Bath. But not being quite satisfied with the slower appliances of this fast age, they have just introduced "The Electro-Thermal Bath," which is run by lightning, and which will doubtless meet with a *warm* reception from those who are at present so *patiently* waiting at the Institute for the moving of the waters, as well as hundreds of others who may in future find their way to this pleasant health resort. This bath is unrivaled for its efficacy in counteracting many diseases.

A generous table is set, with a well-regulated, nutritious, and liberal diet, such as will greatly aid in curing disease; in fact, nothing is left undone by the physicians, superintendent, or helpers, that will contribute to the pleasure and restoration to health of the patients in charge.

Lectures are given twice a week in the parlor by the physicians, in a plain and familiar manner, in regard to their method of curing disease—how to preserve health by living in accordance with the laws of life—and many other things connected with the happiness, improvement, and well-being, of the patients.

The physicians are men and women of intelligence; good, kind, and practical, and stand at the head of their profession. The superintendent is a genial gentleman, who dispenses sunshine wherever he goes, and has the good of all at heart. In short, the atmosphere at and around the Institute is filled with a religious and moral influence, such as is seldom found at any other place, and we can cheerfully recommend it to the afflicted everywhere. Almost every State in the Union and Canada are, or have been, represented here; at present, there are about sixty patients under treatment, who, as a class, are intelligent and agreeable, and will compare favorably with those of similar institutions. As to our own case, we went there upon *crutches*, and in four weeks returned on the cars, nearly restored to the enjoyment of our usual health. We shall ever hold the Health Reform Institute at Battle Creek in grateful remembrance.

EMERSON says: "In the great household of nature the farmer stands at the door of the bread-room and weighs to each his loaf."

ONE hour lost in the morning by lying in bed will put back all the business of the day. One hour gained by rising early is worth a month of labor in the year.

Letter Budget.

WE feel assured all who desire a wider circulation for the HEALTH REFORMER, and a dissemination of the principles advocated therein, will be interested in the extracts from business letters which we take the liberty of giving here:

A. T. R., N. H., writes: I have been furnished with the REFORMER one year, by a brother. It has been a welcome visitor, and eagerly read by old and young. Please find inclosed one dollar, and continue your valuable journal another year.

D. C. Y., Ohio, writes: I was a subscriber to your very valuable journal last year. I think it is a very instructive magazine, and wish it had a place in every family in the land. I have derived very much benefit from it. I hope you may succeed in your efforts to advance the cause of health reform. Inclosed is my subscription.

Dr. W. C. W., Iowa, writes: We hope to double our present number of subscribers in a short time. The cause you advocate has many warm friends in our neighborhood.

A. K. W. writes: To me your journal grows better and better, and I expect to be a subscriber to it as long as life lasts. I hope you may be sustained by a higher power in advocating truth; but at the present age of the world it is hard to make people believe that they are committing suicide by eating and dressing. May God speed the time when every one shall understand the laws of life, and act accordingly.

P. D. L., Ohio, writes: Inclosed please find one dollar for the HEALTH REFORMER. I must have it. We take several papers, but I value it above any other.

R. H. M., Ind., writes: We obtain a new subscriber now and then for the HEALTH REFORMER, for which we feel thankful. Many are receiving the light. Truth is powerful and will prevail.

W. E., Ontario, writes: I borrowed a few numbers of the HEALTH REFORMER of a friend, and I like the appearance of it so well I wish to subscribe for it. I will try and persuade some of my friends to send for it, for I think it ought to be in every family.

E. M. W., N. Y., writes: Those who are receiving the REFORMER here like it well. I wish all who are engaged in preparing it might know how much we value it, and how great the benefits we have derived from its teachings. Hope the number of your subscribers will rapidly increase.

W. F. C., Tenn., writes: I am much pleased with the HEALTH REFORMER. I am sure you are doing a noble work. I bid you God speed.

S. J. M., Wis., writes: I am glad to be able to send you one dollar for a new subscriber. Thus far I have obtained one new one each

month. I do not ask or wish for any other compensation than success in introducing a magazine of such excellence to the intelligent people of our land. I think if we can persuade a person to take it for a year, it will recommend itself sufficiently for a renewal.

D. D. H., Mass., writes: I inclose one dollar for your valuable journal. May the blessing of God attend you in your efforts to benefit mankind.

E. E., Ill., writes: Having been a reader of your most valuable journal for five years, I would say that I am more than pleased with its teachings, and that it is getting better and better. May it find its way into many family circles, where it is yet a stranger, to impart light upon a subject that so much concerns humanity.

Miss O. A. R., Oregon, writes: I think the HEALTH REFORMER improves every month, and that every family should have it. I keep mine on the move, but would like to file for my own use.

G. L. D., writes: I inclose one dollar to renew my subscription. Do not let me miss a single number. Some are worth a dollar each. I intend soon to communicate some of the benefits that I have realized by following the directions given in your journal.

A. M. E., Wis., writes: I wish to renew my subscription for the best journal I ever had in my family. It was sent me last year by my aunt. It has been worth ten times the cost of it already.

Mrs. S. D. G., Wis., writes: As my subscription has expired, I send one dollar for another year. I prize it very highly. It has been worth a great many dollars to me.

S. E., Maine, writes: I consider the HEALTH REFORMER one of the best periodicals published. It has been a saving angel to me. By adhering to its instructions I have been saved from an untimely grave. It is a work every family should have. It tells the well how to keep well, and the sick how to get well without money and without price.

M. E. F., Iowa, writes: For the first time, I have seen a few copies of the HEALTH REFORMER. Am very much pleased with it. Shall try to make up a club for it. Please send me some spare numbers if you can.

M. E. P., Maine, writes: I read the HEALTH REFORMER with interest, and wish for it a wider circulation. I will endeavor to get some subscribers for it. The people need lectures to wake them up and call their attention to this important subject.

J. W. P., Iowa, writes: You will find inclosed one dollar, for which please send the REFORMER to my sister. I want her to share with me the benefits derived from its perusal. I consider the HEALTH REFORMER one of my greatest

earthly blessings. It is a little more than a year since we became acquainted with this journal. My husband and myself were both out of health, and doctored with drugs and patent medicines a great deal; but still our health continued to fail until we adopted the health reform. We left off the use of tobacco, tea, coffee, pork, all kinds of condiments, and used graham instead of fine flour. We feel very thankful for the progress we have made, and from the benefits derived therefrom, for our health has improved very much.

A. K., Texas, writes: I appreciate the monthly visits of the HEALTH REFORMER. Would that it could be read by every family in the United States. They would all be the better for it, especially if they would put in practice your teachings. I have just received a copy of Dr. Trall's Hydropathic Encyclopedia and am very much pleased with it. Rest assured that I will always speak a good word for the HEALTH REFORMER.

W. B. A., Mo., writes: Your journal has become quite a favorite in the family, and, as our time is nearly out, I thought it best just to remit the price for another year. We heartily wish you success in your noble work, and will endeavor to aid a little.

We thank you, dear friends, for supporting us so liberally in word and deed. Our list of subscribers now numbers more than six thousand, and we believe that it can reach ten thousand in less than a year if proper effort is made. M. Wood, of Boston, Mass., has, in the past six months, sent us the names of seventy new subscribers. For this he receives no compensation except the consciousness of doing something in a good cause. Mrs. A. Dart, of Colorado, has, in the same time, sent us the names of sixty-seven subscribers. She takes her commission in religious tracts and works on hygiene, which she distributes gratuitously. And many others, whose names we could mention, have done equally well for the opportunities they had.

How many will aid us by canvassing for the REFORMER? Think, dear friends, if each one of our subscribers should secure one subscription for the HEALTH REFORMER, it would add six thousand names to our list! It seems but little for each one to do, yet the aggregate is not small.

Send for specimen numbers. We can supply all new subscribers with back numbers of the present volume. ONE WHO KNOWS.

Similia similibus curantur, which, being freely translated, meaneth—that sulphur from Vesuvius will cure eruptions.

Health.

IF the human body is really composed of what we eat and drink—and this must be so—there is the most intimate relation between what we eat and drink and the building up process of the body. A man might as well look for a good garment to be produced from a factory which deals only in shoddy as to think the human organism can be properly developed unless the laboratory of the vital domain is supplied with those elements which can be converted into a good quality of blood. When we consider that the blood is the real sap of the human body, and, like the sap of the tree, conducts the nourishing properties to every part, how important that that blood be not only supplied with good chyle, but that it be also kept free from those elements which have no affinity for the human system, except that contrary to human nature.

Venders of quack nostrums play upon the credulity of the public by telling them: "As 'the life is in the blood,' how important that this channel be kept healthy." So they go on to tell that their particular drug, syrup, or biters, "has a peculiar quality in it to pick up all that is in the blood that is deleterious to human life as readily as a magnet will pick up particles of steel," and that this great medicine (?) can perform the double process of attracting and repelling, for it will gather the ills of life and then "drive them all out of the system."

The public thus go on under the impression that there is some power in medicines to expel disease, filling their bodies with that which will not make blood, bone, muscle or nerve, or be used in any way, but which must be removed from the system as soon as possible. What would we think of the man who, having an excellent spring, should think it essential to the purity of the water to put into it once a week a bucket of sand, muck, or soft clay, stir it all up, let it settle, and then call the water excellent; whereas, the impurities he has put into the spring have rendered it more obnoxious than before.

Persons governed by appetite, and living for the gratification of their senses, are hardly prepared to hear the true "gospel of health," or to learn "the true healing art;" nevertheless, we must proclaim it "whether they will hear or whether they will forbear."

Are you afflicted with sour stomach, bilious turns, dyspepsia, stop and attend to your stomach. Don't furnish it with fats and condiments of any kind, but with only good, wholesome food, in proper quantity, and you will begin to learn the true lessons of health.

It is supposed that the vital powers of the body, like those of trees and plants, are self-protecting. The ghastly gash that is cut in the tree heals over nicely. So may you recover from the ills of life, not by filling your body with drugs and improper food, but by learning nature's

laws and properly observing them. Will you do it? If life, health, cheerfulness, and energy, are of any value, they are worth an effort in correcting wrong habits of all kinds, and that is their real price.—J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH, in *Pacific Coast Journal*.

Faith a Remedial Agent.

THE Good Book says, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Every one has realized something of the depressing and devitalizing effects of grief and despondency. But there is another influence quite as important as a merry heart, both as a remedial and a life-sustaining agency. It is a living faith. The person who undoubtingly believes in an eternal hereafter, and has unquestioning faith in the Supreme Being who, whatever appearances may indicate to the finite comprehension, "doeth all things well," has a hold on existence and a resource for health beyond all calculation.

A merry heart conduces to a balanced circulation—one of the essential conditions of health. A firm faith gives steadiness and straightforwardness to character, and determination to the will, both of which are indispensable to the 'normal play of all the functions.' The doubting mind must of necessity waste more or less of its vital energies in unavailing efforts to solve the complicated problems and unfathomable mysteries of a future state; or, if it settles down in the quiescence of unbelief, it lacks the inspiration and innervation of hopefulness. The man with abiding conviction that God rules, and that existence is eternal, will go through difficulties, endure privations, face dangers, and triumph over disasters, that would appall and unman a despondent or a doubting heart.

The old Christian martyrs, because of faith, could brave torture and smile at death. They could see the consuming flames encircling their bodies, and feel the contortions of the quivering flesh, with comparatively little suffering. A strong will power can almost control sensation when circumstances require it. Without faith one cannot be true to duty in times of trial and temptation. If his belief for himself and for others extend only to the measure of an earthly existence, the motives for grand and noble deeds are comparatively weak. But if he believes that his actions, his words, and his deeds, with himself will live forever, the incentive for doing well and being true, are immeasurably increased.

Physicians have many occasions to notice the sanitary as well as remedial influences of faith. The invalid who believes most hopes most; and, other circumstances being equal, is always most amenable to treatment.—*Science of Health*.

A WESTERN doctor lately advertised that for more convenience he had removed opposite the church-yard.

Health Hints.—No. 5.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

THOSE ladies who have gardens and fields to cultivate have no excuse for lassitude, indigestion, headache, or loss of appetite. And beauty does not soon fade from those cheeks that are daily associated with out-door air.

The *Old Farmer* says: "There is nothing better for wives and daughters physically than to have the care of a garden. What is more pleasant than to spend a portion of every passing day working in the garden, watching the growth of shrubs, trees, and plants, and to observe the opening of flowers from week to week, as the season advances? Then how much it adds to the enjoyment to know that your own hands have planted and tilled them, and have pruned and trained them. This is a pleasure that requires neither riches nor profound knowledge. The wife or daughter who loves home, and would seek ever to make it the best place for husband and brother, is willing to forego some gossiping morning calls for the sake of having leisure for the cultivation of plants, shrubs, and flowers. The advantages which women personally derive from stirring the soil and snuffing the morning air are freshness and beauty of cheek and brightness of eye, cheerfulness of temper, vigor of mind, and purity of heart. Consequently, she is more cheerful and lovely as a daughter, more dignified and womanly as a sister, and more attractive and confiding as a wife."

And another writer expresses his ideas on the same subject in these beautiful words: "The garden is woman's proper sphere of out-door labor. Here she finds a natural theater for her taste, and a remedy for half her ills. The garden is her academy and her gymnasium—her school of beauty. Here are the graces, one with her rose in her hand, and another with her branch of myrtle. In their society she breathes the fragrant morning air, and rests at noon in the shade of the vine which her own fingers have trained. It is wonderful what miracles her hands work there, the beauty and loveliness that bloom under her eye."

Anciently, the exquisite beauty of several women was considered worthy of mention on the Sacred Page. Their lives were spent chiefly out of doors, and the tents in which they dwelt did not exclude the pure air as do most of the dwellings at the present time. Sarah, even at the advanced age of nearly eighty years, was still very "fair to look upon."

One of the most beautiful characters delineated in the Sacred Scriptures is that of Ruth. She was a gleaner in the wheat and barley fields. "She gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned." Ruth 2:17. The occupation of the women at the

close of the day was to water the flocks and herds. The beautiful Rebekah, after drawing water for herself, had the ability to draw water sufficient for *ten camels*, and their wells were deep. And it seems, too, that she was quite familiar with other out door affairs, for she told Abraham's servant there was "both straw and provender enough" for his camels.

It was not considered vulgar in those days for women to work out of doors, and why should it be now? True, out-door work is not popular among the ladies of this country, but is it not sensible? Is there anything degrading about flowers, plants, and shrubs, or the work of cultivating them? Why not let such exercise as is most conducive to health be remunerative in other respects?

A lady correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer* thus discourses upon the benefits and pleasures of working among flowers: "I am often pained in looking around among the pioneer families of my acquaintance, those who, by their habits of hardy industry and strict economy, have acquired wealth and goodly possessions, having all the means of good and comfortable, and even luxurious, living, to see the mother, who has been forward in gaining all these good things, in possession of ruined health, suffering from a complication of diseases, completely miserable. Believing as I do that repletion and exemption from exposure have done for such persons more harm than their former hardships, I would earnestly recommend to them to practice out doors, very moderately, perhaps; and by continuing, they may gain health, appetite, and cheerfulness.

"Though pressed with household duties, I have ever cultivated flowers, scattering them around my house, that whenever I step out, I can enjoy their beauty and fragrance. They have been to me a solace in the hardest times. I have them not in an elegant parterre, or in systematic precision, which speaks the nice distinctions of society, or the conventionalities of life, but more like the free luxuriance of wild nature. Botanically speaking, I enjoy their companionship, for there is much to be gained in the study of their properties and habits. Thus I relieve the tedium of family cares with little loss of time. Finding so much to be gained by flowers, I have turned my attention to vegetables, strawberries, and the like. For two years, I have raised the early vegetables for the family, having them earliest and best of their kind, and this year, some for the market. I find an unspeakable advantage in the experiment. I have gained much strength and buoyancy of feeling. I have gained much relief from asthma, which complaint I am subject to in summer.

"I believe that if the delicate woman, filled with lassitude or tortured with neuralgia, would employ a little time each day in the garden, she would gain health and cheerfulness much faster

than by medical treatment and sedentary life. I often recommend these things, but with little success. Ladies tell me they are too weak, they cannot bear to work among flowers; but in this I think some may mistake their own good, for it gives me relief to go out and breathe the pure air, working a little with plants and communing with mother earth, when I am unable to find comfort in the house."

The *Farmers' Advocate* says: "Would you be surrounded with flowers in spring, summer, and autumn? Would you inhale sweetness and perfume? Would you gaze upon beauty until it is reflected permanently in your cheeks, and your breath becomes one with their fragrance? Then plant about you the choicest shrubbery and flowers which bloom, each succeeding the other, and make your home a charmed spot. This is woman's work. It is one of her rights. Guard it vigilantly, and see that no trespassing hand deprives you of your 'inalienable rights.'"

Would you excite the noblest emulation of your friends, the admiration of visitors and the passer-by, the love of your husband, the spirit of refinement and love of beauty in your children, the gratitude of all, and the approbation of Heaven and of your own conscience, then—*plant flowers*. I am confident that every lady who will give this kind of employment a fair trial, will add to her own happiness, and to her personal attractions, from day to day.

JENNIE R. TREMBLEY.

Seasoning.

How this word came to denote the mixing of condiments with food is a question more curious than profitable. Like too many other terms, it conveys, not simple truth, but damaging falsehood to the mind. Its voice may be Jacob's, but its hands are Esau's. It is certainly a wolf disguised in the garb of a sheep.

As a general rule, artificial mixtures are bad. Lime or any other substance in water injures it. The purer, the better. So of air. Any foreign ingredient—though it be water—renders it just so far unhealthy. The malaria arising from rank vegetation, and breathed into the lungs with the atmosphere illustrates this fact in the form of chills and fevers.

Worse than the corruption of air and water, is that of diet. Simple food has nearly passed out of use. Meal and vegetables of all varieties must be seasoned to gratify the morbid appetites so universally acquired. Now the question well worth considering is, Are the grains and vegetables, such as turnips, beets, pumpkins, and potatoes, fit to eat? If so, then why not eat them as they are, as we do ripe fruits. No one, however depraved, mixes salt, pepper, and vinegar, with peaches, pears, berries, or melons.

Articles adapted to the wants of the body are always savory *per se*, and are injured by any

kind of seasoning. Mixtures thus produced, are no more nor less than confusion badly confounded. They prevent the discrimination which, if left free, would detect and reject unhealthy food, and at the same time tax the stomach into disease and finally death in its efforts to digest indigestibles. Who ever sat down to make a meal of mustard, horse radish, catsup, vinegar, or salt and pepper? Or who ever swallowed down hogs' lard, or even butter, without mixing it with something fit to eat? If, as is the general custom, these and similar articles are used for seasoning other victuals, surely they need to be seasoned before the taste can accept them.

All this shows the folly of such admixtures. It is a most silly device to cheat the appetite into corruption. Let things be taken single, just as they are on their own merits—or demerits—and at least one-half of the sickly diet in common use would speedily disappear.

It must occur to all who think at all that an article which has to be hired by an unhealthy condiment is unfit for the stomach. If the taste reject it just as it is, let its condemnation remain unchanged. Such a simple law would picket out fat meats, oysters, tea, coffee, etc. But by sugaring, creaming, condimenting, tasting, and seasoning, these and many other bad things are cheated through a morbid taste and on to an abused stomach.

Besides, the diet which is in itself good, is rendered bad by the bad mixtures. The pure and good taste of the meal, potato, turnip, beet, &c., is lost in the seasonings. The meal must be mixed with sour milk, saleratus, some kind of leaven or baking powders, before it can get into good (?) bread, and then it is not good until profusely buttered, and washed down with hot tea or coffee.

If our infinitely wise and benevolent Creator had not formed defensive and recuperative powers in man beyond any and all other animals, such a course of diet would soon end our career and exterminate our race.

W. PERKINS.

TRUE POLITENESS.—There is no surer mark of a mere pretender to politeness than the elevation of small points of etiquette to importance. True politeness originates in the desire to avoid the giving of pain, and to promote the comfort of other people; to put them at their ease, and even to prevent their consciousness of any little solecism in society fashions of which they may have been guilty. True politeness is common to all conditions, rich and poor, and is founded on principle. Mere etiquette is a masquerade; especially affected and studied in its minute canons by those who have a part to play, and possibly something to conceal.

MANY praise virtue who do not practice it.

MRS. WHITE'S DEPARTMENT.

SUMMER CALM.

A SUMMER silence sits upon the lake—
No sound of plashing oar, no herd-boy's call,
To wake the mountain echoes. A soft haze,
A dreamy haze of pale and liquid gold
Hangs o'er the placid waters: glow so pure
As scarce to touch with fire the ruby specks
That gem the troutling's back.

Now comes the low
Of answering kine, knee-deep within the flood,
And now the hum of the brown-armored bee,
Laden with spoil of the rich scarlet flowers
That glint amid the sedge: now with sharp "whirr"
The purple dragon-fly skims idly on,
His brief existence all an easy dream.
The fisher-heron beside the reedy pool
Poised on one leg, with eager head drawn back,
Scans the clear surface of the dimpled lake,
And strikes unerringly his silver prey.

Here, the broad flags their sturdy pennons wave
And gently rustle as the kingly swan,
With arched neck and snowy plumes, sails by:
Here blue forget-me-nots their petals hide,
And water-lilies in their chaste white cups
Veil their gold-fringed eyes: a glorious calm
Lies on the bosom of sweet Windermere,
Fraught with the tender balm of summer peace.
—All the Year Round.

Experience.

GENUINE OR FALSE, AND ITS BEARING ON
INVALIDS.—NUMBER TWO.

THE Lord surrounded Adam and Eve in Paradise with everything that was useful and lovely. God planted for them a beautiful garden. No herb, nor flower, nor tree, was wanting, which might be for use and ornament. The Creator of man knew that this workmanship of his hands could not be happy without employment. Paradise delighted their souls, but this was not enough; they must have labor to call into exercise the organs of the body. The Lord had made them for use. If happiness consisted in doing nothing, man, in his state of holy innocence, would have been left unemployed. But He who formed man knew what would be for his best happiness, and he no sooner made him than he gave him his appointed work. In order to be happy, he must labor.

Those girls who shun care in their youth, and are not disposed to bear burdens, will not be qualified for useful wives, and for the responsible position of mothers. They will surely disappoint the men who marry them. Those who are inclined to lean upon others, rather than to depend upon their God-given powers, are useless, so far as practical life is concerned. Had they in youth been disciplined to self-reliance and self-control, they would have had noble independence when they came upon the stage of action.

How can any one say they have nothing to do in this world of want, sickness, disappointment, discouragement, and despair? Are there no

hearts to bless with deeds of charity? no woes and griefs to share and to soothe by words of sympathy, and tender, holy cheer? The mind engaged in this good work will be invigorated. Feelings for others' woes will divert the mind from repining, and lead to the forgetfulness of real suffering. A cheerful temper, and a hopeful mind, will do much to cure the real diseases of the system; for a cheerful heart vitalizes, and imparts health to the entire system.

Nothing to do should be regarded as a dreaded curse. Those who can eat regularly and heartily, and who have the use of their limbs, should not feel excused from useful labor. Many eat regularly, but are constantly complaining of indisposition and languor. Such need the advantages that regular employment gives, which will interest and engage the mind. By remaining inactive, they will have torpid liver, which obstructs the circulation of the blood. Those who are on the sick list, and yet indulge the appetite in eating liberally, while they neglect exercise, do great injury to themselves. They take more food into the stomach than the system can dispose of, and convert into good blood, while they remain inactive, and the vital forces are taxed to a much greater degree than if they were engaged in earnest labor. The brain nerve-power is unduly taxed, by being called to share the labor of the burdened stomach.

The inclination of some to neglect proper exercise, even when they feel indisposed, imposes a tax upon some organs, while others become feeble from inaction. The system becomes obstructed with waste matter, which it is impossible to throw off, and paralysis is frequently the result. Physical exercise is very essential for the healthful vigor of the organs of the body.

Cheerful employment will, in many cases, prove more beneficial in the recovery of health than to be treated at a water cure, while the patient continues the same indolent habits which made him so feeble as to need treatment. Those who once really awaken to individual responsibility, and realize the blessings which result from having a purpose and aim in life, will find enough to do and cannot be induced, while they live, to be satisfied to simply eat, and breathe, and do nothing to make their lives a blessing to others. They will then dread indolence worse than disease.

Those who can see nothing to live for, whose lives are aimless, and who move about mechanically, feel that labor is a burden. They lack spirit and energy. They cannot, while they feel thus, realize the healthful vigor exercise gives, and are inclined to have all their powers lost, so far as practical purposes are concerned, in dullness and leaden insensibility. The heavy torpor they experience could be overcome, if the mind-cure could reach them. They need the heart enlivened by the healthful vigor of exercise. Spare diet, having perfect control of the appe-

tite, calling to the aid the will-power, and engaging in healthful labor, will indeed electrify the nerve-power to resist disease, which is often brought on and cherished by indolence and fashionable laziness.

Christians should feel that they have no right to be anything but well, so far as lies in their power; for the health of the body has a direct bearing on the religious character. Weakness and lassitude, which come in consequence of over-taxation of any of the organs, or as the result of inaction of some or all of the organs, affect seriously the soul. Peevishness and selfishness take the place of cheerful, hopeful, religious faith. The higher qualities of the mind are dimmed, and strong impulses control the entire being, instead of calm reason, and sanctified judgment.

Riding out in the open air, is beneficial, so far as it goes; for it is much better to be in the sunshine than to be inclosed in walls, deprived of the vitalizing air of heaven. Riding exercise is especially necessary for very feeble invalids, and persons who are crippled, or infirm from age, and who cannot engage in active exercise in walking or working. But many who have the use of their muscles and limbs, frequently allow their exercise to consist principally in riding. They depend upon the horse and carriage to go even a short distance, because they think they will become weary if they make the effort to exercise by walking. Here many deprive themselves of real benefit to their injury. The powers of motion they exercise in getting in and out of a carriage, and in going up and down stairs, could just as well be exercised in walking, and in performing the ordinary and necessary duties of life. Some will endure great taxation in riding almost any distance; but think they have not sufficient strength to engage in domestic duties. Their difficulty consists more in their imagination than in their inability to perform. They have strength that, if put to practical use, would accomplish much good, and make the members of the family more happy. Such do not come up to the point of physical strength it is their privilege, because they do not act on their part. God has given us a work to do which he does not propose to do for us. We should move from principle, in harmony with natural law, irrespective of feeling. Many will not be able to do this all at once, but they can work to the point gradually, in faith, believing that God will be their helper, and will strengthen them to perform.

The knowledge obtained by experience that they can do some good, will give increased strength, courage, and vigor.

Exercise, in order to be of decided advantage, should be systematized and brought to bear upon debilitated organs, that they may become strengthened by use. The movement-cure is a great ad-

vantage to a class of patients who are too feeble to exercise. But for all who are sick to rely upon it, making it their dependence, while they neglect to exercise their muscles themselves, is a great mistake.

Thousands are sick and dying around us who might get well and live if they would; but their imagination holds them, fearing they shall be made worse if they labor or exercise, when this is just the change they need to make them well. Without this, they never can improve. They should exercise the power of the will, and rise above their aches and debility, engage in useful employment, and forget they have aching backs, sides, lungs, and head. Want of exercise of the entire system, or neglecting to exercise a portion of the body, will bring on morbid conditions. Inaction of any of the organs will be followed by decrease of size and strength of the muscles, and cause the blood to flow sluggishly through the blood-vessels.

Those who are feeble and indolent should not yield to inclination to be inactive and deprive themselves of air and sunlight, but should practice exercising out of doors, in walking or working in the garden. They will, without doubt, become very much fatigued; but this will not hurt them. They will experience weariness; yet this will not injure them, but rest will be the sweeter after it. Inaction weakens the organs. And when the muscles that have been idle are used, pain and weariness are experienced because they have become feeble. It is not good policy to give up the use of certain muscles because pain is felt when they are exercised. The pain is frequently caused by the effort of nature to give life and vigor to those parts that have become partially lifeless through inaction. The motion of these long disused muscles will cause pain because nature is awakening them to life.

Walking, in all cases where it is possible, is the best exercise, because in walking, all the muscles are brought into action. Many who depend upon the movement-cure could, by exercise, accomplish more for themselves than the movements can do for them. There is no exercise that can take the place of walking. Want of exercise causes the bowels to become enfeebled and shrunken. Exercise will strengthen these organs that have become enfeebled for want of use. The circulation of the blood is greatly improved by the act of walking. The active use of the limbs will be of the greatest advantage to invalids.

God has given us all something to do. In the discharge of the various duties which we are to perform, which lie in our pathway, we shall be happy, and our lives be useful. We shall not only be gaining physical strength by exercise, but the mind will be acquiring strength. The exercise of one set of muscles, while others are left with nothing to do, will not strengthen the inactive ones any more than the use of one

of the organs of the mind, if continually exercised, will develop and strengthen those not brought into use. Each faculty of the mind and each muscle have their distinctive office, and all require to be equally exercised in order to become properly developed and retain healthful vigor. Each organ and muscle has its work to do in the living organism. Every wheel in the machinery must be an active, working wheel. Nature's fine and wonderful works need to be kept in active motion. All the faculties have a bearing upon each other, and all need to be exercised, in order to be properly developed. If one muscle is exercised more than another, the one used will become much the larger, and injure the harmony of the system. A variety of exercise will call into use all the muscles and aid in their perfect development, all having equal strength to perform the distinctive work for which God designed them. Then can we comply with the exhortation of the inspired apostle, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

A Visit with the Doctor.

"How ARE you to-day, Mrs. Carleton?" asked Dr. Farleigh, as he sat down by his patient, who reclined languidly in a large, cushioned chair.

"Miserable," was the faintly spoken reply. And the word was repeated—"Miserable."

The doctor took one of the lady's small, white hands, on which the net work of veins, most delicately traced, spread its blue lines everywhere beneath the transparent skin. It was a beautiful hand—a study for the painter or sculptor. It was a soft, flexible hand—soft, flexible, and velvety, to the touch as the hand of a baby, for it was as much a stranger to useful work. The doctor laid his finger on the wrist. Under the pressure he felt the pulse beat slowly and evenly. He took out his watch and counted the beats—seventy in a minute. There was no fever nor any unusual disturbance of the system. Calmly the heart was doing its appointed work.

"How is your head, Mrs. Carleton?"

The lady moved her head from side to side two or three times.

"Anything out of the way there?"

"My head is well enough, but I feel so miserable—so weak. I have n't the strength of a child. The least exertion exhausts me." And the lady shut her eyes, looking the very picture of feebleness.

"Have you taken the tonic, for which I left a prescription yesterday?"

"Yes; but I'm no stronger."

"How is your appetite?"

"Bad."

"Have you taken the morning walk in the garden that I suggested?"

"Oh! dear, no! Walk in the garden? I'm faint by the time I get to the breakfast room! I can't live at this rate, doctor. What am I to do? I'm a burden to myself and every one else."

And Mrs. Carleton really looked distressed.

"You ride out every day?"

"I did until the carriage was broken, and that was nearly a week ago. It has been at the carriage-maker's ever since."

"You must have the fresh air, Mrs. Carleton," said the doctor, emphatically. "Fresh air, change of scene, and exercise are indispensable in your case. You will die if you remain shut up after this fashion. Come, take a ride with me."

"Doctor! how absurd!" exclaimed Mrs. Carleton, almost shocked by the suggestion. "Ride with you! What would people think?"

"A fig for people's thoughts! Get your shawl and bonnet, and take a drive with me. What do you care for meddling people's thoughts? Come."

The doctor knew his patient.

"But you are not in earnest, surely?" There was a half-amused twinkle in the lady's eyes.

"Never more in earnest. I'm going to see a patient just out of the city, and the drive will be a charming one. Nothing would please me better than to have your company."

There was a vein of humor and a spirit of "don't care" in Mrs. Carleton, which had once made her independent, and almost hoydenish. But fashionable associations, since her woman life began, had toned her down into exceeding propriety. Fashion and conventionality, however, were losing their influence since enfeebled health kept her feet back from the world's gay places; and the doctor's invitation to ride found her sufficiently disenthralled to see in it a pleasing novelty.

"I've half a mind to go," she said, smiling. She had not smiled before since the doctor came in.

"I'll ring for your maid," and Dr. Farleigh's hand was on the bell-rope before Mrs. Carleton had space to think twice, and endanger a change of thought.

"I'm not sure that I'm strong enough for the effort," said Mrs. Carleton, and she laid her head back upon the cushions in a feeble way.

"Trust me for that," replied the doctor.

The maid came in.

"Bring me a shawl and bonnet, Alice? I am going to ride out with the doctor." Very languidly was the sentence spoken.

"I'm afraid, doctor, it will be too much for me. You know how weak I am. The very thought of such an effort exhausts me."

"Not a thought of the effort," replied the doctor. "It is n't that."

"What is it?"

"A thought of appearance—of what people will say."

"Now, doctor, you don't think me so weak in that direction?"

"Just so weak," was the freely spoken answer. "You fashionable people are all afraid of each other. You have n't a spark of individuality or independence. No, not a spark! You are quite strong enough to ride out in your own elegant carriage—but with the doctor!—O dear, no! If you were certain of not meeting Mrs. McFlimsey, perhaps the experiment might be adventured. But she is always out on fine days."

"Doctor, for shame! How can you say that?" And a ghost of color crept into the face of Mrs. Carleton, while her eyes grew brighter—almost flashed.

The maid came in with shawl and bonnet. Dr. Farleigh, as we have intimated, understood his patient, and said just two or three words more, in a tone half contemptuous.

"Afraid of Mrs. McFlimsey? Not I; nor of forty Mrs. McFlimseys."

It was not the ghost of color that warmed Mrs. Carleton's face now, but the crimson of quicker heart beats. She actually arose from her chair without reaching for her maid's hands, and stood firmly while the shawl was adjusted and the bonnet strings tied.

"We shall have a charming ride," said the doctor, as he crowded in beside his fashionable lady companion and took the loose reins. He noticed that she sat up erectly, and with scarcely a sign of the languor that but a few minutes ago had so oppressed her.

"Lean back when you see Mrs. McFlimsey's carriage, and draw your veil closely. She will never dream that it is you."

"I'll get angry if you play on that string much longer!" exclaimed Mrs. Carleton; "what do I care for Mrs. McFlimsey?"

How charming the tints flushed her sweet eyes that were leaden a little before.

Away from the noisy streets, out upon the smoothly beaten road, and amid green fields and woodlands, gardens and flower-decked orchards, the doctor bore his patient, holding her all the while in pleasant talk.

How different this from the listless, companionless drives taken by the lady in her own carriage—a kind of easy vibrating machine, that quickened the sluggish blood no more than a cushioned rocking-chair.

Closely the doctor observed his patient. He saw how erectly she continued to sit; how the color deepened in her face, which actually seemed rounder and fuller; how the sense of enjoyment fairly danced in her eyes.

Returning to the city by a different road, the doctor, after driving through streets entirely unfamiliar to his companion, drew up before a row of mean-looking dwellings, and dropping the

reins, stepped upon the pavement, at the same time reaching out his hand to Mrs. Carleton. But she drew back, saying,

"What is the meaning of this, doctor?"

"I have a patient here, and I want you to see her."

"Oh! no; excuse me, doctor, I've no taste for such things," answered the lady.

"Come—I can't leave you alone in the carriage. Ned might take a fancy to walk off with you."

Mrs. Carleton glanced at the patient old horse, whom the doctor was slandering, with a slightly alarmed manner.

"Don't you think he will stand, doctor?" she asked uneasily.

"He likes to go home, like others of his tribe. Come;" and the doctor held out his hand in a persistent way.

Mrs. Carleton looked at the poor tenements before which the doctor's carriage had stopped with something of disgust and something of apprehension.

"I can never go in there, doctor."

"Why not?"

"I might take some disease."

"Never fear. More likely to find a panacea there."

The last sentence was in an under-tone.

Mrs. Carleton left the carriage and, crossing the pavement, entered one of the houses, and passed up with the doctor to the second story. To his light tap at a chamber door a woman's voice said:

"Come in."

The door was pushed open, and the doctor and Mrs. Carleton went in. The room was small, and furnished in the humblest manner, but the air was pure, and everything looked clean and tidy. In a chair, with a pillow pressed back for a support, sat a pale, emaciated woman, whose large, bright eyes looked up eagerly at so unexpected a visitor as the lady who came in with the doctor. On her lap a baby was sleeping, as sweet and pure and beautiful a baby as ever Mrs. Carleton had looked upon. The first impulse of her true woman's heart, had she yielded to it, would have prompted her to take it in her arms and cover it with kisses.

The woman was too weak to rise from her chair, but she asked Mrs. Carleton to be seated, in a tone of lady-like self-possession that did not escape the visitor's observation.

"How did you pass the night, Mrs. Leslie," asked the doctor.

"About as usual," was answered in a calm, patient way, and she even smiled as she spoke.

"How about the pain through your back and shoulder?"

"It may have been a little easier."

"You slept?"

"Yes, sir."

"What of the night-sweats?"

"I don't think they have diminished any."

The doctor bent his eyes on the floor, and sat in silence for some time.

"I will send you a new medicine," said the doctor, looking up; then speaking to Mrs. Carleton, he added, "Will you sit here until I visit two or three patients in the block?"

"Oh! certainly," and she reached out her arms for the baby, and removed it so gently from its mother's lap that its soft slumber was not broken.

When the doctor returned, he noticed there had been tears in Mrs. Carleton's eyes. She was still holding the baby, but now resigned the quiet sleeper to its mother, kissing it as she did so. He saw her look with a tender, meaning interest at the white, patient face of the sick woman, and heard her say, as she spoke a word or two in parting—

"I shall not forget you."

"That's a sad case, doctor," remarked the young lady, as she took her place in the carriage.

"It is; but she is sweet and patient."

"I saw that, and it filled me with surprise. She tells me her husband died a year ago."

"Yes."

"And she has supported herself by shirt-making."

"Yes."

"But that she has become too feeble for work, and is dependent on a younger sister, who earns a few dollars weekly at book-folding."

"The simple story I believe," said the doctor.

Mrs. Carleton was silent for most of the way home; but thought was busy. She had seen a phase of life that touched her heart.

"You are better for this ride," remarked the doctor, as he handed her from the carriage.

"I think so," replied Mrs. Carleton.

"There has not been so fine a color on your face for months."

They had entered Mrs. Carleton's elegant residence, and were sitting in one of her luxuriant parlors.

"Shall I tell you why?" added the doctor.

Mrs. Carleton bowed.

"You have had some healthy heart-beats."

She did not answer.

"And I pray you, dear madam, let the strokes go on!" continued Dr. Farleigh.

"Let your mind become interested in some good work, and your hands obey your thoughts, and you will be a healthier woman in body and soul. Your disease, madam, is mental inaction."

Mrs. Carleton looked steadily at the doctor.

"You are in earnest," she said in a calm, firm way.

"Wholly in earnest, madam. I found you an hour ago in so weak a state that to lift your hand was an exhaustive effort. You are sitting erect now, with every muscle tightly strung. When will your carriage come home?"

He asked the closing question abruptly.

"To-morrow," was replied.

"Then I will not call for you, but—" He hesitated.

"Say on, doctor."

"Will you take my prescription?"

"Yes." There was no hesitation.

"You must give that sick woman a ride into the country. The fresh, pure, blossom-sweet air will do her good, may, indeed, turn the balance of health in her favor. Don't be afraid of Mrs. McFlimsey."

"For shame, doctor! But you are too late in your suggestion. I'm quite ahead of you."

"Ah! in what respect?"

"That drive into the country is already a settled thing. Do you know I am in love with that baby?"

"'Othello's occupation's gone,' I see!" replied the doctor, rising. "But I may visit you occasionally as a friend, I presume, if not as a medical adviser?"

"As my best friend, always," said Mrs. Carleton, with feeling. "You have led me out of myself, and showed me the way to health and happiness; and I have settled the question as to my future. It shall not be as the past." And it was not.—*T. S. Arthur.*

Training Children.

A GENTLEMAN, being accidentally thrown upon the hospitality of a Christian family for a few weeks, was favorably impressed with the result of an influence in that happy home to which he was a stranger, and which he desired to understand. So he requested the parents to disclose to him the secret by which their home was made so cheerful. The mother, therefore, complied with his wishes by saying that they started out with three fixed principles.

"The first was to study and endeavor to understand the different temperaments and disposition of our children, and to treat them accordingly, since a course which would prove beneficial to one, might be injurious to another differently constituted.

"The second was never to overlook a fault, however trifling, which implied moral obliquity, or which might, if neglected, pervert the soul. Errors which arise from the exuberance of animal spirits, or the thoughtlessness incident to childhood, should not, I think, be too strictly scanned; but falsehood, disobedience, selfishness, and their kindred vices, are moral plague spots, which, if not eradicated, must destroy their victim.

"The third was to guard our children from the approach and contact of moral evil, even more anxiously than we would seek to guard them from an infectious and fatal disease. To this end we watch the associations they join, become acquainted with their young friends, that we may know whether they are safe companions

or not, and are careful never to admit a servant into the house without being sure that her moral character is such as to render her a safe inmate of a virtuous family. It is not enough that she is honest and capable; for what avails it that our silver is safe, if our children are in danger of being corrupted by her teaching or example?"

To these three principles the father added a few words.

"I was about to say that from infancy, as our children have been healthy and vigorous, their mother has followed the plan of *letting them alone*. They have never been handled and dosed and worried into a fever of fretfulness by mistaken kindness; but when their wants were supplied, they have been left very much to themselves, and suffered to be happy in their own way. As they grew older, she has taught them self-reliance and self-control, by throwing them as far as possible on their own resources. Instead of leading them to depend on us in all things as a kind of external conscience, they have often been left to act for themselves on known principles which we have sought to inculcate from the word of God."

Site for a House.

THE position of a house affects very much its sanitary value—how it fronts, where it stands, and what are its surroundings. If the house stands free, and is not pressed into a "block," of course one side of it will face the north, and one side will face the east. But we may say that, even when there are windows on all sides, and the light comes in from all sides, the rooms most used should be where they can receive the direct rays of the sun at all seasons. Sunshine in the rooms is just as salutary as sunshine in the fields or sunshine in the heart. Let the carpet fade, let the flies come in, but do not keep out the sunlight. A house that has no sunshine will be half of the time a hospital, and a bad hospital too, where there is more malady than cure. A healthy home will not be placed where anything obstructs the light.

It is not commendation that one can gather his apples from his chamber windows, or can study pine cones on the tree without leaving his chair. One would not cut down a great elm or oak because its spreading branches have reached the windows or the roof. But when the shade is sombre, and the sun refuses to pierce its canopy, the house itself ought to be moved into the light, or another built in a better place. As a general rule, we may say that no tree ought to stand within fifteen feet of a house, and no shrubbery that will make any of the rooms dark, or damp, or dismal. There are reasons of health, not less than of beauty, why a house should not be hidden by a grove, and why a lawn with flowers is more satisfactory than clumps of pine or cedar.

A dry site for a house, too, is of the highest importance—that there be no marsh before the windows, no stagnant pools around the doorway. The margin of a pool is not the proper site for the dwelling of a prudent man, however it may suit such a genius as Thoreau. The best landscape is not a fair equivalent for the danger of malaria. A well-drained city street is better for residence than a house which looks proudly down upon the bay and islands, yet draws in poison from damp lawns and pastures. It is said in the Scriptures that the evil spirit walks in dry places, seeking rest and finding none. But the good spirit, the spirit of soundness and health, chooses dry places, and finds the air there very genial and quickening.—*Ex.*

Anecdote of Daniel Webster.

IN the somewhat famous case of Bodgen's will, which was tried in the Supreme court some years ago, Mr. Webster appeared as counsel for the appellant. Mrs. Greenough, wife of the Rev. William Greenough, late of Weston—a tall, strait, queenly-looking woman, with a keen black eye—a woman of great self-possession and decision of character—was called to the stand as a witness on the opposite side. Mr. Webster, at a glance, had the sagacity to foresee that her testimony, if it contained anything of importance, would have great weight with the court and jury. He therefore resolved, if possible, to break her up. And when she answered, to the first question put to her, "I believe," Mr. Webster roared out:

"We don't want to hear what you believe; we want to hear what you know!"

Mrs. Greenough replied: "That's just what I was about to say, sir," and went on with her testimony.

And, notwithstanding his repeated efforts to disconcert her, she pursued the even tenor of her way, till Webster, quite fearful of the result, arose, apparently in great agitation, and, drawing out his large snuff-box, thrust his finger to the very bottom, and carrying the deep pinch to both nostrils, drew it up with a gusto; and then, extracting from his pocket a very large handkerchief, he blew his nose with a report that rang through the hall, and asked:

"Mrs. Greenough, was Mrs. Bodgen a neat woman?"

Mrs. G.: "I cannot give you very full information as to that, sir; she had one very dirty trick."

Mr. W.: "What was that, ma'am?"

Mrs. G.: "She took snuff."

The roar in the court-house was such that the defender of the Constitution subsided, and neither rose nor spoke again till Mrs. Greenough had vacated her chair for another witness; having ample time to reflect on the inglorious fate of the man who had a stone thrown upon his head by a woman.—*Independent.*

Items for the Month.

Future Prospects of the Reformer.

INCREASE OF SUBSCRIBERS.

HEARTY thanks are due to those who have made efforts to increase the circulation of the REFORMER—especially since January, 1872. Perhaps many who have worked to get subscribers would like to know with what success their efforts have been rewarded. There have been received for the January, February, March, April, May, and June numbers, 1500 new subscribers. This is encouraging, and promises abundant success for the future. But the number of new subscribers for February and March averaged 350 each month, while for May and June, the average was but 175 per month. Of course there are reasons for this. The first three months of the year are near the beginning of the volume, and we expect to receive at that time nearly double what we receive at any other. There is also more spare time then with many than in the busy seasons of spring and summer. But as the busy season for the men comes, it is also a more favorable time for lady canvassers; and by the way, one lady canvasser is generally more efficient than two gentlemen. Now is the time for ladies to work. Let us see how many new recruits can be received from the ladies in the next three months. We are satisfied you will find that it will not only increase our subscription list, but be a very profitable investment of time for yourselves.

There is on hand at this Office a prospectus of the HEALTH REFORMER, a supply of which we would recommend each agent to obtain, with sample copies of the REFORMER. A very good way to obtain subscribers is to go from house to house and leave in each family a prospectus, and a copy of the REFORMER for them to examine, and then in a few days call around and take their names.

Take Care of your Raspberries.

WHEN the young canes reach the height of four feet, which they will about the time the fruit ripens on the old canes, pinch off an inch of the tender cane. This will prevent it from growing higher, therefore it will grow large and low, and strong to stand against the wind. It will also send out, reaching to the ground, numerous laterals, the tips of which you can bury in early fall to take root.

The above does not apply to the Philadelphia, which propagates from the root, the same as the blackberry. These should be cut back in early fall, that the branches may harden to stand the cold of winter.

BIBLE BUTTER.—Says Sylvester Graham, *Lectures*, p. 510, "The butter spoken of in the Scriptures, in connection with honey, etc., as an agreeable article of food, was probably rich sweet cream."

OUR BOOK LIST.

The Hygienic System. By R. T. Trall, M. D. Just published and for sale at this Office. It is just the work for the time, and should be read by the million. Price, post-paid, 25 cents.

Tobacco-Using. A philosophical exposition of the Effects of Tobacco on the Human System. By R. T. Trall, M. D. Price, post-paid, 25 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. Price, post-paid, 20 cents.

Hydropathic Encyclopedia. TRALL. Price \$4.00, postage 40 cents.

Water Cure for the Million. TRALL. Price 30 cents, postage 2 cents.

Uterine Diseases and Displacements. TRALL. Price \$3.00, postage 20 cents.

Science of Human Life. By SYLVESTER GRAHAM, M. D. Price \$3.00, postage 30 cents.

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. Price, post-paid, 35 cents.

Hydropathic Family Physician. By JOEL SHEW, M. D. Price \$3.50, postage 32 cents.

Domestic Practice. JOHNSON. Price \$1.75, postage 20 cents.

Hand Book of Health.—Physiology and Hygiene. Published by the Health Reform Institute, Battle Creek, Mich. Price, post-paid, 75 cents; paper cover, 40 cents.

Water Cure in Chronic Diseases. By J. M. GULLY, M. D. Price \$1.75, postage 16 cents.

Care of Consumption. By DR. WORK. Price 30 cents, postage 2 cents.

Address, **HEALTH REFORMER,**
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

CRYSTALLIZED FLOWERS.—Construct some baskets of fancy form with pliable copper wire, and wrap them with gauze. Into these, tie to the bottom violets, ferns, geranium leaves—in fact, any flowers except full-blown roses—and sink them in a solution of alum, of one pound to a gallon of water, after the solution has cooled. The colors will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystallized alum will hold faster than when from a hot solution. When you have a light covering of crystals that completely covers the articles, remove the basket carefully, and allow to drip for twelve hours. These baskets make a beautiful parlor ornament, and for a long time preserve the freshness of the flowers.

So says *Good Health*, on whose authority this paragraph is given.

It is said that the tobacco-chewers in the United States furnish an amount of spittle sufficient to run Niagara Falls half an hour in each twenty-four.

RAILWAY dust, according to recent scientific analysis, is chiefly composed of iron.