

THE
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OUR PHYSICIAN, NATURE: OBEY AND LIVE.

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Thy loveliness fills us with mem'ries
Of all that was brightest and best;
Thy peace and serenity offer
A foretaste of heavenly rest.

—Sel.

DR. TRALL'S
Special Department.

A Great Lesson Misapplied.

THE *Christian Union* is giving a series of "Letters from a Layman." One of the series is "Father Hyatt's Story." It is the history of a man who became addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor, who tried to abandon the habit, but failed, and finally, in despair, committed suicide. The hero of the story is represented as of noble soul, great intelligence, excellent business habits, and highly respected. He had a devoted wife, lovely children, troops of friends, and ample means. He was a zealous member of the church, a teacher in the Sabbath-school, of unquestioned piety, and foremost in good words and works; and yet he died the drunkard's death! Why? A few years previous, he was an express messenger on a railroad. The cars ran off the track; he was thrown down an embankment; badly bruised and mangled; taken up for dead; but, finally, "by one of those marvelous freaks which baffle the calculations of physicians," he survived. His recovery was slow; and "for twelve months he lived on stimulants."

Such is the story. Now what is the moral? The writer concludes with the following sentence: "I never see a young man dallying with the wine while it is red within the cup, that I do not think of Charlie P., and his bitter and fruitless battle." But what has dallying with the red wine to do with the case? Charlie P. took it as medicine. It kept him alive for a year! He owed his recovery to it. What has alcoholic medication to do with tipping? And if it saved his

INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There comes a festival season,
When nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mystical splendor
That rivals the brightness of spring—
Aglow with a beauty more tender
Than aught which fair summer could bring.

Some spirit akin to the rainbow
Then borrows its magical dyes,
And mantles the far-spreading landscape
In hues that bewilder the eyes.
The sun, from his cloud-pillowed chamber,
Smiles soft on a vision so gay,
And dreams that his favorite children,
The flowers, have not yet passed away.

There's a luminous mist on the mountains,
A light, azure haze in the air,
As if angels, while heavenward soaring,
Had left their bright robes floating there;
The breeze is so soft, so caressing,
It seems a mute token of love,
And floats to the heart like a blessing
From some happy spirit above.

These days, so serene and so charming,
Awaken a dreary delight—
A tremulous, dreamy enjoyment,
Like soft strains of music at night.
We know they are fading and fleeting,
That quickly, too quickly, they'll end,
And we watch them with yearning affection,
As, at parting, we watch a dear friend.

Oh! beautiful Indian Summer,
Thou beautiful child of the year;
Thou darling, whom nature enriches,
With gifts and adornments so dear!
How fain would we woo thee to linger
On mountain and meadow awhile,
For our hearts, like the sweet haunts of nature,
Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.

Not alone to the sad fields of autumn
Dost thou a lost brightness restore,
But thou bring'st to a world-weary spirit
Sweet dreams of its childhood once more.

life, who is to condemn it? Can anything be more nonsensically ridiculous than to unite temperance homilies of this kind? The unfortunate's death is held up to view as a frightful example, while the *cause* of his death is approved. How absurd! The cause of this poor man's ruin was alcoholic medicine, administered by a physician, and perhaps a temperance physician. Why does not "Laicus" warn young men against the medicine? Why not admonish the doctor who gave it? Why not condemn the cause, as well as deplore the effect? Why not say, "When I see a young man being kept alive on stimulants, I think of Charlie P., and his horrible end."

This narrative, though representing a daily occurrence, exhibits in bold relief the awful and fatal delusion that possesses the minds of nine-tenths of the physicians of our country, and of nearly all the leaders of the temperance reformation. The delusion consists in the assumption that, if a person is sick or weak, or if he has been injured in any manner, alcohol will "support his vitality." In health, it is a poison. Every drop abstracts or wastes a corresponding amount of vitality. But let the man become sick or bruised, then, *presto*, the same alcohol undergoes some strange transformation and becomes a vitalizer! But, there is neither reason, truth, science, nor common sense, in the notion that alcohol, in any case, conduces to health. The reverse is true always and under all circumstances. Every dose which "Charlie P." swallowed during that twelve-month when the fatal appetite was formed, only prolonged his convalescence. So far from assisting to live for a time, at the cost of a future drunkard's grave, it only rendered his recovery more tedious and less perfect. How can the friends of temperance be so utterly blind when the light is shining like noonday sunbeams all around them? Will they, like blind leaders of the blind, go on for another half century, uttering curses against alcoholic beverages, and proclaiming the virtues of alcoholic medicine? Until they abandon this method of self-stultification, they will never reform the intemperate half so fast as the rum-sellers and their allies, the doctors, will make drunkards.

HOW TO INSURE GOOD HEALTH.—The best way to insure good health, is to see that the blood is renewed and the system built up from good, digestible, nutritious food, taken without condiments or stimulants, and only in such quantities, and at such times, as nature demands.

Mismanagement of Babies.

A WRITER in a late issue of one of our scientific monthlies, says: "It is in the hand of every mother to produce talent and genius in her children; but she must forever discard the silly, absurd, and criminal practices of baby-tossing, baby-drugging, baby-exhibitions, and parrot-teaching, and not attempt to improve nature's laws."

A cotemporary replies: "There is doubtless a modicum of truth in this, since it is well established that judicious education or training can do much toward making a strong and well-balanced mind out of ordinary material, as well as that noxious drugs, or abuse of nature's laws, may ruin the finest organization mentally and physically. But to say that talent and genius may be produced, is either a very careless use of language or else argues a limited knowledge of physiology. Genius is always largely a direct inheritance, and great talent must have always a more than usually perfect brain to build upon."

Talent is simply ability to do some one or more things with more than ordinary celerity or vigor, and genius is nothing more nor less than a greater degree of the same ability. Neither can be inherited, although the conditions favorable or unfavorable to the development of general mental capacity, or any particular mental power, may be. And as training and education may develop some one or more of the mental powers to an extent that is unusual and extraordinary, we see no reason why "every mother may not produce talent and genius in her children." Of course, some children, to become talented men and women, or geniuses, would require much more educational labor than others; while some, perhaps, never could, by any kind or degree of training, rise above mediocrity in any direction. Even idiots, whose reflective organs exist only in the rudimentary condition, can be taught, with great effort, to compare objects and deduce conclusions, and thus reason to a limited extent. Dogs, goats, and monkeys, whose reasoning capacity is certainly very small naturally, can be taught to perform many feats indicative of talent and genius in their way. Canary birds, and even fleas, have been so trained and educated as to become interesting performers "on the stage," for the amusement of human beings.

But the moral we design to deduce from this discussion is in relation to the general mismanagement of infants. There can be no question that the common method of trotting, tumbling, rocking, and dressing, babies, has a most pernicious effect on the brain,

while the paregorics, Winslow's syrups, and opiates and narcotics, given to keep them more quiet or make them sleep, are still worse. We have no doubt that thousands of adult imbeciles and debauchees owe their evil propensities and social degradation to the opium and alcohol they swallowed, under the name of cordials and syrups, the first year of their existence. And when we consider how generally American mothers and nurses stuff and gorge their children, from one to five years of age, with candies, sweet cakes, and a hundred of the common abominations of the table, made more abominable with sugar, butter, vinegar, salt, pepper, mustard, &c., &c., we need not wonder at the small number who manifest talent and genius—except to do evil—in after life, nor at the large number who turn out vagrants and criminals.

Separate Sleeping Cars for Ladies.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Chicago Journal* finds the sleeping cars on our railways very well adapted to persons of the masculine persuasion, but entirely inadequate to the more multitudinous requirements of woman-kind. She complains that she cannot satisfactorily prepare her toilet under existing arrangements, and thinks there should be sleeping cars constructed with special reference to her style of dress, and display of pugs and frizzles. She says, of the modern inconveniences:

"A woman carefully extinguishes herself behind curtains, shyly unloosens a lace, envelopes herself decorously in a large water-proof, not daring to lay aside her chignon for fear of a surprise, and stows herself away uncomfortably and depressed. The stranger who occupies the berth above her leisurely divests himself of outer garments, pulls off boots, loosens suspenders, and bounds into bed with graceful ease, rather enjoying the situation!"

Perhaps our fair friend, if she should find the stove too hot in the ladies' car, would ask the conductor to move it away, never thinking that the fault was in herself, and that she was the thing to be removed. If ladies will dress for health, use, convenience, and comfort, when they travel, as men do, they will find the present style of sleeping cars entirely satisfactory, as men do.

But, if women will persist in the ridiculous and brain-destroying fashion of depressing themselves with corsets and wadding, and demoting themselves with chignons, we go for separate sleeping cars, and separate houses to live in, too.

Another Astonishment—The Oculum.

THE wonders of quackery will never cease. It is hard to say whether legitimate or illegitimate medicine is the most prolific of new inventions for the health or the pockets of suffering humanity. Every medical journal we receive has something new, or something old, in a new shape, in the drug line, for miserable invalids. And every newspaper we open parades something new and wondrous for the same set of unfortunates. The latest of the latter is the oculum.

Cod-liver oil was, no doubt, a wonderful discovery. Revelenta is probably a more wonderful discovery. But "the oculum is the most wonderful invention of the age." So says the circular of Dr. Knapp & Son, which they have the distinguished consideration to send us. By means of the oculum, "the correct diagnosis and successful treatment of all diseases is now certain." So proclaims the document aforesaid. By the use of the oculum, the said Knapp & Son are enabled to see through the patient—see with their own "ocular optics"—exactly where and what the disease is, and hence and thereby to know to a certain and absolute positiveness just what medicine to sell you. So declares the printed page hereinbefore mentioned.

No more dying. No more errors in diagnosis. No more killing because of the wrong medicine. No more blunders in etiology. No more mistakes in pathology. No further experiments in therapeutics. Medicine is now an exact science. The healing art is hereafter to be—oculorum. The melancholy maxim, "*opprobrium medicorum*" is to be expunged from medical books, and this "most wonderful" machine is to scrutinize the apothecary shop, and reduce pharmacological combinations to the considerations of mathematical demonstrations.

Many years ago, the celebrated philosopher, Dr. Priestly, while experimenting with electricity, accidentally illuminated one of his fingers so as to make it nearly or quite transparent. Others have since performed similar experiments with similar results. Two years ago, Dr. W. B. Richardson, of London, succeeded in illuminating a large portion of his hand. Since then, Dr. Nicholson, of New Orleans, and others, by the aid of the calcium light and powerful magnifying lenses have succeeded in nearly or quite illuminating the body of the frog and other small animals. And it has been conjectured, not without reason, that it is possible, by improved apparatus, to render the whole human

body so transparent that all the structures and tissues, as well as the motions of the solids and the circulation of the fluids, can be seen in all parts of the living organism. And there is nothing more wonderful in this supposition than in any one of a dozen of the achievements of the present century.

Be this as it may, the subject has nothing to do with the oculum of Dr. Knapp & Son. Their statement that by means of an apparatus of their invention (a picture of which is given in their circular), they can so see through the internal organs as to thereby diagnose their diseases, is all fudge; and their offer to prescribe remedies by such indications, is all humbug. We say this without any knowledge of the remedies they employ. We do not know, nor care, to what school they belong. For aught we know, they may be hygienic practitioners. But the above-named pretensions are pure and unmitigated quackery. It is quite possible, however, and indeed very probable, that Dr. Knapp & Son may examine invalids *oculum-alarly*, and prescribe remedies more useful, or less injurious, than those that many physicians prescribe who diagnose by pulse, tongue, temperature, pain, percussion, &c. But, as their business circular was sent to us for notice, it is now noticed, and here is the end of the chapter.

Explosion of a Pill Box.

BURSTING bomb shells, explosions of saltpeter, soda fountains, volcanoes, and beer bottles, are among the things which have heretofore been heard of; but we think the bursting of a box of pills—real, perpendicular, purging pills—is to be placed to the account of something new under the sun. We copy from a late number of the *London Lancet*:

The *Pharmaceutical Journal* publishes a remarkable instance of unforeseen danger arising from the facility with which oxide of silver is reduced by contact with vegetable extracts in common use. A medical man prescribed twenty-four pills, each containing two grains of the oxide of silver, a twenty-fourth of a grain of muriate of morphia, and a sufficiency of extract of gentian; the pills being coated with silver in the usual manner. The pills were delivered to the patient in an ordinary pill box; but the lady, being in her nursery, and having no pocket in her dress, placed the box in her bosom, probably next the skin. In three-quarters of an hour a severe explosion occurred; her under clothes were reduced to tinder, and her right breast was seriously burnt. The patient fortunately had presence of mind enough to seize the part with both hands, and thus extinguish the flame.

We learn from Mr. Hills that a similar occurrence has been known in compounding the extract of colocynth with the oxide of silver, and that with creosote or oil of cloves, this salt is reduced to the metallic state, with the production of heat amounting often to an explosion. In fact, many of the essential oils reduce the oxide of silver, and one of the processes for silvering glass is founded on the fact, oil of cloves being usually employed in the operation. We may mention that when glycerine and permanganate of potash come in contact, heat is evolved, sometimes resulting in flame.

An instance has occurred in which a wound was covered with the glycerine of starch, and then sprinkled with powdered permanganate of potash, when the heat produced became unbearable.

If such are the glorious uncertainties of medicines outside of the living organism, what must they be within? True, they may not there explode after the fashion of earthquakes and pyrotechnics, nor burst into a consuming conflagration after the manner of powder and percussion-caps. But who that can comprehend the chemical changes which pills in a box may undergo, and the mechanical forces therein evolved, would like to have the results of such accidental decompositions and recombinations in his own stomach and bowels? In our humble judgment, neither drugs, dye-stuffs, nor fireworks, are the proper remedies for diseases.

The Logic of Intoxication.

In a discussion which occurred two years ago on the subject of alcoholic medication, between Dr. Thos. F. Hicks and an allopathic M. D., the latter made the following *staggering* argument:

“Spirituous liquors are of vital use in the shock to the system from great injuries and severe surgical operations. Let a man’s limbs be suddenly crushed; the shock to the system is often so great as to produce immediate death. The flickering pulse and deathly pallor are often instantly removed, and hopeful reaction begun, by alcoholic stimulant. No other agent can be successfully substituted; and the surgeon who would refuse to use them on the plea that it might tend to establish in the patient a habit of drunkenness, is himself drunk with crazy, criminal fanaticism. The same is true in a treatment of the poor, bleeding victim under the surgeon’s knife. Who would be so foolish as to assert that stimulants were not useful; nay, virtually essential to almost every mangled soldier during our late war?”

It is difficult to account for such a muddlement of logic, grammar, and punctuation, except on the supposition that the writer was the “victim” of his own medicine. It reminds us of the young man who, when his lady love insisted on total abstinence and morality as conditions for receiving his fur-

ther attentions, went out and signed the following pledge: "I do solemnly promise to abstain from intoxicating beverages, except as a drink, and from profane swearing, unless prescribed by a physician, and then not more than three times a day, excepting cider."

Our worthy M. D. finds "alcoholic stimulant" to begin "hopeful reaction" after "immediate death" has resulted from suddenly crushing a man's limbs! This is not only "supporting vitality" with alcoholic medicine, but is resurrecting the dead.

"No other agent can be successfully substituted, and the physician who would refuse to use *them*," &c. "Them" agent? "Them" stimulant? "On the plea that *it* might tend," &c. "It" refers to them, and "them," to agent and stimulant. And so the learned Esculapius thinks that *it them agent* is a proper prescription. We *am* of opinion that *them* is a mistake.

Then, "The same is true in a treatment of the poor, bleeding *victim* under the surgeon's knife." The same what? The same *it* them agent? But are surgeons slaughterers? and are their patients real victims? We fear there is too much victimizing in the medical profession, especially by those who administer the drug doses; but we had always thought that surgery was a true art, and based on scientific principles, and that the object of surgical operations was not a sacrifice, but to save the patient, or as much of him as possible. Lastly, we are given to understand that *almost* every mangled soldier during our late war found stimulants "virtually essential." Would not essentially virtuous, or a necessary necessity, be a better expression? And if "almost every mangled soldier," why not all? What sort of a mangled soldier must "it or them" be to constitute the exception? The writer we are criticising was probably never "drunk with crazy fanaticism;" but has he never been crazy with drunken delirium?

Dress Reform in Ohio.

THE advocates of a sensible dress for woman, in South Newbury, Ohio, and vicinity, have a commendable custom of holding annual picnics, on which occasions, speeches, songs, sentiments, and bands of music, are brought to bear advantageously on a vitiated taste and demoralized public sentiment.

Mrs. Sophia L. O. Allen, M. D., writes:

The friends of dress reform held their annual gathering at Emerald Lake, South Newbury, O., on the 7th inst. The weather was propitious, and a large concourse of people assembled, to be

encouraged, cheered, and instructed, by a very able and interesting address from Mrs. M. S. Organ, M. D., of Yellow Springs, O. She is a graduate of the Hygeio-Therapeutic College, and thoroughly understands the deleterious effects of the fashionable costume in undermining the health and sowing the seeds of early decay and premature death in our American women. She handled her subject in a way to carry conviction to every thinking mind; and her address is spoken of in the highest terms of commendation by all who listened to its convincing logic. The occasion was further enlivened and made pleasant by stirring notes of melody from Chagrin Falls Brass Band, and sweet strains of music from the Maple Grove Glee Club. After repasting the corporeal entity, the audience reassembled to listen to words of grateful cheer from distant friends of the cause who were unable to be present. Sentiments and responses interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, until the low-descending sun reminded us that the hour for separation drew nigh.

Of the toasts given, we have room only for the following, from Dr. R. T. Trall:

"May chignons and corsets, and frizzles and pugs,
Be banished from women, and sent to the bugs,
And the costume American, healthful and blessing,
Provide every fair one a sensible dressing."

Letters of sympathy and encouragement were read from Dr. R. T. Trall, Mrs. J. H. Severance, M. D., John W. Tyler, Esq., and others. From Mr. Tyler's letter we make the following brief extracts, remarking in so doing that Mr. Tyler is a native of this town, now practicing law in Painsville, Ohio.

Painsville, O., Aug. 29, 1870.

Mrs. S. L. O. ALLEN, *My Friend*: Your note inviting me to attend your annual Dress Reform Picnic is received. I thank you for your kind invitation, and wish it were possible for me to accept it. * * * But, whether I am able to be there or not, the cause, and you in your labors to hasten its final triumph, may stand assured of my heartiest sympathy and approval. This you may know, and may assure the friends who meet next week to honor themselves by honoring this honorable cause. My best wishes, my kindest greetings, my most earnest prayers, that good sense may triumph over fashion in the contest which that little lake shall mirror, are yours. * * * To you, the friends assembled at the lake I love, and to the spirit of the worthy cause, I send my greetings for the picnic day, and wish you each "God speed."

Yours for the good and true and beautiful that's in humanity, clothed upon with fitting dress and righteousness, the beautiful raiment of the pure body and the stainless soul.

JOHN W. TYLER.

A RECIPE.—To be a woman of fashion, is one of the easiest things in the world. A late writer thus describes it: "Buy everything you don't want, and pay for nothing you do; smile on all mankind but your husband; be happy everywhere but at home; hate the country, but adore the city; read novels, and neglect your children; and go to church every time you get a new shawl."

Answers to Correspondents.

DYSPEPSIA.—E. M. W. : “Dr. Trall—*Dear Sir*: Please inform me, through the REFORMER, what my disease is, and the proper treatment. I have severe pain in the back, with fainting spells, much headache, and general debility. Food does not digest well, although I have a good appetite. I do not eat meat, and live as hygienically as I can.”

Your description of your symptoms is too meager for us to know much about your case. You are more or less dyspeptic, with probably some affection of the kidneys, and possibly, uterine derangement. A tepid ablution twice a week, a hip-bath daily; and the wet-girdle occasionally, when there is local heat and pain, would be proper.

SUGAR AND BEES.—H. B. C. : “Will Dr. Trall explain, on the ground that sugar is not food, how it is that bees can live on it and thrive? The same is also true of ants and other forms of insect life, which are supposed to grow as man does, by cell aggregation.”

“Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason: Man is not a fly.”

However good or bad sugar may be for insect forms of life, as man is not an insect, that question does not apply to him. All forms of organic life grow by cell aggregation, yet the natural food of some creatures is very different from that of others. Some can live on offal and excrement; others are scavengers, and devour everything eatable; others are carnivorous, and eat only other animals; a higher grade of animals are herbivorous, and live on grasses, leaves, &c.; while the “highest animal” is frugivorous, and his proper food, fruits and seeds. This class is, we think, man.

“TURN OF LIFE.”—M. E. M. : As you do not succeed in managing your own case with the aid of “all the hydropathic publications,” you should go to a health institution. There is probably some complication that you are not aware of, which a competent physician would ascertain. We suspect there is some organic derangement connected with the menses.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—D. M. B. : Discontinue mush, milk, and sugar, using only plain, *solid* food, such as necessitates mastication. Take a hot-and-cold foot-bath at bedtime, wetting the head with cold water. Do not wear the head cap; but wet the head occasionally, leaving it thereafter uncovered.

PROFESSIONAL CONFIDENCE.—F. A. C. :

All conversation, disclosures, and matters of any kind, which are not proper for publicity, should always be regarded as strictly private and confidential between physicians and patients. This principle is recognized in all well-regulated health institutions.

HEART DISEASE.—R. O. S. : This affection probably does not exist in your case. The throbbing, intermittent pulse, palpitation, &c., are attributable to indigestion. Your circumstances will hardly admit of successful home treatment.

COLD BATHING.—S. N. P. : The temperature of baths cannot be prescribed thermometrically in the treatment of invalids. What is warm to one patient, may be tepid to a second person, cool to a third, and cold to a fourth. As a general rule, water is cold at 40° or below, and cool from 60° to 70°. But the sensations of the patient, as governed by the circulation, should always be regarded in administering baths for remedial purposes; and the feebler the patient, the more carefully should the temperature be made agreeable to his feelings.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE LIVER.—E. P. : The asthmatic symptoms of which you complain do not indicate any organic disease of the heart, nor primary disease of the lungs. Both the respiration and circulation are disturbed because the liver is so swollen from chronic congestion as to press upon the diaphragm, thereby constricting the cavity of the chest, and impeding the free action of the heart and lungs.

Butter, Sugar, Salt, and Allied Condiments.

DR. TRALL'S POSITION IRREFUTABLE.

HAVING seen some statements from mere fledgling students of the hygienic system of which Dr. Trall is the chief and irrefutable exponent, that imply a want of thought and consistency that can only be accounted for by childlike inexperience and unreasoning habit, it may not be amiss to recur to some phases of the general subject, indicated by the heading.

Ever since Liebig enunciated the absurd theory that alcohol and grease were respiratory foods—comparing the nutritive system of man to the process of producing force in a steam engine—venders of vile bitters, and concocters of greasy mixtures, from cod-liver oil to concentrated animal fat, butter, etc., have been loud in their appeals to, and applause

of, a false science, that is popular, simply and only because it conforms to depraved habits that are at war with hygiene and reason alike. And as it is well established that gustatory habits are usually depraved habits, it may generally be suspected that any system or philosophy that is popular with those addicted to gustatory pleasures, is simply false, in that it confirms them in their depraved vagaries. It is not natural for a cow to supply either butter or milk for human use; not as much so as it would be for an ox, or horse, or sheep, to rely upon milk for food after their teeth are full grown, and their bodies fully matured. Equally unreasonable is it to claim that animal milk, artificially served, can be reasonably used as human food. If any kind of milk can consistently be eaten or imbibed by human beings, of sufficient age to masticate their own food, certainly human milk, that produced by biped animals for biped animals, must be more consistently suitable than milk produced in radically different organizations.

Butter is a secondary product, resulting from the habit bipeds have of using the milk of quadrupeds; and the use of it has the same general tendency that is exhibited in the condition of the Esquimaux, who subsist chiefly on blubber. Variation in quantity does not change tendency, unless the properties of the substance have been chemically changed; and no chemical change takes place in it while the human stomach acts in a healthy, rational manner.

Moreover the use of all animal grease, or greasy mixtures, retards digestion, fills the system with indigestible refuse; and in a large class of instances, leads to consumption of alcoholic drinks and beverages, filling the land with inebriates, as secondary consequences of gormandizing from the use of condiments.

Sugar is a different form of carbon from butter; but quite similar in its loading effect, befouling the blood with refuse matter which is laid by in the form of fat, because so much in excess of the capacity of the emunctories and the lungs to discharge it from the vital organs. Alderman Mechi, of London, repeatedly proved by its alternate use and disuse, and his increase and reduction of weight in correspondence, that sugar merely tends to form fat. And he also found that, as we well know, fat adds to the labor of our muscles, by increasing their load, while impeding their free, healthy action, and in both ways impairing muscular strength, and the health and activity incident to the fullest muscular integrity. Habit may become second nature in a mere gusta-

tory or climatic sense; but never in adapting unnatural food to the human organism, simply for the reasons that both true food and a sound human organism are never changed from their original composition and organic form; organic substances alone constituting true, assimilable food.

In these remarks, I mean fully formed humans, or "human animals;" for, if it be excepted that babies are human, it is rejoined, "humans" subsisting on "baby food, are ergo babies."

In regard to salt, it must be said that in addition to its being absolutely indigestible, in even the least degree, it always is a great irritant, creating inflammatory action and consequent thirst in a high degree. And it needs no reasoning to prove that inflammatory action is wastefully exhaustive of human force and strength. It is equally evident that the unnecessary irritation and expenditure of force resulting from the use of salt, is at the cost of real food; *more* real food being required to sustain this inflammatory action, than is necessary when the system is not unnaturally inflamed.

Salt, strongly exciting thirst, as strongly leads to false modes of quenching thirstiness; and the use of salt as a condiment tends to gormandizing in a multitude of forms. And if we ascribe a large share of the licentious in all countries called civilized, to excessive indulgence in gustatory habits, and such merely sensual customs, we state what is so clearly evident, and easily traceable to gustatory habits, that it would be unreasonable to anticipate any serious objection to this conclusion.

Some years ago, rumer in her blind way, conspiring with ignorance, objected, in a blundering way, to the same teachings of Dr. Trall, because he was said not to be a very rich man; was not a great financier. According to my view, a great system of hygienic philosophy such as that of which the doctor is the chief and greatest exponent, and which he has done more than any and all others to develop and establish on its simple, natural, and impregnable basis of nature and truth, required not only many long years of laborious study, but also a deeply penetrating intellect, to expose the sophistries of its assailants, and completely vindicate its magnificent simplicity, and efficiency. He has beaten all assailants in logic,—proven by experience, and triumphantly established, a *complete* system of hygienic living, and hygienic treatment and cure of disease. To have done this, was more than a dozen ordinary men were equal to. To have

devoted most of his active life and means to achieving a result so beneficent in its effects, everlasting in its influence, broad in its scope, and grand in its simplicity, evinces a singleness and pureness of purpose, and a disregard of self-aggrandizement, which mere present-tense and local-minded financiers cannot comprehend. That childishness and selfishness should sometimes effect to doubt, or scoff at, what it does not understand, is not surprising. But his penetration of fallacy, his clearness and force of reasoning, and his far-seeing prediction of cause and consequences, stamp Dr. Trall as the greatest hygienic teacher of the present age. J. W. C.

Gentility and Refinement.

IN the perversion of words, there is a vast amount of vicious deceit. How it is, and why it is, that society of culture not only tolerates, but engages in, such a practice, is indeed marvelous. What can be more absurd, not to say vicious, than to empty a word of all its good meaning, and then employ it to cloak that identical vice which is the antipode of the virtue it originally named. And yet this is the very thing which is done, and that, too, on an extensive scale.

Take, for example, the first word heading our article. It is one of the derivatives of *gentle*, and can properly mean, as must its root and other cognate terms (*genteel* and *gentleman*), kind, docile, meek, etc. Nevertheless these words—especially the latter—are constantly employed as forged passes, to whitewash and conceal the most passionate, abusive, violent, and murderous men. No more is needed to prove this, than a base reference to the stereotype language of the challenges for duels. They universally demand *that* satisfaction which one *gentleman* always accords to another. That is, a gentleman, always on the occasion of an insult, implied or expressed, stands ready to aim with the most savage weapons, and be butchered by, or butcher, his antagonist! Should each be shot down as wolves or mad dogs, the affair is settled all the more in accordance with the dignity and the code of the gentleman!

The same was true of knight-errantry and chivalry, until Don Quixote ridiculed them out of countenance. To strike out in quest of savage murderous adventures was to give the highest evidence of the gentleman par excellence. As the more savage tribes of Indians give position and caste to their young men on the sole condition that they scalp a

number of their fellow-beings, so does our civilized (?) society crown with the honorable title of *gentleman* such as have been successful in slaughtering their fellows. Terrible as is the perversion of that gentle word, the logic in one aspect is faultless. It follows mathematically the rule of progression. As the killing of one foe is honorable, the slaying of vast numbers is so much the more so. The names of Alexander and Napoleon are enough to sustain this assertion. No man has been honored by France, the belle of modern nations, or applauded by the world, as this modern warrior and slaughterer of his race. The chief drawback to his gigantic prowess and fame, and which called forth a world of regret, was in the blunder of England when she sent him to an island, where his butchering had to stop. In doing so, that nation fell short of the chivalry belonging to gentlemen.

On the same perverseness of language and morals is the prevailing sentiment now concerning the savage conflict between France and Prussia. The French minister attempted to converse with the King of Prussia at a time and place not in strict accordance with his majesty's code of etiquette. The nation hears of it, construes it into an insult, and although William was disposed to pass it by, his subjects, it seems, demanded as a remedy, a *cornage* at which the infernal regions ought to stand aghast. Equal, if not greater, has been the absurdity and the guilt of France. With scarcely the shadow of an excuse, has she been the prime mover in wholesale murder, unprecedented in modern honor and *gentility*. It is to be hoped that as our nation is sending men to the scene of courage, to learn, if possible, more perfectly how to slaughter, the delegation will advise the combatants to follow the provisions of our treaty with Mexico; viz, To henceforth conduct all our bloody carnage strictly on "*Christian* principles." Who, then, can call in question our claim to being *gentlemen*, since Christ, the founder of the faith, was mild, gentle, and lamb-like, in all his ways.

In all soberness and candor, I ask if the time is not at hand when things should be called by their proper names. A butcher should not be called a tender shepherd, nor a warrior, a meek Christian. If one be indeed gentle, loving, forgiving, and praying for his enemies, then let him wear the lovely name of gentleman; while if he be by profession and practice a butcher of men, let him wear the title he has so dearly earned.

The same line of remark, I am sad to say, is applicable to the other term—refinement

—at the head of this writing. It means not merely *fine*, but more so, if not intensely so; and includes the whole man—mind and body. Hence, no one of an unsound, polluted body, can in any proper sense be called *refined*. The whisky bloat, the gouty glutton, the scrofulous pork-eater, and the filthy tobacco-user, can no more lay claim to refinement than the savage who sometimes devours the animal he slays, without dressing either inside or out.

While this would seem more disgusting than the same thing in gulping down oysters, the difference is merely in custom; since the latter is swallowed, stomach, bowels, excrement, and all; if possible, worse than the former. True, as to literature, and a disciplined intellect, the oyster-eater may excel; while, as to miserable health, and impurities of body, the twain are *one*.

It is well known that Gen. Scott died of gout, and that thousands of other men in the highest military and civil positions, are diseased by liquor, tobacco, and the most unhygienic and impure diet, finally dying, after being surcharged with the foulest drugs for days, weeks, and months. Even our most eminent literary men, including the ministers of the gospel, generally leave the world in and under the same mass of pollution.

Say not that this language is too harsh. It cannot be so if the facts are as stated. The man who eats bread of indigestible paste, seasoned with filthy yeast, soda, saleratus, sour milk, salt, &c., with fried pork, and nearly a dozen other articles no less unclean, and then concludes the repast with either wine or tobacco, or both, must be in a state of bodily pollution. His very breath is enough to prove this. The mind, being so internally connected with the body, and acting through the brain, its organ, must suffer with it and be polluted by it. Reason and Scripture unite in sustaining this assertion. Paul says, Rom. 12:1: "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Again, 1 Cor. 6:15: "Know ye not that your bodies are the members of Christ?" Also, verse 19: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" And in chapter 3:17, it is declared, "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy."

Were it needful, various other scriptures could be quoted to prove our obligation to keep our bodies pure, and that in polluting them we pollute our spirits. How, then, can we make the least pretensions of speaking

truth, and yet call a diseased, defiled person, refined?

A little investigation will prove, in a more direct way, that such a misnomer is a breach of the ninth commandment. The mind itself, like the body, can only be refined by obeying the laws of mental health. Any abnormal practice will put it into an abnormal state. Error, falsehood, enmity, strife, licentious thoughts, &c., must pollute, instead of refine, the mind. This is our own testimony in regard to the people we call unrefined. They are ignorant, superstitious, and burdened with error. Then, all ignorance, all credulity, and all error, go to disqualify such as are found thus involved, from well-founded claims to refinement. The Chinese, for instance, administer dead toads, snakes, worms, bugs, &c., to their sick, and we say truly that the practice is decidedly unrefined; while, as the N. Y. *Tribune* has shown, our administrations are equally filthy, and we call the process scientific and refined. The inconsistency, not to say absurdity, is manifest. Refinement excludes all effete matter, all poison, mentally as well as bodily. Hence, no class can be entitled to the honorable appellation, unless it can show a sound, pure mind in a sound, pure body. Even the ancients, without the light of the gospel, learned this so well that they indelibly stamped the truth in an adage; *Mens sana in corpore sano*—a sound mind in a healthy body—"the first and best wish which can present itself to a rational mind."

Hence we submit, 1. Whether all candid, truthful, persons, including, by all means, all clergymen, are not bound to call things by their proper names, nor any more call a violent man a gentleman, nor a sickly, immoral man, refined.

2. Whether it be not time that, to deserve the appellations of genteel and refined, we begin to do works meet for repentance, and really become so. Let all "anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, and filthy communication, be put away;" and let the things that are "true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report," be closely followed.

3. Let the idea that there is nothing now either unclean or common in the way of diet, be at once and forever discarded. It is not merely a perversion of Peter's vision, but a foul slander on the Bible and its Author. Our bodies are as sacred under the new, as any could have been under the old, dispensation, and pork is just as unclean. Hence, it is solemnly true that if any man defile his body, the temple of God, him shall God destroy.

W. PERKINS.

The Health Reformer.

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Health Reform.—No. 1.

ITS RISE AND PROGRESS AMONG SEVENTH-DAY
ADVENTISTS.

BY ELD. JAMES WHITE.

"I have many things to say unto you; but ye cannot bear them now." John 16: 12.

THE divine Son of God was a reformer. The Hebrews, to whom the great Teacher was sent, were well schooled in the services of the typical law, and were very tenacious for their formal observance, as well as for the observance of the traditions of the elders. They blindly clung to their services and traditions, and rejected their Redeemer. Could they have seen that the typical services, "which stood only in meats, and drinks, and divers washings, and carnal ordinances, imposed upon them until the time of reformation" (Heb. 9:10), were of no real value, only as they pointed to Christ; and could they have been ready to drop the shadow, and embrace the substance in him, the mission of the great Reformer might have been a blessing of infinite value to them, instead of sealing their doom.

Christ came to the Jews on a mission of love. In return, they hated him. He came to teach them the humble way of life and salvation. They, in their haughty pride, rejected his teachings. He would have tenderly and gently led them in the path of light. But they would not be led. In short, he would have reformed them, and made them right in the sight of Heaven. But they would not be reformed.

And still the divine soul of Christ bleeds for his people, who are lost because of their superstitious adherence to old customs, their self-righteousness, and their pride. From an eminence, he looks down upon their city, and its doomed people, and in accents of mournful tenderness, bewails their lost condition. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen

gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

Again, we see Jesus with his disciples, giving them that instruction which would best prepare their minds to meet future disappointments and trials. He opens the future before them, and leads them along, step by step, in the transition from the Jewish to the Christian faith, as they can bear it. "I have many things to say unto you," says this prudent Reformer to his disciples; "but ye cannot bear them now."

Every real reform, which is calculated to improve man's present condition, and which has a bearing on his future happiness, is under the direct providence of God. God's providence is his oversight of angels, men, and demons. The great cause of health reform is from Heaven. Though Jews, Turks, skeptics, Christians, or modern Judases, who would sell their Lord for money, may act a part in it, the reform, nevertheless, is of God.

It is with great pleasure that we view this matter, in a great measure, from a Bible standpoint. The Bible, to us, is the voice of Infinite Wisdom. And that good book contains a vast amount of testimony touching the great subject of health reform. Christian temperance is taught on almost every page of the New Testament. To us, the sacred Scriptures are the highest and the safest authority. Thank God for science. And twice thank him that, on the subject of hygiene, science and the word of God are in harmony.

Seventh-day Adventists have not felt safe in reposing in theories of the future life for salvation, or resting in the arguments alone that that immortal life was near. They have brought their hearts up before the realities of the near future, and have made the soon advent a matter of practical consideration. Now is the time to perfect the moral fitness necessary for the change of "our vile bodies" at that great event. The moral change must take place now, in order for the change to immortality, then.

It is not our object to plead the cause of Adventism in this journal. We have a weekly sheet for that purpose. But it seems

necessary, in carrying out our design in these articles, to show the bearing the Advent question has upon the health reform with us. For, admitting that we are living in that brief period divinely allotted to the work of preparation for the advent of the Son of God, and the change to immortality, how timely is the subject of health reform among us, changing false habits to Christian temperance and purity of soul, body, and spirit.

Please look at a photograph of the time of the patriarch Noah, and of our time, presented in Matt. 24:37-39: "But as the days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days that were before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be."

The great sins of the men and women of the Noatic world, when God poured around it a flood of waters and washed it of its moral pollutions, were drunkenness, gluttony, and the indulgence of sensuous pleasures. That which was intellectual, moral, and God-like, in man, was brought down to serve the animal appetites and passions. And we need not say that these are the leading sins of our time. Ours is emphatically the age of drunkenness, gluttony, vice, and crime.

And, thank God, in the midst of the moral filth and wretchedness of our time, there are those who feel the force of the divine warning—"And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting [gluttony] and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares." Luke 21:34.

And, even, heirship to God, and the glories of the future life, are on conditions that we come out from popular pollutions. Here is Pauline come-outism in harmony with hygiene. "Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty. Having therefore these

promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." 2 Cor. 6:17, 18; 7:1.

Would we be the adopted sons and daughters of the Almighty? Then we must come out from the soul-and-body-destroying excesses of this degenerate age, and perfect that holiness which consists in physical, as well as moral, cleanliness. Our God is the embodiment of purity. Heaven will be a very sweet place. The throne of Heaven, the tree of life, and the river of life, clear as crystal, will be charming, with their immortal purity. And why not those who view it but a little while to the ushering in of the day of immortal blessedness, feel unutterable longings for that purity of flesh and spirit necessary to be meet for the inheritance of the saints in light? No one should marvel, then, that Seventh-day Adventists are a denomination of health reformers.

Incidents by the Way.

ON a recent tour to Kansas, holding religious meetings, we stopped at Hamilton, Mo., and spoke to the people of that pleasant village several times, in Good Templars' Hall. Sunday, we spoke in the Methodist Episcopal house. Strange to say, of the four regular Sunday congregations of that place, all were deprived of the services of their regular speakers, in consequence of sickness or other causes. We had a good hearing. I spoke in the morning, and Mrs. W. in the afternoon.

By request, Mrs. W. consented to speak in the hall, in the evening, upon the subject of health reform. The place, the subject, and the time, was announced, and thirty minutes before the time, the hall was full also the starways, and a crowd stood in the streets. As we pressed our way into the hall, we observed that efforts were being made to make more seats around the speaker's stand, and on the stand. But these were filled at once, and many were destitute of seats.

A call was made for the Methodist church. The key was reported at a distance. Then a vote was taken. The people were divided,

—a part wished to remain, and a part arose to make a break for the church. They were called to order. Another effort was made for more seats. While this was in progress, a messenger reported the Methodist house open, and part of a congregation seated in it.

A call was made to divide the speakers. Dare not risk it, gentlemen, was my reply. Should not get my share of the hearers. At this, the people made another break for the stairway; and after the long tramp down two flights of stairs, made still more tedious by the usual detentions occasioned by stepping on the dragging skirts of long dresses, and then backing up, of course, in order to let these fashionable ladies loose again, we found ourselves in the street, making good headway toward the Methodist house. The house was at once filled.

Mrs. W. spoke eighty minutes, to a very attentive audience. The impression was decidedly good. At about nine o'clock, the crowd was dismissed. Mrs. W. spoke the following evening on the same subject, in the hall, to an attentive audience. And thus our labors closed for the present in the pleasant village of Hamilton, Mo.

The following day, we undertook a visit with the recently bereaved family of Mr. Van Slike. A kind friend let us have his horses and farm wagon to go about three miles, to the place of our intended visit. We progressed finely about two miles, when we came to a long, deep body of mud extending to each of the road fences. We followed the latest track into the mud, until the horses could struggle on no longer, and they both fell into the deep, soft mud. We were now about in the middle of the mud, with doubtful prospect of getting out of it.

After deliberating upon our difficulties and prospects, we ventured out upon the wagon pole, loosed the horses from each other in front, then retreated to the wagon, loosed the horses from it, and applied the whip to the poor mud-bound horses, who struggled out upon dry land, leaving Mrs. W. and self several rods behind, seated in the wagon which was fast in the center of a small ocean of mud.

Our escape, without sharing a similar fate

with the poor muddy brutes who now stood drying themselves in the sun, for a while appeared doubtful. Finally, all other hopes failing, I decided to run out upon the pole of the wagon, and then, with the momentum already gained, tread lightly and rapidly to dry land. Succeeded finely.

And now to get Mrs. W. off, must be the next effort. We tried to pull fence boards with which to make a bridge; but they were too fast to the oak posts. But while considering what next could be done, she proposed venturing out upon the pole of the wagon, and making her way over the mud as I had done. I came as near as the deep mud would admit, and reached a hand, which Mrs. W. succeeded in joining, and we were soon safe on dry land. Blessings upon the short dress.

It was next decided that the visit must be given up, and that we must return to the village of Hamilton. But the wagon was fast in the mud, and the horses were on the wrong side of the abyss; so we left all, climbed the fence, entered the field till the road was good, and walked back two miles, leaving the job of getting the horses and wagon back across the mud, to those more accustomed to the business.

JAMES WHITE.

Battle Creek, Nov. 10, 1870.

Creatures of Circumstance.

WHILE riding in the cars from Indianapolis to St. Louis, on our way to Kansas, a Chicago infidel, in conversation with my husband, asserted that he had no confidence in the Bible record. He believed that there was a God; but to charge upon him the evil that was seen in our world, made God to be a tyrant, in causing the misery of the beings he had created. He stated that we were creatures of circumstance. In a short time, three little girls, ranging from six to eleven years, came running by us. They were very pale. One of them in particular arrested my attention. She was very beautiful; yet disease was upon her, and, in my judgment, she was a victim of consumption.

These little girls were dressed according to the fashions of this age. Their dresses reached only to the knee, and their limbs were unclothed, except by thin cotton stockings and thin, laced morocco shoes. Their dresses were trimmed tastefully, at the cost of money and

time, and yet the bloom of health was absent.

The mother of the pale-faced child seemed anxious in regard to her, fearing she would take cold and "have one of those dreadful coughing spells." I said to the infidel, pointing to the children, These are indeed creatures of circumstance. No doubt the mother is lamenting the providence of God in thus afflicting her precious child, but does not dream that herself is at fault for the poor health of her children. She is controlled by fashion; and as the result, her children are sufferers. Look at the tight-fitting waists of the dresses of these children. It is impossible for their lungs to have full action. The heart and liver cannot do their work, thus compressed. These children cannot take a full inspiration of air. Then look at their limbs, unclad except by the slight covering of cotton stockings. Over the vital organs are placed four or five coverings, while the limbs, remote from the great wheel of life, are left exposed. The air chills the limbs, and the life-current is driven back from its natural course, and the limbs are robbed of their proportion of blood. The blood which should be induced to the extremities, by their being properly clad, is thrown back upon the internal organs. There is too much blood in the head. The lungs are congested, or the liver is burdened. By interrupting the circulation of the blood, the entire system is deranged. More die as the result of following fashion, than from all other causes. That child will soon die, and the mother will probably bewail the providence of God which has robbed her of her treasure. The child is robbed of vitality in consequence of the inexcusable ignorance and vanity of the mother. She has probably been so busy in dressing her daughters to keep pace with fashion, that she has had no time to inform herself what course she should pursue to preserve to her daughters the best condition of health. Creatures of circumstance, in every sense of the word.

The course parents generally pursue toward their children, while in their teens, is doing more to undermine their constitutions than any other thing. And then, when their course is followed by the sure result, dyspepsia, with its train of evils, and consumption, sapping away the life-forces, the parents bewail the dispensation of Providence, in robbing their children of health and life. It is a sin for mothers to remain in ignorance in regard to the physical organism, and the proper manner of dressing and feeding their children. They should become intelligent upon this important subject.

The Lord has formed the limbs and feet with large nerves and large veins to contain a large portion of blood, that the limbs that are remote from the vital organs may be as warm as other portions, and thus the circulation of the blood be equalized. The heart is laboring to throw the blood to the extremities, but fashion, in clothing children, robs the limbs of their portion of blood, and the vessels contract, so that they cannot contain the proper amount of blood. Therefore the limbs and feet become habitually cold, and congestion of some of the internal organs is the result.

You should clothe the limbs of your girls as warmly as you do your boys', thus inducing the blood to the extremities. They should be clothed with warm, lined pants, meeting the instep. In no case should the pants be formed so as to be pulled up out of sight by the children, leaving any part of their limbs exposed. I inquire, Is it reasonable, or even modest, to see the limbs of your daughters exposed, to the bend of the knee, without any covering, except a cotton stocking in summer, and flannel, in winter? Why should not mothers clothe their daughters sensibly, modestly, and healthfully, irrespective of prevailing fashions? Your children are what you make them by your own instruction and example. You are teaching them to be creatures of circumstance, by dressing them according to the customs and fashions of the day. As the result, you see them with minds querulous, peevish, ill-balanced, and they lacking physical, mental, and moral strength. Many die prematurely. Mothers, do not charge the result of your cruel work to Providence. You can, by properly instructing your children in regard to the relation their own habits of eating, dressing, and exercise, sustain to health, make them, not children of circumstance, but of God's gracious providence. The course professed Christians generally pursue, in following fashion irrespective of health and of life, brings upon them a train of evils which they charge back upon Providence, and place arguments in the mouths of infidels, wherewith to assail Christianity.

ELLEN G. WHITE.

"I SUPPOSE," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient who reluctantly submitted to solicit his advice, "I suppose you think me a bit of a humbug?" "Sir," gravely replied the sick man, "I was not aware until now that you could so readily discover a man's thoughts by feeling his pulse."

Physiological Uses of the Mustache.

THE wearing of a mustache is considered by many as an incumbrance; by others it is condemned as unseemly; and others, retaining some of the old Puritan notions in their minds, reject it as being sacriligious. I shall not in this short article speak as to its beauty artistically, nor will I acknowledge the German proverb, that "A kiss without a mustache, is like an egg without salt;" but its use will be physiologically reviewed.

A few years since, it was considered as highly important that something might be offered to workmen who were exposed while pursuing their usual avocations, to the breathing of fine metallic particles or dust, which constantly fill the atmosphere of the workshop, and which have frequently produced fatal results. Various temporary expedients were resorted to; many were quite expensive, and were beyond the reach of the majority. The enumeration of these contrivances is unnecessary here, for they are all familiar to the workmen, and have all proved ineffectual. How extraordinary that the use of the mustache as a preventive of a great part of this evil, should have escaped their notice. The mustache may truly be called nature's respirator. Even the dust of the streets of any large city, if inhaled, is deleterious to health, and many diseases are known to have had their origin from no other cause. There can be no doubt that the mustache, and the hairs that grow in the nostrils, were designed by nature to remedy the mischief—to form a defense against the admission of dust. They serve as guardians to the delicate membranes of the nose.

Among the various persons who are liable to these atmospheric vicissitudes, we may name the following, who are by no means the only ones liable to undergo its influences: Employers in cotton factories draw in, while breathing, portions of the material used, which detaches itself by the peculiar process employed in its manufacture, in the form of dust or microscopic flakes. Painters suffer much from the effluvia of the oils, turpentine, &c. Upholsterers suffer by the dust produced from hair, moss, and other articles used in their business. Masons endure great inconveniences in pulling down partitions, thereby inhaling the dust from plaster. Carpenters should avoid the fine dust of saw-mills and minute shavings. Tailors, carpet manufacturers, and weavers generally, must draw into their lungs a large quantity of linen, woolen, silk and cotton fibers. Rope-makers suffer from the dust of hemp and flax.

Manufacturers in tobacco suffer from the fine dust of the narcotic poison. Employers in spice mills inhale the dust from those seeds. Stone cutters inhale particles of earthy substances and small stony grains. Brush-makers inhale the dust which arises from the bristles. Grooms inhale a large quantity of ammoniacal gas, generated in the stables. Glue and bone boilers are subject to the inhalation of decomposed animal refuse. Tallow-chandlers are exposed to the odor of offensive animal matter. Paper-stainers suffer terribly from the effects of the chemicals employed. Tanners, from the vapor of putrefying skins, combined with the smell of lime. Millers, from breathing an atmosphere loaded with particles of flour. Maltsters are exposed to much dust, particularly in the grinding and drying departments. Paper-makers, from the dust arising from rag-cutting. Braziers are subject to the noxious exhalations from the solder. Copper-smiths are considerably affected by the scales which arise from the imperfectly volatilized metal. Tin-smiths are subject to fumes from muriate of ammonia. Plumbers are exposed to the volatilized lead. Potters suffer much from the lead in glazing. Chemists are continually exposed to various odors, and the evolution of gases; &c., &c., &c.

In looking at the miracles of science and art; in looking at the beautiful fabrics of the loom, the hammer, the graver, or the needle, we may forget these pestilential diseases incident to the industrious. All these workmen are exposed to the fatal effects of their necessary occupation. The mustache arrests these stray particles, more or less. The prejudice of many against wearing the mustache is fast giving way to a proper appreciation of its use—defending the lungs against the inhalation of dust to laborers in dusty trades.

The hair being a bad conductor of heat, the mustache therefore serves another important object—that of equalizing the temperature of the air we breathe through the nostrils. Sudden changes of cold are not felt. Many a bronchial affection may be prevented by allowing the mustache to grow. I do believe that there is as much folly in the disposition and parade of this appendage as in the use of any other article of factitious adornment; but, on the other hand, there are sanitary reasons why it should not be indiscriminately condemned.

It is said that the late Emperor of France was as proud of his mustache as of his imperial title. The same may be said of many in this country who hold civil office. The

earnest desire to sport a mustache, so common to young men, usually leads them to use advertised nostrums. All of these are utterly worthless. Some of them are harmless, but, of many, even this cannot be said. We distinctly warn against the use of any of them.

Finally, if you would maintain an equal temperature for the air before its passage to the lungs, thereby cheating bronchitis and consumption; if you would protect yourselves from breathing steel, brass, cotton, and powdered stones; if you would, in some degree, filter out all noxious chemical vapors, fumes of copper, arsenic, sulphurous acid, &c.; if you would breathe the pure air of heaven, and maintain your health, **LET YOUR MUSTACHE GROW.**

VALENTINE HAMMANN.

New York City.

NOTE.—It may be asked why women are not provided with mustaches, if so necessary to health. We reply that the occupation of women seldom demands any continuous employment productive of dust, &c., with some very rare exceptions. But the objection in no manner destroys their palpable utility in the masculine sex. It must have been a brute who wrote, when asked why women are beardless:

“How wisely nature, ordering all below,
Forbade a beard on woman's chin to grow!
For how could she be shaved (what'er the skill),
Whose tongue would never let her chin be still?”

Random Thoughts.

HYGIENE—HYGIENISTS.

WHAT'S in a word? Almost everything; almost nothing. Custom so handles, manipulates, and applies (rather *misapplies*) words that one has first to learn the habits, usages, &c., of society, to understand the meaning of their language. Language in this age is most fearfully abused and misapplied. It is used without any reference to its real meaning, or what it really expresses. Circumstances, sometimes, demand a neologism, and the wants of such are strongly felt in this age of rapid advancement in science, physics, and philosophy.

While cogitating lately upon this subject, my mind reverted to the two words that head this article—words that are oftener misapplied, and their real meaning more perverted, than any other two in the language. And this is especially true as regards those who use these words the most flippantly and frequently. Were I not aware of their *true* import, I should often feel insulted at their being ap-

plied to me, or used in connection with my name, or the names of those whom I respect. In their universally applied sense, what do they mean? Anything; everything. The former, lexicographically considered, means, “That department of medical science which treats of the preservation of health; a system of principles and rules designed for the promotion of health.”—*Webster*. Practically considered, it means:

a. Anything and everything that can be mixed, mused, concocted, and conjumbellated to eat.

b. Sink-holes, cess-pools, privies, piggaries, henneries, horse-stables, cow-sheds, slaughter-houses, bone-boiling factories, &c.

c. Rot-gut, impure water—the more impure, the more hygienic.

d. Public prostitutes, concubines, gratification of lust, &c.

These, the learned “regular” professive has been pleased to denominate conservators, promoters, and conducers to health—the elements of hygienic.

The second word is now exclusively applied to a certain class. I am in want of a generic term to apply to them, by which they may be recognized. Philosophically, scientifically, morally, or lexicographically, seven-eighths who claim the name, have no right to it. The name stands to-day in disrepute. Why? Simply because it is misapplied. Because it is prostituted. The world cannot judge of hygienists aright, for the very good reason that we have no standard. And until we have, we must not expect the intelligent to turn their attention to our basic principles. Just look, for instance, to those who are calling themselves, and are being called, hygienists. The greater portion of them live less in accordance with nature than thousands of the non-professing. They imagine that to make a tirade upon society on account of its (society's) habits, growl and snarl because the world is not just what they want, and sigh for the good old time when men used to dig a hole in the ground with their hands to shield themselves from the elements, constitutes hygienic living. They forget the advice of the Great Reformer, to pick the mote out of their own eye first.

I am well aware that the discussion of this theme will excite the ire and envy of many; perhaps, the malice of some. That is just the point I desire. But some will say, “We must pass these things over in silence. Reformers are few, and we want the conjoint operation of all.” To all such I would say, count me out on that score. I would far

rather go it alone. One genuine reformer is effective of more good than all the mongrels you can count in a week. Fred Douglas has lately expressed this idea in his late reply to the members of the Big Bethel in Philadelphia. In speaking of the lukewarm, tardy manner in which the church handled the slavery question, he says, "One live, earnest abolitionist was a greater terror to slave-holders, than a camp-meeting full of preachers." I respect the person who is opposed to me—opposed because he does not believe as I believe. But they who know the truth, and will not, *dare not*, act for fear of Madam Grundy, I hold considerably below par. I respect the rum-seller more than I do the community who makes his nefarious traffic respectable by throwing around him the protection of the statute for a few paltry dollars. The cause is to-day suffering because of its many professing friends. The more agitation the better. They who fear agitation, put me in mind of the saying, "There is something rotten in Denmark." There are those to-day "in high places," who utterly fail to comprehend the true principles of hygiene. Need we wonder at the multitudes of short-minded reformers, when those who pretend to represent and teach are deficient in the necessary requirements? Need we wonder that there are too few true hygienists? Never will it be otherwise till a vast change takes place. Not until all the professed teachers are sound, and thoroughly conversant with the A, B, Cs, of the system; not until the reform press recognizes it to be its duty to ventilate mongrel institutions, renegade physicians, lecturers, and teachers, and acts accordingly; not until all *true reformers* publicly purge their ranks, let principle be their polar star, and keep the helm "hard up."

And this brings me to the question, Who are hygienists? If we take nature for our standard of measurement, qualification, &c., the question is easily and effectually answered: *Those who live in accordance with natural law.* Perhaps that needs qualifying, as some may be inclined to view the matter metaphysically. Viewed in this latter light, in this age there could not be any such condition as hygienic. Practically stated, those who live as near to known natural law as circumstances will permit, in relation to air, light, temperature, water, food, clothing, and social relations. Viewed in the light of the scientific knowledge of the age, the most muddled of these relations is, food and air. We have here most truly a muddlesome muddle; and the greatest muddle about it is, that it is denominated hygiene. Not wishing to

review this division of the subject at length in this article, I will only refer to what passes under this name, that has been scientifically settled as contrary to natural law. As regards air, I spoke concerning it in the August No. of the REFORMER. At this time of writing, I will refer to the others:

1. Milk toppers, overgrown calves, who live so beautifully in harmony with natural law as to keep a cow pregnant nearly all the time, that they may cultivate the calf principle in themselves.

2. Meat-eaters, who love to take into their systems what physiologists denominate as one of the most deadly of poisons, the broken-down cell tissue, the effete matter, if you please. Ah! methinks I see you squirm about the epigastric region. Never mind, you have consolation in the fact that some hygienist told you it was good for you—"hygienic for you."

3. Those who take a little home-made wine for their stomach's sake; Christian (?) toppers. They who swallow the drunkard's drink, liquid damnation, under the cover of "home-made;" "just a little fermented." The victims of morbid conscientiousness, and depraved aquativeness.

4. Fine-flour-bread eaters; they who have such delicate inwards "that the brown stuff would scratch."

5. Those who make use of rotteness in their dietary; rotting milk, generally known by that mild appellation, sour; and other putrifactive, fermenting substances. I cannot see how rotten milk is any more hygienic than rotten eggs. Will some user of such inform me? Education may make us feel differently about them, but science places them in the same category, as unfit for food.

6. The use of inferior grains, fruits, vegetables. There are hundreds of hotels that set a more hygienic (less unhygienic) table than some hygienic institutes that I know of.

7. The users of conglomerate mixtures, illustrated in Mrs. Dr. Dodds' late article in the REFORMER.

There are a few points that want ventilation. Let those who uphold such, come out like men and women and defend their position, or, for the sake of poor, perverted, depraved, diseased humanity, do not seek shelter under the folds of hygiene.

THOS. W. DEERING, M. D.

Lawrence, Kan.

HE who is not willing to fill a place he is fitted for, will find no place fitted for him.

Dressing Girls, and "Tyrannical Husbands."

THE present mode of dressing children, especially girls, I regard as an outrage upon common sense, a violation of the laws of life and health, and a disgrace to a civilized people. Look yonder on the street, and see those little girls bracing against the wind—snow to their ankles, dresses to their knees—their little, delicately-molded limbs exposed to an atmosphere with the thermometer standing at zero, and protected only by a closely fitting stocking. It is really too bad.

"Why, they have drawers on." Drawers! How can you tell? You can't see them. If they have any, they are ashamed to come down in sight, or otherwise are so thin that they have gone up to prevent being blown away. Why, Mr. Editor, there is not a man in the Union that would stand that mode of dress fifteen minutes! He would come howling back into the house, before he was fairly out of it, and order the camphor bottle to be applied to his calves forthwith. Yet that same man will allow his little girls to go to school, day after day, but little more than half clad, rather than interfere with what he calls his wife's "notions of dress," or for fear some one will write him down a "tyrannical husband."

Methinks I hear some feminine exclaiming, "It ain't man's business; it's the woman's business to see to that matter!"

But if *they* wont do it, then whose business is it? Should a father be indifferent to the welfare of his children? We believe, too, that it is the woman's business; and more, we believe every mother who sends her girls out these cold, wintry days, clad after the prevailing fashion, knows she is sacrificing the health and happiness of her children; yet she does not see to it, but continues to do it rather than make innovations. I would say, therefore, The time is come when every man (and woman, too, if she will) who has a quire of paper and bottle of ink, should sit down and use it up in writing down this girl-killing practice—first setting the example themselves by dressing their own children as they should be.

Perhaps the readers of the *Western Rural* would like to know how I manage, or rather, how *we* manage. "Winter is coming on," says Mrs. T., and the children will require some warmer clothes, especially Libbie, who will soon commence going to school. She will require a new pair of gaiter boots, to be gin with."

"I think, wife, that tall boots would be

better for Libbie, as she is not very rugged yet, having inherited, as you are aware, rather a delicate constitution."

Tall boots? Why, you do not mean regular boys' boots, do you?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Who ever heard the like? The idea is ridiculous! How it would look! it would look! Every child in school would laugh at her! I would n't think of such a thing."

"But, wife, would not her feet be dryer? and her ankles and limbs warmer? Would it not tend to promote better health? Would she not be less likely to take cold?"

"Perhaps so; but then, only think of it—boys' boots on a girl!"

"Why, no, wife; they would be girl's boots."

"Well, now, there is no use talking; the thing is ridiculous!"

Ye wise ones, tell me how this matter should have been settled. I well knew it was for the health and happiness of my child to wear tall boots. Mrs. T. knew so, too; but would waive such grave considerations because it was not fashionable. So there we stood, face to face, but could not agree. If I yielded, I sacrificed the health of my child. Mrs. T. would not yield; for "it was *ridiculous!*" If I said it must be as I wished, I could not expect less than that Jennie T. Hazen would write me down in the next *Western Rural* as a "tyrannical husband." What was to be done? What was right? Pray tell.

But while you are thinking it over, I will tell you how it was settled. Finding that we were likely to stand there all night, unless something was done, I suddenly, at the risk of falling into Jennie's hands, fell back upon that universally acknowledged fact that every perfectly organized body *must have a head*, and straightening myself up to the full height of a man who is, or ought to be, the head of the family, I quietly, but firmly, said, "*The boots must be tall.*"

I suppose this announcement was something like an earthquake to Mrs. T.; though there was no screaming or fainting; but oh! the vituperations that followed for a moment! Then came the "last word," and the curtain fell. That's the way we managed the first scene.

After the boot question was disposed of, dresses had to be considered.

"I suppose," said Mrs. T., "you will be suggesting long dresses next, because more healthy."

"I think *material* has more to do with health in this cold climate than *length* of

dresses. What do you suggest, wife, as suitable?" "Something warm, of course; good flannel or winsey—something that will be warm, and wear well."

"Exactly my opinion; something warm and durable. It may cost a little more at first, but will be cheaper in the "long run."

"How many yards will it require? Let us make an estimate of what it will cost."

"Well, I can hardly tell; I suppose it will take four yards for Libbie a dress."

"Will four yards be all she will require for dress and drawers?"

Oh! horror! Had you seen that look!

"Drawers! What do you mean? You won't suggest drawers of the same material as her dress, surely."

"Why not?"

"Why, man, you're crazy! Drawers are always white. What a ridiculous figure our Libbie would cut, indeed, going to school with drawers of the same color and material as her dress!"

"But, wife, we should consider what is best for health and for comfort. I know white drawers are very becoming, and are well suited to warm, summer weather, but are not sufficiently warm and comfortable for our long, cold winters. My idea is, that drawers for winter should be made of material as thick and warm as the dress; not necessarily of the same material, as that would be merely a matter of fancy; that they should be cut long, and come quite down to the ankles—perhaps being gathered into a band at the bottom, would improve their appearance, and make them differ somewhat from boys' pants."

As soon as I had finished speaking, I looked around for Mrs. T.'s approval. After looking me fair in the face, she said,

"Are you really in earnest?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Why, John, I am astonished! I don't know what to say to you!"

"Do n't say anything."

"But I must; who ever heard the like of this? Only think of our little girl's going to school with such drawers on, and down to her ankles. Horrible! I won't hear to it; that's what I won't. I would n't dare to appear on the street; for I should expect everybody I met would be laughing at me for sending Libbie to school looking in that manner. We might as well dress her in boys' clothes, and make a boy of her at once."

"But it would n't do it if we did, wife; besides, I like girls best."

"I can't see why you should joke about it. I feel more like crying than laughing.

But there is one thing: I never will consent to any such fixings, say what you like."

"But," said I, "you will admit that such drawers would be warm and comfortable, and better calculated to promote good health."

"Of course, they would be warmer; but she has not far to go to school. Other girls do not wear such horrible things, and why should she? I wish to have my girl look as well as other girls."

"It should be our wish to promote her good health, even more than her good looks."

"You are so unreasonable, I will not talk with you. I say again, I never will consent to any such dress!"

What was to be done? Was I to yield this, to my mind, all-important point? I knew the health of our child required our careful attention—that everything possible should be done that would tend to build up her physical constitution. Mrs. T. admitted that such drawers would be warmer, but opposed them merely on account of their appearance, and because they were not according to the prevailing mode. What, then, was the right—what was duty? Who will tell what a kind husband (not a tyrannical one) should have done under such circumstances?

But first, let me tell you what I did. I said, "Wife, it appears that on this important point we shall never agree; therefore we must consent to disagree by letting *the drawers be long!*"

Dear reader, it will do you no good to know what followed this announcement. Suffice it to say that material was purchased for dress and drawers alike, and made with drawers long, reaching the ankle, being gathered into a band, something after the "Bloomer Costume," which is better calculated for children than adults; and on the day appointed, our little Libbie, then six years old, started for school. That's the way we managed the second scene.

Four years have passed away. That little girl, of a delicate and tender constitution, has grown quite rugged and strong, and still continues to wear tall boots and long drawers. Mrs. T., though still somewhat unwilling to admit that it looks well, readily grants that it is more economical, and saves a great deal of washing.

But I have more to tell you yet. During the four years, that little girl has never missed a day at school. True, the distance is only one-quarter of a mile; but, summer or winter, hot or cold, wet or dry, she has always been found in her class; and, though possessing only ordinary abilities, she has carried off more first prizes than any scholar

in her several classes. So much for steady attendance; and all for tall boots and long, warm drawers, backed up by a "tyrannical husband!"

What think you of that? ye bare-legged, white-drawered doll-babies, who do not attend school one-half of the time on account of colds, coughs, croup, headaches, and numberless other ills! What think you of that? ye fashion-serving, health-destroying, misery-making mothers, and ye fearfully-indifferent fathers! Awake to duty and your children's welfare, and sin no longer! Clothe your children according to the season—dress them in harmony with the common-sense laws of life and health, and they will grow up to bless you a thousand times over.

Mr. Editor, tell Jennie to lend that sharp pen of hers for a month to some neighbor who does not write for the *Western Rural*.—*J. H. Thomas.*

Dieting.

SOME persons eat themselves to death, others diet themselves to death. When a man is sick he is weak, and concludes that, as when he was well he ate heartily and was strong, if he now eats heartily he will become strong again. Well-meaning, but ignorant friends are of the same opinion, and their solicitations to eat become one of the greatest annoyances of a sensible invalid. Nature purposely takes away the appetite under such circumstances, and makes the very sight of food nauseating. A sick man is feeble; this feebleness extends to every muscle of the body, and the stomach, being made up of a number of muscles, has its share of debility.

It requires several hours of labor for the stomach to "work up" an ordinary meal; and to give to it that amount of work to do, when it is already in an exhausted condition, is like giving a man, worn out by a hard day's work, a task which shall keep him laboring half the night.

Mothers are often much afraid that their daughters will hurt themselves by a little work, if they complain of "not feeling very well;" and yet if such daughters were to sit down to dinner and shovel in enough provender for an elephant and a plowman, it would be considered a good omen and the harbinger of convalescence. A reverse of such procedure would restore multitudes of ailing persons to permanent good health; namely, to eat very little for a few days; eat nothing but coarse bread and ripe fruits, and work about the house industriously; or, what is bet-

ter, exercise in the open air for the greater part of the day, on horseback, in the garden, or walking through the woodland or over the hills for hours at a time. Objectless walks, and lazily lolling in carriages, are little better than nothing.—*Sel.*

Keep Cheerful.

THE majority of mankind need no caution against overwork. Where work kills one, the want of work kills ten, the fires of passion consume twenty, sinful indulgence destroys fifty. In cases where work seems to undermine health, it is not so often that the labor is too much, as the faulty way in which it is done, the spirit in which it is performed. Labor, to be permanently endurable, must be healthy; that is, it must be adapted to the mental and physical capacities of the worker, and especially if brain labor, it must be pleasing. It must not be allowed to trench upon sleep, to interfere with the regular and deliberate taking of food, nor prevent a proper amount of recreation and exercise. Those who write upon this subject, rarely look beyond the surface of the matter. Dyspepsia is traced to hasty meals and want of exercise; softening of the brain, to excessive thinking, and so on. Why the meals are hasty, or the brain overtaxed, seems to escape notice.

The healthiest men we know are those who do not work the hardest, but do the most work. There is no paradox about this. Every business man sees among his employes examples of men who work hard, yet accomplish but little; others who easily accomplish much. How is this to be explained? Much is attributable to the want of system on the part of the inefficient; more, to the want of the proper spirit. Nervous irritability is the greatest weakness of American character. It is the sharp grit which aggravates friction and cuts out the bearings of the human machine. Nine out of every ten men we meet are in a chronic state of annoyance. The least untoward thing sets them into a state of ferment.

The machinist, when he finds his machinery squeaking, applies the oil; if the bearings have become so hot as to endanger the works, he stops and allows them to cool. The human machine should be treated in like manner. It should be kept well oiled and cool. Good humor is what will keep digestion perfect and the brain from softening, while it will, at the same time, keep the heart from hardening.

We know a man who does, daily, an

amount of work, the mere contemplation of which would give some of our nervous friends a fit of hysterics. We have seen his desk loaded down, before he arrived at his office, with a mass of matter which would have made our neighbor Stew-and-fret turn three shades more sallow than is his wont, if it did not bring on an attack of jaundice outright. He did not go into hysterics, nor get bilious; he only laughed a good hearty laugh at the good joke of supposing one good-humored pair of hands could get through with such a stack of business in a single day. And then, to turn the joke from himself, he went at it, put it all through in good style, and had his hearty laugh again, at the end of it, and went home self-satisfied and content. No danger of his getting dyspeptic, or of his brain's softening; he keeps his machinery oiled. He is not one of those described by Hood,

Morbid, all bile and verjuice and nerves;
Where other people would make reserves,
He turns his fruit into pickles.

He will outlive two such, and do the work of four. His sleep will always be blest with the golden dreams that make men awake hungry.—*Scientific American.*

A Stage-Driver and Whisky.

THE other day, while riding in a stage, I asked the driver if he did not become very cold in the winter, while driving over the windy prairies. He said, No, he kept comfortable, while some of his passengers would often get very cold, freeze their feet, hands, &c. I asked why this was, and he said it was because he drank only cold water, while those who became so cold, used liquor. This would keep them warmer for a short time, and then they would become more sensitive to cold than before drinking it. When starting on a cold morning, they would take their liquor, and he, his cold water. They would nearly freeze, while he was comfortable. This is a good testimony to cold water.

D. M. CANRIGHT.

"Killed to Save Life."

WHILE in an important city in Kansas, recently, I saw a man killing a couple of hogs, and asked him why he did not keep them till later in the season? He replied that he had just lost a very fine hog, and two or three pigs—died with cholera or trichina—and fearing the loss of the others, had killed, and intended to salt them down for his own use. Who would like to eat pork at that man's table?

G.

Items for the Month.

On returning from the West, we find both editors out of their chairs. The editor of our weekly has been down with fever, and is now in Rochester, N. Y. "W. C. G." has been sick with fever more than two weeks. This is the reason of the delay of this month's REFORMER.

J. W.

The Paster.

By this we mean that little orange piece of paper pasted on the front edge of the first leaf of the cover of the REFORMER, on which is printed the subscriber's name, and the volume and number to which the subscriber has paid. Our subscribers should fully understand this matter, and know how their account stands, and always comply with the terms of the REFORMER—"Price \$1.00 in advance, per volume of twelve numbers."

"In advance" means that when you subscribe for the REFORMER, you should pay \$1.00, or more, as you please; and then, as soon as you have received all the numbers of the REFORMER your money paid for, send us the amount for another year or more. In this way, your pay is in advance all the time. When you fall behind, and get in debt to the REFORMER, you do not comply with the terms of this journal, and you deprive the publishers of the use of capital which they need in their business.

But there are some who say that they do not understand the figures following their names on the pasters. For their information, we make the following simple statement.

This REFORMER is Vol. 5, No. 5, as you will see printed at the top of the first page of the cover. The figures following your name on the paster, show the Vol. and No. to which you have paid. Compare the figures on the paster with the volume and number on the first page of the cover, and you will at once see how your account stands. Never let the figures on the paster be lower than those on the cover of the REFORMER. When money is received for the REFORMER, the figures on the paster are changed, which is a sufficient acknowledgement of the receipt of the money. Subscribers will please watch for the change of the figures, as we give no other receipts.

The Health Reformer's Progressive Cook Book and Kitchen Guide, just issued from this Office, is meeting with a very rapid sale. It is published in pamphlet form, 80 pp. 12mo., and contains a large variety of cooking recipes, together with directions for canning fruit, &c.

Price 15 cts., postage 2 cts. Agents wanted.