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BEEF tea is a stimulant rather than a food.

A GOOD many persons do not drink enough water.

UNHAPPY is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable.—*Ritcher.*

It has been decided in Russia that women may be physicians; but they must confine their services to children and adults of their own sex.

“HAST thou found honey? eat so much as is sufficient for thee, lest thou be filled therewith, and vomit it.” “It is not good to eat much honey: so for men to search their own glory is not glory.” Prov. 25:16, 27.

TYRITOXICON.—Fifty people were seriously poisoned by eating cheese at the village of Bettsville to-day, and it is feared that some will die. This is the third lot of people poisoned in like manner within a week, and the matter will be investigated.—*Tiffin, Ohio, Sept. 7.*

ANIMAL FOOD.—For those who are extremely broken down with chronic disease, I have found no other relief than a total abstinence from all animal food, and from all sorts of strong and fermented liquors. In about thirty years' practice, in which I have (in some degree or other) advised this method in proper cases, I have had but two cases in whose total recovery I have been mistaken.—*Dr. G. Cheyne, 1709.*

FOR HEALTH LOOK WELL TO YOUR PREMISES.

A FEW centuries ago, when pestilence was laying low its thousands, and large sections of country were in some instances almost completely depopulated by the plague, but few of the people were able to trace these calamities to their true origin. While the “black death,” as it was then termed (A. D. 1345), placed 50,000 victims in one church-yard, then called the Bunhill Fields, now called the City Road Cemetery in London, it was looked upon as a direct judgment of God upon the people. Now the advancing research of hygienic science, which traces out the close affinity which disease has for filth and squalor, lays the cause of those fearful outbreaks at the doors of the people, calling it “lack of proper drainage, the use of impure water, the use of impure or diseased foods, and utter neglect of cleanliness in homes and person.” On this subject we quote the following most excellent words from *Demorest's Monthly*, under the heading of “Health and Science”:

“A good many years ago an epidemic of disease was supposed to be a ‘visitation,’ or a ‘judgment,’ and prayers were offered up that its progress might be stayed. Nowadays when individuals or neighborhoods are attacked with typhus fever, diphtheria, or any of the long range of malarial disorders, there is an immediate inquiry as to the condition of that house, or that neighborhood, and the disease is traced to its source of rotten vegetation, putrid filth, foul air, bad drainage, or some other of the uncleanly causes of zymotic disease.

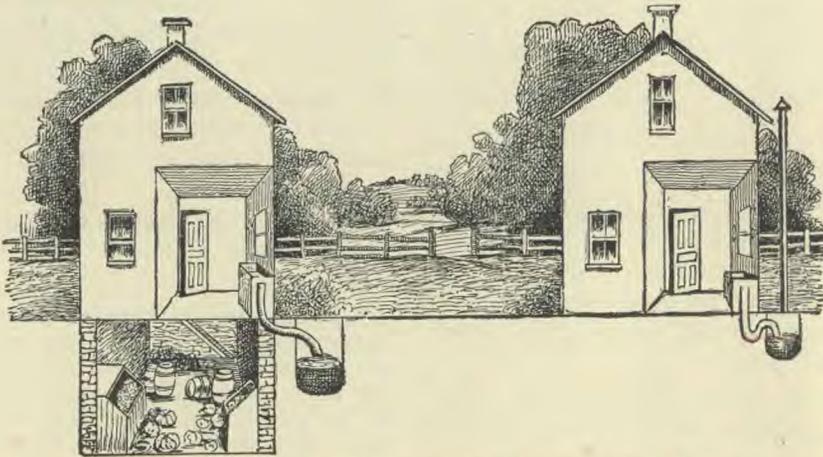
“For this advance we have to thank physiological and sanitary science, but it will not help us much to know a thing unless we act upon our knowledge. It will not get rid of the causes of disease to know what those causes are, unless we go vigorously to work to counteract them. It has been ascertained now beyond a doubt that infectious disease is primarily occasioned by living germs; that these germs have their origin in dirt,

overcrowding, bad air, putrid vegetation, imperfect drainage, and the like conditions. It makes no difference whether these conditions are found in tenement house, cottage, or palace, in the streets of the city or the green lanes of the country, the result is the same—it is sickness and death.

“It is not entirely a gratifying thing to lazy, irresponsible people to find that health and the best conditions for living useful and reasonably happy lives, are within their power, and they are responsible for their fulfillment. It is so much easier to keep on in the old way, to pile up refuse, to let the drainage go, to build a house like a soap box, and transfer the consequences to the shoulders of providence, or the Almighty. But it is too late to do this now. Providence has been made responsible for the result of our shortcomings long enough; science has discovered that they are within our control, and that it is our business first to discover what the laws are that govern health and disease, and then adapt ourselves and our circumstances to the obligations they impose.

“There is no occasion, in the nature of things, for persons to be born diseased, or die prematurely. A pure and temperate life, in a healthy location, and amid healthy surroundings, are fair guarantees for a green old age.”

diseases. The next day after the lecture we were invited to visit the premises of a family where there was a case of typhoid fever, to ascertain if the house was in a sanitary condition. On arrival we were shown a portion of the lot just adjacent to the house, where they said they had just cleared away quite an amount of decaying filth, consisting of old spoiled canned fruit, slops, and other waste material from the kitchen; quite sufficient, according to their description of the mass, to occasion several cases of typhoid fever. We advised them to sprinkle this ground over at once with fresh crushed lime. They next told us that the waste-pipe from the kitchen sink had leaked for quite a time into the cellar under the kitchen; that now it was mended and the cellar had been pronounced healthful. We insisted on seeing the cellar. On passing into it our olfactories at once met with an odor which, to say the least, was very suggestive of disease. The soil directly under the repaired waste-pipe was saturated full of the filthy water which for some time had been leaking from this pipe. It was arranged at once so that the bad



In the December number of this JOURNAL we made some reference to the unsanitary condition of some of the ravines passing through East Portland, Oregon. While in the place, by invitation, we gave a lecture on the topic, “Catching Disease.” It was not advice to the people to take such a course as to “catch” the various infectious diseases, but practical hints as to how such diseases as typhoid fever, etc., with which many of the inhabitants of the place were then suffering, are generated and conveyed, and how to so relate ourselves to things around us as to avoid these

water could drain down from this point into loose soil upon the bottom of the cellar, and thus be removed, while the ground directly under the waste-pipe was sprinkled with copperas, it being by this means thoroughly disinfected. We found that there was no way to ventilate the cellar, there being no window, and no opening into it except the door from the floor of the back porch of the kitchen. We advised them to at once cut a window from the side opposite the door, so as to obtain a good draft of air through the cellar, and to keep this door and window open on all fair

days. On the sides of the cellar were shelves for canned fruit. We found on these shelves a fungus growth about half an inch in thickness. This we advised to be scraped off thoroughly, and the shelves, and in fact the whole cellar, whitewashed with fresh slacked lime. The fungus and all decaying matter was removed from the cellar, a good whitewash applied, and two days later the cellar was reported, "All sweet and nice now."

The cut accompanying this article illustrates the habit of some families in allowing vegetables to decay in the cellar, under the house. This is a very pernicious practice, as the fumes arising from decaying vegetation, though not so offensive to the sense of the inmates as decaying animal substance, is in fact a more fruitful source of disease. We have not given this picture as a model to follow, but rather as a warning against such health-destroying practices. On the importance of keeping a strict lookout about our premises for all those things which may tend to injure our health, we will give the following from the *Housekeeper*, under the heading, "How to Prevent Sickness":—

"A higher duty given the physician to perform, higher even than that of healing the sick, and one that is constantly being thrust upon him nowadays, is that of keeping people well. The demand is for more knowledge as to how to prevent sickness. With all the improvements in the ways and means of living, as taught in the schools and by builders, architects, plumbers, etc., none equal a few old-fashioned rules about right living, such directions as all can understand and follow with a little forethought.

"Have you thought how much the health of the family depends upon what is in the front or back yards, and around the wells or stables? You cannot drive off such facts as these with an, "Oh, pshaw!" Diphtheria is a filth disease, and thrives best where there is decaying animal or vegetable matter. The only way yet known of carrying typhoid fever is by actually dissolving or scattering the discharges from the bowels, either by air or water or the wind. Small-pox and scarlet fever are conveyed in clothing and by the actual contact of dirty persons.

"With these facts in mind, is it not wrong for you to keep your house too heavily shaded by tall trees? The chances of your being struck by lightning are as one in a thousand to your children having some malignant disease in your damp house, whose shingles are actually decaying from too much shade. Those dried-up turnips and decayed onion peelings and potatoes down cellar, if not hastily turned out-of-doors, may be another cause of trouble before spring-time. Go down into those

lower regions occasionally and root out all the decaying matter; and, if there be an odor left, put around in the corners a sprinkling of chloride of lime, or, if that cannot be gotten, some moistened bits of charcoal, and whitewash the walls thoroughly. It will pay to look the establishment over. A little time spent in this way, and, it may be, a few cents besides, may save you many dollars for continued sickness. If you have not cleaned your cistern for a year or two (surely you have not neglected it longer), do not put it off longer than the coming spring, for impure water is no more fit for your family than for your cattle. Even if you have taken pains to put a brick filter into the cistern, do not let it go without cleaning longer than one year. Until you clean it more thoroughly, drop a bag of charcoal into the cistern.

"Another more important matter: Where is your well in relation to your stables, vaults, and out-buildings? In most soils, especially those lying upon a stratum of limestone or sandstone, or any thick layer of heavy rock, all surface drainage, either rainfall or waste, must run down through until it meets this resistance, when it seeks its level. A deep layer of clay will cause the same distribution of the waters. Now if your well has its reservoir on such a level, all your drainage will run into and contaminate it. These facts you have doubtless observed in your every-day experience more clearly than I have, but did you ever make a practical application of their bearing upon the health and happiness of your wife and little ones? You can better afford to drive a new well on the place, further away from the stables, etc., or wall up the one that you now have down far enough to prevent poisonous drainage, *i. e.*, down to a clay or stone foundation. Far better that expense than diphtheria or scarlet fever in the family.

"Where do you keep the soiled clothes as they accumulate during the week? Never throw them into a dark corner or closet, there to must and breed disease. Rather put them out in the shed or any place where fresh air will reach them. Don't allow them to lie piled up in your sleeping-room or where food is being cooked; and wherever they are do not shut them up. If you will think of the natural exhalations from the skin which underclothing takes up, the results of visible and invisible perspiration, you will understand why dirty clothes will grow musty and unhealthy when jammed into small space and confined and heated.

"Outside of the house, again, you can find something better to bank up with in the fall, if you live in a cold climate, than manure from the barn-yard. Did you ever dig down into a manure pile, even in the coldest weather, and observe the moisture that rises, offensive with ammonia and other urinous odors? Think of having such a mass entirely surrounding your house all winter! Far better use sawdust, or mother earth, or, in

default of these, wait for the first heavy snow, and bank up thoroughly with that. It will disappear so gradually as to do no harm by its dampness."

J. N. L.

THE PHYSICAL TRAINING OF GIRLS.

THAT the mental education of girls is largely carried on at the expense of bodily development is a somewhat hackneyed assertion, and forms the basis of many a tirade against the modern school system. If it be true that "the first requisite of success in life is to be a good animal," how unsuccessful most of our girls must be! And why have they not this first requisite? Why have they not strong, healthy bodies? Is it because of inherited weakness, because they were born with a tendency toward disease?—Yes, in some cases; for the average girl has not always a healthy mother. But, on the whole, nature gives most of us a very fair start. The little girl of six, just entering school, is about as rosy and active as her brother. At sixteen she has by no means kept pace with him physically, and at twenty-six she has fallen so far below his standard of health that she probably never reaches it again.

Where are we to find the causes of this?—Obviously not in the parentage, not in the hygienic conditions of the home, nor in the food, for these are common conditions, but in those features of education peculiar to each. Some of the objectionable points in the girl's training demand our special attention.

First, let us consider the matter of dress. The present mode of clothing children is said to conform much more nearly to the laws of health than did that of twenty years ago. Still there is room for improvement, for in many respects it fails to promote health. It restricts freedom of motion in the body generally, and directly impairs the action of the vital organs, notably the lungs; it does not sufficiently protect the body from changes of temperature.

Another serious defect in the education of girls is the lack of proper exercise. No principle of physiology is better known than the fact that the moderate exercise of a part causes it to grow stronger, while its non-use results in weakening or incomplete development. Especially is this known to be true during the period of growth. Yet it is at this time, when the organism is so easily influ-

enced, that girls are most closely confined to the house, studying school lessons and acquiring accomplishments many and varied—learning a little of almost everything, except how to take care of their own bodies. With this amount of enforced sedentary work there is small chance to exercise the muscles or fill the lungs. The whole system suffers from such unnatural inactivity. Appetite and digestion are impaired, circulation feeble, excretion imperfect, and nerves irritable. These disorders would inevitably result in illness if it were not for the wonderful adaptability of the organism to external conditions. The contrast between the freedom of early childhood and the artificial quietude of the high-school period is certainly strong.

Besides being uncomfortably dressed and restricted as to exercise, girls suffer in their occupations and amusements. We are not now considering those children whose poverty compels them to perform work unsuited to their years, nor those whose moral surroundings are exceptionally bad. We speak of the girls in the great majority of well-to-do families, and of such we assert that their occupations and amusements are not wholesome. These girls are in school three-quarters of every year from nine to four each day. During this time the body, if not actually weakened, certainly gains little. The short recesses and the physical exercises of school afford, at most, only a brief rest from the wearisomeness of sitting still. Throughout these school hours the attention is fixed upon the mental work in hand. It needs but little school-room observation to know how keen is the competition and how close the interest in class work, especially among older girls. To win the approval of teachers and a fair standing in class, the closest application is necessary. School hours are not long enough for the requisite amount of study, so the work is brought home. Several grammar-school teachers, whose pupils ranged from twelve to fifteen years of age, were asked, "How much do your girls study at home?" Their answers were, "From one to three hours a day." "Is this home study necessary?" "It would be impossible to complete the work of this grade in the time allowed without it." Add, then, to the actual work done in the school-room an average of two hours' study at home, and we have the amount of the mental work required by the common school. Besides this, many girls practice on the piano an

hour or more daily, and most of them learn something of sewing and other womanly arts.

Considering that all of this work is done in the sitting position, we might reasonably expect to find the recreation of girls active in character. Exactly the opposite is true. Little girls, indeed, may, and do to some extent, share the outdoor sports of their brothers; and so long as this is allowed there is none of that physical inferiority which becomes so apparent later on. During the first few years of school life, when the sessions are short and mental work easy, play is active and abundant. Gradually all these conditions are changed. Lessons longer, harder, and more numerous occupy more and more of the girls' time, while music and home duties must receive some attention. Worse than all else at this period of childhood are the social restrictions which make it "improper," if not reprehensible, for these children to play out-of-doors. It is considered wrong for girls to engage in any active games, as boys do after a hard day's study. The noisy, vigorous play in which all children delight is very early forbidden to girls, as being "rough and unladylike," and it is a significant fact that the substitutes for such play provide almost no muscular exercise at all. An occasional walk or ride and a few decorous games, involving very slight exertion, make up their outdoor activities; and even these are often deprived of every characteristic of spontaneous play until they become distasteful. Partly from this cause and partly from actual weakness, the result of deficient exercise, school-girls come to pass more and more of the time in-doors, and to find quieter forms of amusement, such as dressing dolls, making scrap-books, drawing and painting, reading novels, making and receiving calls. Compare these with foot-ball and coasting. Contrast the physical value of a Saturday *matinée* with that of a game of base-ball. After ten years of the ordinary regimen, the wonder is that girls have any muscle at all.

We can only briefly mention some of the less constant defects in the training of girls. Irregularity of habits, especially the loss of sleep, overstimulation of the emotions, eating not enough food or not the right kind of food, breathing overheated and impure air—all these react with speed and certainty against the vigor of the constitution.

A thoughtful parent lately remarked: "It is easy to see that the present system is wrong, but it is

not easy to find a better one." Much has already been accomplished in the way of reform, and parents can do more in this matter than anyone else. They can certainly provide comfortable clothing for their daughters, and this, too, without going to the extremes some of the dress-reform advocates would have us believe necessary. A dress which meets every requirement of hygiene need not be ill-fitting, expensive, nor odd, and may be very pretty. That it be light, and loose enough to permit reasonably free motion, and warm enough for the season—these are the essentials, and they are every year becoming more widely recognized. It is encouraging to note in nearly every school-room a few girls who are sensibly dressed; the increase in their number is evidence of a growing interest in this subject among parents and teachers and the girls themselves.

When it becomes a physical possibility to move freely, motion is enjoyable, and in the form of spontaneous play constitutes one of the most natural expressions of child energy. For young girls, lively outdoor games furnish the best of exercise. Older girls, however, will not continue these, under our unfortunate idea of propriety, and for them a kind of artificial exercise has been devised. We mean gymnastics. The results obtained from systematic bodily drill, in private classes and schools, have awakened a general interest in the subject. In Milwaukee, Kansas City, Chicago, Cleveland, and Pittsburg, gymnastic drill is part of the regular school work. Two years ago there was introduced into the grammar schools of this city a system of physical exercises that cannot fail to benefit girls and boys alike. But here, as in most public schools, the time and room allowed for exercise are altogether inadequate. A common school-room filled with desks is not an ideal place for physical exercise; ten minutes a day, even with the best of apparatus and instruction, cannot develop any great degree of strength. Besides, the instruction is given in large classes, and individual needs can receive little attention.

So far as they go, these exercises are in the right direction; the danger is that we expect too much from them. To regard them as sufficient for the physical wants of our girls is preposterous! Formal, monotonous exercises can never compensate for the loss of play. Spencer says: "The extreme interest felt by children in their games, and the riotous glee with which they carry on their rougher

frolics, are of as much importance as the accompanying exertion. And, as not supplying these mental stimuli, gymnastics must be fundamentally defective. "Happiness is the most powerful of tonics." The responsibilities of parents, then, are in no way lessened because their daughters get a little physical drill at school. There is great need of less sedentary work and more active recreation. Walking, running, riding, skating, rowing, and outdoor games, should be freely allowed to girls, and the more study required the greater should be the amount of exercise.

On the score of propriety we quote again from the same eminent author: "If the sportive activity allowed to boys does not prevent them from growing up into gentlemen, why should a like sportive activity allowed to girls prevent them from growing up into ladies? Rough as may have been their accustomed play-ground frolics, youths who have left school do not indulge in leap-frog in the street nor marbles in the drawing-room. Abandoning their jackets, they abandon at the same time boyish games, and display an anxiety—often a ludicrous anxiety—to avoid whatever is not manly. If, now, on arriving at the due age, this feeling of masculine dignity puts so efficient a restraint on the romping sports of boyhood, will not the feeling of feminine modesty—gradually strengthening as maturity is approached—put an efficient restraint on the like sports of girlhood?"—*Dr. Bertha E. Bush, in Archives of Pediatrics.*

WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

WINTER, now upon us, has its entertainments, as well as its cold, storms, ice, and unbearable long nights. Now is the time for good, long, old-fashioned evening visits. It is not a skip in and skip out, but a real sit-down-talk, running over in a single sitting half the incidents of life. How it refreshes and revives one's spirits to go over these items of past years—in which we encountered robbers, escaped dangers, won victories, were lost in the woods, wrecked upon a desolate island, beset by wolves, panthers, and catamounts, betrayed by false friends, favored by strangers, and solaced by supposed enemies! Thus we live over, and act over, the scenes of former days; and no season is so fit for such a social chat as a long winter evening.

"Meantime the village rouses up the fire;
While, well attested, and as well believed,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,
Till superstitious horror creeps on all."

Then reading, too, affords its share of amusement and instruction. A good book is an excellent companion on such an evening. How many families, in this day of "making many books," in the so-called dreary months of winter, will find instruction, amusement, and pleasure in reading.

Then, too, winter has its out-of-door charms. Ask the swift-footed skaters, as they cut their didos with their feet—

—"and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy."

Or the wooing lover, as he takes his affianced to follow the "merry bells," as they hie through our streets and away into the country; or the wood-choppers, or the ice-cutters, as they pursue their avocations,—ask these if winter is dull and gloomy! Yea, rather, they will all tell you it is the season of enjoyment.

Even walking over our well-cleaned sidewalks, sheltered as we are by the buildings from the keen and cutting blasts of old Boreas, in this season, affords an employment at once both agreeable and healthful.

We know a poetic and talented gentleman of independence, who, more than a quarter of a century ago, moved into our city from a suburban one, that he might enjoy the exquisite and health-giving benefits arising from long walks. He still walks; and, although an octogenarian, may be seen threading our streets almost every day, with the apparent vigor and elasticity of youth. Much better would it be for many others, so far as health and happiness are concerned, if they would imitate his laudable example.

We know another man, now almost within the reach of a full century, who has threaded our streets nearly every day for threescore years. "Walking," said he not long since, "is my best and most cherished exercise; especially is this the case in the winter. I walk fast, and never suffer from the cold. This fine exercise, even in the coldest weather, causes the warm blood to circulate briskly through the whole body." We know a walk, in winter, from the old Roxbury line to State Street and back, to be a great luxury.

There is one other outdoor exercise in which our youth are specially interested at this season

that must not be omitted. It is using the sled—sliding downhill.

“Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long resounding course.”

What an amusement is this! Pass over the common, go up State House hill, and see the hundreds of boys, each with a rope in hand; mark the ruddy cheek, the incessant chatter, and see if enjoyment is not there. What boy at this season, when the earth is bound with icy fetters and covered with the “beautiful snow,” does not tease father, or mother, or both, till he gets his sled? What boy does not love to slide down the hill for the sake of drawing his sled up?—in which consists more than half the enjoyment. What boy would like to slide down a hill twenty miles long? and, if he would not like such a ride, does this not prove that more than half his pleasure is found in drawing his sled uphill?

Then snow-balling, making snow houses, and digging snow canals, afford our youth great pleasure. Don't we remember when we used to wash each other's faces most thoroughly with this pure and cleansing element?

Then this, too, is the season for dancing and other parties, as well as for aldermanic and epicurean suppers, not all of which can be said to promote “good health.”

Who will say amidst such a flood of exquisite pleasures, winter is a gloomy season? Is it not rather the time of enjoyment?—*Dr. Cornell, in Good Health.*

ONIONS VERSUS QUININE.

ONE day I was taken with chills and headache, signs that my old enemy, malaria, was on hand. My quinine box was empty, and I was looking forward to a restless, sleepless night. In desperation I peeled a raw onion and sturdily ate it, then went to bed with warm feet and an extra comfortable, when, presto! I was asleep in five minutes, and awoke in the morning free from malaria and ready for the day's duties. Our homely but strong friend will be appreciated in time as a medicine, and if agriculturists would turn their attention to raising a model onion, with the strong scent taken out that taints the breath so unpleasantly, families will be putting their “pills” in the cellar by the barrel, and the doctors would take to onion farming. The onion acts as a cathartic and diuretic,

and may help to break up a cold or lessen the bad symptoms. Said a doctor: “I always store a barrel of onions in my cellar in the fall. We have them cooked twice a week, and whoever of the family is threatened with a cold eats some onions raw. If this vegetable were generally eaten there would be no diphtheria, rheumatism, gout, kidney, or stomach troubles. But, bless you! the young men and women are afraid to eat them. One young man went so far as to say to me, ‘If my wife ate onions I would get a bill of divorce.’”—*Sister Gracious, in American Garden.*

AN INDIAN'S ARGUMENTS FOR VEGETARIANISM.

THE following is an extract from a speech made by an Indian chief to his people, to be found in Schoolcraft's “Report on the Indian Tribes of the United States”:—

“See ye not that the pale-faces feed on grains, when we feed on flesh; that the flesh takes thirty months to grow up, and that it is often scarce; that every one of these wonderful grains which they strew into the earth yields to them a thousand-fold return; that the flesh on which we live has four legs to flee from us, while we have only two to run after it; that the grains remain and grow up in the spot where the pale-face plants them; that winter, which is the season of our toilsome hunting, is to them a season of rest? No wonder, then, that they have so many children and live longer than we do. Therefore I say to every one of you who will listen, that before the cedars of our village shall have died of age, and the maples of the valley have ceased to give sugar, the race of the corn eaters will have destroyed the race of the flesh eaters, unless the hunter should resolve to exchange his wild pursuits for those of the husbandman.”

DON'T TURN KEROSENE LAMPS LOW.

FOR the benefit of those over-economic people who have a way of turning down low the light of the kerosene lamp when leaving a room for a little while, it may be said that experiment demonstrates that the saving in oil by this means is hardly appreciable. With the low flame a considerable quantity of the products of incomplete combustion are making their escape into the air, and these are not only offensive to the sense of smell, but are injurious to the health.

Disease and its Causes.

LOSING AND LIVING

FOREVER the sun is pouring his gold
 On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
 His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
 His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow;
 To withhold the largess of precious light
 Is to bury itself in eternal night,
 To give
 Is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all;
 Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;
 Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
 And it lives in the light it freely loses;
 No choice for the rose but glory or doom,
 To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom,
 To deny
 Is to die.

The seas lend silvery rain to the land,
 The land its sapphire streams to the ocean;
 The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
 The brain to the heart its lightning motion;
 And ever and ever we yield our breath,
 Till the mirror is dry and images death,
 To give
 Is to live.

He is dead whose hand is not open wide
 To help the need of a human brother;
 He doubles the length of his life-long ride
 Who gives his fortunate place to another;
 And a thousand million lives are his
 Who carries the world in his sympathies,
 To deny
 Is to die.

—*Boston Transcript.*

A LESSON FOR THE TIMES.

BY MRS. E. G. WHITE.

PARENTS who would properly rear their children need wisdom from Heaven in order to act judiciously in all matters pertaining to home discipline. The education should begin at an early period in the life of the child. Few realize the effect of a mild, firm manner, even in the care of an infant. The fretful, impatient mother or nurse creates peevishness in the child in her arms, whereas a gentle manner tends to quiet the nerves of the little one.

Perverse temper should be checked in the child as soon as possible; for the longer this duty is delayed, the more difficult it is to accomplish.

Children of quick, passionate disposition need the special care of their parents. They should be dealt with in a particularly kind but firm manner; there should be no wavering or indecision on the part of the parents in their case. The traits of character which would naturally check the growth of their peculiar faults should be carefully nourished and strengthened. Indulgence of the child of passionate and perverse disposition will result in his ruin. His faults will strengthen with his years, retard the development of his mind, and overbalance all the good and noble traits of his character.

If you wish your children to possess enlarged capacities to do good, teach them to have a right hold of the future world. If they are instructed to rely upon divine aid in their difficulties and dangers, they will not lack power to curb passion and to check the inward temptations to do wrong. Connection with the Source of wisdom will give light, and the power of discernment between right and wrong. Those so endowed will become morally and intellectually strong, and will have clearer views and better judgment even in temporal affairs.

The first care of the parents should be to establish good government in the family. The word of the parents should be law, precluding all arguments or evasions. Children should be taught from infancy to implicitly obey their parents. This is the first lesson in teaching them to obey the requirements of God. Self-control is absolutely essential to the proper education of our children. The want of this quality of character is the key to the horrible records of crime chronicled every day by the press. The sins which curse mankind, which are found in high places, and which are concealed by a cloak of assumed godliness, as well as the open crime which runs riot among the lower strata of society, can be almost wholly traced to the bad training, or lack of training, of the children under the home roof, and the indulgence and perversion of their appetite around the family board.

Parents yield themselves to a blind fondness, which they misname love, and, by indulgence and neglect to do their duty in restraining their children, actually foster evil traits of character in them. In after years they wonder, with grief and disappointment, at the development of those traits, but fail to trace their origin to their own wrong

course as parents. Wherever we go, we see children indulged, petted, and praised without discretion. This tends to make them vain, bold, and conceited. The seeds of vanity are easily sown in the human heart by injudicious parents and guardians, who praise and indulge the young under their charge, with no thought of the future. Self-will and pride are evils that turned angels into demons, and barred the gates of heaven against them. And yet parents, unconsciously, are systematically training their children to be the agents of Satan. Parents frequently dress their children in extravagant garments, with much display of ornaments, then openly admire the effect of their apparel, and compliment them on their appearance. These foolish parents would be filled with consternation if they could see how Satan seconds their efforts, and urges them on to greater follies.

Be careful how you relinquish the government of your children to others. No one can properly relieve you of your God-given responsibility. Many children have been utterly ruined by the interference of relatives or friends in their home government. Mothers should never allow their sisters or mothers to interfere with the wise management of their children. Though the mother may have received the very best training at the hands of *her* mother, yet, in nine cases out of ten, as a grandmother she would spoil her daughter's children, by indulgence and injudicious praise. All the patient effort of the mother may be undone by this course of treatment. It is proverbial that grandparents, as a rule, are unfit to bring up their grandchildren. Men and women should pay all the respect and deference due to their parents; but in the matter of the management of their own children, they should allow no interference, but hold the reins of government in their own hands.

The mother must ever stand pre-eminent in this work of training the children; while grave and important duties rest upon the father, the mother, by almost constant association with her children, especially during their tender years, must always be their special instructor and companion. She should take great care to cultivate neatness and order in her children, to direct them in forming correct habits and tastes; she should train them to be industrious, self-reliant, and helpful to others; to live and act, and labor as though always in the sight of God.

Parents should look about them and see the temp-

tations to intemperance, and vice of every kind, spread in the paths of their children, and, in anguish of heart, should call on God to help them in their emergency, and give them wisdom and strength to guide aright the young whom God has placed in their charge. This precious trust must be accounted for by them in the day of final judgment.

Many parents actually teach their children to disobey them, by excusing their disobedience, and glossing over their willful faults. That only child, the son or daughter whose life has been a series of indulgence, petting, and praise, has grown only to obey his own will. Every whim has been gratified, until he has become imperious, exacting, and intolerable to all but his blind and erring parents, who seem to consider it their first duty to minister to his enjoyment, and anticipate every desire. The child thus reared has no respect for his parents, since they have always been subservient to his wishes, and have never exacted from him the obedience due from a child to his parents. God has placed disobedience to parents side by side with blasphemy.

If parents would realize that they are answerable to God for every child committed to their trust, they would not dare to spend their precious time in the wearying round of fashion, pleasure, or even in business, to the exclusion of their family duties. One soul neglected, or indulged in wrong habits, serves to greatly increase the sin already existing in the world. The defects that have been fostered by the indulgence of thoughtless parents, create in their child a morally deformed character; this, in an aggravated form, may in turn be transmitted to their offspring, and so on, till the evil effects of the first error of indulgence or neglect are incalculable.

Parents in general are doing their best to unfit their children for the stern realities of life, for the difficulties that will surround them in the future, when they will be called upon to decide for right or wrong, and when strong temptations will be brought upon them. They will then be found weak where they should be strong. They will waver in principle and duty; and humanity will suffer from their weakness. Christian parents, make the word of God your rule of action in the rearing of your children. Teach them to respect your will, and to obey the requirements of God. Endeavor to shape their characters after the pat-

tern of Christ Jesus. Be firm, kind, patient, and God-fearing, and your children will be an honor to you in this world, and wear a crown of rejoicing in the kingdom of heaven.

HUNT CLOE'S AIR SHAFTS.

BY FANNIE BOLTON.

"I TELL you what that gal needs is jes' that air-shaft that Matilda was a-tellin' me about," muttered Aunt Cloe to herself. "La! there she sets with her feet to the stove night and day, and her head fairly baked on her shoulders, and she a-grievin' over some old sentimentally trash of a novel, that our minister says is mighty debilitatin' anyhow. Fur my part I can't see what is the good of sittin' and cryin' over a book. Why! there's plenty of things in this world to cry over without cryin' over somethin' that like as not never happened noways. I'm fairly indignant," said Aunt Cloe. "Miss Helen's mother, pore dead thing, wasn't no sich kind of a woman as her daughter is a-goin' to turn out. Here I've been in this yere family ever sence the war, ever sence Miss Helen was a baby, and it kind of falls heavy on my heart to see Mis' Bartlett's folks a-turnin' out no account. My heart's jes' about scalded with her. Let's see, Matilda left them air books here, and we'll jes' have to try an air-shaft."

"What's up?" asked Will Bartlett, Helen's brother, as he came into the kitchen where Aunt Cloe was giving the stove covers a more vigorous rattling than was strictly necessary, while her black, good-humored face was mapped with perplexity and anxiety.

"Matter!" she exclaimed, "why, law chile! I was jes' havin' a little ruminatin' spell to myself about you chil'en, and especially about Miss Helen. 'Pears like I don't know what to do with that gal. She's gettin' sickly, always a-complainin', and can't bear a breath of the Lord's air to blow on her. Why! this morning, ef she didn't call Dodge in and make him wad up all the cracks around the windows and doors, although there's double windows and frames on em' all, and then she had him make a fire till her room was like Tophet. And there she's been a-sittin' wrapped all up in her shawls, and she grows yallerer and yallerer every day, and it won't be long before her face 'ill be about as much like a pumpkin as kin be.

Ef I go in there to fix up a little (for she don't turn her hand over to a thing, not even to play on the piano lately), I fairly get into a sweat, and then she says her feet is cold, and her head aches, and her food don't more'n half digress, and if I open a window a mite, she cringes, and says she's a-takin' cold."

"Well," said Will, "I have been of the opinion for some time that Helen was turnin' into a chronic hypochondriac."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Aunt Cloe with a look of horror on her face. "Honey, don't you think you'd better go fur the doctor?"

"Go for the fiddle-sticks," said Will. "But what was you saying about an air-shaft? Is there any way of getting her to take a few whiffs of fresh air without her knowing it?"

"La! I wish there was," said Aunt Cloe. "For my common sense tells me that the way she's coopin' herself up, with nothing but dead air to breathe, and nothing but worse than dead ideas to think about, can't be a very healthful sort of thing for her. She don't 'pear to have any kind of circlerelating blood in her. And what I'm feared of is that we'll have to be layin' her away in the seminary with her mother. But la! Will, that don't worry me so much as to think of her a-goin' beyond the privileges of this yere time of probation with nothing but novel trash in her head." Aunt Cloe gave a heavy sigh.

"Mrs. Johnson's gal Matilda was over here a few days ago, and brought these books over, and told me how they have been puttin' in some sort of a ventulatin' concern, called an air-shaft, so that you kin have air in a room without having any draft. And I've been thinkin' ever since it would be jes' the thing for Helen. But la! I don't s'pose she'd ever let us put it in, for she 'pears so dead set agin fresh air and sunshine. She looks jes' like some cellar-growin' pertater, only a pertater in a cellar's got more sense than she 'pears to have, for it will stretch up with all its might fur a crack in the wall where a bit of air and light kin creep in."

"Well, but what did Matilda say about this air-shaft?" asked Will a little impatiently.

"Well, honey," she went on to say that when folks set in a close room, with a heater, that the hot air rises right up, and the cold air is on the floor, and that's why folks can't keep their feet warm. There was a picture of a man with his face all of a sweat, while his feet was like ice, and he

was setting up to a roaring fire, trying to get them warm. Then she went on to tell how the life-giving thing in the air got all breathed out after a spell with being breathed over and over, and some sort of pisen was breathed out of the lungs."

"I understand all that," said Will. "My physiology teacher has explained the whole thing. There is a gas called oxygen that forms about twenty-two per cent of the atmosphere, and it serves to support life. Why, Aunt Cloe, it is as necessary to us as fuel is to a stove. When we breathe it in, it kindles up all the forces of the body, but when we expel the air it comes out carbonic gas, and that is a deadly poison. This gas is found wherever things are in a state of decay, so of course you can see that a person who keeps the air out of his room will breathe poisonous gas and die. It's just nothing but suicide for Helen to sit in there and breathe over and over that old dead air. I know that is just what ails Helen, for haven't you noticed a terrible smell in there sometimes? My lips get all caked up when I stay in there awhile, just as if I had a fever. We've got to manage some way to get in that air-shaft."

"Well, honey, I feel sartin that you's right 'bout dis matter. And here's de books dat Matilda brought over, where de whole thing's explained." Aunt Cloe put on her spectacles, and Will knit his forehead as he studied "the plans providing air-shafts for ordinary dwellings."

There was considerable pounding in the cellar one day, and when Will came up dusted with plaster and brick-dust, he told Aunt Cloe that he'd got the thing down fine. I've got the carpenters at work putting in the pipes for the oxygen to get in and the carbonic gas to get out. Here is the jacket to put around the stove, and then you see the air comes along this pipe into this box beneath the floor; then it goes around this jacket next to the fire, and gets warm, and then pours out into the room all fresh and sweet. Then you see this pipe at the ceiling carries off the foul air, and no one will be the wiser. I've got a small gas heater to warm this escape pipe, so that the foul air will be carried off more readily. Won't it be a rich joke to have Helen breathing fresh air without her knowing it."

"Yes it will," said Aunt Cloe. "But la! chile, the whole thing ain't settled yet. S'posen she takes cold? for you know she keeps that are room as hot as an oven, and she's jes' like a par-

boiled bean, and every breath of air gives her a chill. I can't get her to step out-of-doors a minute scarcely, and she thinks my opinion is only a pore ole black woman's notion, so she don't pay no attention to anything I say."

"Never mind, Aunt Cloe, you and I are bound to have a reform. Mrs. Johnson is coming over today to take her out riding while I get this air-shaft business completed. I don't think Helen will be half as likely to take cold after we get the fresh air in as she is now, for it will sort of tone her up so she can bear more."

After a great deal of persuasion, Helen finally consented to take a ride with Mrs. Johnson. Mrs. Johnson drove her over to see a friend of hers who was a real philanthropist, a woman whose hands were busy, whose heart was full of the interests of others. Helen could not but be interested in the stories she related of her experience in visiting through the city, and working for the uplifting and benefiting of others.

"You really seem to enjoy your work," she said to her.

"Indeed I do," said Miss Anson. "I've found that the only way to be really happy is to forget self, and become absorbed in some work for another."

When Helen returned, the arrangements for the air-shafts were completed, and the atmosphere of her room was warm and sweet.

"What have you been up to?" she asked as she surveyed the stove with its new zinc jacket.

"Oh, jes' something that will give you some good heat, honey! Spec' your feet won't get so cold after this, for this yere jacket throws the heat right onto the floor, and keeps your head cooler."

"Very well," said Helen languidly. "Oh, I'm so tired! For pity sake do stop whistling, Will. It's enough to drive one distracted. Hand me my book off the mantel," she said, while settling herself back in the easy-chair.

"Couldn't you sing and play a little, Helen?" asked Will.

"No, indeed," she said. "I'm in no mood for music. Do go away and let me have a minutes' quiet." Helen looked cross, and spoke peevishly, and Will and Aunt Cloe retreated into the kitchen with serious faces. Will's eyes were filled with tears.

"There, there, honey," said Aunt Cloe, stroking his head with her black hand, "don't mind;

you know she ain't had a chance to breathe good yet."

"She isn't at all like she used to be," said Will. "We used to have good times together, but it's terribly lonesome lately, for all she says to me is, 'Go away, and don't bother me.' Well, I guess I won't bother her any more. I'll find my fun away from home."

"Now you jes' be patient, honey, said Aunt Cloe; "it makes folks sorter mean-tempered to breathe dead air. Wait a week or so, for I shouldn't wonder if that air-shaft would jes' help her to git converted."

Aunt Cloe and Will watched eagerly for some signs of improvement in Helen, and Mrs. Johnson was a sympathetic listener and abettor of their plans. She took Helen to ride, in spite of her remonstrances, and sought to supplant her trashy novels with books of a more enlivening atmosphere. As her acquaintance with Helen ripened, she was convinced that the girl was dying for want of exercise, and a worthy motive and aim in life. Her muscles were flabby, her nerves sensitive, her disposition selfish and irritable. She had narrowed down the world to her room and herself. She had no outlets into real life, and the most hopeless feature of the case was that she seemed to be wholly ignorant of her pitiable condition. Her diseases and troubles were the only themes upon which she could grow eloquent.

Aunt Cloe thought she could detect signs of improvement, however, and came out of her room one day very much encouraged, because Helen had said: "It's too bad, Aunt Cloe, that you all have to wait on me hand and foot. I'm an awful selfish piece. But really I would be different if I had better health."

"No doubt, honey," answered Aunt Cloe. "But la! chile, I think you'd have better health if you was different."

"Well, that was quite a sybilline utterance, Aunt Cloe. I hardly know how to interpret it."

"Jes' eat your lunch, honey, and never mind worrying your head about dat. Miss Anson been and sent over this beautiful bunch of grapes for you, and dis book she said had another bunch for you in de readin' somewhere."

(To be continued.)

THE way to do good is to be good. There must be light, then it will shine.—*Canon Flemming.*

Temperance.

THE SLAVE OF A BOTTLE.

I KNOW a young fellow, broad-shouldered and tall,
With a beautiful smile and a classical face.
His hands and his feet are exquisitely small,
And he moves and he speaks with a dignified grace.
Of his birth and degree
He is proud, one can see,
And yet the poor slave of a bottle is he.

"I'd be ruled by no woman," he often declares,
"There never was fair who was prudent and wise;
And he who yields meekly to petticoat prayers
Or petticoat scoldings I truly despise.
No she-tyranny,
I thank you, for me"—
And yet the poor slave of a bottle is he.

Advice he will never accept from a friend;
"It may be all true," he'll admit, "what you say;
But let those without brains upon others depend,
I happen to have some, I'll go my own way,
Unfettered and free,
In blessed liberty"—
And yet the poor slave of a bottle is he.

And when called by his master he quickly obeys,
And soon loses dignity, beauty, and grace;
The charming smile turns to an idiot gaze,
And the mask of a clown hides the classical face.
Ah! the worst slavery
That ever could be
Is his, for the slave of a bottle is he.

—*Margaret Eyttinge.*

THE SIDEWALK STROLLER.

I MET a barkeeper in my walks about town yesterday—one who is a professional in the business of doling out liquids to the thirsty and the convivial frequenters of drinking saloons. I asked him to explain some of the mysteries of his peculiar vocation, and ascertained these facts, to wit: Barkeepers in Chicago receive all the way from \$15 a week to \$100 a month for their services, much depending upon the skill and the popularity of the drink-mixer. A really first-class saloon pays its barkeeper as much as \$100 a month if his reputation as an expert and as an honest man is established, while at the low-down places the barkeeper is glad to get a situation at any wages. "A good, first-class barkeeper," said he, "is a man who never tastes a drop of his own medicine during business hours, but who is a 'hale fellow well met' all the same, in or out of the saloon—a gentleman in the

presence of gentlemen, and a 'boy' with the 'boys.' The best plan for a professional barkeeper is never to drink at all, but to be clever and on good terms with everybody. The fact is, a barkeeper who drinks is under constant temptation, and is very apt to indulge too often; he is in great danger of becoming a drunkard, and as soon as he does, that ends him. No barkeeper who gets drunk can keep his place for long—his usefulness, as in any other business or employment, is ended." Being asked how he gets on with the rough-and-tough element with which he often comes in contact, he remarked: "Well, we have to keep our temper, and treat everybody as well as we can. I never allow myself to get mad or out of patience, although it is difficult to keep down the 'old Adam' sometimes. It is a hard business, sir, and I never yet have known a barkeeper who wouldn't like to get out of the business if he could. It is hard work; our hours are long; there are many annoyances, and many hard cases to deal with. No class of wage-earners do more to earn their wages than the barkeepers in our first-class saloons." I told my friend that I thought he was quite right in this view, and that, if it was my case, I would as lief go beg my living from door to door as to be a barkeeper. But then every man to his own business. It takes all kinds of people to make up the sum total of humanity. One thing that this barkeeper told me is worth considering, namely, that "not one man in a hundred who calls for pure drinks gets the *pure* article," and that "the saloon business is honeycombed with fraud—no doubt about that." Ah! what a gullible people we are, to be sure!—*Chicago Journal*.

CHINESE TEA.

THE *North British Grocer and Provision Trade Journal* gives the following facts concerning the raising and preparation for market of Chinese tea:—

When the Chinese farmer finds that he can grow nothing else on his ground he plants tea. A large proportion of the plantations are merely little garden patches owned by individual families, whose only anxiety is to grow as much as possible, without regard either to the quality of the growth or the nature of the ground. Some of these small

farmers dry and roll the leaf themselves, but for the most part they sell it green, and often enough it passes through half a dozen hands before it reaches the shipper. Nobody is interested in its purity from first to last, and the only concern is to make money out of it.

"Large dealers buy up tea," says Mr. Baildon, in his well-known work on the tea industry, "and put it aside until they have a sufficiency of the kind for final sale, and the time that elapses between the plucking of the leaf and the packing of the tea is almost indefinite. When the grower of the leaf has sold it, or the tea made from it, he has quite done with it, and what afterward becomes of it concerns him not in the least. He probably has an idea that the man who bought it from him will sell it to someone else; it also possibly occurs to him as he whiffs his evening pipe of opium that what has been grown in his garden will be put on a ship and go a long distance; but whether it will turn out good or bad or show a loss or profit is nothing at all to him. All he has to do is to grow more leaf."

And even this is not the worst of it. Chinese tea is notoriously one of the most flagrantly adulterated articles of commerce in the world. Mr. Samuel Ball has conclusively shown that throughout the whole tea districts of China, innumerable other leaves are constantly employed as substitutes for the genuine leaf, while a long list of plants is to be found in many Chinese herbals to which the term "tea" is applied without any regard to the fact that none of them are tea at all. All, however, are used at various times and in different places to swell the crop of genuine tea, and the result is, as was testified recently before the House of Commons, millions of pounds of sloe, licorice, ash, and willow leaves are every year imported into England from China under the name of tea. Used leaves again are often made up for the English market with Prussian blue, silica, gypsum, plumbago, lampblack, ferruginous earth, and other palatable trifles; and a recent analysis of finest Kaisow and fine Congou revealed in the former an enormous admixture of mineral matter, mostly iron filings, and in the latter re-dried tea leaves, straw, fragments of matting, rice husks, willow leaves, and the excrement of silk-worms.

In some "extra fine gunpowder" Dr. Letheby, then government analyst, found forty per cent of iron filings and nineteen per cent of silica, while the com-

missioners of the city of London have, more than once, made extensive raids on huge consignments of adulterated and artificially-colored Chinese teas. To come further down, on the day before the last mail left Europe the police of Dunkirk, acting on information from the municipal laboratory, arrested two grocers of that town on the charge of having, for several months, sold large quantities of dyed leaves under the name of tea. Both the tradesmen were able to show that they had been supplied by a wholesale firm in Paris. Samples were accordingly bought from the firm by order of the parquet, and were sent to M. Riche, a chemist. His report showed that the leaves submitted to him were not tea leaves. They were, like most dried leaves, of a brownish color, but this was hidden under a thin coating of a bluish-green substance, which easily rubbed off. Their appearance was exactly that of gunpowder tea. Unlike the celebrated nutmegs, it has been impossible to tell to what plant they belong, the leaves having been punched out of larger ones. The wholesale merchant denied any knowledge of the fraud, and referred the authorities to the importer, who, it transpired, had bought the concoction direct from Canton. The inquiry into this cheerful business is still in progress.

THE CIGARETTE MUST GO.

The physicians hereabout are beginning to talk as if the cigarette would "have to go." Thus Dr. Wm. A. Hammond tells us: "To young boys it is poison. Everybody knows that excessive smoking will stunt the growth of the young and sow the seeds of disease, which will develop in later years. Cigarettes only drop the seeds a little faster. If a boy begins to smoke a great deal early in life, you may be sure he will never become an intelligent soul, as the effects on his body will by affinity reach the mind; he will lose energy and steadiness of purpose, and will become a vacillating, weak man, unfitted for the struggle of life. Cigarette smoking is like whisky drinking; the appetite for it increases just in proportion as the body becomes unable to bear it." Dr. Shrady, who attended General Grant during his last illness, says: "The cigarette has had much the same effect on the smoking habit in this country that 'the Growler' has had on the drinking habit; by its inexpensiveness and convenience for short smokes it has spread the habit among all classes, and comes within reach of the boot-black as well

as the millionaire. Cigarette smoking induces a condition of the heart and digestive organs which may cause death at any time. The effect may not be noticeable for years in man, but it is not long in making its appearance in a boy." Dr. Loomis, Jacob Sharp's physician, also says he regards the cigarette as a dangerous article, since its moderate use generally degenerates into excess.—*New York correspondent Philadelphia Ledger.*

A LITTLE MIXED.

WHAT is mixed?—Well, we confess to being a little mixed in mind when we read the following item, clipped from one of our exchanges: "John Gilroy, son of the old pioneer, after whom the town of Gilroy was named, has been sentenced to forty years in San Quentin, for a felonious assault upon his foster-mother, while drunk." We do not suppose it to mean that his foster-mother was drunk when he made the attack upon her. If that was the case, and he was free from the effects of the liquor when he made the attack, we might conclude that so extraordinary a penalty was inflicted upon him for an attack upon an indisposed woman. But, from the way the account reads, we are to understand that John Gilroy, *while drunk*, made a felonious assault upon his foster-mother. Now we had been so accustomed to reading of such great allowance being made in police courts for what men do while under the influence of liquor, that this sentence struck us as being a little out of the ordinary usage of the courts. On reading it our cogitations ran something like this: Where did John Gilroy get the liquor which made him so drunk that he, in his insane ravings, sought to kill his foster-mother? I was not acquainted with John Gilroy, but someone must have sold him that liquor which made him so insanely drunk that he sought, in that state, to kill his mother. Probably that liquor vender had a license from some respectable court, and was regarded, in the light of the law, as a man who was conducting an honorable business; and yet, while conducting such business, he sold to Gilroy the liquor that led him to do the deed which has given him a forty years' home in San Quentin.

While reading and meditating upon the above account, there came forcibly to mind a circumstance which happened a few years since in Southampton, England. One day, as I was passing into

the borough through Bar Gate, I saw a policeman running in a drunken man whom he had just taken from the house of a publican near by. Quite a crowd of respectably-dressed boys were following on behind and saying to the policeman, "You've got the wrong man! You've got the wrong man!" meaning that he should have arrested the saloon keeper instead of the drunken man. So in this case, while we regard it as a most terrible crime for a man to allow himself to become so beastly intoxicated as to seek to take the life of his nearest friend, should not the law provide some penalty for those who furnish liquor to those whom they know to be liable to such ravings when under its influence? It seems that in some sections of country the case has been thus regarded, and the liquor seller has been made to meet the damage caused by those to whom he sells the deadly drink. If this were done in all cases undoubtedly more care would be taken as to whom they retail the vile stuff. How long shall liquor selling be tolerated by law?

J. N. L.

TOBACCO AMONG THE "HARMONITES."

ALIGHTING from the train at the handsome modern station house of stone, close by the river-side, we start up the roadway leading over the bluff to the village. A middle-aged German accosts us smiling.

"Welcome," he says, pleasantly. "I shall be de kite. I have many peoples shown Economy."

He laughs and we laugh; there is a general shaking of hands. No other introduction is necessary. As we resume our walk one of our party lights a cigar.

"Vat you do?" asks the guide, stopping, with eyebrows raised with surprise.

"Smoke," replies the astonished gentleman.

"Ve smoke not tobacco here," says the guide.

"But I use it,"

"So? Vell not in Economy. Ve haf no use mit tobacco."

Objections are useless; the cigar is thrown away. The guide places his foot on it in triumph. For many years no tobacco has been used in Economy, except by stealth. An edict was issued against it, because the practice was deemed an evil one, and these sturdy Germans must have credit for self-sacrifice, as it is a national characteristic dearly to love a pipe.—*H. D. Mason, in American Magazine.*

JOSEPH BARNARD lived to an advanced age. His hair retained almost its natural color, although his beard and whiskers were gray. On one occasion he was asked to explain this, when he replied, "I suppose I have worked my jaws more than my brains, and thus the lower part of my head is more bleached."

If we act rightly, we must know what right is; and to this end the mind must be informed, the judgment exercised, the reason strengthened, the intellect cultivated. Every battle against ignorance, every effort to expound the laws of our being and to show how the truest happiness and the highest duty are always consonant, is a direct help to the cause of right doing.

DIDN'T KNOW.—"What does your father do for a living?" asked the grocer of a small boy who had been hanging around all the morning.

"Dunno."

"You don't? don't know what your father works at, eh?"

"No, sir. Mebbe you think I ought to know, but even the police can't find out, and they've been trying for a whole year."—*Detroit Free Press.*

DURING an exciting temperance campaign in Lake City, Fla., four temperance girls invited a young man who was very influential on the other side, around behind the court-house. They asked him to be seated, and then, surrounding him, closely held him a prisoner until the polls were closed. He was a gentlemanly young man, and as he could not get away without being rude, he submitted gracefully. Temperance won the day.—*Waterbury American.*

CHEAP SHOPPING.—*Mrs. Bliffers* (reading)—"An elegant winter wrap, the latest Paris style, can now be bought for \$75."

Mr. Bliffers (greatly interested)—"Does it say anything about the price of overcoats?"

Mrs. Bliffers (looking over the paper)—"Let me see. Oh, yes; here it is: 'Go to Cheap John's Celebrated Misfit Emporium for an overcoat, elegant garment; price, \$5.00, worth \$8.00. Also freshly assorted stock of second-hand goods, slightly soiled, neatly patched, \$3.00.' Dear me! How cheap things are nowadays. Just think! a wrap for me and an overcoat for you can be got for \$78."—*New York Weekly.*

Miscellaneous.

NIAGARA.

SLOW sinks the sun 'neath purple clouds,
Garnished with pink and gold;
And proud Niagara mirrors back
The thrilling scene twofold.
This river's bosom, broad and calm,
Here seems a tideless lake;
But plainly comes the echoing roar
Its deafening thunders wake.

I've often watched its curling waves,
With feathery crest, snow-white,
Go whirling, dashing, rushing by,
As moved by wild delight.
And, standing 'neath the fearful cliff
O'er which these waters pour,
While gazing upward, filled with awe,
I've thought, "All must adore

"The power that formed this cataract grand;
For here the soul must raise
From nature to the great 'I AM'
In reverential praise."
These pond'rous rocks on every side—
Niagara's girding-band—
That milk-white, boiling flood below,
Bespeak Jehovah's hand.

Search where you may throughout the earth,
Niagara doth combine
Beauty with grandeur rarely found,
Displaying power divine.
Oft standing on the towering rocks
Which crown Niagara's brow,
Sublimity so chained me there
My very soul did bow.

And here with fascinated eye
Fixed on these waters green,
I've watched a thousand pearl-white sprays
Breaking on rocks unseen.
And once when winter's glistening robe
Was spread o'er all around,
On trees, from root to topmost twig,
On rocks, and frozen ground;

When tower and bridges all were clad
In robes of frozen spray,
And icicles of pond'rous size
Hung from each crag away,—
Then the deep green these waters wear,
Contrasted with this white,
Seemed like an emerald set in pearl
Of living, gleaming light.

And o'er this scene amazing fair,
The brilliant sunbeams lay
In such a flood that diamonds seemed
Sparkling about our way.

I, viewing stood, with wonder chained,
And veiled my aching eyes;
Thought of the city built of gems,
And pearls of massive size,
Whose light, effulgent, gleaming far,
No mortal eye could bear,
And whose grand harp-tones, swelling full
Upon the ambient air,
As angel hosts surround the throne,
And heaven's King adore,
Might to our untrained mortal ears
Seem like Niagara's roar.

And once at solemn midnight hour,
When summer's robes most fair
Were bathed in floods of silver light,
The full moon's radiance there,
I came to view the lunar bow,*
Rare glory here displayed;
And then it seemed the Almighty God
Had there his presence stayed.

I seemed to stand before his throne,
And, wrapped in awful dread,
I felt that this was holy ground
Profaned by mortal's tread,
God's voice seemed speaking in the roar;
Which, rising, swelling, filled
The heart with awe, and with strange power
The lips in silence held.

Oh, solemn scene! with pulses stilled
And bated breath we stood;
Then walked in silence from the place
Which seemed the house of God.
Niagara! no pen can paint
The grandeur here displayed;
The changing beauty of the flood
Can never be portrayed.

MRS. M. J. BAHLER.

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THE USE OF VAPOR IN LUNG DIFFICULTIES.

THERE is an excellent article in the June number of the *New York Medical Times*, from the pen of Rollin B. Gray, M. D., on the above topic. From the article we will make a few extracts:—

"Spray, when thrown into the larynx by the projectile force necessary for its applicable conveyance, is nervously rejected by the glottis. Vapor, gaseous, filmy in its appearance, so readily and thoroughly commingles with ordinary air that it is easily drawn (not forcibly projected) into the larynx, trachea, and bronchia, and diffused through the residual air in the bronchioles and terminal cells."

After reasoning in favor of the vapor-inhalation

*The lunar bow, a silver bow to be seen at Niagara at the full moon at midnight.

theory he quotes, in support of the system of treatment, the following from Oertel, in his *Respiratory Therapeutics*, as follows:—

“I consider the inhalations of carbolic acid, or the analogous salicylic and boric acids, to be absolutely indispensable in the different stages of pulmonary phthisis, in chronic pneumonia, in the liquefaction of gaseous infiltration, also in copiously secreting cavities filled with decomposing products, in deep-spreading laryngeal ulcerations, to the ragged callous margins of which the decomposing bronchial and cavernous contents adhere, and undergo still further decomposition, exposed to the influence of atmospheric air. Again, the widespread mycoses of the air passages and of the lungs, which I have repeatedly observed in the course of phthisis, are best combated by the phenol spray, and the vegetable parasites, which proliferate over the whole respiratory tract, even to the pulmonary alveoli, are in a short time destroyed by it.”

In concluding his most excellent article, Dr. Gray says:—

“It is claimed that in one cubic meter, or about three feet square of ordinary atmospheric air, there are not less than 1,400 bacteria-termo or bacteria, the result of putrefactive change. Such being the fact, in a very short walk of our patient after an inhalent treatment, he will have his lungs again impregnated with promotive agencies of putrefaction, and the arrest of the destructive process terminated. In other words, the curative effort will be but transient—not sufficiently encouraged and prolonged to allow nature’s restorative action to make any material headway. Physical vitality in its fight to restore a normal condition in the lungs says to us: ‘Keep off those infesting agencies of disease and destruction, and, with the aid of the stimulating, tonic, and otherwise supporting allies you will bring to my side in the contest, I shall successfully combat the intruder;’ and in ‘night’ treatment we can do this by a more or less continuous, persistent disinfection of the lungs. Then, too, it must be recalled that in the tranquil moments of sleep there is a more perfect receptivity to medication, though this may seem to border on the subject of moral treatment. The patient is subjected, when unconsciously medicated, to no feeling of irksomeness; his malady is not at every breath brought before his mind with the depressing influence of such thoughts, and his morning awak-

ening is accompanied with greater freedom of respiration; and increased strength brings with it encouragement, in strong contrast with the depressing sensations nearly always associated with the morning fits of coughing and efforts to remove the products of inflammation, destruction, and putrefaction, which, under other surroundings, accumulate during the hours of sleep. Thus, during the period of repose and persistent sterilization of the diseased surfaces, we have a deprivation, as Koch has it, ‘of the qualities favorable to the existence and multiplication of the tuberculous bacillus, thus preventing its further growth.’

“It is worthy of attention, also, in this connection, that medicaments like, say, phenic acid, can be given in larger quantity, in greater volume; in other words, a fifty per cent or even seventy-five per cent solution can be thrown continuously into the area of a medium-sized room, and in this diluted form inhaled harmlessly; whereas, as strong a use of the substance immediately through the mouthpiece of an Evans or other inhaler would coagulate, even destroy, the tissues. It must be observed then that we have in constant or ‘night’ inhalent treatment three very important elements,—tranquil receptivity, requisite persistency, and increased potency of medicament; and it may be interesting to the profession to say that the method employed is by simply compressing purified air by enginery, and conducting by means of block tin tubes this pressure to living and sleeping-rooms, so that in each apartment the required medicament can be distributed for the treatment or inhalation of the invalid. At each terminus of the tubing the requisite medicament can be supplied at the option of the medical attendant.

“By this method ozonic, antiseptic, or balsamic air can be presented to the diseased lung surfaces completely at the will of the prescriber; and at the same time it is readily to be perceived that such remedial applications rationally suggest the gymnastic use of medicated air under pressure, thereby mechanically expanding the contracted air vessels, and subjecting them not only to the curative antiseptic influence of the medicament, but increasing the area of the lung tissues for endosmotic action. It is to be hoped, and it is my firm belief, that in the immediate future this mode of treatment will receive the attention and approval it undoubtedly deserves.”

SUBDUED BY LOVE.

It is reported that some years since a gentleman from New England was fulfilling a lecture engagement in Chicago. After the lecture, a man stepped upon the platform, earnestly requesting that the lecturer should accompany him to his home. That home was found to be one of elegance, graced by a most excellent wife, and made glad by a group of promising children. The next morning, after showing the lecturer the premises, the gentleman said: "Sir, you do not know me, but all I am and everything I have I owe to you."

"To me!" said the lecturer, in surprise. Then followed this conversation:—

"Did you not once teach school in ——?" asked the host.

"I did," replied the lecturer.

"Do you remember a boy in that school by the name of Jack?"

"I do."

"I am that boy."

Scenes long since past were again fresh before them, and tears moistened their cheeks.

The facts in the case were, that one day when the ice had formed upon an adjoining pond, Jack, who was a ringleader in the school, persuaded several of his companions to remain at recess beyond the time allowed. The teacher signaled for their return. The boys still lingered, but at length, with an air of apparent indifference, entered the school-room. The teacher's feelings were hurt to the quick. He showed, however, no temper; he talked tenderly and kindly, and then forgave the transgressors. But, as to the future, he said, "I shall be compelled, for the sake of the school, to punish severely the scholar who shall again disobey me." And Jack, when the teacher's back was turned, shrugged his shoulders.

Three days passed. There was again skating on the pond. The boys were at recess. Jack heard the bell; but while others returned, he sped off in another direction, and, fifteen minutes late, with an air of defiance, entered the school-room. The teacher was sad. He asked the rude boy, who was nearly as tall as himself, to come to the desk; he did so. The teacher questioned him, asked if he understood the command of the former day, and if he remembered what was said as to the punishment, to all of which Jack replied that everything was perfectly understood.

"I must punish you—punish you severely," said the teacher. "Will you take off your coat?" Jack removed his coat, but with no intention of being flogged. The teacher, taking from his desk a heavy ruler, and placing it in the boy's hand, at the same time extending his own to receive the blow, said, "Strike." Jack paused for a moment, then struck. "Harder," and "harder," were the words of the teacher. The blows, given with a will, were received with a calm firmness.

Then, when the hand of the teacher was bruised black and blue, he, pale and trembling with pain, said, "Now you can take your seat."

There was scarcely a dry eye in that school-room, and when the scholars were dismissed, they lingered, and some of them kissed the kind-hearted teacher. On the way home they walked in little groups, shunning at every turn the boy who had been so heartless.

That boy that night could not sleep. At midnight he arose, sought the teacher's home, went to his bedside, fell upon his knees and asked forgiveness; he of course received it. His whole life from that day on was changed. No scholar was more obedient, and none loved the teacher more than he. By that day's discipline his manhood was evoked, and to that teacher he felt indebted to the extent of all he was and all he possessed.—

Baptist Weekly.

THE SEEING EYE AND THE HEARING EAR.

HAVE we ever remembered to thank our heavenly Father for the seeing eye and the hearing ear? One of the most touching scenes I ever witnessed was the Sunday service at the well-known institution for the deaf, dumb and blind in Staunton, Virginia.

The blind were arranged on one side and the deaf on the other side of the center aisle, and while the preacher addressed them, his words were interpreted by means of the deaf mute alphabet and various signs. The blind listened intently. The deaf eagerly watched every gesture. Poor unfortunate ones, dwelling apart in silence and darkness! How sweet to them the promise, "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped"!

But do we who are endowed with perfect physical senses exercise them to their utmost capacity? Are our eyes open to the wondrous works of the

Creator? This earth is beautiful, and although death and decay hang their somber pall over all things, yet the rose petal, while its brief hour lasts, is as delicate as when it bloomed in Eden. God's minutest works are perfect, and the more closely they are scrutinized the more their beauty is apparent. Even the unassuming field yarrow, when examined with the microscope, charms the beholder with the perfection of its composite structure.

The word of God speaks of some who have eyes and see not; who have ears and hear not. And there are men and women whose homes look out upon the loveliest landscapes, and yet they do not see; they have no eyes for the delicate tints of early spring-time, or the brilliant hues of autumn; their ears are closed to the bird-song and the music of the rill.

He whose eyes and ears are open to God's works sees beauty which is hidden from the many, and hears sounds of harmony to which other ears are deaf. He learns to adore the wisdom which has formed the glorious worlds on high, and yet condescends to adorn our humble sphere with his perfect handiwork. In the language of the poet, he

"Looks through nature up to nature's God,
Pursues that *chain* which links the immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine."

"The hearing ear, and the seeing eye, the Lord hath made even both of them." Let us then ask him to confer this gift on us in a greater measure, that we may the better comprehend his works upon earth, and be able at last to hear the angels' song, and to "see the king in his beauty," and "behold the land that is very far off."

MRS. A. W. HEALD.

THE DIET IN CONVALESCENCE FROM TYPHOID FEVER.

IN the course of an instructive paper on the management of this stage of convalescence in typhoid fever, Dr. J. H. Hutchinson says (*University Medical Magazine*) that his own experience has been in accord decidedly with those who have found a too early return to solid food prejudicial to the speedy recovery of the patient. He has long since come to agree with Sir Thomas Watson, that the management of the convalescence of typhoid fever is scarcely of less importance than that of the fever itself. It is certainly not less difficult. A part of this difficulty arises from the

impossibility of convincing the patient's friends that his voracious appetite cannot be fully indulged without danger. Dr. Hutchinson's own custom has been to continue the administration of milk, which forms the most exclusive diet of his patients in the febrile stage, in cases in which it is well borne—and there are few in which it is not—for three or four days after the occurrence of normal evening temperatures, with the addition of animal broths. At the end of this time he gives eggs (soft boiled), the juice of rare meat, milk toast, and other farinaceous articles of food. At the end of a week the soft part of oysters and fish are added to this dietary, and at the end of ten days the light meat of broiled chicken, and at the end of two weeks, butchers' meat. All these articles of food are given in small quantities at a time, but may be repeated at first once or twice, the latter oftener during the day. If milk be given in sufficient quantity—say six ounces every two hours—it will fully meet the wants of the system. The only objections that can possibly be urged against this plan of treatment are that the continued use of milk is tiresome to the patient, and that it produces constipation. The first objection is of little moment, if there are dangers attending the administration of other kinds of food; it may be obviated by giving, after the first few days, at the same time with the milk, some of the farinaceous articles of food, which will make it more acceptable to the patient, and will at the same time prevent, to a certain extent, its tendency to produce constipation.—*Dietetic Gazette*.

A TEST FOR ARSENIC

A READER of the JOURNAL asks us to give a simple test for determining the presence of arsenic in wall-paper. The following is the most simple test of which we have any knowledge:—

Place a small piece of the paper—say two or three square inches—in a saucer, and pour over it strong ammonia water. If arsenic is present it will be dissolved by the ammonia. After leaving it to stand five or ten minutes, turn off the ammonia a little to one side, and drop into it one or two crystals of nitrate of silver. If arsenic is present, little yellow particles of arsenite of silver will soon make their appearance on the crystals of nitrate of silver. Green arsenical papers, when soaked in ammonia water, usually lose their color, or turn blue.

Household.

A LOVING, GENTLE HEART.

THE eye may lose its luster, and the ruddy cheek grow pale,
The limbs forget their lightness, and the strength of body
fail;

The locks may turn to gray,
The power of thought decay,

And age will make its furrows, and strength and youth
depart,

But ne'er will be forgotten a gentle, loving heart.

The beautiful water-lily, the fragrant mountain flower,
Seem buoyant in the sunshine, but dread the wintry hour;

For at the storm-king's breath
They shrink away in death.

Thus outward charms decline at Time's destructive dart;
Still grant me the endowment of a sympathizing heart.

Though wealth may prove a blessing, how oft a gilded
snare,

Corrupting and corroding the mind with anxious care;

Whate'er my talent be,

Let me be generous, free;

And if perchance reproached, let me not heed the smart,
But show in all my intercourse a kind, forgiving heart,

A heart to share the sorrows, a heart to wipe the tear,
A smile to soothe the downcast and calm the rising fear;

An earnest prayer for those

Bowed with a thousand woes.

With tender words and deeds, so may I thus impart

The sincere benedictions of a loving, gentle heart.

—*Rev. Charles Collins, D. D.*

THE BEAUTY OF QUIET LIVES.

MANY people measure a man's power or effectiveness by the noise he makes in the world. But this standard is not always correct. The drum makes vastly more noise than the flute, but for true, soul-thrilling music and soothing power, the flute is a thousand times more effective. Young men, when they start in life, usually think they must make all the noise they can, else their lives will be failures. They must make their voices heard loud above the din and clamor of the world, else they must remain unknown and die in obscurity. But thoughtful, observant years always prove how little real power there is in "the bray of brass." Life is measured by its final and permanent results; not by the place a man occupies before the public and the frequency and loudness of his utterances, but by the benefits and blessings which he leaves behind him in other lives, must his true effectiveness be rated. It will be seen, in

the great consummation, that those who have wrought silently and without clamor or fame have in many cases achieved the most glorious permanent results.

There are great multitudes of lowly lives lived on the earth, which have no name among men, whose work no pen records, no marble immortalizes, but which are well known and unspeakably dear to God, and whose influence will be seen, in the end, to reach to farthest shores. They make no noise in the world, but it needs not noise to make a life beautiful and noble. Many of God's most potent ministries are noiseless. How silently all day long the sunbeams fall upon the fields and gardens, and yet what cheer, what inspiration, what life and beauty, they diffuse! How silently the flowers bloom, and yet what rich blessings of fragrance do they emit! How silently the stars move on in their majestic marches around God's throne, and yet the telescope shows us that they are mighty worlds or great central suns representing utterly incalculable power! How silently the angels work, stepping with noiseless tread through our homes, and performing ever their tireless ministries for us and about us! Who hears the flutter of their wings or the whisper of their tongues? and yet they throng along our path and bring rich joys of comfort, suggestion, protection, guidance, and strength to us every day. How silently God himself works! He gives his blessing while we sleep. He makes no ado. We hear not his footfalls, and yet he is ever moving about us, and ministering to us in ten thousand ways, and bringing to us the rarest and finest gifts of his love. Then who does not remember the noiselessness of our Lord's human life on the earth? He did not strive or cry, nor did men hear his voice on the street. He sought not, but rather shunned, publicity and notoriety. His wondrous power was life power, heart power, which he shed forth in silent influence among the people.

And many of our Lord's earthly servants have caught his spirit, and work so quietly that they are scarcely recognized among men as workers. In their humility they do not even suppose themselves to be of any use, and mourn over their unprofitableness as Christ's servants, and yet in heaven they are written down as among the very noblest of his ministers. They do no great things, but their lives are full of radiations of blessing.

There is a quiet and unconscious influence ever going forth from them that falls like a benediction on every life that comes into their shadow; for it is not only our elaborately-wrought deeds that leave results behind. Much of the best work we do in this world is done unconsciously. There are many people who are so busied in what is called secular toil that they can find few moments to give to works of benevolence. But they come out every morning from the presence of God, and go to their daily business of toil, and all day, as they move about, they drop gentle words from their lips, and scatter seeds of kindness along their path. To-morrow flowers of the garden of God spring up in the hard, dusty streets of earth, and along the paths of toil in which their feet have trodden.

There are mothers who sometimes fret because their spheres of usefulness seem so circumscribed. They long to be able to do grand things, like the few who are lifted above the common level, and to be permitted to live their lives on the mountain-top, in the gaze of the world. But they, in very truth, have far grander fields than they dream. No one who lives for God and for love can be called obscure. Do not the angels watch? Does not all Heaven behold? Is anyone obscure who has heaven for an amphitheater? Then who can tell the mighty, far-reaching influence of the life of a lowly mother who lives for her children? Mothers have lived in hardship and obscurity, training sons to move the world, and they have lived to good purposes.

The best work of the true parent and teacher is quiet, unconscious work. It is not what a man says or does purposely and with direct intention that leaves the deepest mark in the world and in other lives, but it is the unconscious, unpurposed influences which go out from him like the perfumes from a garden, whether he wakes or sleeps, whether he is present or absent. God seems to blight the things that we are proud of, and to make them come to naught. Then, when we are not intending to do anything grand, he uses us and our work for noble purposes and to make lasting impressions on the world and its life.

It is the quiet, unheralded lives that are silently building up the kingdom of heaven. Not much note is taken of them here. They are not reported in the newspapers. Their monuments will not make much show in the church-yard. Their names will not be passed down to posterity with

many wreaths about them. But their work is blessed, and not one of them is forgotten.

Long, long centuries ago a little fern-leaf grew in a valley. Its veins were delicate and its fibers tender. It was very beautiful, but it fell and perished. It seemed useless and lost, for surely it had made no history and left no impression in this world. But wait. The other day a thoughtful man searching nature's secrets came with pick and hammer and broke off a piece of rock, and thereon his eyes traced

"Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Leafage, veining, fibers, clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line.
So, I think, God hides some soul away,
Sweetly to surprise us at that last day."

Not a life lived for God is useless or lost. The lowliest writes its history and leaves its impression somewhere, and God will open his books at the last, and men and angels will read the record. In this world these quiet lives are like those modest, lowly flowers which make no show, but which, hidden away under the tall plants and grasses, pour out sweet perfumes and fill the air with their odors. And in heaven they will receive their reward—not praise of men, but open confession by the Lord himself—in the presence of the angels and of the Father.—*J. R. Miller, in Week-day Religion.*

THE MEDIEVAL HOUSEWIFE.

THE housewife of the middle ages cooked over an open fire on a stone hearth in the middle of the room, a hole in the roof letting the smoke escape. Over this fire the people shivered in cold weather; but at a later time some of the queens had braziers, or small iron furnaces, in their rooms. There were no carpets in those days, and rushes and sweet herbs were spread on the floor instead, especially when company was expected. There were tapestries on the walls of the finer houses. At dinner people sat on wooden benches and stools at a heavy table of boards set on trestles, and this was covered with cloth. The bill of fare changed with the centuries in those days, and not much from day to day. The food was barley and oaten bread, bacon, fish, capons, and eggs.—*Good Housekeeping.*

THOU shalt always have joy in the evening if thou hast spent the day well.—*Thos. à Kempis.*

COOKING UTENSILS.

It was the privilege of the writer to attend a school on cookery in the city of Portland a few days since, and among the many good things that were said and done, the teacher remarked, that "every good workman had good tools. No cook could do his or her best without convenient and proper cooking utensils. Every kitchen lacking two double-boilers, a colander, two dripping-pans, and two sauce-pans, was incomplete, and yet there is many a kitchen without a colander even. One of the double-boilers should be used only for cooking grains, the other for heating milk, etc.; while the sauce-pans are for the cooking of vegetables, the dripping-pans are very nice for any baking purposes, but especially good for the baking of apples and pears. The material of these useful articles should be that of granite-iron or porcelain." Many a pan of delicious fruit, by being baked in sheet-iron or rusty tin dripping-pans, is so discolored, and the delicate flavor of the fruit so completely destroyed, that they are not only unpalatable but really disgusting to the eye; and just here we will add that anything acid should *never* be cooked in iron or tin. The tin of to-day is not like the tin of "auld lang syne," when it was "truly" tin, free from poisonous mixtures. In cooking, the acidity of the fruit incorporates the poisonous substance so often used in the preparation of tin, thus destroying the natural flavor of the fruit and making it decidedly injurious to the human stomach. With the trifling sum of \$10 any housewife can purchase the articles named, and more too. With care these will last for years, and prove in the end cheaper, as far as dollars and cents are concerned, and immeasurably cheaper when viewed from the standpoint of health.

The care of cooking utensils should be considered of as much importance as any part of the culinary department. Never should these articles be handled roughly so as to break the glazing, neither should they be cleansed indifferently. The greatest care should be exercised that they be kept scrupulously clean by washing them with clean, sweet cloths, in a good supply of hot soap-suds, and thoroughly rinsed in clear, tepid water, and wiped *dry* with clean towels. Do this and the dainty, choice food you have carefully prepared will not be spoiled by tasting "too strong of the dish."

A. M. LOUGHBOROUGH.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DISH-TOWELS.

A WRITER in a recent number of *Good House-keeping* has sensibly and practically expressed her ideas on the above subject in the following manner:—

"It is not a very esthetic subject, but the good housekeeper is not, or at least should not be, an esthete, and of all things necessary to a well arranged kitchen, the dish-towel is one of the most indispensable, and might as well be philosophic, as that is assuredly the way in which the little article is generally looked at. I say little, for of all things I do detest a great big dish-towel that approximates the size of a table-cloth. The right size is a yard long and half as wide, with the ends hemmed. As to material, different housekeepers have different views; some stickle for crash toweling, and some prefer one thing and some another. But my idea is that it really makes but very little difference as to this point, if the cloth is soft, pliable, and without stiffness. An old, half-worn table-cloth cut up into the right-sized pieces, does as well as something bought out of the store for the purpose. For pans, kettles, and the like, a coarse bag, like that which meal or salt comes in, is first-rate when cut and hemmed. In one corner I work a button-hole to hang it by, and it is done. I think that there should be six of them, although not more than two or three need be in the kitchen at one time. As to the use of it I need not write here, as dish washing is a subject that requires an entire article to itself. But the towel having been used, there comes in the philosophy as the next thing. It is of importance that the towel should be kept clean and sweet, for, however nice the washing of the dishes may have been done, the work is all spoiled if they are wiped on a sour towel. It is really perplexing to one who is a beginner, and to many who are not novices, to know how to keep the towel so that it will smell good."

My way is this: After the dishes have been carefully washed and wiped with clean towels, sink thoroughly cleansed, take a fresh supply of hot soap-suds, wash the towels and dish cloths, rinse in clean water and plenty of it, and hang out-of-doors on a line near the kitchen. In winter hang near the range. Once a week, on wash-day, put them in the wash-tub, give them thorough rubbing, from the tub put them into the boiler and boil ten minutes at least, then rinse and hang out, and you will find that they are as fresh and sweet as any bath-towel you ever saw. In this way you can keep your dish-towels sweet and clean. Never, never allow them to become sour.

A. M. L.

Be timely wise, rather than wise in time.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Do not let the table be the place to talk of troubles, worries, and cares.

Keep your children in school. Nothing but sickness should keep them at home. It is unfair to both teacher and child to let every little unusual occurrence serve as a pretext for non-attendance.

There are as many different ways of expressing thoughts as there are people to express them. Trite sayings seem new when expressed by some persons. The most commonplace things become beautiful when expressed by others. So it is, grand sentiments are frequently lost on account of not being expressed properly, and common things become grand when expressed with elegance.

Be sure that children have comfortable clothing, that neither pinches, scratches, nor feels as if it was slipping off. It is not in human nature, young or old, to tranquilly endure irritable clothing, or boots or shoes that torture. Make their clothes first comfortable, then neat and becoming. Flannels should always be loose, and waists well-fitting but not tight, and provided with buttons for drawers and skirts. The only garters that ought to be worn by children or women are those of part elastic, that fasten from the waist to the tops of the stockings.

THIRST IN YOUNG INFANTS.

It is a mistake to suppose that because milk is a liquid food it is at the same time a drink which is capable of satisfying the thirst of infants. Although milk appeases hunger, it makes thirst more intense after it has remained some time in the stomach and digestion of it has begun. It is thirst which causes healthy, breast-nourished infants to cry for long periods of time, in many instances. There are many cases of indigestion due to weakness or insufficiency of the child's gastric juice which would be greatly benefited, or even cured, if the child were allowed an occasional drink of water.

A MARRIED woman has a right to understand all her own resources, and to cultivate them, so that if necessary she can call them into immediate action. How does her husband know how long he will be able to take care of her and her children? And is not her desire to help a worthy one—and if she labors worthily, will it not call her into a nobler life?

HELPFUL HINTS.

EVERYTHING is of use to a housekeeper.

A VEGETABLE diet is best in rheumatism.

To remove white spots from furniture, saturate with alcohol.

TO TAKE OUT SCORCH.—Lay the article that has been scorched in the bright sunshine.

To clean nickel plate apply soda wet with ammonia, using an old tooth-brush, then rub with a woolen cloth.

It is said if plenty of green cedar boughs are hung up in a house that fleas will leave. A good hint for those living where they can get such boughs.

TO CLEANSE MATTING.—Into half a pail of soft water put a pint of salt. With this wash the matting, having first swept it carefully, and dry quickly with a soft cloth.

WHEN lifting little children by the wrists, the bones of the arm, not being wholly formed, or, rather, solidified, are very liable to break. The hands should be placed under the armpits.

BLUING FOR CLOTHES.—Get one ounce best Prussian blue; powder it, and put it into a bottle with one quart of soft water, and add a half ounce of oxalic acid (powdered). A teaspoonful is sufficient for a large washing.

TO MAKE AN OLD GRATE KEEP NEW.—Take a few cents' worth of asphaltum and mix it with equal quantities of benzine and turpentine. When the mixture is of the consistency of paint apply it with a brush, and the grate will look new again in a short time. The coal scuttle can be treated in the same way if desired.

It is not sufficiently known that when coffee beans are placed upon hot coals or a hot plate, the flavor arising is one of the most effective and at the same time agreeable disinfectants. If no heat is disposable, even the spreading of coffee grounds on the object to be disinfected, even if it be a cadaver, is most satisfactory. Some journals announce this as a newly-discovered fact, but it appears by investigation that it was well-known to nurses and housewives forty years ago, while at the present the majority of the physicians are not aware of the virtues of this simple and agreeable remedy.—*St. Louis Magazine.*

Healthful Dress.

A TYRANT GODDESS.

BY FANNIE BOLTON.

TALK not of Juggernaut, whose murderous wheel
Crushes its votaries with an iron heel.
Talk not of Moloch, to appease whose ire
Mothers submit their darlings to his fire.
Talk not of Ganges, in whose cruel wave
The babes of India find a watery grave.
Talk not of all idolatrous gods, whose evil
Has plainly shown their inception from the devil.
Behold the masterpiece of all hell's passion,
Behold the tyrant goddess men call *Fashion*.
With one fell stroke Juggernaut ends his pain.
Once in the arms of Moloch, nor burn again.
Once let the Ganges smother o'er the breath,
And there's an end to torture and to death;
But in one long, cruel proces: *Fashion* reigns,
And binds her votaries with continuous chains.
When Slavery held our South in cruel woes,
From birth to death the slave was doomed to blows.
The system, with subordinating pain,
Lowered the height of manhood, sere'd the brain;
But still the soul could rise from its cruel thrall,
And find its God, and so survive it all.
But *Fashion*, with a more insinuous art,
Binds not the body only, but the heart;
Binds not the brain alone, but in control
Holds all the tides that thrill the inmost soul,
Degrades and dwarfs the image of God in men,
And traces life with death's unyielding pen.
See yonder child, a creature gay and fair,
As free as some sweet bird that wings the air.
With health aglow on cheek, and brow, and heart,
What need hath she of aught of *Fashion's* art?
Flitting with tides of sunshine and of dew,
Like some pure bud, her perfume follows you.
Her very being ever seems to raise
Glory to Him who made her for His praise.
But, lo! behold with fascinating mein
Cometh dread *Fashion*, like a witching queen.
She cannot 'dure to let the maid fulfill
The glorious dictates of her Maker's will,
But holds the bird, till, round her supple waist,
An iron corset shape is tightly laced;
The heart beats low; the lungs breathe wearily;
The bloom fades dull, and ceases all the glee;
And, lo! the doomed maiden goes to be
The slave of *Fashion*, and her votary.
O'er all the land, behold the withering women,
Steel-bound, and corded round with chains of trimmin'!
But, oh, good women, pray unloose your bands,
And lift to heaven your heads, and hearts, and hands!
Be free, be free, in Heaven's strength and might,
And fit yourselves to love and love aright.

TIGHT LACING.

A FEW nights ago a young lady in attendance at a ball in a suburb of this city fell, while engaged in a dance, and on being removed to an adjoining room expired. It was discovered that, being inclined to *embonpoint*, it was her custom to lace to the extent of reducing her waist to a circumference consistent with the recognized standard, and to this custom, no *post-mortem* examination having been made, the death was attributed. Whether or not the etiology was correctly ascribed, the circumstance is sufficient to direct attention to one of fashion's most dangerous exactions. Any attempt to banish corsets from the modern lady's wardrobe would be futile in the extreme. She must wear them for the "support" which they supply, and the best that can be hoped for is that the more flagrant abuses accompanying them may be corrected. Nature is very kind and endures without resentment many indignities, and in the extent to which she permits the thorax to be distorted we have a striking instance of her consideration for feminine vanity, as it takes form in "enlightened" lands. In the darker quarters of the earth the head is sometimes squeezed out of shape, and, again, the feet are kept from developing, and yet nature often permits the fools to attain a green old age.

This subject was freely discussed before the Biological Section of the British Medical Association at its late meeting, and the hygienic and the esthetic bearings of the custom received attention. The *Lancet*, in referring to the matter, held the chief source of danger to lie in the fact that the compression of the chest by means of tight lacing is resorted to after ossification has become quite complete. The stays which mothers allow their girls up to the age of fourteen or fifteen are soft, and exert little more pressure than the waistcoat of a boy. At that age, when the figure naturally changes, the firmer support is taken into use, and the amount of harm it occasions is dependent on the degree to which support becomes compression. There are, no doubt, many girls who, desirous of making themselves conspicuous, and, as they foolishly believe, attractive, tighten their waists to such an extent as to incapacitate them for taking exercise, and for the necessary ingestion of food; they consequently become weak, pallid, and chlorotic. These evils are, moreover, intensified by the rapidity with which the compression has been applied, and all who are interested in their welfare should exert themselves to point out the egregious folly of such a practice. Upon the esthetic side of the question there is little to be said; here, as in so many other controversial questions, *de gustibus non est disputandum*. Among the Greeks, for ages the arbiters of taste, the women wore an apology for stays, and we are told that at a very early period the girdle was strengthened by metal, and long before the Christian era a broad band or belt was worn next the skin to support the breasts. According to Planché, the practice of tight lacing appears to have been introduced by the Normans as early as the twelfth century, and has been in use ever since. We apprehend the ordinary man, though he may wonder at, does not really admire, a wasp-like figure. Both hygienically and esthetically, tight lacing is a mistake. The advantage of support, however, is no argument for the employment of compres-

sion. Dr. Hoyle made a good hit in saying that no woman regarded herself as properly dressed unless she felt a little uncomfortable. He might have added that the proportion of discomfort experienced may be pretty safely taken as the measure of mischief being effected in the willing victim of tight lacing.—*Medical Age*.

DRESS REFORM.

WOMEN, at least thinking women, have come to a place where they clearly see that their mode of dress is at present the most obstinate difficulty in the way of progress. They cannot march on toward the glorious heights already shown to be possible for them, while hampered by heavy skirts, tight waists, bustles, and crippling shoes. Women must either devise a healthful mode of dress or give up their newly-awakened ambitions. Put an able-bodied man into such things as women wear, and he would soon be an invalid or an idiot. It is hard to say how many women rank as partial invalids, though we are ready to class some of our fashion leaders under the other term.

We have had revolutionary attempts at dress reform for women, but they have all failed because they went to such extremes as to shock society, which has been educated in the present line for centuries. Women's dress is better, perhaps, now than it has been heretofore; but women have never demanded so much intellectually, politically, and in a business way as now, and they can never attain the end of their desires while held in bondage by such an unhealthy mode of dress. What women want is not something so *outré* as to shock people and antagonize them and throw ridicule upon the movement, but something which shall answer the demands of health, and yet appear outwardly as little conspicuous as possible—a remodeling and re-adapting of present garments, so that outwardly the change shall not make the wearer ridiculous in the eyes of anyone.

The system inaugurated by Annie Jenness Miller within a year or two comes nearest this desideratum. The casual observer would notice the absence of wasp waists and big bustles (though the latter are said to be disappearing anyway); but aside from these, he would find nothing to occasion particular notice. The most important changes are in the undergarments. The first garment worn (in cold weather) is a jersey combination suit, which is elastic and fits without wrinkles; next comes the ordinary, but perfect-fitting, combination suit, of cotton, linen, cashmere, silk, or wool; and, lastly, the "leglettes" or divided skirt, made of any suitable material and trimmed as desired. The idea is to clothe every part of the body evenly, and make each member carry its own burdens. No corset and none of the ordinary woman-destroying skirts are worn, save the dress skirt, and that is of very light weight and attached to the waist; though we think a fine princess cambric skirt, with a full back, would be a desirable addition at times. This, however, is emphatically a movement in the right direction, and deserves the thoughtful attention of all true women.—*Sci.*

DECORUM itself is simply good sense and good-will, but society often ruins it by empty ceremonies.

ARTISTIC DRESS REFORM UNDERWEAR.

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(Patented April 7, 1885.)



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WE call the attention of the ladies to the latest novelty in union undergarments. Jersey-fitting garments, true to their name, are simply faultless in fit, while the peculiar elasticity of the fabric, whether in all wool, cotton and wool, silk, or all cotton, renders them delightfully agreeable. As a foundation for close-fitting dress, riding-habit, or close-fitting garment, they appeal to the discernment of the most fastidious woman. The moment her eye rests upon them, she will recognize them as

A GARMENT UNEQUALED.

Every intelligent dressmaker will give them her approval as she examines the shoulders, arm-holes, and neck, when she reflects with what ease she will fit her client's sleeves, and every part of the waist.

These garments will be gladly received and thoroughly appreciated by every lady who has experienced the many shortcomings of even the best that have heretofore been produced. We have been careful to make children's sizes in good proportion, and call special attention to them.

Each garment is made by itself in two separate pieces, from the neck to the ankle, with selvage edge, and formed while being knit so as to fit the body. They are made up without the waste of an inch of material, and close-fitting, so that the weight of the garment is equally divided over every inch of the body.

Notice the sleeves and shoulders are made to fit.

In ordering these garments please notice each size is made in three proportions, long, medium, and short; so any lady with a little care will be sure to find a size to fit.

These garments are made up in fall, winter, and summer weights. The sizes for ladies are numbered 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40, and the prices vary according to the quality of the goods and the size, there being a variation of 25 cents in the price of each size.

Style 1,200, white merino, winter weight; size 28, \$4.50; size 40, \$6.00.

Style 1,202, white merino, light weight; size 28, \$4.25; size 40, \$5.75.

Style 900, gray Jaeger wool, imported yarns, winter weight; size 28, \$5.75; size 40, \$7.50.

Style 904, gray Jaeger wool, extra heavy; size 28, \$6.25; size 40, \$8.00.

Style 1,210, white, all wool; size 28, \$5.00; size 40, \$6.50.

Style 800, white, heavy cotton; size 28, \$4.00; size 40, \$5.50.

Style 801, summer weight, cotton; size 28, \$3.35; size 40, \$4.50.

MISSES' IN FALL AND WINTER WEIGHTS.

Misses' sizes are numbered 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30. The prices are for style 1,200, merino, full-fashioned, \$2.40, \$2.50, \$2.55, \$2.70, \$2.85, \$3.00, and \$3.15, the price increasing in proportion to the increase in size.

These goods may be ordered through the Rural Health Retreat, and shipped direct to the purchaser. For further particulars address Rural Health Retreat, St. Helena, Cal.

Publishers' Department.

RURAL HEALTH RETREAT.

AFTER an absence of four months we are again permitted to visit the Retreat. During this time we spent two months in different parts of California, from Humboldt County to San Diego, one month in Michigan, and about one month in Oregon. In our journeyings we have found a great variety of climate, and many diseases in various forms; but, as we have kept up our regular habits of hygienic diet, with stated periods of labor, rest, etc., we are permitted to return home in much better health than when we left, notwithstanding these four months were months of unusual activity.

In going from place to place, one has a good opportunity to study the habits of the people. It is surprising to see how many are filled with anxiety to "find a better climate," so that they may recover from their various ills. Many who are quite intelligent in other respects seem ignorant of the fact that their own wrong habits are producing the very thing they hope to "cure" by a "change of climate." We see them partaking of unhealthful foods—foods rendered irritating by mixture with spices, pepper, and pickles, or of foods rendered indigestible by frying in fats. In other cases where the foods are healthful they are eaten of in improper combinations, or in larger quantities than the system can digest and assimilate. These persons suppose a "change of climate" is going to cure such difficulties. Their course in seeking to run away from such diseases by simply a change of climate without change of habits, reminds us of the words of the Lord to ancient Israel when they sought to hide away from the punishment of their sins: "Though they be hid from my sight in the bottom of the sea, thence will I command the serpent, and he shall bite them." Amos 9:3. A dyspeptic who carries his dyspeptic-making habits to any climate will find his dyspepsia in that climate as sure as he will find his shadow.

AT THE RETREAT

We find many changes have taken place in the management. Since we left, W. P. Burke, M. D., of the Napa Sanitarium, has taken the medical superintendence of this institution, being a member of the board of managers. As stated in a former number, both institutions, although some eighteen miles apart, are under one board of managers. Both institutions have been well patronized, and the patients who have shared the benefits of the mode of treatment employed, have, with rare exception, rapidly regained their strength, and, as they say, "gone home to" advertise the institutions, and urge their invalid friends to come and be cured." We are pleased to see the spirit of mutual satisfaction which seems to exist between the physicians, his assistants, and the patients.

Not only is it the aim of the doctor to cure the patients, but to have them learn while here "how to eat," so that they may go home and "keep well." Among the various slips printed and handed to the patients to study and practice while here, I will quote one that has just been circulated. It has this heading:

EAT RIGHT.

1. Do not mix milk with sugar or fruit while eating. Milk with potatoes agrees with some people, but all cannot eat the mixture and keep well. Cream is allowable with most fruits.
2. Eat no butter when there is a bad taste in the mouth. Spread butter into the air spaces of the bread when eaten.
3. Sugar, butter, fruit, cabbage, and cauliflower must be avoided if you have a sour stomach or bloating.
4. Tea and common coffee must not be used if you want to get well fast and avoid palpitation and nervousness.
5. Patients are requested not to use meat more than twice a week. Eat less and less of meat, and more and more of grains, fruits, and vegetables. Your relish for food will be better after the change has been made. Eating much meat causes a heavy feeling in head and body, together with a passionate disposition.
6. You cannot use pepper, mustard, spices, cinnamon, vinegar, catsup, and keep well. These are whips to the digestive organs, and will finally bring you to ill health. Their use is surely a great evil, and cause you to overeat.
7. Variety of food is necessary, but not at one meal. Variety at one meal leads to gluttony and dyspepsia, and gluttony to drunkenness, and drunkenness to death. Eating too much is a great sin, and often results from too great variety at one meal.
8. Don't eat too fast. Chew your food well. Take time to eat.
9. Experience shows that on two meals a day patients get well faster than on three. Some dyspeptics require only one meal a day to get well, others three or more.

GOOD MIXTURES.

Grains with milk, grains with fruit, grains with vegetables. Eggs may be eaten with milk, fruits, vegetables, or grains, but sparingly.

IMPROVEMENTS.

The first of these we note is the refreshing the grounds have received as the result of the copious rain of which all California has had so abundant a supply. The chapel and new gymnasium, of which we have spoken in former numbers of this JOURNAL, which building is connected on the south to the new building by a one-hundred-foot covered corridor, is now receiving its finishing touches from the painter. It will soon be ready for the seats and heating coils. It is hoped it will be all ready for occupancy with the opening spring.

The abundant rains have not only refreshed the surface of the earth, but the springs in the mountains and hills have not had such a replenishing in many a year. The rains of the last two months, according to the rain-gauge, far surpass the record of the same months for any years since such records have been kept in the State.

How health-giving to these hills! What an amount of decaying and decayed particles and lingering disease germs have been washed down into the streams, and from thence into the foaming sea. Many, very many thanks to a kind and gracious Providence which sends the purifying rains, and beautiful sunshine, which we are now so bountifully and freely enjoying.

THE PACIFIC HEALTH JOURNAL AND TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE is a thirty-two-page monthly, devoted to temperance and the preservation of health. It is bright and good and cheap. Price, \$1.00 a year. Pacific Press Publishing House, Oakland, Cal.—*Cal. Christian Advocate.*

COOKING schools and schools for teaching housekeeping are deservedly growing popular.—*Exchange.*

THE NEW VOLUME.

WITH this number of the JOURNAL we enter upon volume five, and commence the use of the calendar for 1890. For four and one-half years this periodical has been before the public. For the first two and one-half years, or the first fifteen numbers, it was a twenty-four-page bimonthly, without cover. Commencing with volume three, Jan. 1, 1888, it has been published in its present form, a thirty-two-page monthly, with a cover. We have been gratified with the success that has thus far attended this enterprise. Its success has not only been apparent in an increase of the circulation of the JOURNAL but also in the fact that the principles inculcated are gaining access to many minds. Words of encouragement and commendation have been received through the editorial columns of many newspapers in various parts of the country. By many private letters we have been counseled to "stick to the work," and "expect success to crown the effort."

One of the best evidences of the growing interest in the principles of hygiene, and the "rational system" of treating disease, is the fact that the institutions where such practice is followed are being crowded to about their full capacity to accommodate those wishing such treatment. Especially does that seem to be true of the institutions of that character upon this coast. In this we rejoice, not so much that it will further the interests of those institutions financially, as in the fact that the principles of right living, which means a blessing, and greater happiness to the households adopting it, are being advanced, and that thus much good to suffering humanity must accrue.

We do not contemplate many mechanical changes in the make-up of volume five, more than the use of cuts, from time to time, illustrating subjects introduced. Our constant aim will be to furnish our readers with a magazine which shall be filled "brimful" of just what is needed in the household and its surroundings to promote life, health, and the happiness of all. In the January number we present an article from the pen of Fannie Bolton, entitled, "Aunt Cloe's Air Shafts." This is composed from matter of fact occurrence, and is designed to illustrate the true principle of house ventilation, while at the same time it corrects a wrong habit too often followed in winter heating of living-rooms. This article is to be continued in the February number. We have the promise of a story from the pen of Miss Bolton for each number of the volume. We have also the promise of a good story from another writer for the February number, illustrating another feature of the health question, setting forth some facts with which we were brought in contact in our recent journey across the continent.

Thanking our readers for their kind patronage in the past we express a hope that you will continue with us during the present volume of the JOURNAL. May the year 1890 be to you all the healthiest, happiest, and the best year you have enjoyed in all of your lives.

THAT COOKING SCHOOL AGAIN.

WHILE in East Portland, Oregon, it was our privilege to attend a hygienic cooking class conducted by Mrs. F. L.

McClure. She gave fifteen lessons, which were interspersed with talks on proper food, proper combinations of food, and questions and answers upon diet. A rare treat indeed!

We have received from the publisher, H. K. Lewis, 136 Grower Street, London, W. C., England, a copy of "Inebriety; Its Etiology, Pathology, Treatment, and Jurisprudence," by Norman Kerr, M. D., F. L. S. Dr. Kerr is probably the best living authority upon the matters of which this book treats, and his work is a most valuable one. No physician should be without this book, and not only so but it contains a vast amount of information which every friend of temperance should have. In fact, it is a book which should be read by the people. The book contains 472 pages, and is well and handsomely bound in cloth. The merit and nature of the work make it cheap at the price asked for it, 12 shillings 6 pence—\$3.00.

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“ “ Peerless Corded	2 50
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“ “ “ “ (Misses')	50
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Rubber Water Bottles, 1 quart	1 50
“ “ “ 2 quarts	1 75
“ “ “ 3 quarts	2 00
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Address,	RURAL HEALTH RETREAT, ST. HELENA, CAL.

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A VOICE from Ohio. Here is a portrait of Mr. Garrison, of Salem, Ohio. He writes: "Was at work on a farm for \$20 a month; I now have an agency for E. C. Allen & Co's albums and publications and often make \$20 a day." (Signed) W. H. GARRISON.

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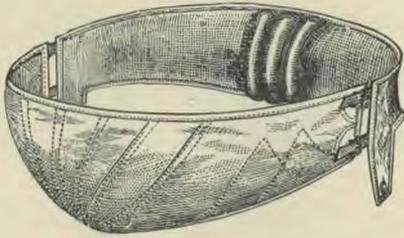
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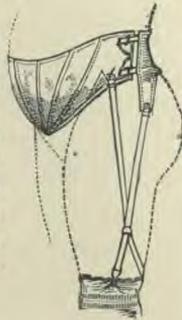


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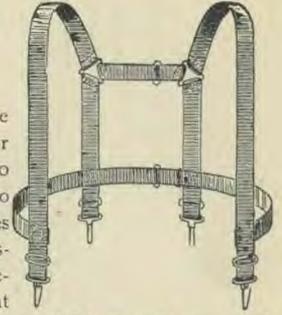
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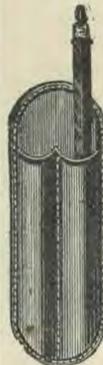
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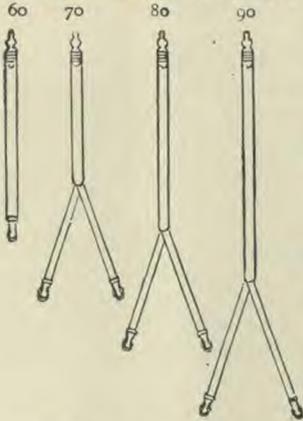


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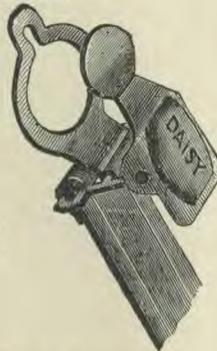
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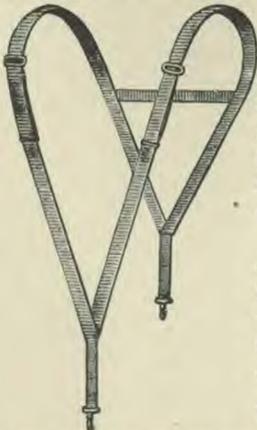
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