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BEARING OF ERRONEOUS APPETITES ON MORAL ACCOUNTABILITY.

BY DR. L. B. COLE, M. D.

THE moral bearings of erroneous physical appetites is a subject rarely discussed, either by physiologists, philanthropists, or theologians. Yet it is one of vast importance, and ought to draw forth the intellectual and moral energies of those who are devoted to the elevation and salvation of the human race. It is one which ought especially to come from the pulpit as a part of that gospel which was instituted for the eternal well-being of men; one which every minister of the gospel should make familiar to his own mind, and give with clearness and force to the people.

Every gospel preacher ought evidently so to study the laws of physical life, and their bearings on the soul, that he may be able to speak on this subject correctly; and, by an example of obedience to physical law, to preach it forcibly to his people. He should urge them, by precept and example, to "abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul." It has fallen to me, in the providence of God, to present this subject, during seven years past, on almost every Sabbath, in different churches throughout the Union. And many have seemed ready to awake from the lethargy of unconscious sensualism, and free themselves from the despotic reign of unnatural animal appetites.

Every indulgence of any unnatural appetite produces a morbid state of the physical system. Every indulgence at war with natural instinct is at war with the healthy condition of every function of organic life. Appetites which the Author

of our being never instituted are so many violations of natural law, which is the law of God; and they secure for the offender, sooner or later to be administered, a certain and unavoidable penalty. Every such violation of law is a sin against physical life, exposing us to physical suffering; and, when it is done consciously, it is a sin against moral obligation toward God, to be met on the day of final Judgment. Hence the importance of trying to know the difference between the instinctive attributes of our being, and the destructive lusts which are made by habit; that we may neither be found sinning against our own bodies nor the Maker of them.

God, the Creator of our bodies, has arranged the condition of every fibre and function, and has pledged himself to maintain their right action, unless disturbed by some foreign agency, till age shall wear out the cords that bind us to life. Every law governing the human system is as truly divine in origin and character, and authority as are the teachings of the Bible. And every unnecessary and wanton deviation from obedience to this law is as certainly a sin as a violation of gospel precept. Hence we are as truly under obligation to know and obey the former as we are the latter. There are instances in which it may be necessary to transgress the laws of health, to answer the demand of some higher obligation, as in cases of illness in the family, where loss of sleep and other privations are unavoidable in the discharge of obvious duty; but when we intelligently violate law for no justifiable end, we commit sin against God as certainly as though we commit robbery.

All the kingdoms of nature reveal the

law of God; but nowhere is this command "so fearfully and wonderfully made" to speak out to an intelligent mind as in our own physical structure. Here has Jehovah written his law, not by amanuenses, or inspired men, neither on parchment nor on tables of stone; but by his own almighty finger, upon every living fibre and function of the human body. To needlessly transgress a law of life is therefore a violation of the law of God; and from the physical punishment of that sin there is no escape and no redemption. No propitiatory sacrifice has been made for this form of transgression. In some way, sooner or later, the suffering must come. Every transgression of physical law, committed consciously or unconsciously, unavoidably or wantonly, will receive the penalty made due in natural law; and, as just stated, if it be one which is committed under light, and for no worthy object, it becomes not only a sin against ourselves, but a sin against God. The physical penalty may appear in the form of sickness, broken constitution, premature decay and death, or in all these forms conjoined. The violation of moral obligation, with all its evils of a moral bearing, must be met when God shall call us to a final account.

Whoever indulges in any unnatural luxury produces a morbid action in the system, disturbs the equilibrium of organic vitality, and lessens its native vigor and durability. And this disturbing process is generally so insidious in its course, and so unrecognized in its final developments—for nature will bear abuse silently as long as she can—that the offender does not perceive the cloud of wrath that is gathering over him till he is pelted by the storm; and even then he may be so ignorant of the laws of organic life and their penal code, that he knows not wherefore he is punished. He groans under pains and prostration which he cannot account for, and calls it the common lot of mankind, or the providence of God, when it is only the final issue of a long warfare between nature and his own habits.

If a man would seek to live for no higher purpose than his own personal enjoyment, let him know and obey the laws of his own physical being. He who says, "Let me live while I do live," and seeks enjoyment by indulgence in morbid appetites, is committing a mighty mistake. He is practicing the very worst kind of humbuggery, deception, and knavery up-

on himself. While he expects gain, he experiences loss; and one which perhaps cannot be measured by any ordinary medium of computation. Whoever expects to gain by stepping out of nature's path—a path which Deity has marked out for him—into one of his own designing, cheats himself egregiously.

He who tries to be wiser than God makes himself a fool. Nature's path is wide enough for any man's footsteps. And a benevolent Providence has strewed it richly with varied luxuries for his sustenance and enjoyment. Deity has given us natural appetites which, if rightly indulged, will secure physical happiness and longevity. But, if we use those appetites wrongly, or create unnatural ones, and indulge them in any degree, we pervert nature, and take all the responsibility of painful consequences upon ourselves. We contemn the arrangement of Heaven for our welfare and safety, and cast ourselves upon the boisterous sea of life, without compass or rudder, to be tossed, and driven, and dashed upon bars and reefs which stand thick outside of nature's channel.

The Creator has given us these bodies to be our habitation,—a dwelling adapted to our highest comfort and welfare. It is now a habitation fitted up by the Creator, of which he should be a faithful steward and tenant, till called hence to give account. But if he wantonly destroy that dwelling, suddenly or gradually, by setting it on fire to enjoy the splendor of the flames, or the grandeur of the lighted clouds of smoke, or by gradually digging away the foundation on which the vital structure is based, he stands charged with the crime of suicide before Heaven, and must answer to it in the day of Judgment.

Hence the importance which attaches to a knowledge of the structure and functions of organic life. People comparatively are intelligent upon every subject but this. They know nothing of their habitation, or how to take care of it. They have never even looked in upon many of its apartments, and especially upon those which are the most elevated and important. They seem content with living forever in the very lowest room,—the underground, basement story,—satisfied with groveling in mere earthly and sensual things, to the entire neglect of the vacant and unfurnished higher portions of their physical being, built by the Cre-

ator for the exercise of intelligence. They are content with living as menial servants, rather than walk up into a higher apartment, and be the prince of the palace. They choose rather to be the brute portion of human nature than to rise to the honor of being the soul of humanity, to dwell at a height which is but little lower than the angels.

Deity has put every man under obligation to his own being to take care of his habitation, and under bonds to Infinite Benevolence to take care of it for the purpose of his service and glory. His body is not his own; it belongs to Him who made it. Hence it becomes the duty of every individual, for his own sake, and the sake of God, to inform himself on the laws of organized life, and religiously obey them. It is as truly a duty to read and be informed on this subject as it is to study the precepts of the Bible. The study of the Bible first, and the study of the laws of life next. There is nowhere to be found so great a cause of human suffering as that of ignorance on this subject. Intelligence is the first step toward improvement. If we shut our eyes to light, for fear of its showing sins which we are unwilling to forsake, our criminality will not diminish. There are, perhaps, none so guilty as those who can see, yet will not see. When we shut our eyes to hide our sins, we not only admit the truth of our criminality, but take a course adapted to harden the heart.

Whoever turns away from light in one case prepares the way to disregard light in another. Whoever violates moral obligation in one way prepares himself for violating it in another. If we treat our own highest earthly interests with wantonness, we violate principle, which prepares the way for a transgression of it in any other case where temptation assails. He who will be reckless of his own interests will be likely to be regardless of those of others. He who will defraud himself for false gain will be more likely to cheat others under similar temptations. He who will knowingly murder himself, even by degrees, is more likely to sacrifice the lives of others. Like progress in the commission of crime against society, every violation of principle in eating and drinking blunts the perceptions and admonitions of conscience. He who will smother conscience, because that monitor speaks the truth, to gratify some sensual passion which he knows is ruining

himself, will be more likely, from desire of some selfish end, to sacrifice the peace and welfare of others.

As before remarked, it is as truly a sin against Heaven to violate a law of life, as to break one of the ten commandments. In this statement, no comparison was attempted in the magnitude of crimes. This is a matter which no finite mind can fully measure. Yet, not only is a violation of physiological law as truly a sin as theft or robbery, but some comparison may be made in the magnitude of the two crimes. Let us take the sin of highway robbery on the one hand, and that of—gluttony? this is considered a sin of no small magnitude;—alcoholic intoxication? this, now, is also considered a notable crime;—tobacco-using, a habit as yet uncriminated by public sentiment, may represent the other side of the antithesis.

A man goes out into the highway, and robs his neighbor to the amount of ten thousand dollars. He violates that law which says, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," by taking the money of his neighbor, and appropriating it to himself. The magnitude of his crime, so far as its outward practical bearings are concerned, amounted to the sum of ten thousand dollars. Let us put this sum upon one page in the account. Upon the other page we will note, so far as practicable, the amount of damage done by the tobacco habit, and see which is the heavier crime. And while this habit is singled out, it is intended to illustrate, in a degree, the criminality of every other vice which enters the inclosure of the soul through the mouth.

The tobacco devotee is every hour of the day undermining his vitality. He is creating a morbid action of his nervous system, increasing the speed of the circulation, adding from fifteen to twenty strokes per minute to the pulse by a single cigar, taking the essence of the weed into the blood, and producing a morbid state of all the fluids and solids of the whole body, and at the same time spitting off that from his mouth which was designed by the Creator, in its pure state, to be carried with the food into the stomach. By this process, he is probably cutting off twenty-five per cent of his natural period of existence. He is cutting off from fifteen to twenty years of his natural life. How much is this to be reckoned in dollars and cents? How much would he give, when laid, conscious

of the facts in the case, upon his premature dying bed, to have life continued to its natural terminus? If the sum can be named, we will set it down.

How much are his services in the world to be reckoned worth for the same period of time, provided he is living for some purpose worthy of a man? Then, too, while living, he has been constantly diminishing the natural developments of mind and soul, by impairing the body, the only medium through which they speak out to the world. How much is this loss to be reckoned in dollars and cents? He is also carrying morbid influences beyond himself into his posterity. He is not only robbing himself and the world of a part of his natural lifetime, and part of his energies, but is robbing his own sons and daughters of that which is beyond all price, that which millions of gold cannot buy; for no one can keep up a morbid action in his own person, and that especially which directly assails the nervous system, without transmitting a measure of that morbid influence into his posterity,—an influence which may reach even to the third and fourth generation. There is, indeed, no such thing as describing the boundary of its agencies. Like the stone cast into the sea, it moves the waters of the ocean. How much is this damage in dollars and cents?

Then, again, every man guilty of such a habit is, on an average, leading probably some half-dozen young men and boys in the same sensual and ungodly course, by his example, to incur all the damages and the guilt which are filling up the measure of his own accountability. Now, what is the magnitude of this man's crime as it will probably appear in the day of Judgment? What is the amount when put in dollars and cents? What is the amount of robbery committed when all the bearings of his course are reckoned up? Will it amount to ten thousand dollars? or will it be an amount beyond all computation? Who, then, is the greater sinner in the light of eternal truth, the man who destroys himself and others by sensualities, or the man who committed this highway robbery of ten thousand dollars?—*Set.*

(To be continued.)

—“It would be better if most of the drug stores and all the liquor stores were converted into diet kitchens for the poor.”

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.*

BY RICHARD MESHERRY, M. D.

WE are travelers here—voyagers—and we may expect to be on the road some threescore and ten years. For the first fourth of that term we are under the guidance of parents and teachers.

Instead of addressing myself to the young American, I will rather speak to those who hold him in their keeping. What is to be done with Young America, boy or girl? Why, he is to be fed and clothed and educated. The feeding and clothing we have somewhat considered, which may require some special adaptations, such as the parents, or mothers at least, generally know how to make. His food in early life may be lighter than that of his parents; and good bread and milk, with a little meat and ordinary vegetables and ripe fruit, will supply him with the pabulum for material, and we may say, for mental growth. His inclinations for raw turnips, green apples, and uncooked chestnuts should not be encouraged, unless you wish him to learn from experience that self-indulgence is apt to bring some penalty, likely to come in such cases in the form of colic. To some people education means Latin and Greek and mathematics and all the philosophies. To others it means a gradual education, drawing out, or cultivation of the child's intellectual and moral faculties. That is what I mean by education. You may see a great scholar who is not well educated; and, on the other hand, you may see a well educated man who is not a great scholar, who never will be, and who never wishes to be.

What do you desire for your children? I presume you wish them to become honest, upright men and women, good citizens, and intelligent enough for creditable success in any pursuit in which they may be engaged. If this be the result of their education, they are well educated; if this be not the result, then they are not well educated, and their education, however pretentious, is an absolute failure.

Before seven years children learn a good deal, whether taught or untaught. They are usually pretty close observers. They learn from father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and sometimes from very bad teachers in the streets. They may distrust the street boys, and not take

* A lecture delivered before the Workingmen's Institute, Baltimore, Md.

them for models and guides; but all that they see at home gives them lessons, as they think, for imitation. They may be taught at home to read, it may be, but at any rate, good morals, good manners, habits of truthfulness and cleanliness. The importance of giving them good lessons at home, then, with or without books, cannot be overestimated. There is an old Latin maxim which says that the greatest reverence is due to children. It is well to keep this idea in mind. Our companions rarely take us for models, but our children do; their confidence, then, should never be betrayed. I do not want to get away from my proper subject; but health and morals are often so closely connected throughout life, from the beginning to the end, that I must ask the privilege of some apparent digressions. You will do much to save your child's health for life by saving his childhood's morals.

From seven to fifteen years of age, your child will probably be at school, acquiring, if fairly treated, the groundwork of a good English education. He is capable of about three hours' study a day,—not more. Recitations of course will take up some time, and so will going to and from recitations. Now it is the business of parents to see that the child is not taxed beyond his abilities. The modern process of cramming does not improve the mind, while it does manifest harm to the physical organization. This is especially the case with girls. I have constantly ladies under my professional care in this city, who attribute, but too justly, no small part of their perpetual bad health to their school course, the long hours of imprisonment by day, and the weary lessons at night, to keep up with, or excel their class-mates.

The brains of children are physically immature, and are incapable of full functional action; yet they are perpetually taxed to acquire what their parents would find to be exceedingly difficult intellectual problems.

Mental and moral impressions made through the special senses affect all persons, of course, but children much more than adults, and are capable of influencing for better or for worse the functions of the most important organs other than the brain, as the heart and the stomach, impairing often enough the acts of digestion and secretion. I have seen bright but nervous children unable to eat or sleep well, on account of difficult and multiplied

studies. If any of your children were to get all the accumulated learning of the John Hopkins Faculty (which is impossible), or the wealth of the founder (which is improbable), at the sacrifice of health, the loss would yet be greater than the gain.

There is such a thing as *school-room stunting*. Where school-rooms are badly lighted, warmed, or ventilated, where they are overcrowded, overheated, or draughty, and especially when foul odors may enter to commingle with the animal exhalations from many human bodies, the mental, physical, and moral condition of the children will inevitably suffer. If I could control such matters, children should never sit for over one hour at a time in the school-room; they should have a short recess of a few minutes in the open air, or under shelter, according to the weather, and while out, the apartment should be thoroughly aired, so as to drive out, as far as possible, all impurities, and thus give the little prisoners a fresh supply of oxygenated air in the school-room. These things are not duly attended to now, but they will be when the community becomes thoroughly alive to their importance.

After fifteen, the direction of the education, or let us say the instruction, of boys and girls should be with special reference to their prospective pursuits. Especial consideration is merited for the girls; for the health and welfare of their whole lives may depend on their now coming to a healthy maturity. I will not say more than that a good race of men can only come from a good race of women. No book learning will compensate for broken health. Our girls are too precious to be neglected, or in anywise mismanaged at this critical period of their lives.

During the whole term of education, the physical frame should be carefully developed by healthful exercise, whether by work or play, or both, in alternation with mental occupation. In other words, the whole being, mental, moral, and physical, should have adequate, and, so far as practicable, equable development.

The emancipation from schools, from parental authority, or from apprenticeship, comes at length, and the man or the woman is prepared, or ought to be, for all the stern duties and the wear and tear of life. The education so far received is now to be applied to practical purposes, and we must all agree with Prof. Newell that it is essentially defective if it has not prepared

the person coming of age to make a living for himself. It is clear that there must be a great deal of other education than that acquired in the school-room. The dexterous and skillful use of the hands is very important in the full development of manhood. The decree has gone forth that man is to live by labor. Now it is a most remarkable physiological fact that every muscular motion has its start in that part of the brain which is the seat of conscious intelligence.

We are all accustomed to consider the brain as the organ of intelligence, and we speak of a man's intellectual power or capacity as identical with his brain. The brain is undoubtedly the instrument through which the intellectual force is exerted. Until recently, physiologists spoke of a center of motion, and of a center of sensation in the brain, but recent investigations allow to these centers but a subordinate part. In the gray matter of the convolutions of the brain, just when thought is developed or secreted, if you choose to accept such term, motion has its origin. This is now so nicely defined that we may know with an approach to certainty where to localize the starting-point of any, or most of the movements made by any muscle of the body. At one limited region we find the center for complex movements of the hand and arm; at another, for facial expression, as the drawing down of the angle of the mouth or its elevation; at another, for turning the head or eyes; at another, for movements of the leg or foot, as in walking or dancing.

Now there is something very remarkable in this association of intellectual and of motor function. The brain desires work, and straightway the muscles are ready to put it in execution. You do not move your fingers, you do not handle pen, or pencil, or hammer, or saw, or any mechanical implement, nor does a lady ply her needle, or touch the keys of her piano, except through a curiously combined co-operation of mental and physical forces. It passes our comprehension how all the delicate, skillful, or forcible work that can be done by the human hand is due to the controlling power situated in one little brain center which impels to the act, and regulates its procedure and completion. The human hand is one of God's masterpieces. If you recur to the *Bridge-water Treatises*, written and published some years ago to show "the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of God, as manifested by the creation," you will find a re-

markable treatise by Sir Charles Bell on the hand of man, as one among the most striking proofs of design. In all art effected by the human hand in all ages, no matter how cunningly devised or how skillfully executed, there is nothing to compare with this incomparable instrument itself, which, guided and impelled by its brain centers, has produced all that is beautiful in the fine arts or that is useful in the mechanical arts.

If the brain and the hand, then, are always so directly co-operative, they must be trained together. I do not feel that I am digressing from my subject. We want health of mind and body. We see how these are bound up together, and we must be trained in the use of both. Simple instinct does not suffice with us as with inferior animals; we want something more, and much more.

Then, in the full vigor of manhood or of womanhood, we must be using our faculties as God has appointed that we should; the mind and the body must be kept in lively activity,—not the one in preference to the other, not the one sacrificed to the other.

"The hand of the diligent maketh rich," and the skilled hand of the artisan, when fairly remunerated, as it should always be, saves and confirms his own health, and brings health, with abundance of the necessities of life, to his household. He has, or ought to have, in proper time, a helpmeet there, whose physical energies are exerted according to her different endowment, also under the brain impulse, in all domestic duties. "He who would thrive must consult his wife," says our American Solomon; and where man and wife perform their respective parts with fidelity, peace and plenty will be their recompense; and peace and plenty are associates, and promoters of health, or, as the poet expresses it,—

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words: health, peace, and competence."

And these are the prime factors in making life, as a mortal career, worth living. Let us suppose competence to imply a comfortable home, not riches or luxury, but only a well-ordered house, where there is neither waste nor want, but a sufficiency for every member of the family, with a little excess to be given to the sick or suffering, under the inspiration of the loveliest of the heaven-born virtues.—*Sanitarian*.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MRS. F. ARMSTRONG.

SOME years ago, in traveling across one of our Middle States, I came just at sunset at the close of a long day's journey through a fair and fertile country, to a little town, whose white houses and upward-pointing spires gave promise of comfort and welcome for the night, as its shadows were beginning to fall around me. The road which I was following led me along the shore of an inland lake whose waters shone under the slant sunbeams with the brilliancy of some strange jewel, while the low hills surrounding it were green with all the freshness of early summer.

As I neared the village, I saw that it was built well up on the gently-sloping hillside, and had rather more than the usual proportion of pleasant, neatly kept houses with bright little gardens and other evidences of prosperity. Down, close on the lake-shore, at some distance below most of the dwellings, stood a small group of factory buildings, with smoking chimneys and wide open doors which showed me one source at least, of the prosperity of the little town. The scene was altogether so pleasing, and the prospect of such a stopping-place for the night so attractive, that I quickened my steps and was soon within speaking distance of the knots of work-people who were standing about the factory doors or dropping off in twos or threes along their homeward road.

As they seemed to be all going in the same direction, that is, up the hill, down whose gentle descent ran the main street of the little village, I joined them, and walked on for a few moments, silently watching their faces in the expectation of finding some one or two among them whose aspect should encourage me to begin a conversation.

I had not long to wait; for just before me in the dusty path two pleasant-faced young fellows were walking arm-in-arm, and from the snatches of their talk which I overheard, as well as from their faces, I judged that they were not without ideas of their own. So, quickening my pace once more in order to keep beside them, I said:—

"Good evening, friends. You've a flourishing little town here, I see. What's doing in your factories now?"

"Oh, trade's pretty lively, sir; it's mostly work in ivory hereabouts, piano-

keys and billiard-balls and such like," replied the elder of the two men.

"I suppose, then," I said, smiling, "that these pretty places which I see along the hillside, have a foundation of elephants' tusks?"

"Well, not exactly that, sir," replied my new acquaintance, smiling in his turn; "but it's true enough that that's where most of the money comes from round here. It's a good business enough, and we're mostly a pretty steady set of folks, both rich and poor."

"Yes; your village speaks for itself," I answered. "I never saw a neater, more orderly looking street than this." Just as I spoke these words, my eye was caught by a house which seemed to contradict my assertion somewhat positively, and I did not try to check the half-surprised exclamation which rose to my lips. My companion's eyes followed mine, and I could see that while he knew quite well what it was that had attracted my attention, he was in no hurry to answer my next question. There was perhaps nothing really uncommon in what I saw, but, taken in connection with its surroundings, it certainly was a little surprising, and almost unconsciously I halted for a moment, as did the young man with whom I had been talking. We had just left behind us the last of the factory buildings, and had passed one or two small dwelling houses, but had not yet reached the thickly settled portion of the town, so that for a little distance the road had quite a lonely air.

On our right stood the house which had attracted my attention, and though it was far back from the street, I could see, even in the twilight, that it was large and well built, and was surrounded by what had once been a beautiful garden. It was closed by door and by window, but there was no evidence of any great precautions against those who might desire to enter, and, indeed, entrance looked to be an easy thing enough. The garden was overgrown with weeds and vines, and though an occasional rose-tree raised its hardy head above the tangle at its feet, it was plain that for many a year no careful hand had trained or pruned its thorny branches. In fact, the strange thing about the whole place was the air of total neglect which had at first struck my attention, and in this it was such a contrast to all that I saw of the rest of the village, that I turned at once to the man at my side for an explanation. He hesitated a moment

before answering me, and then prefaced his answer with a slow shake of the head which showed me at once that something was amiss.

"Yes; it's easy to see that things ain't as they should be here, sir; but then it's hard to say just what's wrong. There are strange stories told about this old house, but folks from out o' town don't generally believe 'em, so 'tain't often we speak of 'em."

"Well, I can't promise to believe all you tell me," I said, laughing; "but I must acknowledge that you have excited my curiosity, and I should like to hear what you know about the house."

"'Tain't much that I know, sir, but you're welcome to hear it all." He hesitated here for a moment, and then went on slowly, "They do say, and I guess most folks round here believe, that the house is haunted."

"Ah!" said I, "do you mean to say that the house has been deserted and neglected in this way because people are afraid to live in it?"

"That's just it, sir. It's as good a house as any in town, and you see for yourself what the garden might be, but you'd have hard work to get anybody round here to take a lease of it."

"That's rather hard on the owner," I said; "who is he, and when was the house built, and what kind of a ghost is it that none of you people are clever enough to lay? Come, tell me the whole story, if you can spare the time. I'd like to get at the bottom of this matter."

"Oh, yes," answered my acquaintance; "I've the evening before me, and anyway it's no long story. You see, the house was built about twenty-five years ago by a gentleman who took great pains to have it just as he wanted it, for he meant to spend his days there. But he hadn't lived there more'n about five years when his only son took sick and died with some kind of a fever, and then his wife caught it and she died too, and that kinder broke him up. So he went off, and the house stood empty for a year or two, and then he wrote back to his agents here, and they let it to some folks from out o' town, a real nice family they was, too. But they hadn't lived in it more'n a year when one o' their children died, and after that the mother could n't bear the house, and they moved away. Then it was let again, and that time there was two deaths in less than six months; and so it went, sir, everybody

that tried to live in the house either got sick and had to leave, or died; and the story got round that them that died stayed there, and the folks that come after see 'em, and was scared to death. It's more'n six years since anybody's lived there, and it'd be brave folks or crazy ones that'd go there now."

While my companion was talking, we had walked slowly on, and were by this time in the heart of the village and near the hotel where I intended to stop. But that which at first had been mere curiosity had now deepened into a strong desire to know something about what was, at least, a very strange story, and I asked with real interest if no attempt had ever been made to discover a cause for the sickness which had made the house so fatal.

"Did nobody ever look to the sewers and the cess-pools and so on?" I inquired.

"Oh yes, sir; they've had workmen there for weeks at a time, but nothing made any difference; the next people that took the house had the same luck; and at last old Mr. Grant (that's the gentleman that built it) said himself there was a curse on the house, and he wouldn't throw any more money away on it, so there it stands. These new-fangled notions about drainage and all that, is very good, no doubt, but they can't help a case like this," and the young man once more shook his head ominously.

"Well," said I, "I must say good evening now, but I'm going to be in town for a day or two, and I should like to talk this matter over with you. I don't believe in ghosts, in the first place, and then I'm a doctor, and I tell you frankly that I don't believe all these people died without good cause; so if you'll tell me your name, and the name of the unlucky agent who has to take care of this ghost of yours, I think I'll take a look at the house myself. If I should make up my mind to stay in it for a couple of days suppose you come and stay with me; you're a fine, stout young fellow—between us, I think we should be a match for anything we are likely to find."

"I don't know about that, sir; but my name is Henry Johnson, and I'd certainly like to see you again. Anybody in the hotel can tell you where Mr. Harper, the agent, lives, and he'll let you have the house cheap, I dare say," and with rather a grim smile, my friend left me at the hotel door.

Now I am a physician, and I have cer-

tain hobbies, one of which is that a great deal of the sickness, and consequently a great deal of the sorrow, from which we suffer in this world, comes from ignorance of, or, worse still, disobedience to, God's laws. And I am willing to put myself to a good deal of inconvenience if I can help people to understand these laws, and to see what is the result of breaking them. Then, too, I think it a great pity that sensible people should allow themselves to be affected by nonsensical superstitions of any kind, and the idea that the whole population, or at least, a majority of the population of such a village as this, should believe in the possibility of a house being made uninhabitable by ghosts, gave me a very unpleasant shock. My journey was merely one of pleasure, and I did not see that my vacation could be better spent than in disproving the existence of these same ghosts, if I could, in so doing, strike a blow for common-sense and against superstition. To begin with, I was pretty sure of my ground. I had called upon the old doctor who had lived in the town for years, and had obtained some information in regard to the various deaths which had given the house its bad name, and I believed that a close examination of the premises would enable me to put my finger on the cause. It was of course possible that I was wrong in my conjectures, but I did not feel that risk was great; and even if I failed entirely, no one would be the worse for my attempt.

So on Monday afternoon, I went again to the agent and got the keys of the two main doors, and then walked down to the factory to find young Johnson. He was alone when I met him, so I joined him at once and lost no time in getting to business.

"Good evening, Mr. Johnson," I said. "I'm going to introduce myself to the ghosts," and then, seeing his somewhat startled look, I continued more seriously. "I hope you have not forgotten the promise you made me; you know I count on your help in this affair."

"Well, sir," he answered, "I don't know as it was much of a promise, but if you ain't afraid, I guess I needn't be. I should like to know, though, how you're a-going to begin?"

"Oh, I mean to take you into all my plans; but, first of all, I must ask if you are a married man?"

"Yes, sir, I am that, and I've got as smart a wife as any man in town. To tell

the truth, I told her about meeting you the other night, and what you spoke of, and the first thing she said was that she was glad that somebody'd come along that wasn't afraid of his shadder." I could not help laughing at the warmth with which the young man spoke, but I was very glad to find an ally in his wife, and I said,—

"You're a lucky fellow to have such a wife as that, and I think the best thing we can do is to go to your house at once, and talk the whole matter over together."

Henry made no objection, and in a few minutes we reached the door of a little house of which, as he told me, he hired half,—a tiny sitting-room, a bed-room, and the smallest of kitchens. The tea table was spread in the sitting-room, and Lizzie and the baby, a fine fellow of fifteen months, looked so neat and clean that I suspected her of having had a sort of expectation of my visit, though when I knew her better I found that Lizzie was never dirty or disorderly so long as she had strength to work. She welcomed me with a cheery, "Good-evening, doctor. Will you sit down and have a cup of tea? We're plain folks, you know, but Henry says you think we can be of some help to you, and I'm sure I'd like to know what you think about our 'haunted house,' as they call it."

"Yes," I replied; "I do want your help, but before we make any bargain I want you to understand just what I mean to do; so, if you don't object, I'll sit here for an hour or so, and explain my plans while you and Henry eat your supper." So without further delay the husband and wife sat down to their meal, in which I was glad to see the baby had no share, his sensible mother having given him his bread and milk some time before, so that after a little romp with his father, he was ready for bed.

"You see," I began, "there is no doubt that all these deaths did occur in the house, just as they are said to have done. Dr. James assures me of that, and it is just as certain that there is a direct connection between the house and the deaths as it is that the house stands there empty at this moment. Now, at the very outset, I want you to understand that I entirely reject the possibility of any ghosts being mixed up with this affair. There isn't anything supernatural about it; whatever the cause may be, you may be sure it is a natural one, and though we

may have hard work to find it, it is to be found, and found in just one way, that is, by careful examination and experiment. If I were to tell you that I have already made up my own mind from merely walking about the place and using my eyes, it might shake your faith in me, so I shall make no promises yet, but will simply tell you my plan.

"In the first place, if you, Henry, can leave your work at the factory for a couple of days, I want you to spend them in the house with me, taking your meals at home here, as usual. If our examination should turn out as I think it will, I want you two with the baby to move into the house, the rent of which I will pay, and live there for a year, the only condition being that you shall live just as I shall direct. If at the end of that time everything shall have gone well with you, I will advance you the rent for another year, and I don't think that Lizzie will have any trouble in filling all these rooms with respectable lodgers, which will bring you a nice little income." As I finished my little speech, Lizzie's eyes brightened, and I had not long to wait for her answer. "I'm not afraid to trust you, sir; if Henry's willing we'll move in this week." Her more cautious husband put his hand on her shoulder, "Wait a bit, little woman," said he, "suppose everything should n't turn out well, suppose there should be more in these stories than we think, and something—" Here I interrupted him, for I was not ready for discussions as to uncertain "somethings."

"We'll put off talking about that for the present," I said; "the first thing to be settled is whether you will go into the house with me for a couple of days—and nights," I added, a little mischievously. "Oh, yes," replied Henry, "I can manage that well enough, there's a mate of mine out o' work, he'll take my place at the factory. When do you want me, sir?" "To-morrow morning," I answered, "for I've no time to lose, and if you and Lizzie should back out I must look for some one else, you know, for I'm not going to give up without good reason."

The next morning I was at the door of the haunted house soon after sunrise, and as I stood there alone, waiting for Henry, it seemed to me that the neglected building rose up before me, a monument to ignorance and superstition, those terrible twin sisters; and as I thought of the victims they had found within this fair gar-

den, I shuddered, remembering that their reign is not yet over, that still they are supreme in many a dark place, slaying day by day their thousands, and maiming and crippling multitudes of whom no man takes account.

But my thoughts were quickly broken in upon by a cheery "Good morning" from Henry, and in a moment more we turned the key in the lock of the front door. The wood was swollen with dampness, and it was only after some pushing that we succeeded in getting into the hall, which we found ran through the body of the house and opened at the end into a large kitchen with numerous pantries and windows. The latter we raised without much difficulty, and soon had plenty of sunlight shining in upon dusty floors and cobweb hung walls. There were two rooms on either side of the hall, there were front stairs and back stairs, there were plenty of windows everywhere, the ceilings were high, the whole air of the house must have been, in the days before it was haunted, cheerful and wholesome. The second story was divided in the same way as the first, and over the kitchen were two or three bedrooms; the garret had no especial interest for me just then, so I passed by the stairs leading to it; but otherwise I made a careful examination of the whole house, opening pantry doors, and looking into all the corners, more, of course, for Henry's satisfaction than my own. "Well," said I, when we once more found ourselves in the kitchen, "so far there is certainly nothing remarkable about the house, and there's nothing left but the cellar. Come, Henry, light your lantern, and we'll try that." Henry obeyed, and followed me down a pair of steep, dark stairs, which led, somewhat to my surprise, into a well-lighted and cemented cellar, extending under the whole house, and thoroughly ventilated by single pane windows, from one or two of which we quickly knocked away the boardings. It was somewhat damp, of course, but for a cellar which had been unused for years it was in an unexpectedly good condition, and contained nothing in the way of rubbish beyond a few harmless barrels. I was silent for a moment, and then turning to my companion said very seriously, "Well, Henry, this lays one of *my* ghosts." Henry stared a little, and I continued, "I thought I should corner him here, but this place is altogether too clean and airy. My ghosts like dirt and

darkness. We must look for them somewhere else." So I turned back up the stairs again, Henry following with a somewhat dubious expression on his face.—*Hampton Tract.*

(To be continued.)

ATTEND TO THE CHILDREN.

MEN of thought and enterprise bestow time and inquiry on the body training of their domestic animals and on the proper mode of feeding them, but neglect their children as if they were not worth attention, or would grow strong and healthy without the same amount of care and attention they give their cattle. They make no inquiry into the proper way of feeding, exercising, and clothing human beings. All this may be the duty of the mother. But she does not appreciate the importance of body-training, and the father is more interested in accumulating wealth than in the regular body-training of his offspring. He convinces himself that they will be well developed, and become robust and healthy without his expending upon them any care or exertion. The father does not seem to be aware that the first requisite to success in life is to have a well-developed body, that it is the basis of all happiness and usefulness. Men and women break down under the pressure of duties and ambition, simply because their parents did not fit them for domestic duties and business pressure by giving proper form and strength to their functions by a proper course of training. These remarks apply more particularly to girls, who are usually allowed to mature, as did Topsy, without any pains to give that growth and strength to their body that future domestic duties may demand.

The tendency is to neglect the body and abuse the mind. No subject of general interest is now so great as the proper means of giving growth and strength, activity and endurance to girls, so that women and wives may not be so generally feeble and suffering. The rearing of well-grown men and women is as important in the future life as the present; for religious character and religious sentiment depend very much upon physical health and physical strength. Our gratitude to heaven depends very much upon our digestive force. Hard eating and hard drinking unfit the soul for religious, holy thoughts, and suffering and feebleness impair our gratitude to heaven. Men

tell us just how much food and what kind our animals need, but no principles are involved in feeding human beings. Children are overfed or underfed, and so are made ill or well, weak or strong, indolent or active, by what they eat and drink. As many infants die from overfeeding as from underfeeding; some suffer from repletion, and others from starvation. A want of principle in feeding is the basis of the trouble. Infants and children are allowed to eat all they want, and not all they need. Our farmers, governed by experience and observation, specify the kind and quantity of food their domestic animals may need to promote certain results they have in view.

The great trouble is that many of our mothers have no idea of the effects of different kinds of food. They are wholly ignorant of the fact that some kinds of food produce muscle, bone, etc., while others produce body, heat, and fat. Growth and strength demand a certain per cent of the one and a different per cent of the other. As a general rule, it may be true, that appetite is a good guide to quantity. Still some exceptions may exist. Some children, no less than some adults, become gluttons, and do themselves much harm. Children need more food than the mature, bulk for bulk. They should have enough to build their "harps of a thousand strings," and then to keep them in repair. The food they consume depends upon their needs.

Children are very fond of fruit. All vegetable acids are beneficial when taken moderately at regular periods of time. Ripe fruits containing sugar are peculiarly agreeable and useful to all. Now in these cases we see that children should be fed in harmony with their taste.—*Sel.*

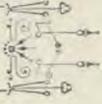
—Never take a medicine which is advertised, or employ a doctor who makes extraordinary pretenses, or who has a patent or secret remedy. Honest and truly skillful physicians have no secrets, and never resort to such means to secure patronage.

—An English physician records a case of remarkably severe hysteria cured by bread pills after many other measures of treatment had failed.

—More people are killed by too much medicine than are allowed to die for want of medicine.—*Dr. Frank Hamilton in Health Aphorisms.*



TEMPERANCE AND MISCELLANY.



Devoted to Temperance, Mental and Moral Culture, Social Science,
Natural History, and other interesting Topics.

Conducted by MRS. E. E. KELLOGG, Superintendent of Hygiene of the National W. C. T. U.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

FATHER RYAN.

BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body and mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the lusts and cares of wealth;
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when the labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep,
Bring sleeping draughts on the downy bed
Where luxury pillows its aching head.
The toiler simple opiate deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Austrian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poets lay,
The glories of empires pass away;
The world's great dream will thus unfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home
Where all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife,
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold
And center there are better than gold.

—Life is a book of which we have but one edition. Let each day's actions, as they add their pages to the indestructible volume, be such as we shall be willing to have an assembled world read.

—We do not judge men by what they are in themselves, but by what they are relatively to us.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL, NO. 8.

BY MRS. E. E. KELLOGG.

VERSAILLES.

LEAVING Paris by the early train, we spent one day at Versailles, a spot made interesting by its association in history as the place where Louis XIV., "*Le Grand Monarque*," held his brilliant court, and the imperial home of the unfortunate Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Until within three years it has also been the seat of the National Assembly, since the establishment of the Republic. This town, which numbers some 30,000 inhabitants, was originally the hunting lodge of Louis XIII., and the vast park of fifty miles circumference, which now surrounds the three palaces of Versailles, was his hunting ground. Louis XIV. chose the place as a royal residence, and employed an army of men for eleven years in constructing one of the most immense palaces, and converting the grounds into one of the finest parks in all Europe, at a cost to the nation of two hundred million dollars. And even this was a small amount in comparison with the after-suffering that resulted to the people and the unfortunate descendants of the king, on account of the payments exacted for generations, to supply the means for such lavish prodigality. The site was a most unfavorable one for the creation of pleasure grounds, and the "genius of man was forced to struggle against Nature." Rivers were turned from their course to supply water for the fountains, and all the Arts vied with each other to make the park what it is to-day, a place of sylvan lakes, beautiful cascades, broad avenues bordered with stately lime trees, lovely gardens, orange groves, and immense fountains containing groups of statuary of most exquisite workmanship, which, when the waters play, present a most magnificent spectacle.

The Grand Palace, as it is termed, is over one-fourth of a mile in length, and contains no less than two hundred rooms; one of these, the Gallery of Mirrors, two hundred and thirty-nine feet in length, thirty-five in width, forty-three in height, and lighted by seventeen windows looking out upon beautiful gardens, is considered one of the finest halls in the world. Its ceilings are exquisitely painted by a renowned French artist, with allegorical representations of the principal events in the life of Louis XIV.; seventeen mirrors reflect the view from the seventeen windows; while marble statues of Minerva, Adonis, Venus, and Mercury fill the niches. It was in this magnificent hall, during

the siege of Paris, that King William of Prussia, surrounded by the representatives of the various German rulers and the chiefs of his own Government, formally assumed the title of Emperor of Germany.

The building and maintenance of her palaces has four times bankrupted the French nation, and we do not wonder that in these later years there has been an attempt to do away with such expensive luxuries, by converting them into museums of art, of which the palace at Versailles is the historical picture gallery. There are said to be four miles of wall hung with paintings, where, upon canvas, is written the history of France, from the time of Charlemagne to Napoleon III. Room after room is filled with portraits of the great men of France, representations of the crowning of her kings, the signing of her treaties, and her victorious conquests; but not a solitary picture of French defeat. The many scenes in the life of Napoleon, chief of which is David's masterpiece, the Crowning of the Empress by Napoleon, are among the best of the collection.

The bed-chamber of Louis XIV., in which he died, still remains the same as when he last occupied it. The high bed with cumbrous, gold embroidered hangings, called vividly to our mind that incident of French history so widely known, of the announcement of his death by the high chamberlain, on the night of his decease. Scarcely had the last breath fluttered from the lips of the king when the official on the balcony just outside the door broke his white wand of office, and shouted to the crowd below, "*Le roi est mort!*" and in the same breath, "*Vive le roi!*"

An immense quadrangular court flanked on three sides by the buildings, fronts the palace. Gigantic marble statemen and generals guard both sides of the court, with a bronze equestrian statue of "*le Grand Monarque*" as a central figure. Vast as is this space, shut in by palace walls and gates, it was filled to overflowing with an infuriated mob on the morning of Oct. 6, 1789, when the storm of the Revolution had burst over France, who demanded the king and queen as hostages in payment of a national debt of vengeance. We were shown the bedchamber in the palace where the unfortunate Marie Antoinette was sleeping on that memorable morning when, aroused by the cries of the guard that her life was in danger, and also the balcony (the same from which forty-four years before the high chamberlain announced the death of Louis XIV.) upon which, with her husband and children, she appeared, to satisfy the clamors of the raging mob below; but the blood-thirsty marauders were not appeased till they had dragged her forth from the palace doors to the prison fastness and the guillotine.

Every glance brought fresh to mind historical reminiscences of the unfortunate Queen as we wandered through her boudoir and library in the spacious old palace, or followed the winding path through the park to a less pretentious residence, the Petite Trianon, where she loved to dwell and receive a few intimate and personal

friends; or still farther on, out of sight of palaces and villas, to the little Swiss village of picturesque farm houses, half hidden by the spreading branches of the grand old trees, where, when tired of the pomp and show of royalty, she repaired with a few chosen courtiers, to forget her crown, and play she was a peasant's wife.

A miniature lake, with an island on which is built a circular marble temple, a mill where the king played miller, and ground sacks of golden corn, a dairy where the courtiers churned the milk from the Swiss cows that grazed by the lake side, and where the leader of the frolic, attired in peasant costume, molded butter on a marble slab, with her own beautiful hands; together with a half-dozen rustic, gable-roofed houses that served as kitchen, dining and ball rooms, are all of the toy village. But it was an expensive plaything, and helped to incense the people against her, and the play turned to a sad reality when the Revolutionists dragged her forth from her royal home, and immured her within the bare walls of the Conciergerie. No make belief then! She was poor, indeed, when they took from her everything,—friends, husband, children, even her clothing,—so that she was obliged to borrow a black gown of woolen from the jailer's wife, in order to go decently robed to have her head cut off. No lack of hardship was hers when, with her beautiful hands that in her happy girlhood home Mozart had guided over the piano keys, pinioned behind her, she was thrust into a rude cart, and jolted over the rough pavement to the scaffold.

In the Grand Trianon, another palace built in the form of an Italian villa, with ground floor only, and long windows opening upon beautiful gardens, are the bed chamber, bath-room, and other apartments used by Napoleon. In the coach house near by are still kept his wedding coach and the State carriages used by the various sovereigns who have made Versailles their home.

INDUSTRIAL OCCUPATION AND BRAIN WORK.

THE advantages of physical education in connection with study in the school training of children is very forcibly illustrated by the statements recently made to the British Association, by Dr. Chadwick, of England, as reported by a correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune*. It appears that in one large establishment containing some 600 children, half girls and half boys, the means of industrial occupation were gained for the girls before any were obtained for the boys; the girls were therefore put upon half-time tuitions, that is, their time of book instruction was reduced from 36 to 18 hours a week, given on the three alternate days of their industrial occupation. The boys remained the full school time of 36 hours per week, the

teaching being the same system as well as teachers, also the same attendance in weeks and years. On the periodical examination of the school, surprise was expressed by the inspectors at finding how much more alert, mentally, were the girls than the boys, and in advance in book attainments. Subsequently, industrial occupation was found for the boys, when their time of book instruction was reduced from 36 to 18 hours weekly, and after a while the boys were proved, upon examination, to have attained their previous relative position, which was in advance of the girls.

FOOD AND TEMPERANCE.

IN these days of increased agitation of the temperance question, every mother in the land ought to be awake to all the subtle influences that enter the domestic circle and lead its members to ruin; but it is a sad fact that many a drunkard has been reared in Christian homes where neither cider, wine, nor other intoxicants were ever found. Many a mother, who would as soon give her child a scorpion as a taste of wine, does not realize that she may be luring her loved ones into the dread path of destruction and death when she pampers their appetites with dainties, allows them to load their stomachs with sugar plums and sweetmeats and in a score of other ways vitiate their natural appetites and ruin their digestion and their constitutions. This fact is so forcibly illustrated by a recent writer in the *Union Signal* that we quote a portion of the article for our readers:—

“Believing that subtle, unseen influences produce most serious results, temperance women are beginning to study the laws of health. They are peering ‘up-stairs and down-stairs and in my lady’s chamber’ to see if something may not be found there which will cause disease and lead to ruin. Let us follow these zealous sisters as they put their heads inquiringly into closets and pantries, and see what results have been reached by their investigations, what knowledge has been gained.

“First the nursery must be inspected. It matters little about the nursery, you say, the baby is so young. Wait and see. The baby is young, but not too young to

suffer, and at the outset of its life of suffering it raises its small voice in protest. The voice is not pleasant to the ear, nor is the thought of her baby’s suffering pleasant to the fond mother, and by the advice of some neighbor, or possibly of Sarah Gamp herself, the soothing sirup, or paregoric, or perhaps the laudinum bottle is brought out of the closet, and a few drops administered to the suffering child. That is only the beginning. When once those bottles come out, they usually come to stay, and become part of the nursery furniture.

“That baby girl has been followed from the cradle, where she sinks into an unnatural slumber, on through the years of her life. We cannot say that she is a representative American baby, but she certainly represents a large and increasing class. She has been found to be a puny, crying little thing, only quiet when some narcotic soothes her pain. As she grows older, she has no constitution, no will-power to bear the many sufferings that fall to her lot. All the way her only comfort has come through the influence of drugs. Her nerves at last become shattered, neuralgic pains rack her feeble frame, and under her physician’s prescription she takes morphine or chloral, and perhaps builds herself up on beer or port wine. A few years later we find her one of the most unfortunate of human beings, an opium-eater, and the Christian mother, who gave her the first dew drops in the nursery, has the great sorrow of seeing her child’s life ruined through drugs. There are many sides to the temperance question, and instead of talking only of twin evils of liquor and tobacco, we should war against three, and the third is no less a monster than opium and its kindred drugs.

“Well, we have seen what the temperance woman found in the nursery. Let us now go down stairs, and see if there is not something there, possibly in the larder, that bears upon the temperance question. It is said that the reason so many of the poor take to drink is because they are not properly fed. Can it be that in our temperance homes any one is led astray from a similar reason? As we go down into the lower regions of the house in question, a variety of perfumes arise and meet our descending nostrils. Prominent among them is the scent of that monarch of all fragrant vegetables, boiled cabbage.

"We remark to the mistress of the kitchen 'You've had cabbage for dinner.'

"'Why no, we hav'n't had cabbage for several days!' is the response.

"'Ah! then you have not learned that pure air and ventilation are essential in a temperance home. Throw open your windows and doors.'

"Whittier says that there is no remedy for the cabbage-scented house, but to burn it. That is an exaggeration, though it does come from a quaker. Fresh air will conquer bad air any day, if it only has a chance.

"Well, now we have reached the kitchen, and we will step across the well-scrubbed floor, for it is baking day, and thrust our inquiring countenances into the pantry. There are the preparations for the Sabbath meals. They certainly look innocent enough, as they are ranged in rows upon the shelves. There are the usual loaves of bread, possibly not very good bread, but as good as the average. There are a few cakes, tempting or otherwise, and there are six, eight, possibly ten pies. At the sight of these pies the temperance women halt. We have gone far enough; let us pause.

"Now we are well aware that in impeaching the great American pie we are treading on dangerous ground. It is almost as safe to attack the American eagle in his eyrie, or to tear down the star-spangled banner, as to say aught against such an established institution as our ancestral pie. But temperance fanatics are not pioneers in this crusade.

"There was once a story told of a company of our countrymen who fled from their native land, and settled upon a remote sea island, to escape from the tyranny of the American pie. They ascribed all the ills of the Yankee nation directly to the influence of the aforesaid pie. No pie or semblance of pie was permitted to be seen in their island retreat. What eventually became of these self-made exiles, dependent saith not. Possibly they were overcome by their longings for home and—pie, and possibly the story wasn't true.

"But that matters little, and as we stand in our neighbor's pantry, we do unhesitatingly assert that in those numerous pies we find an enemy to temperance principles. Now, perhaps you think they are mince pies, seasoned with brandy; but there you mistake. Temperance women consider the brandied mince pie a thing of the past, a relic of the dark ages,

when the minister and the deacon sipped their toddy while they conversed upon the terrible doom in store for the unorthodox. No; these pies in this temperance larder are innocent of alcohol. Between those crusts there is no lurking place for the drink fiend.

"Now there are pies and pies, and some people assert that a good plain crust never hurt anybody. But as *connoisseurs* of the article, we know that good plain crusts are not desirable. A pie is very much like the proverbial little girl who had a little curl that hung down on her forehead; for when it's good it's very good indeed but when it's bad it's horrid.

"Perhaps right here, in justice to the pie, we ought to say that in the illustration we are about to give we do not speak of pie *per se*. Rather do we use it as a representative American viand. There are others equally as harmful, but they are largely sectional. The tough and leathery pancake of the North, and the sad and sorrowful soda biscuits of the South, are near of kin to the universal pie. But the pie knows no Mason and Dixon's line. As sure as there are baked beans in Boston of a Sunday morning, as sure as there is hoeecake on the breakfast table of the Kentucky farmer, so sure are there pies in eight out of ten native families of our land who can afford to have them.

"Now as a representative American child, we will take one called Johnnie. From his cradle, Johnnie's staple article of food is pie. It is pie for breakfast, pie for dinner, and pie for supper, while Johnnie as the baby, has the left-over pieces between meals. By the time he has reached his eighteenth year, the amount of pie he has consumed is simply marvelous. The once rosy cheeks of the boy have taken on a pallor that can be likened to nothing more appropriately than his mother's pie crust. His digestive organs have ground away on pie till a mutiny has sprung up, and the poor child is in terrible distress. His mother thinks he has heart disease, and she takes him to the doctor. The learned man informs them that it is a case of chronic dyspepsia, and Johnnie awakes to the fact that he, like Carlyle, is possessed of 'a diabolical arrangement called a stomach.' The doctor gives the boy a portion of medicine, and tells him he must diet.

"Now the mother has heard that warm bread is bad for dyspepsia, and so after that she gives Johnnie his bread and pie

cold. But after a few days' trial the doctor's medicine does n't seem to do any good. Just at this juncture the neighbors come in, and each one recommends some remedy, usually bitters. Johnnie now goes to the drug store, and buys a great bottle of bitters, possibly Hostetter's. He and his mother do not know that the United States government is just beginning to find out that these so-called bitters are largely composed of taxable whisky, and very poor whisky at that. Well, Johnnie takes the bitters, and his diseased stomach becomes ten times worse. After awhile he takes the whisky without the bitters, and his downward course is short. His heart-broken mother wonders why her boy should have turned out a drunkard. She, poor thing, is as ignorant of the simplest facts of physiology and hygiene as she is of protoplasm and evolution. She does not see the steps from improper food to dyspepsia, from dyspepsia to bad medicine, and from thence to strong drink.

"This is no imaginary picture. Probably more native Americans are driven to drink from the craving of a diseased stomach, than from any other cause. We are a race of dyspeptics, made such by substituting dainties for good substantial food. Not only is our chief fare dainties, but our food is often cooked in such a manner as to effectually deprive it of what few nutritive qualities it once possessed."

ABSTRACTION, OR ABSENCE OF MIND.

MANY curious anecdotes on this subject are related of the Rev. Dr. George Harvest, one of the ministers of Thames Ditton. So confused on some occasions were the ideas of this singular man, that he has been known to write a letter to one person, address it to a second, and send it to a third. He was once on the eve of being married to the bishop's daughter; when, having gone a gudgeon fishing, he forgot the circumstance, and overstaid the canonical hour, which so offended the lady, that she indignantly broke off the match. If a beggar happened to take off his hat to him in the street, in hopes of receiving alms, he would make him a bow, tell him he was his most humble servant, and walk on. He has been known on Sunday to forget the days on which he was to officiate, and would walk into church with his gun under his arm, to ascertain what the people wanted there. Once when he was

playing at backgammon, he poured out a glass of wine, and it being his turn to throw, having the box in one hand and the glass in the other, and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose any time, he swallowed down both the dice, and discharged the wine upon the dice-board. "Another time," says the amusing narrative which has been published of his peculiarities "in one of his absent fits, he mistook his friend's house, and went into another, the door of which happened to stand open; and no servant being in the way he rambled all over the house, till coming into a middle room, where there was an old lady ill in bed of a quinsy, he stumbled over the night-stool, threw a clothes-horse down, and might not have ended there, had not the affrighted patient made a noise at his intrusion, which brought up the servants, who, finding Dr. Harvest in the room, instead of the apothecary that was momentarily expected, quieted the old lady's fears, who by this time was taken with such an immoderate fit of laughter at his confusion, that it broke the quinsy in her throat, and she lived many years afterward to thank Dr. Harvest for his unlucky mistake." "His notorious heedlessness was so apparent, that no one would lend him a horse, as he frequently lost his beast from under him, or, at least from out of his hands; it being his frequent practice to dismount and lead the horse, putting the bridle under his arm, which the horse sometimes shook off, or the intervention of a post occasioned it to fall; sometimes it was taken off by the boys when the parson was seen drawing his bridle after him; and if any one asked him after the animal, he could not give the least account of it, or how he had lost it." In short, the blunders which he committed were endless, and would be considered incredible, were they not authenticated by incontestible evidence. Yet, notwithstanding all this, Harvest was a man of uncommon abilities, and an excellent scholar.—*Sel.*

Sunshine at Home.—Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are prone to avoid it. If a home is the place where faces are sour, and

words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let all fathers and mothers, then, try to be happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy also.

DRINKING AND TOBACCO-USING WOMEN.

DR. HAMMOND and a host of other men reputed to be scientific authorities assert that alcohol and tobacco are very useful and harmless luxuries for men, why should women not have an opportunity to indulge them as well? Why does not the learned doctor recommend them for women? Who needs a dram or a pipe to quiet her nerves or banish "carking care" more than the worn, worried, unceasingly active housewife? That such women do not need either alcohol or tobacco is evidenced by the fact that the class of women who indulge in these poisons are not of those who are overtaxed by household cares, but those whose lives are spent in fashionable folly.

That the use of alcohol and tobacco among women is becoming increasingly and alarmingly prevalent, is evidenced by the following paragraphs clipped from recent numbers of our exchanges:—

"But let me tell you a curious fact, of which you are probably not aware. I could name a dozen or so thoroughly respectable dressmakers' establishments in New York where the whole of the business is not dressmaking. Some of the profits of these places comes from the sale of beverages. The love of conviviality is not confined to men alone. Men have their saloons where they can go every time they feel inclined to do so. But a lady who wants a glass of champagne or a brandy julep, what is she to do? She cannot take it in her own house because the servants would talk, or the children, being around, would see the bad example, and no lady can, of course, go to any bar-room or restaurant to drink. Her refuge, then, is the convenient dressmaker's.

"The bills sent in by the modiste, therefore, as you readily see, are not always as exorbitant as they seem. The husband exclaims at the outrageous charge of \$400

for a dress that he can see nothing extraordinary about. But the wife knows, though she cannot admit it, that \$200 on the bill represents champagne and so on. The drinks are occasionally given gratis, but you may be sure they appear in some form in the bill."

"The habit of smoking cigars and cigarettes is said to be growing among the young women of New York. There is a store on Fourteenth street where tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes are sold to women only, and sent to the house in wrappers similar to those which are put around dry goods. In the fashionable boarding schools which are resorted to by the wealthy girls of New York, smoking is said to be quite common, in spite of rules against it. One girl at Vassar had a lot of Maillard's candies, three boxes of cigarettes, a box of cakes, and three bottles of champagne—all of which are "tabooed"—sent to her by her younger sister, who had them packed in the interior of a cabinet organ that was sent to ornament the young lady's room at the college. The back of the organ unscrewed, and the forbidden articles were packed therein. Another girl went to Fort Plain Seminary, up the Hudson. When one of her confidential friends sent her an embroidered easy chair, she ripped the lining loose at the back, and found the cigarettes she had sent for—40 packages—for herself and friends."

"A prominent tobacco dealer in Cincinnati says the best sales of cigars are to a class of most aristocratic young ladies. He asserts that these females are more discriminating and difficult to suit than other smokers, and that his sales to this class of customers are rapidly increasing."

The *Vanguard* comments upon the last-mentioned fact as follows:—

"The question arises why should not wives and daughters smoke, as well as husbands and sons? Then insist that smoking is a specific for most diseases from heart-disease and consumption down to corns! If puffing filthy smoke is so very beneficial, so soothing to the nerves, aiding digestion, and so utterly indispensable to males, why withhold the pipe or plug from females? Do men monopolize dyspepsia or nervousness? A Chicago paper says the practice of smoking is becoming very common among the ladies of that city. They smoke not only at home, but in the private parlors of restaurants.

They use not only cigarettes, but best cigars. Matrons, school-girls, book-keepers, amanuenses, and shop-girls, as well as the leaders of fashion indulge regularly. Why should ladies take their tobacco smoke second-hand? They have as much right as men to the stench and smudge."

The New Continent.—Nearly all of the leading European countries are on a race just now to see who shall be foremost in working up the immense resources of the African Continent. Something of an idea of this vast country can be gained from the following remarks by an eminent Brooklyn clergyman:—

"Africa contains a population of 200,000,000—more than twice the population of the Western Hemisphere. Its agricultural and mineralogical resources are inexhaustible. The interior of it is neither a sandy wilderness nor a series of marsh lands. The coast, that is notorious everywhere for its malaria, presents no fair indication of the interior. Here is an almost unbroken succession of table lands, rising everywhere from 2,000 feet to 2,500 feet high; here are mountains larger than any in this country or in Europe; a system of lakes surpassing even the magnificence of our own. Victoria Lake is larger in area than the whole state of New York; mighty rivers flow through the country, and the climate is healthful and delightful. This is the country which commerce is bound to develop within the next fifty years.

"It has been said that Africa is like Noah's ark, which had few men, but many beasts. The truth is that the human inhabitants are almost beyond count. There are races among them that are just as different from one another as the Turk from the Russian, or the Frenchman from the Chinaman. And many of them are highly susceptible to cultivation."

The Hashish Habit.—Devotees of the hashish habit, who have also been opium-users, declare that the fascination of the drug is even more irresistible to its victims than opium. It is stated by a writer in a recent number of *Harper's Monthly*, that "hashish houses," or places where the devotees of the drug resort for its use, are becoming by no means uncommon in this country, and that the number of persons addicted to

the habit are numbered by hundreds in most of our large cities. *Indian Hemp* has long been in use in oriental countries as a narcotic, and seems to threaten to establish itself and its dire effects in this country.

Wasted Lives.—Some time since, the community was startled by a terrible tragedy. Three maiden ladies, who were sisters and lived together in Chicago, resolved to put an end to their lives. They deliberately talked the matter over, and made arrangements to accomplish their object, and to avoid intrusion. When the hour came that had been set apart for the fatal deed, the heart of the youngest failed her. She sat above, shivering and moaning, while her two sisters carried out their insane resolution, and by their own act passed from this world to their final account.

These women belonged to a respectable family. They were people of education, and refinement of habit and tastes. They had lost no friends, suffered from no disease. Their only grievance in life was that they had recently lost a lawsuit, which deprived them of their income.

There was no earthly reason why, like thousands of other women, they should not have gone heartily to work to *earn their own living* honestly. But it appears that they had been taught when children that the object of life was to make a display in the fashionable society of their town. When they failed in this, so morbid was their ambition that sooner than go to work, and so lose caste in the eyes of their foolish, fashionable acquaintances, they preferred death.

This extreme case will, no doubt, shock many a mother and young girl whose actions and aims in life are every whit as foolish and false. In order to wear a certain trimming or cut of gown, or to visit in some petty clique in their town or village, they sacrifice all the great and real uses of life.

We have seen a girl, disappointed in not marrying a rich man whose wealth would have given her these paltry social distinctions, as she grew older settle down into a bitter, selfish, wretched woman. Was not this, too, self-murder, and that of the soul?—*Chicago Ledger.*

—As sad dreams betoken a glad future, so may it be with the so often tormenting dream of life when it is over.—*Richter.*

Colonial Days.—Prof. Tyler of Cornell University, in a recent lecture, mentioned the following curious facts relating to the views of science held by our colonial fathers:—

“For a long time it was believed that this country was an island, and it is so referred to in some of the early charters. The great ignorance of mineralogy which then prevailed led to many absurd errors. Shiploads of dark ore carried to England turned out to be nothing but iron pyrites; oyster shells were eagerly searched for pearls; the New England farmer anxiously examined every stone turned up by his plowshare. The principle of determining the character of minerals by their chemical properties was not known until the middle of the eighteenth century. Botany and the flora were studied to discover nature’s remedy for disease. Sir Dr. Digby gave the following prescription for fever and ague: ‘Pare the nails of the patient, put them in a bag, then tie the bag around the neck of an eel, and put the eel in a tub of water. The eel will die and the patient will get well.’”

The Duty we Owe to Ourselves.—You have no more right to eat or drink what you know will disagree with your digestion than you have to drop a furtive pinch of arsenic, just enough to sicken him slightly, into your school-fellow’s cup. It is as truly your duty to eat regularly and enough of wholesome, strength-giving food, wisely adapted to your needs, as it is to pray, “Give us this day our daily bread.” Faith without sensible works does not bring about miracles in our age. There is the same sin in kind, if not in degree, in omitting your “constitutional” walk to study a hard lesson you would like to make sure of for to-morrow, that there is in picking your neighbor’s pocket, or cheating in a bargain. Both are dishonest actions, and in the long but certain run of justice, both are sure to be punished. Put yourself, in thought, outside of your body; make an inventory of its capabilities and necessities. It is your soul’s nearest neighbor. See to it that the soul loves it as itself.—*Marion Harland.*

—God’s sweet dews and showers of grace slide off the mountains of pride, and fall on the low valleys of humble hearts and make them pleasant and fertile.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

SILVER PLATING WITHOUT A BATTERY.

A CHEMICAL contemporary gives the following as the most satisfactory methods of applying to metal articles a silver coating without the use of a battery. It should be remembered that the coating of silver applied by chemical processes cannot be as thick as that deposited by electrical action, and hence that the methods suggested are only recommended for articles which are not subjected to much wear:—

Copper and its alloys, brass, German silver, and most other metals, should be first dipped in a strong solution of caustic potash, then thoroughly rinsed in fresh water, care being taken not to touch it with the hands, or with anything greasy. Pewter, lead, tin, and Britannia metal may be treated with the silvering solution without further preparation. Articles joined with solder containing tin must not be left long in the alkali, or the solder will dissolve, and the copper blacken. Copper, brass, and German silver should next be heated, and dipped in dilute sulphuric acid and water. This will not serve for soldered articles. The next dip should be very dilute nitric acid, then a mixture of—

Sulphuric acid,	4 parts,
Water,	4 “
Nitric acid,	2 “
Hydrochloric acid.	1-32 “

In each case the volume of the bath should be thirty times that of the article to be cleansed, each dip should last but a short time, and should be followed by thorough and rapid rinsing in fresh water.

The simplest silvering solution is made by mixing into a thin paste 3 parts of soda (washing soda), 1.25 of common salt, and 1 of silver chloride, with sufficient warm water. Another mixture may be made with the salt and silver chloride alone. The paste is applied with a rubber until the surface is properly coated, and the article should then be washed, dried, and, if possible, varnished with hard copal-varnish. Another solution is made of—

Cream-of-tartar,	1 part.
Common salt,	1 “
Silver chloride,	½ “

Dissolve in boiling water in a common kettle with the addition of a little alum. The articles are stirred up in this till properly coated, more paste being added with each lot of articles to be whitened. This bath improves by use. If it does not produce the desired result, the following (to be used boiling) will be found effectual:—

Silver nitrate,	1½ oz.
Potassium cyanide,	9 “
Water,	1½ gall. n.

GOOD HEALTH.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., DECEMBER, 1883.

J. H. KELLOGG, M. D., EDITOR.

TERMS, \$1.00 A YEAR.

A HYGIENIST ABROAD.

AMONG THE ALPS.

EARLY one lovely morning in June, a party of five, of which the writer was one, swallowing a hearty breakfast,—which was a very unhygienic thing to do, but excusable on the present occasion, as a moment's delay would occasion the loss of the train,—with a few bundles, and two or three carpet-bags, set out for a week's trip among the Alps, taking for our starting-point a city on the borders of the Black Forest, at a point where, in a half hour's drive, one can travel in Switzerland, Germany, and France. A short ride through the beautiful valleys of the Jura Mountains brought us to the city of Berne, famous for its bears; and a few hours later we were able to spend some time at Fribourg, a place renowned for its suspension bridges and its great organ, which is considered one of the finest in Europe. By evening we had reached Lake Geneva and Lausanne, and changing cars we returned along the border of the lake some distance by another road, passing numerous Swiss villages, nestled down by the lake-side, at the foot of the mountain range, whose sides were covered almost to the top with terraces heavily festooned with vines, and among other places of interest, the romantic old Castle of Chillon, which stands partly in the lake and partly on the shore. Its grim walls and tall tower look as solid as when the pile was erected, some centuries ago. The record omits to tell how many princely prisoners have pined away in its dismal dungeons. About ten o'clock, our train left us at the little village of Saint Maurice. Two hours were consumed in getting located for the night; and making arrangements for an early morning excursion.

Promptly at four o'clock, we were up and following our guide up the mountain side to a curious cavern in the rock, which bears the romantic title of "Fairy Grotto." We found the "fairy" who attends the grotto sound asleep, and it required fifteen minutes of vigorous ringing of his bell, and rapping upon his door, to wake him up. Finally a half-dressed man with a frowzy head, projected himself through the door, provided us with torches, and led the way

into the cave. In, in we went, turning sharp corners, dodging jutting crags, going through many genuflections and twistings until we reached a beautiful cascade at the end, springing over a shelf of rock thirty or forty feet above us, and pouring down into a black abyss, which may be bottomless for all we could discover. The guide pointed out to us one lone little stalactite, the pride of the grotto. Chilly and damp, we were glad to hasten out of the cold atmosphere into the early morning air, though the latter in that elevated region is by no means comfortable. We felt, on the whole, rather disappointed. Perhaps our disappointment would have been less if we had never seen the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, with its huge yawning chasms, its mammoth labyrinth of galleries, and its wealth of stalactites and stalagmites.

We forgot to mention that, climbing the zigzag path up the mountain side to the mouth of the grotto, we met a lad coming down from the mountain pastures, high up above, with a large tin can filled with Alpine milk. We persuaded him to set down his can, and pour us out half a pint, to enable us to test the quality of the world-renowned product of Alpine bovines, which we found neither better nor worse than many less pretentious specimens of lacteal fluid tasted in humble farmers' kitchens at home. As we came out of the cave, we saw a number of peasants carrying down the steep mountain path, upon their backs bundles of produce, which they undoubtedly expected to exchange for household necessaries. Beyond the little valley, snow-covered mountains rose thousands of feet. Lying a little lower were numerous mountain pastures, covered with sweetly scented grass, after which the goats and nimble cattle of the mountains tirelessly climb from morning till night. A little farther down the valley is shown the spot where the Theban legion was massacred by a cruel Roman emperor, because they refused to engage in the work of exterminating their Christian brethren in Germany.

Thoroughly fatigued with our morning tramp, and ravenously hungry, we reached the little tumbled-down pile of rough stones called a *hotel* where we had spent the night, just in time to eat our breakfast, which we found ready, before train-time.

Then, catching our valises, we hurried down through the one street of the town, bordered on either side with dilapidated stone buildings,—certainly much older than the oldest inhabitant,—and reached the train just in time to purchase our tickets. In half an hour, the train stopped, and we were put off at Vernayez. We expected to find a village, but instead, as soon as our train went off, we found ourselves at a solitary little building used as a station house. We peered around for some time before we discovered, rising from among the tall weeds that covered the little plain on that side of the Rhone, one or two buildings, the larger of which we took to be a hotel, and accordingly directed our course toward it, after having first found a man with a two-wheeled cart to aid with our baggage. At the hotel, we found an old man who smoked a pipe and talked French; and a young man who spoke English tolerably well, but disgraced the language by telling us all sorts of impossible yarns respecting the excursion which we proposed to make. We learned, however, that we should need two guides, three horses, and a two-wheeled carriage; and leaving orders for the necessary arrangements to be effected, we made a short excursion to the romantic Gorge de Trient, the entrance to which was but a few paces distant.

The entrance to the Gorge is a mammoth vertical crack in the face of a perpendicular cliff, which borders the southern side of the narrow valley of the Rhone. Down through this narrow crevice rushes the wildest torrent our eyes ever rested upon. A large stream, formed by the confluence of thousands of little rivulets coursing down the mountain side for miles back in the rocky range, foaming and rushing and dashing along through the wildest scenery in all Switzerland, for fifteen miles, just before it leaps into the Rhone, is compressed between these two perpendicular cliffs, which sometimes approach each other so closely that one can easily reach from one side to the other. In this rocky vise, the water is churned into a milk-white foam, which is shot spitefully along by the overwhelming pressure behind, as though it were shot out of the mouth of a huge cannon. Just above this rushing torrent, clinging to the side of the granite cliff, is suspended from iron rods driven into the rock, a narrow pathway; along this our guide led us through the most romantic, nerve-racking scenery we ever beheld. As we looked down into the whirling, dashing, leaping, sparkling foam below, the disposition to spring over the frail railing which alone separated us from instant destruction, was almost irresistible. But our guides are waiting, and we must hasten out of this wild place, which impresses one as though it might have furnished an appropriate entrance to the "Inferno" of Dante. As we anticipated, we find our guides ready, with their three

ponies and a curious little two-wheeled cart which looks like one of the awkward dog-carts for hauling coal one sees going about the streets of our large American cities, only on a smaller scale, and furnished with heavy springs beneath its rude, square box, which is just large enough to hold two persons with a bundle or two of baggage behind. As we expected, we find one or two extra guides endeavoring to press themselves into service, but we resolutely order them away, assist two of our ladies into the gig, the other upon a pony, and then mount ourselves upon one of the two remaining horses, whose countenance seems to express a kind-hearted disposition. Alas, how often are we beguiled by a deceptive face! sometimes in our opinion of horses as well as of men. Little did we suspect what may have been true at that very moment that our benevolent, noble-looking equine was meditating the most monstrous mischief in his heart. All being in readiness, we at last started out for a day's ride over the wildest mountain region in the world.

After traveling along a level road a short distance, our course suddenly turned toward the perpendicular mountain side, down which we had previously noticed a little rivulet dashing itself in pieces in beautiful cascades rising one above another as far as the eye could reach, and hidden now and then by a thick growth of evergreens, and here and there crossed by a log, laid across from jutting rocks, by which perilous means adventuresome mountain climbers might seek the ever-changing views of the lovely valley beneath. Toward this very perpendicular ravine, our head guide leads us. What can he mean? Perhaps he is only taking us here to show us the fantastic manner in which the restless water displays itself, as it leaps down from rock to rock, and finally runs away in sparkling foam. But here we are, driving right into the thicket of evergreens, and climbing a narrow path so steep and smooth as to scarcely offer a foothold, even for a foot-climber; but we somehow scrambled up, when our road turns to the right, and here we find ourselves actually riding over one of those very logs which we had previously seen from the valley below; but we discover that two or three more logs are laid along beside it, with a little earth on top, so that we have a passable bridge after all. Almost as soon as we get across, we turn nearly square around, and travel back again across another bridge, the road being higher up. Occasionally the path leads off a little farther along the mountain side, but quickly returns to the cascade again, and the light log bridge. So we go zig-zagging up the mountain, now and then stopping to rest, and looking down to count the bridges and the turnings of the road just beneath our feet, and then casting our eyes out over the lovely Rhone valley, greatly lengthening as we make the ascent, with its

winding river and fertile fields on either side, all walled in by crags and grim precipices. We at last reached the top of the bluff, having crossed twenty-five bridges, and turned more than twice as many square corners. As we looked about us we found ourselves upon a mountain top, and yet saw rising higher and higher in the faint distance, peak after peak, snow-capped and barren; while our road lay along the side of a deep gorge, leading us constantly higher and higher, passing every now and then little Swiss villages, clinging to the mountain side, in seemingly impossible places, up among the stunted pines, where scarce a blade of grass could grow, and subsistence seemed impossible. Every now and then we met or passed a peasant with the inevitable huge bundle strapped upon his back, or balanced upon his head, going somewhere.

We have not time to dwell on the never-ceasing variety of scenery constantly opening before us. Deep gorges, glittering cascades, dancing down over the rocks, and glimmering in the sunlight like streams of silver, huge bluffs, yawning chasms, cloud-mantled peaks, and roaring torrents seemed to be huddled into this little corner of the world without the slightest regard to the artistic value of such materials, or the great demand for them elsewhere. Now our road was zigzagging over a mountain top, now zigzagging down into a valley; now crossing a frail bridge over a yawning chasm, and now winding along the edge of a frightful precipice. Our guides seemed to have scarcely the remotest idea of looking after our safety, and kept our hearts jumping in to our mouths, by leading the carriage-wheel within five or six inches of the edge of the precipice, which presents a perpendicular wall for nearly three thousand feet to the bottom of the gorge, when there was room enough and to spare on the safe side of the track. When we were crossing one of the most perilous passes which we encountered, the horse which the writer rode, and which he had selected, as before intimated, on account of his honest countenance, found it impossible to longer act the part of a hypocrite, threw off his mask, and deliberately attempted to pitch him headlong over the brink. He reared, plunged, sidled, started quick, stopped short, and performed every other malicious antic by which his murderous scheme could be accomplished, and all without the slightest provocation unless it was because we had condescended to pat his villainous neck, and pull a few handfuls of sweet grass for his special delectation but a few moments before. Fortunately, we were able to keep our seat until, by administering a liberal dose of corporal punishment by the aid of a stout Alpine stock which we carried in our hand, the savage brute was diverted from his infamous intent. When the little adventure was over, and we had leisure to glance down the abyss where we might have

been tumbled headlong, we confess our nerves were a little unsteady.

Two o'clock found us at a little hotel, or way-side inn, near the bottom of the mountain gorge, on the direct route to Chamouni, a little village lying close to the foot of the world-famous Mt. Blanc. So while the horses and guides were getting their dinner, we also ordered a meal prepared for our party of five; and, after an hour's impatient waiting, the lady in charge produced for us a very comfortable meal, only the bread was a little too sour to be palatable, and the milk had a flavor of something foreign to it, and the soup was not so strongly seasoned with nutriment but that it was easy to discover that the water was brackish, and the eggs were a trifle stale; but these were all mere trifles, which an Alpine traveler would never think of mentioning as obstacles to the enjoyment of a hearty meal, after a long ride over the rough mountain passes of that elevated region.

Soon after our refreshment, we were in readiness to pursue our journey; and as the road from this point to Chamouni is comparatively easy, we made rapid progress. In the course of an hour, we had passed the summit of the ridge which marked the beginning of the gorge through which we had been traveling, and saw stretching down before us another gorge, leading into the valley of Chamouni. Here we could see how these mountain rivers have their beginning,—in little rippling rills flowing out from beneath huge snow-banks lying on the highest peaks, and converging toward a common center, until a larger stream is formed, which swells rapidly in dimensions as it descends, until in a few miles it becomes a rushing torrent, tearing away huge rocks from their places, and gradually cutting its bed deeper and deeper into the hardest rock.

Another hour's easy riding brought us to the little village D'Argentière, lying at the foot of a glacier of the same name. Here our guides insisted that it would be wise to stop for the night, and make thence an early morning excursion to the Mer de Glace, the ascent to which is from a point about two miles further on. While we were discussing the matter, however, two friendly English guests of the inn hotel of the place improved the opportunity to inform us that the whole establishment was afloat, having been thoroughly deluged by a storm the day before, driving all of the guests of the place into one or two large rooms for shelter. Several circumstances made us suspicious that our guides had some selfish motives in wishing us to stop in this dismal, tumbled-down place, and so we insisted in driving on to Chamouni, taking a large carriage, however, for the balance of the way, in which our whole party were able to ride with comfort. We reached our destination in time to catch one glimpse of the snow-covered peak of Mt. Blanc, towering high up above the

clouds, which soon closed up the one little space of blue, shutting out forever from our view the stately pinnacle which annually looks down upon ten thousand reverent visitors.

BEEF TEA AND STARVATION.

SOME time ago a chemist made public the results of a series of analyses which he had conducted, by which the fact appeared that meat extract and beef tea made in the usual manner, so far from possessing any considerable nutritive value, is really excrementitious in character, possessing many qualities almost identical with those of urine.

More recently a Heidelberg experimenter has been testing the same subject, and records the results as follows:—

“It is a thing most curious that almost everybody seems to regard beef tea as a kind of essence of all the nutritious and strengthening qualities found in the meat. You will even hear some doctors talk of building up their patients on beef tea. Now, the fact is that there is in a bowl of beef tea but little, if any, more nutriment than there is in a glass of lemonade. How could there be? We know that the principal nutrient parts of beef, besides its 75 per cent of water, are albumen and fat. Now albumen coagulates at 176° F., and at 212°, the boiling point, it becomes like eggs hard boiled. As a consequence, the albumen contained in the meat becomes entangled in the meshes, and is firmly held there. Of course, then, the albumen does not find its way into the beef tea. As for the fat, the only remaining strengthening ingredient, that comes to the top, and is always carefully skimmed off, for nothing is more disgusting to a sensitive appetite than greasy beef tea. And yet you will say that well-made beef tea is very palatable, and seems to do good in many cases of weak and disordered stomach.

“So it is, and so it does. And yet beef tea is not nourishing. It is stimulating, however, and when we are sick and have no appetite, we know that if we can get

the stomach to retain a cup of beef tea it will not be long before the organ will call for something that is really substantial and nourishing. It has the same stimulating effect as a glass of brandy or whisky, without entailing the depressing after effect which alcohol produces. The ingredient that gives to beef tea its strong, agreeable flavor is a fluid that is dissolved out of the white fibrous tissues of the meat, and which, as I said before, is no more nourishing than so much lemon juice. An experiment was made on three dogs, all as nearly alike as to age and size as we could get them. The dogs were all shut up in separate pens, side by side.

“For dog No. 1 was ordered a diet of Liebig's extract of beef and all the water he wanted to drink. Dog No. 2 was restricted to water only, being allowed nothing whatever to eat; while dog No. 3 was allowed neither food nor water. Of course the dog that had no water was the first to die; but if you should guess which was the next to succumb you would probably make a mistake. It was not the dog that was allowed nothing to eat, but the one at the lower end of the row, who died with a quantity of meat extract within six inches of his nose. Dog No. 2, with nothing but water in his kennel, got along well enough for about a month, and then died suddenly. We expected him to remain about six weeks, but I think the death of the other dogs had a depressing effect on him. Now, it is just as certain that the dog which died with the Liebig's extract under his nose was starved to death, as it is that dog No. 2 died from the same cause.”

A Knowing Child.—If some adults were as shrewd in tracing the relation between cause and effect as the little girl referred to in the following paragraph clipped from a Boston paper, some doctors would have less patronage, and some undertakers less business:—

“A Fall River physician was called to prescribe for a young miss of seven sum-

mers, who was suffering from a severe cold. Some nice powders were prepared, but the little girl declined to taste even one of them. The doctor said in a coaxing tone: 'Why won't you take one?' 'Because,' came the reply, 'you gave grandma some powders once, and she went away and never came back, and I don't want to go away!'"

Lord Byron's Doctors.—The modern disclosures of the methods of treatment to which some of the great men of the last generation who died prematurely were subjected, are anything but creditable to the doctors of that day, although they undoubtedly represent not unfairly the medical practice of that time. For many years intelligent physicians have not hesitated to say that our own Washington suffered quite as seriously from his doctors as from his disease; and according to the following from the *Lancet*, the illustrious poet Byron was also a martyr to methods which are now justly regarded as little less than murderous, and have been most properly abandoned:—

"The last illness and death of Byron are not less curious to the medical mind than the life of the man. In brief, Byron went to Greece in his latter days (he was only 36) ostensibly to liberate Greece, actually to obtain the crown of a kingdom he hoped to see established,—a crown which he did, in fact, as it would seem from these volumes, nearly secure. His death frustrated the design, and his demise, preceded by epileptic seizures and by exposures to malaria, was clinched, it is generally felt, by medical perseverance in crystallized error. Two 'youthful and incompetent' doctors, to quote Jeaffreson's definition of them, Bruno and Miligen, 'did their best and their worst' for him. He had been living, by his own rule, for five weeks on toast and tea, and at last, in response to the urgent appeal and insistence of the two doctors, he consented to be bled (date April 16, 1824). Casting at the two the fiercest glance of

vexation, and throwing out his arm, he said in his angriest tone: 'There! You are, I see, a damned set of butchers! Take away as much blood as you like, and have done with it.' They took twenty ounces. The next day they repeated the bleeding twice, and put blisters above the knee, because he objected to have his feet exposed for the blistering process. In spite of all, he lived on, and on the 18th actually rose from his bed and tottered into an adjoining room, leaning on his servant Tita's arm. There he amused himself with a book for a few minutes, and then returned to bed. In the afternoon two new and strange doctors came to look at him, and after they had left, he took one anodyne draught. Some time later he took another draught of a similar kind, and at 6 o'clock he uttered his last intelligible sentence, 'Now I shall go to sleep.' He slept for twenty-four hours, and at fifteen minutes past six on the evening of April 19 surprised his watchers by opening his eyes and instantly closing them. 'He died at that instant.'

"In this day we look with wonder at the medical art which in twenty-four hours could bleed three times a fasting man, then blister him, and finally supplement the so-called treatment with two strong narcotic draughts."

A Case of Tobacco-Poisoning.—A case which very graphically illustrates the poisonous properties of the noxious weed which so many thousands roll beneath their tongues as a delicate morsel and pronounce perfectly harmless, is reported by Dr. Mussey as follows:—

"A doctor in New Hampshire, a few years ago, was consulted by the mother of a girl four years old who was afflicted with a severe eruption on the face. The mother was anxious, from having heard stories of its efficacy in other cases, to make an application of tobacco; the physician, however, advised to the contrary, and left her to visit her sick neighbor. While prescribing for the latter, he was called back

in haste to the child, whom he found senseless and motionless on the floor. The mother informed him that, being still persuaded tobacco would be beneficial, she had, after he retired, taken some from the bowl of a pipe and rubbed it over the child's face; that the child set out to walk across the room immediately after the application, but had not gone half way before it fell in the condition in which he found it. The physician worked over an hour, resorting to various means for resuscitating the child, the pulse occasionally reviving and then dying away again, till finally animation was restored. For years afterward the child was subject to alarming nervous symptoms, and is now puny and feeble. Its constitution previous to the experiment was good, but the shock upon the nervous system was so severe that it has never recovered and probably never will."

Long Baths for Skin Disease.—While in Vienna we were much interested in the "skin clinic," which is probably the best in the world. The number of patients constantly under treatment is very large, and the opportunities for observation unusually excellent. Among the most interesting and instructive of the several clinics devoted to this specialty, is that under charge of Prof. Kaposi, the son-in-law and successor of the world-famous Prof. Hebra. This professor employs the bath almost exclusively in the treatment of a certain class of cases, in some instances keeping the patient in a continuous bath for two or three months. His predecessor, Prof. Hebra, sometimes kept patients submerged continuously for so long a time as a year, and with the result of curing maladies of the skin which had resisted all other measures. The professor may have gotten a suggestion for the treatment of cases in this manner from the favorable results obtained by prolonged baths at *Lenkerbad*, better known as "The Baths of Lenk," where the bathers spend most of their time in the water for two to six weeks.

There seems to be much less prejudice against the use of water in Germany than in this country. In fact, there seems to be no prejudice whatever against it. It is regarded as a most useful therapeutic measure, and perhaps the largest medical establishment in the world, the one located at Vienna, Austria, where we spent some weeks, has a professor of hydrotherapy, Prof. Winternitz, who is also proprietor of a water-cure at *Kalibad*,—which, translated, means cold bath,—where cold water is almost the sole remedy relied upon in treatment.

Poisonous Tea.—All tea is poisonous. Every pound of good tea contains enough theine, a poisonous alkaloid, to kill ten men, or at least to make them so sick that recovery would be doubtful; but the natural poisonous properties of tea are greatly increased by the numerous and almost constant adulterations to which it is subjected. The following paragraph from the *Cincinnati Trade List* would indicate that the adulteration of tea is so general and the adulterants so poisonous that the use of the article is decidedly unsafe:—

"It is well known, at least by grocers and others in the trade, that a great quantity of the tea sold in this country is absolutely poisonous. Only a short time ago, in New York City, the sale of over three thousand packages of tea was legally stopped in an auction room, because it was shown that the leaves had been colored by poisonous chemicals, and adulterated to resemble tea of high grade."

A Timely Suggestion.—In these days of patent medicine and nostrum vending, the witty pun of the old colored gentleman is particularly appropriate. He "saw a sign in a drug store which read 'Tasteless medicines.' Looking in at the 'pizen-mixer,' as he called him, he said: 'Dat am de bes' advice I eber got—"taste less medicines," and then hurried away, just in time to dodge a package which was thrown after him."

Butter and Bad Digestion.—Persons whose digestive organs are vigorous may be able to digest butter and other forms of free fat without difficulty even when taken freely; but this is not sufficient evidence to establish their healthfulness as useful articles of food. Butter must be regarded as a harmful condiment. When eaten with hot food, it saturates the food, and thus renders it permeable by the gastric and other digestive juices only with difficulty, and thus delays digestion. That the taking of fats into the stomach impedes absorption as well as other vital processes seems to have been well known to the gormands of England in olden times, with whom it was customary to drink a glass of oil at the beginning of a feast, for the purpose of preventing the rapid absorption of the alcohol taken in the form of wine and other liquors, by which means they were enabled to imbibe a much larger quantity of wine without becoming drunk.

Leprosy in Wisconsin.—A Milwaukee physician reports that leprosy, that horrible Eastern disease which has literally decimated the Sandwich Islands within the last forty years, is prevailing to an extent which is justly alarming among the Norwegian population of Wisconsin. Some time since, Dr. Geo. Win, in an elaborate paper on the subject, showed that this disease, like many others, is of bacterial origin, which accounts for its contagiousness by personal contact, or even by means of hotel towels, bedding, etc. It is time that the sanitary authorities of those parts of the country where the disease prevails, were taking measures to limit the extension of the malady. Leprosy is also known to exist in California, Louisiana, Minnesota, and among the Indians of the Northwest. It is stated by a California physician that the disease is extending among the whites as well as the Chinese of that State, being disseminated by means of cigarettes made by lepers.

Good Enough for Paupers.—A story is told of a Spanish judge who invented a peculiar method of dealing with cases of adulteration of food. In order to prevent the criminal adulteration of food which was becoming very prevalent in his jurisdiction, he made the following proclamation:—

“All articles in the shape of wines, groceries, and provisions, which, upon examination and analysis, are proved to be injurious to health, will be confiscated forthwith and distributed to the different charitable institutions.”

This is a novel method of punishment, and could scarcely have had any influence with the miscreants unless they each expected sometime themselves to become inmates of charitable institutions.

A Unique Case.—A Prussian surgeon recently performed an operation upon the stomach of a young lady for the purpose of removing what appeared to be a tumor, but turned out to be a mass of hair which the girl had swallowed, having been in the habit of biting off the ends of her hair. No cause for this curious habit could be discovered but the belief that the eating of hair would improve the quality of the voice,—a notion which prevails to some extent among the ignorant classes in Prussia. Other cases have been reported in which masses of hair were found in the stomach after death.

A Significant Item.—The following item needs no comment, as the ratio of the two amounts named indicates pretty nearly the state of public opinion respecting the comparative value of a human being and a giraffe:—

“A few days ago a man in New York was fined \$300 for giving tobacco to a giraffe in Central Park. Almost simultaneously, a tavern keeper in Chicago was fined \$5 for selling whisky to children.”

—8,000,000 lbs. of maté or, Paraguay tea, are consumed in South America annually.

—A remarkable surgical case is recently reported,—that of a Roumanian, who, six years ago, was robbed by gypsies, and left for dead. After having his throat cut from ear to ear, completely severing the windpipe, he was hanged to a tree until he was supposed to be dead, and was finally left with several fearful gashes in his chest. After a period of insensibility, consciousness returned; and being fortunately discovered by friends, he was taken to a hospital, where his wounds were dressed, and by means of a silver tube placed in his windpipe, he was enabled to breathe without any inconvenience. He is still under surgical treatment, and bids fair to make a very good recovery.

—It is affirmed that rats will not live in the Pacific Islands, dying of consumption as soon as introduced. It seems that the natives of many of the islands are very fond of their flesh, which has led to their importation. If rats die so readily, is it not possible that there may be a more healthy climate for human beings?

—The disinfectant properties of sulphur fumes were recognized by the Greeks as early as the days of Homer.

Talks with Correspondents.

Salicylic Acid for Preserving Fruit.—

D. V. H. of Michigan inquires whether we can recommend salicylic acid, used in the proportion of thirty grains to the quart of water, with six and one-half ounces of sugar, as a preservative agent for keeping vegetables and other fruit.

Answer: Salicylic acid has been known as an antiseptic for a number of years, and it is perhaps surprising that it was not sooner seized upon by unscrupulous or ignorant persons as a means of making money in the manner indicated by our correspondent, who states in the letter inclosing the above question that the recipe given has been extensively sold in his locality. It seems to us that it should be self-evident to any one at all acquainted with the philosophy of animal existence, that an agent which will prevent fermentation must be sufficiently

powerful in its influence to prevent digestion also. Salicylic acid is a very irritating substance, even in small quantities, although it may be taken in small doses without producing serious results. It cannot be regarded as a safe agent in the household as a means of preserving fruit.

Cotton Dust.—A New England correspondent inquires as follows:—"In the September number of GOOD HEALTH, 1882, you speak in the article on 'Rational Treatment of Consumption,' of the respirator; would that article be useful to a person working in a room filled with cotton dust?"

Answer: The principal utility of the respirator is for precisely the purpose for which it is desired by our correspondent. The respirator ought to be worn by persons whose occupation exposes them to a dusty atmosphere.

A very good substitute for the respirator is a common cotton handkerchief, tied over the mouth and nose. An inexpensive respirator can be easily constructed by making a frame of wire of proper shape to fit over the mouth and nose and covering it with one or two thicknesses of cotton cloth.

The respirator must be held in place by an elastic band reaching around the head.

A Recipe for Smokers.—G. R. M. sends us a clipping which suggests to smokers that the injurious effects of tobacco may be remedied by filling the bowl one-third full of table salt, which absorbs the nicotine, and so prevents harmful effects from smoking. Our correspondent desires our opinion of this suggestion.

Our reply is, We think it is very good as far as it goes, but it does not go quite far enough. We would suggest as a modification of the plan that the pipe be filled full with table salt, then we should feel certain that the smoker would be in no way injured by the continuance of his perpetual puffing.

Electro Magnetic Insoles.—A correspondent has sent us an advertisement of this new clap-trap, inclosing also a letter from the manufacturers extolling its virtues, and asks our opinion of the article.

In reply will say, We have investigated many of the magnetic and electric things advertised in the newspapers, and have invariably found them to be first-class impositions. An insole of any kind is an excellent remedy for cold feet. Cork insoles particularly are very serviceable for this purpose. The magnetic insoles may be as good as cork soles; we have no idea that they are in any way better.

Vegetarianism and Traveling.—D. L. S. of North Carolina, writes that he has recently abandoned a flesh diet, and is troubled to know how he can live hygienically while traveling.

In reply we are glad to be able to say from personal experience, that a person who really desires to live simply can do so in any part of the civilized world. We have traveled somewhat extensively in this country and in Europe, and have found it not only possible, but in very rare exceptions, not inconvenient, to adhere closely to the simple rules respecting diet which we have followed for nearly twenty years. Graham bread can be obtained in every city of any considerable size in this country and Europe. Fruits and various preparations of grains and vegetables can be obtained everywhere. So long as this is the case, none need entertain fears of starvation from the adoption of a vegetarian diet.

Dr. Scott's Magnetic Hair Brush.—Mrs. J. McF. of Oregon asks for our opinion respecting the utility of Dr. Scott's magnetic hair brush and corsets.

We have made no examination of the corsets, but some time ago had an opportunity of inspecting one of the much advertised hair brushes, which are said to possess such wonderful curative virtues. We found the brush to be like any ordinary hair brush, with the exception that it carried in the back a small magnet. As a matter of fact, the brush furnishes no electricity whatever, and it is a well known fact that magnetism produces no special effects upon the human body, even when the magnet is a very powerful one. From this it is evident that so small a magnet as can be concealed in the back of the brush, cannot be sufficiently potent to produce any effect upon the body except through imagination.

Massage.—Dr. C. S., of a Western State, asks for a description of the method of treatment known as massage.

We shall begin with the January number a new department, to be devoted to domestic medicine or rational home treatment of disease. In this new department we shall treat of all such remedial measures as can be usefully employed at home, and will also give a description of the most improved method of applying massage, so far as it can be described.

Gymnastics and Electricity.—F. M. B. inquires for an article on the subject of electricity as a remedial agent, and also a description of gymnastic exercises.

Both of these subjects will be considered fully in the volume of *GOOD HEALTH* for 1884.

Piles.—J. C. M. of Ky. desires an article on the subject of piles, their cause and cure.

We shall treat of this subject in our new medical department of the next volume, which begins with the next number.

Rum and Tobacco.—C. E. B. of Boston inquires, "Which is worse for a man, rum or tobacco, and why?"

If our correspondent had inquired which is worse for a man, to be shot or to be hung, the difficulty which we should experience in attempting to reply would be the same which we find in seeking for an answer to his inquiry respecting the relative merits of rum and tobacco as killative agents.

There are perhaps no statistics sufficiently accurate and extensive to settle the case as to whether tobacco or rum kills the greater number of human beings. The effects of rum or other kinds of liquors are somewhat more conspicuous than those of tobacco, being more easily observed; nevertheless, if our opinion is desired, we shall say that we think there is little choice between the evils, but if either is to receive precedence as an agent for harm, tobacco is to be awarded the palm.

Disinfectant for Bad Air.—A. G. W. asks, "Will the Journal please tell us just what is the best disinfectant for bad air?"

Answer: The best disinfectant for bad air is pure air in abundance. Any agent which is sufficiently powerful to destroy the dangerous elements of vitiated air, will be sufficiently potent to be injurious to persons inhaling the air, and would likely do quite as much harm as the mischievous agents which the disinfectant might be able to destroy.

The only substantial means of disinfecting a room, the air of which has become tainted in any way, is by securing such thorough ventilation that the vile atmosphere is replaced by a pure one. When the source of contamination is constant, as in the case of many diseases, the supply of pure air must be constant also.

Cod-Liver Oil and Consumption.—E. I. wishes us to say something about the use of cod-liver oil in consumption.

We might say much on this subject, but all we need to say is that we are acquainted with many intelligent and scientific physicians who once had great faith in cod-liver oil as a remedial agent, but now consider that it is in no way superior to good sweet cream, and that, on the whole, the latter is to be preferred to the oily extract of cod livers.

We have treated scores of cases of consumption, and have never found it necessary to use a single dram of cod-liver oil.

Hamamelis.—E. D. inquires our opinion of the extract of hamamelis.

Answer: We have made some use of the remedy as an external application, and to some extent as a constituent of ointments in cases of hemorrhage from the stomach or bowels, and have seen no harmful results from its use. We have not used what is known as "Pond's Extract," preferring to use the standard extract prepared by manufacturing druggists.

Shortness of Breath.—W. F. of Ontario inquires the cause of shortness of breath, which is most troublesome on making any exertion soon after eating.

Answer: It is impossible to determine with certainty the cause of such a condition without making a careful examination of the case. It is probable, however, that the difficulty in this case is the result of dyspepsia. It is probable that the fermentation of food produces gaseous distension of the stomach by which the proper action of the lungs is restricted and thus shortness of breath is experienced whenever extra work is demanded of the lungs, which is, of course, the case when exercise of any kind is taken.

For the Sick Room.

Colds.—Young children are very subject to colds for several reasons. First, their skins are unusually active and vascular, containing a much larger proportion of blood than those of adults; second, they are usually improperly clad, the middle portion of the body being so clothed as to induce perspiration, while the arms and legs are left nearly bare; third, they are rendered susceptible to cold air or draughts by being kept in too warm an atmosphere and not sufficiently exposed to out-of-door air. This susceptibility to taking cold may be greatly diminished by accustoming the child to a daily bath at a temperature of about 75° to 80°. A little salt added to the water has a tonic effect upon the skin. The idea that such a bath is weakening has been proven fallacious in thousands of instances by sensible mothers who have adopted this plan of protecting their children from one of the greatest causes of fatal disease between the ages of two and five years. The habit of breathing through the mouth, which children are very apt to contract, may also be regarded as a frequent cause of taking cold especially during the winter months. Children should be taught to inhale through the nose, the natural channel for inspired air, as by passing over the large mucous surface the air is warmed before entering the lungs, thus preventing congestion, which might give rise to serious inflammation of the air passages, or to pneumonia.

TREATMENT: When a cold has been contracted, the child should be at once placed in a

hot blanket pack. If the little one is restless, one or both arms may be left out, and should be well covered with a dry blanket. After twenty or thirty minutes, the patient should be taken from the pack, placed between dry blankets, covered warm to continue perspiration, and allowed to go to sleep. The inhalation of the vapor of warm water is very soothing to irritated mucous surfaces. If the throat is the part particularly affected, a local pack should be applied, which may consist of a towel wrung out of hot water until it will not drip, and then applied to the throat and covered with dry flannels of sufficient thickness to retain the heat. A pack should be applied to the chest in a similar way, when the cold seems to have settled upon the lungs. When the child has a hard, dry cough which is somewhat persistent, the blanket pack may be applied once a day for several days, and fomentations may be applied to the chest several times a day, the surface being rubbed with tepid water when the hot clothes are removed. Hot drinks of various sorts are useful to induce a perspiration during the pack, and also to encourage secretion of the pulmonary mucous membranes.

LITERARY NOTICES.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—We have received from the chairman of the Literature Committee for the N. W. C. T. U., specimens of Christmas and New Years cards especially appropriate for the use of all lovers of temperance and hygiene. These cards are exquisite gems of beauty, and will compare in point of art with the finest in the market, while they have in addition to the season's greeting, an apt and appropriate health or temperance motto on each card. The variety of styles includes a Longfellow set, a Shakespeare set, a social set, a children's set, and scores of others appropriate for all tastes and ages. Prices range between two cents and \$1.00 according to style desired. Address, for further information, Miss Julia Colman, 76 Bible House, New York City.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE.—The first volume of a new publication bearing the above title has been sent us. It is certainly unique in character, and contains many interesting articles. The present number includes twenty-six short biographies of noted men and women of China, Europe, and America, each sketch accompanied by a portrait of the subject.

Subscription price, \$1.00 per annum. Published by the Pictorial Associated Press, New York City, P. O. Box 3295.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST is an illustrated monthly magazine devoted to rural affairs. It contains many excellent hints for agriculturists and gardeners, and is well worth more than its subscription price, 50 cents per annum. Published by I. F. Tillinghast, LaPlume, Pa.

Publishers' Page.

☞ We would call especial attention to our new premium offer, the Penograph, which we have no hesitation in pronouncing the most practical and thoroughly satisfactory form of fountain pen we have ever seen.

☞ With the next number, which will be ready in good season, will begin our new department, devoted to Domestic Medicine, which will contain each month practical information well worth the price of the journal to any one.

☞ Our new premium book is now ready, and we publish in this number the table of contents, which includes a large number of most interesting topics included under the subjects of Hygiene and Simple Treatment for Common Diseases. The retail price is 75 cents. It is furnished to new subscribers with the journal, for \$1.25.

☞ The publishers would respectfully call the attention of subscribers to the fact that with the beginning of the new volume they will return to the strict "pay-in-advance" system, which has, until the previous year, been rigidly adhered to. Subscribers who are in such straitened circumstances that they cannot spare even \$1.00 for the journal, should write to the office, stating their circumstances, and worthy persons so doing will receive consideration.

☞ This number closes another volume, the eighteenth since the establishment of this journal, now one of the oldest health journals in this country. During the eighteen years of its existence, nearly one and one-half million copies of the magazine have been published, making an aggregate of nearly fifty million pages of practical instruction on various topics relating to health and temperance. With the next number we start out upon a new volume, which we hope to make, in several particulars at least, better than any of its predecessors. We trust we shall have the pleasure of retaining as subscribers all those who have been patrons of the journal during the last year, and expect to have very large additions to our subscription list within the next three or four months.

☞ L. M. Cutting, of Jerseyville, Illinois, is the manufacturer of an apparatus for lifting helpless invalids, which is by far the best appliance for the purpose we have ever seen. We have had it in use

at the Sanitarium for several months, and find it a great convenience, enabling nurses to transfer the most helpless and sensitive invalid from the bed to a wheel-chair, with the greatest ease. The apparatus can be used for lifting a patient from a chair or cot to a carriage, or vice versa, and is so simple and easy in operation that a child can manage it.

We take pleasure in thus indorsing this ingenious device, as we have thoroughly tested its merits, and feel sure that it will prove in the highest degree satisfactory, whenever it is given a fair trial.

DEATH OF SOJOURNER TRUTH.

In the death of Sojourner Truth, which occurred in this city Nov. 26 this country has lost one of its most remarkable personages,—remarkable because of her advanced age, it being known that she was 108 years old, and probably older, although she herself could not tell her exact age,—and because of the prominent part she acted in the Anti-slavery movement of former years, as well as her enthusiastic work in other social reforms. For the cause of temperance she had ever a helpful word, and her ready wit and quick repartee often won for the cause even more than the most telling arguments could have done. Unlettered and untaught, she used often to explain her marvelous power of eloquence with the simple child-like assertion, "God himself talks to me and teaches me." She retained her mental faculties with wonderful acuteness until within a few days of her death, and in the last years of her life began to learn to read. Her hair, which had long been a crown of snowy whiteness above her ebony face, began to change to a darker hue in spots.

Some three years since she made an extended trip through the west, laboring in behalf of her race whose welfare she had ever at heart. On her return, many prominent citizens of Chicago met and received her with great honors.

Of her early life and its vicissitudes, a historical sketch was given in our February number, and we need only add that her life was that of a Christian and her death the rest of an aged pilgrim. Her funeral was very largely attended by the citizens of this city, of which she had long been a resident, and many from other places throughout the State. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful. Telegrams expressive of esteem were received from Wendell Phillips, Frederick Douglass, and others. The funeral address by Rev. Reed Stuart was an able effort.

A history of this remarkable woman was published at this office a few years ago, and a few copies may still be had of the publisher, Mrs. Frances W. Titus of this City. The price is \$1.00, post-paid.

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