

The Health Reformer.

OUR PHYSICIAN, NATURE: OBEY AND LIVE.

VOL. 7.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JUNE, 1872.

NO. 6.

THE HEALTH REFORMER

IS ISSUED MONTHLY BY

The Health Reform Institute,
BATTLE CREEK MICHIGAN.

JAMES WHITE, : : : : EDITOR.

Terms: ~~\$2~~ One Dollar per Year, invariably in Advance.
Address HEALTH REFORMER, Battle Creek, Mich.

SOWING.

Spring is on the mountain,
Verdure on the hill,
Laughing from the fountain,
Springs the silver rill;
Modest flowers are blooming
On the velvet mead,
All the air perfuming—
Brother, sow thy seed.

Sunlight soft and cheering
Gilds the southern cloud,
Forms of love appearing,
On the vision crowd;
Glowing truths around us
That we all may read,
Thrilling voices whisper,
"Mortal, sow thy seed."

Sow, while smiling nature
Woos thy earnest toil,
Ere the blaze of summer
Dries the genial soil;
Autumn-time is coming,
With its shadows drear,
Faded flowers and frost winds
Crown the waning year.

Sow, with patient waiting,
God will send the rain,
And the genial sunshine
Swells the springing grain.
But whate'er thou sowest
Autumn will mature,
Promises of harvest
Evermore endure.

Life is but the seedtime,
Every hand must sow,
Swelling seed we scatter
Wheresoe'er we go.
In the mystic future,
Sowing time will cease,
Every hand must gather
All the fair increase.

Why Life and Health are Important.

ONE of the most wonderful powers possessed by the Deity is the ability to give life. To explain the mysterious nature of this gift, the powers of the human mind are wholly inadequate. Vegetable life is a mystery. We see two trees of equal size reaching up their arms toward heaven. We say one is alive; the other, dead. What is the nature of that mysterious force which we see manifested in the one, but not in the other? No man can tell. The growth of the smallest blade of grass, the gravest philosopher cannot explain. But when we come to animal life, the mystery increases. Here are manifested motion, sensation, thought, and many other mysterious phenomena. Science enables us to understand *how* some of these occur; but it cannot explain the nature of that wonderful force which causes their manifestation.

In man, we behold life in its highest phase, so far as earthly beings are concerned. We see a man to-day apparently in perfect health, moving about with vigor, enlivening his circle of acquaintances by his wit, impressing other hearts by his influence. To-morrow, that form lies stretched upon the bier inanimate—a lifeless corpse. In what does the difference consist? What is the nature of the force which brings into play such wonderful powers? Who can tell? That Being who formed the universe alone can impart it, and he has not thought best to reveal its nature unto us. In all the works of the Creator we see no higher exhibition of his wisdom and power than in the gift of life. And human life is by far the highest manifestation of it that is opened to our view. In fact, all the works of nature are made for the benefit of man, and never would have been made but for his use and delight. In the beginning, the earth was created and filled with beautiful objects, and man placed upon it as its sovereign. Gen. 1: 28. The prophet Isaiah tells us it was made for the very purpose of being inhabited. Isa. 45: 18.

From these facts, we can realize the immense importance of life as the Creator views it. All the manifestations of wisdom and power we behold, and which afford continual delight and astonishment to every reflective mind, are made for one great object, that man may have a suitable sphere in which to use *life*, the mysterious gift of Deity. We must admit, then, if God be wise, and estimates things at their proper value,

that life is of inestimable importance. And the man who despises it, or considers it of small value, is fearfully mistaken.

We should therefore hold such views as will exalt its importance before us, and have a tendency to make us appreciate its value properly. And our habits should be such as will tend to make it desirable. And here I think no one will dispute that habits which conduce to health are most likely to accomplish this object. It is impossible that life should be appreciated as highly by us when suffering from disease as when every power of our being thrills with healthy action.

The word *health* is derived from a word which signifies whole or sound. All my readers can appreciate the difference in their feelings and enjoyment when a member is sound or diseased. If they cannot, an hour's experience of tooth-ache or colic will present the matter before them clearly.

What a beautiful scene it must have been to behold the Creator's works as they first came from his hands all "very good"—the garden of Eden containing everything necessary for the use and pleasure of those placed in it, and man, the rightful lord of the same, going forth in perfect beauty and symmetry, and in perfect health, to use these blessings as his Creator designed. Not a pain, not the slightest touch of disease, had marred God's handiwork. And had obedience to divine law marked the life of our first parents, these terrible spots would never have been seen in our world. Then life would have been worthy of the great end of its Giver. But sin, with its terrible train of disease, suffering, and death, having entered, has robbed life of many blessings, and in some cases rendered its present possession of doubtful worth. But, as Christians, we can look forward to the "restitution" (Acts 3:21) of all things, or, in other words, the bringing back of our earth to a former condition, when none of these ills will ever be seen. Then, life again will possess far more even than its original attractiveness. And those who shall possess it, realize in its fullness the bountiful design of the divine Architect.

But an important query arises here to which we desire to call the attention of the reader. Will those who are entirely careless of life and the design of the Giver—those who make no proper use of the life we now possess; nay, more: those who waste its sacred powers and opportunities, throw away its blessings, vitiate its forces by riotous living, or by practices and habits destructive to health, or by excessive labor to amass money, and thus show an utter disregard for that which was most important in the mind of God in giving existence to our world—have reasonable grounds to expect a continuation of life where a more favorable state of things will exist? If, from benevolent motives, I place in the hands of an individual a thousand dollars, giving him

power to use the same according to his pleasure, and he scatters it to the winds in a month for low and groveling objects, would I be likely the next moment to give him millions, if I had them to bestow? I think not. It must be pleasing to God for us to appreciate and care for that which he estimates as most important. It is not safe to despise that which is of immense value. It shows a terrible condition of mind to do so.

Let us, then, value life, and make a proper use of it. If we do, we shall take all lawful means to care for health, as the destruction of the latter certainly involves that of the former. This principle lies at the foundation of health reform. And these things should be thoughtfully considered by all. And all practices which we have reasonable evidence to believe are injurious to health, and as such, necessarily to life, should be laid aside, and proper obedience be rendered by us to those laws which our Creator has placed around us to guard the citadel of life. And here alone can we have reasonable ground for happiness here or hereafter. When all the powers of our being have reasonable exercise, and healthful conditions prevail, happiness will naturally result. When these are misdirected or overstrained, debility ensues, disease and death result. Surely, we are fearfully and wonderfully made, and God's wisdom in this work will be plainly seen by those who will take the pains to study for it.

GEO. I. BUTLER.

How to Purify the Blood.

It is pretty generally understood that health depends much upon the purity of the blood. And it is supposed that certain drugs and medicines possess a sort of magic power to purify the blood. It is supposed to be the peculiar office of these medicines to purify the blood; but somehow little is thought of the effect of the food which is eaten, as having a tendency to the purity or impurity of the blood. Food is taken for another purpose, to sustain life; hence it is not intended, or expected, to have any effect upon the blood. Therefore little or no attention to diet is needed, but the blood-purifiers are a necessity.

But is not the blood formed from what we eat? And would it not be better to eat such food as will make good blood than to eat such things as must make impure blood, and then depend upon drugs and nostrums vile to purify it?

We say, then, to those who would have pure blood,

1. Eat such food only as you are sure will form pure blood. If you do not want scrofulous blood, stop eating scrofula. Leave off taking into the system the impurities contained in animal oils, earthy salts, and indigestible condiments; and let your food be of the purest grains, fruits,

and vegetables; and let your drink be the purest, softest water you can get. Thus you will cease to add impurity to impurity.

2. Take in large quantities pure atmospheric air, such as abounds out of doors; not of the kind that has been shut up in the house, heated by stoves, and breathed over and over again. Pure air is the best purifier of the blood. It is brought in close contact with the blood in the lungs, and quickens it and speeds it in its course.

3. Keep the skin, by bathing and proper clothing, in the best condition to throw off by natural perspiration the impurities that are already in the system. Nature, unobstructed, has a way of her own to cast out impurities. She will do the work well, if not hindered.

Let these rules be followed, and the blood will be purified, if it is not too late to purify it. Cut off the turbid streams that are flowing into it, and keep the natural outlets free from obstructions, and the result will be a purification. Running water soon clears itself. But swallowing these impure and poisonous purifiers of the blood, so called, is like casting barn-yard manure into a muddy pool to purify it.

R. F. COTTRELL.

The Age of Progress.

THIS is said to be a progressive age. In many respects it seems to be such. The advancement made in the arts and sciences is evidence that the mind of man is progressive. But when truth and right principles are advanced—principles that are calculated to develop more fully the physical, the mental, and the spiritual, in man, and bring us up on a high moral plane of action—where are their adherents? Evidently the “progress” in this respect is not with the majority.

When the true principles of reform are advanced, and the simplicity of nature's laws made manifest, the majority look above them, thinking that some great achievement is necessary. Art must devise some wonderful method of procedure to meet the wants of mankind in this progressive age. “If the prophet had bidden thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it?” Yet there is no doubt but the principles of reform have found their way to many hearts where prejudice has formerly borne sway, and they are still on the advance, and are destined to accomplish a good work; but there is yet a great field of labor.

The true principles of life and health have been, and are still being, faithfully presented, yet many make their empty boast of “progress” while they reject the very means calculated to raise them from their degradation. When, in this boasted age of progress, will people learn the first principles relating to health? When will they learn that if they would possess strong

physical and mental powers, and true symmetry of character, they must regard the laws of their being, and eat, drink, and dress, otherwise than artificially? When will Christian (?) mothers cease to cruelly expose their little daughters to the cold with unprotected limbs, thus chilling the life blood in its veins? When will they “progress” to that degree that they will cease to confine their helpless infants from the vitalizing air of heaven, and administer to them the poisonous draught that enfeebles the constitution, and often takes life itself almost as surely and as ignorantly as when placed by heathen mothers beneath the car of Juggernaut?

If in the face of light and truth men and women choose to trust themselves thus, they must suffer the consequences with less pity than we extend to their helpless offspring, who seem destined to suffer these heathenish practices.

But I need not reiterate. These things have been repeated again and again. But as we see friends and neighbors suffering, we wish we could speak in tones so thrilling as to move them to *earnest* and *decided* progress in the knowledge and practice of those things so conducive to health and happiness. But I must cease to chide, and thank God that, although the majority seem disposed to follow their “pernicious ways,” yet there is evidence that “a remnant will be saved” from the prevailing customs, and experience the benefit of true reform.

C. C. WHITNEY.

Pork Unclean.

WE read in the Scriptures that Moses was a wise man, and that the Lord commanded him to write and tell his people what they must eat, and what they must not eat, saying unto him, “Stand thou by me, and I will make thee an instrument of communication with my people;” and that he wrote the law under the influence of inspiration, and must have told the truth when he declared in several places, as if to emphasize the fact, that the “swine is unclean, and of him ye shall not eat, neither you in your day, nor your posterity forever!” In fact, the word *serofa* or *scrofula* in the Latin, when translated into English, means “a sow!” and hence this terrible disease has received an appropriate name, from the early belief that the disease was peculiar to the *swine*, and as Lugol in his Essay on Scrofula and its origin tells us, was derived from “sleeping with the hog!”

How any human being, pretending to be a Christian, and reverencing what the Scriptures so plainly and explicitly declare in reference to this vile and unclean beast, and then *eat him*, I have always been at a loss to understand! Let any one, whether he be Jew, Christian, or heathen, examine the carcass of this filthy brute while living, or dissect it after death, and he will

soon find abundance of evidence that Moses must have been *inspired*, when he declared him to be *unclean*. Look at his skin, covered with mange, tetter, and scurf, from one extremity of the body to the other, and so irritable and itchy, that the poor beast is often crazy to find some convenient log or fence to rub himself against, in the vain effort to obtain relief from its itching sensations. Examine the inside of his forelegs, a few inches above his feet, and look at the open sores or issues provided by nature to drain off a part of the vile scrofulous ichor from his corrupt and filthy body. Fill a small syringe with *quicksilver*, and then introduce its pipe into the open mouths of these sewers, and inject the mercury, and it will run along these pipes, and enable you to trace them to every part of his body. Place your hand around the foreleg near the body, and press down slowly toward the feet, and as you do so you will see the corruption flow from the open mouths of these pipes, like the drainage from a sewer. Sometimes when a fat hog wallows in his filthy sty, these little openings become filled up and closed, so that the scrofulous matter cannot escape from the system, when the animal at once sickens, and would soon die, did not his *owner* very humbly get over into his pen, and with a bucket of warm water and soap wash and scrape them open, until they begin to discharge again, when the sick hog recovers from his illness, and is saved as food to satisfy the hungry cravings of some epicure. Is it not wonderful that Christian men and women will eat these *soused* sore legs, and tell you as they smack their lips with a relish, that they are the sweetest and most *juicy* parts of the dirty beast?

Having examined the *outside* of the hog, if you still disbelieve that he is "unclean, and of him ye shall not eat," suppose you take a look at his interior, and the deeper you go, the dirtier you will find him. Dissect and examine carefully his neck, and look at the numerous gray, scrofulous lumps, or enlarged lymphatic glands, filled with tubercular deposits; and if the animal you examine is only old enough, many of these scrofulous lumps will be softened, and filled with greenish or yellow matter, as the result of scrofulous ulceration. Now remove and examine his lungs, and if the animal you examine is upward of one year old, his lungs will nearly always contain numerous deposits of gray and yellow tubercles, and if not slaughtered too soon, for food, will die of true pulmonary consumption. Remove his liver, cut through it with your knife, and you will find numerous yellow lumps of scrofulous or tuberculous matter, often in a state of ulceration. Remove the small intestines, and examine the numerous purple-colored and enlarged mesenteric glands, often greatly increased in size, and filled with scrofulous deposits, and enveloped with fat, which the butcher so unceremoniously removes, glands, tubercles, fat, and all together, and afterward "tries out," in the big

iron kettle, removing the scrofulous extract or *essence*, called lard, for the purpose of *shortening* pastry, and frying doughnuts, &c. Is it not amazing that Christian women will insist upon it that pastry made out of such material is far *nicer* than when made with sweet cream?

Verily it is true, as the great Lawgiver has told us, the "swine is unclean." Indeed, *animal instinct* teaches all the lower animals this important fact, and makes them avoid the hog as food. No beast or bird of prey will eat a dead hog. They may lie dead in the fields or by the road side, and no animal will touch them, unless driven to do so by the pangs of hunger and despair. No domestic animal will eat *raw pork*, unless driven to do so by starvation. Instinct teaches them all it is *unclean*. Indeed it is an old saying, that "dog will not eat hog, nor hog eat dog!" It takes a *man* to do that! But perhaps some will say that under the *law* the hog was unclean, but under the gospel it was purified. Oh! no. The Saviour of men did not come into the world for any such purpose; and besides, from the very nature of the circumstances, even the gospel could not make that *clean* which was in its very nature *unclean*. If the swine was unclean in the time of Moses, he remains unclean until this day. Dr. Johnson tells us that "if a man drinks beer, he will think and feel beer," and if so, then a man who eats hog will feel *hog-gish*, and act like one! In other words, the whole nature and character of an animal may be changed by the quality of his food. If, for instance, you feed a tomato worm upon tomato leaves, it will grow up a great, coarse, clumsy worm, and, passing through its chrysalis state, come out a butterfly with little beauty or attraction in its appearance; but if you feed the same worm upon different food, the leaves of the rose, and the petals of beautiful flowers, when it passes through its chrysalis state, and comes out a butterfly, it will be of surpassing brilliancy and beauty in its plumage and its armature. And so of the silk worm: feed it upon inferior diet, the leaves of the forest, and it will sicken and perish; but feed it upon the leaves of the mulberry, and it thrives and grows, until it finally wears its life away spinning its gossamer silken thread! The same is true of the hog. Feed one upon hard corn, another upon swill, another upon distillers' slop, and another upon nuts and mast in the forest, and their flesh will be totally different, as any butcher will tell you. In fact, the diet any animal lives upon will modify its constitution and character for better or worse, as the case may be.

But some will say, "Our grandfathers ate pork, and were healthy, and lived to a good old age." Well, suppose they did so, and our fathers did the same, and we still eat it, and if it was good diet then, we would be healthy and vigorous as our grandfathers, and our children more so! Now, is it not quite notorious that

the reverse of this is true, and that living upon this unclean and improper food, there has been a gradual *deterioration* of the race in consequence? Jews eat no pork; they reverence and obey the law, and are wonderfully blessed with remarkable exemption from scrofula and its kindred diseases. As a race, they are distinguished for their clean, sharp features; and a "skin as clear and transparent as that of a Jewess," is a compliment to any lady's beauty. Scrofulous people may be distinguished for their muddy, sallow skins, and puggy, pear-shaped noses, covered with buds, pimples, and blossoms, so commonly seen among gross livers. Very few persons in this country have had a better opportunity to observe and study the habits of the American people in different parts of our country, for the past twenty years, than the author, to observe the diet of people in different localities, and witness its effects upon health and character. In Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, and other New England States, the inhabitants send their beef cattle to Boston market, and live principally upon pork as meat, the year round, and what myriads of them are afflicted with scrofula, salt rheum, tetter, ring worm, "humors in the blood," consumption, &c. In the far West, pork is the principal meat consumed by the farming and laboring classes: ham for breakfast, roast pig for dinner, and sausage for supper, and "hog all the time!" And what is the effect of this unclean diet upon their constitution, health, &c.? Look at many of their wretched wives and children, with their rheumed eyes, and enlarged glands, sore ears, &c., for an answer. While the Western farmer works in his fields in the open air, he is comparatively exempt from its baneful influence, and it is chiefly upon the health of his wife and children that its terrible effects may be seen. The late Dr. Brainard, of Chicago, told the author a few years since, that it was estimated by competent medical authority, that nearly one-fourth part of the entire population of the State were afflicted with scrofulous sore eyes, with enlargement of the glands at the edges of the lids, &c. This form of chronic ophthalmia is very common throughout the West.

How any human being can read what the inspired writer says in regard to the use of this kind of food, and then deliberately close the sacred volume, and presume to invoke God's *blessing* upon a plate of ham and sausage swimming in grease, I am at a loss to understand. Whenever I see a Christian do anything of that sort, it always reminds me of an intelligent and conscientious friend, a clergyman. Being seated at the table with one of his deacons, and having roast pig for dinner, the deacon requested him to ask a blessing. The clergyman looked steadily at the roast pig, and then raised his eyes toward Heaven, and not knowing hardly what to do or say, when he *remembered* the law, "the swine is unclean, and of him ye shall not eat,"

he finally exclaimed, "O God! if thou canst *bless* under the gospel what thou didst *curse* under the law, then bless this pig!" Adam Clarke, the great commentator on the Scriptures, leaves us his testimony as to the value of pork, as food for Christian men and women, for says he, "Were I compelled to offer a sacrifice to the devil, then I would offer a pig, stuffed with tobacco!" Indeed, no sacrifice to the *devil* could be more appropriate, since we never read anywhere in sacred or profane history of a hog being offered as a sacrifice to the one true and living God, or even to false gods, except with the deliberate purpose of *defiling* the altar and ignoring the sacrifice.—*The Physiologist*.

Better than Pills.

SOME one has remarked, that the principles contained in the REFORMER were better than pills. It was a truthful remark, playfully, though earnestly, made; and I have often thought of it.

Since the date of our first HEALTH REFORMER, Vol. 1, No. 1, drugs have been excluded from our list of expenses (with perhaps one or two lamentable exceptions); and at one time we committed all the old papers of powders, drugs, pills, &c., to the flames. This resulted in an explosion, knocking the loose furniture from the stove, and filling the room with smoke, soot, and ashes; and this was much better than if the explosion had taken place internally, as no serious damage was done.

The rational conclusion was, that the doctor had some singular medicine in store for us among those fearful little compounds. But the health reform has emancipated us from the cruel reign of medical tyranny, which has enthroned itself on high, throughout Christendom. Certain important matters, "known only to the profession," find no place in the REFORMER; there are no medical terms used therein to hide the key of knowledge from the common man; but open, free discussions and comments upon disease and its causes, all viewed in the moral and physical aspects of the case, all written in plain English, omitting professional affectation in the interest of the parties. Yes, the REFORMER is not only better than pills, but better than gold or jewels.

JOS. CLARKE.

WHAT is the use of waiting to join a society for the encouragement of plainness in dress? Every woman who dresses in a simple, tasteful, economical, elegant way is a whole society in herself, and helps create a fashion which it will be a credit for all women to follow.

WHILE the clergyman calls death a "mysterious dispensation of Providence," the physiologist knows that in most cases it is the inevitable consequence of disregarded laws of life.

Tea and Coffee.

STRANGE that hygiene, the most valuable of all sciences, should be so generally and so sadly neglected. Why rational beings study everything but self, admits of no reasonable answer. If charity begins at home, sound, practical knowledge cannot begin elsewhere. One who will not know himself is not likely to know foreign matters to much purpose. Hence it has been well said, Health reform is the basis of all reforms. If we gain the whole world, then lose ourselves, where is the profit?

To save ourselves from suffering and premature death, let us look, just now, at a single law of health. The stomach is the chemical workshop of the whole body. To succeed as it should, it must have good material, kept in good order. In digesting food—its chief, and indeed its only, duty—it needs pure saliva and gastric juice. The former is supplied by glands on each side of the mouth, mixing in with our food when taken and properly masticated; the latter flows into the stomach, and analyzes the food as it is swallowed, converting it first into chyme, and then into chyle, that it may nourish the body. Now, any fluid taken with the food must disturb the work of our salivary glands and gastric juice. Indeed, by persistently washing down our victuals, the saliva surrenders its duties, and retires in disgust, while the gastric juice is so diluted and enfeebled as to be incapable of doing properly its yet more important work. Even pure water taken with food has this deplorable effect, while hot tea and coffee are far worse. In such drinks, it should be more generally known, there is no nourishment—nothing which can be digested into either chyme or chyle. The only disposition the poor stomach can make of them, is to expel them, as it does other foes, from the body. As it is impossible to do this perfectly, and as the effort to do it is a continual tax upon the nervous system, the damaging results of these drinks can at once be seen. Imperfect digestion, diffusion of vicious liquids through the whole body, periodical headaches, and a ruinous prostration of the whole nervous system, are the legitimate wages of such sin.

Besides, it should be known that these drinks are taken for their stimulation, just as are alcoholic liquids. As they contain no nourishment, they are not used to nourish. But they do stimulate, as do wines, beer, &c. And how is this done? Just as I have said, by the effort the body makes to expel a foe. Were it not so, then alcoholic drinks would be to us no more than water, soup, or milk.

One of the wisest and most benevolent arrangements of the body is its means of self-defense. Like the faithful sentinels of an army, it first aims through the unadulterated taste to keep out enemies, if forced or seduced in, then

to expel them. These splendid efforts against abuse, we call stimulus, and solace ourselves as if the work were a blessing. As well thus hail the British when trying to crush Washington, or the rebels in trying to crush our Union. True, the efforts nature puts forth against these insidious foes, as I have said, are *splendid*; but the foes themselves are hateful and ruinous. No man can welcome them or praise them but through ignorance or recklessness.

The increasing evils of tea and coffee call for increased activity to resist them. I can well recollect when my mother only used tea once or twice per week, under the distinct impression, too, that it was not good for children. In a few years, coffee came into our neighborhood and was afforded by the more prosperous families for breakfasts. A few were able to have also tea for supper, but never for children. Now, rich and poor, high and low, learned and illiterate—in a word, all classes everywhere—pour down these ruinous drinks—morning, noon, and night. Congress, through a most corrupt sentiment, holds the tariff tightly on iron, clothing, &c., but takes it off from these enemies to all health. As now the first words we hear at nearly all tables are, "*Tea or coffee,*" under the cheapening dispensation—such liquids may find their way into our water tanks, on boats, cars, hotels, and drawing rooms, until our whole nation shall become yet more sadly demoralized into coffee sots. This, with the aid of tobacco, and legions of alcoholic liquors, will make us, from the President down, the stigma of civilization, the disgrace of Christianity.

The pure, glimmering light of hygiene is our only hope in such deplorable darkness.

W. PERKINS.

Materia Medica.

IF all the advertisements of medicine which are to be found in almanacs, newspapers, etc., were universally believed, it would seem like foolishness to say to a sinner, "It is appointed unto men once to die;" for as long as he had a greenback with which to buy a box of pills or a bottle of slop, called medicine, he would be safe. Quacks, for the sake of filthy lucre, would have it believed that a great number of diseases, even those which are opposite in their natures, can all be cured with the same medicine.

Now, when people are very warm, they fan themselves: would it be advisable to do the same when they are very cold? If one person eats pork, grease, pancakes baked on a greasy griddle, etc., until he gets the erysipelas, and another person, who uses healthful food, is exposed to wet and cold until he gets the rheumatism, will the same medicine cure both? They say that it is not always extravagant to denominate a medicine a "*panaceen*," because the nostrum being

composed of several ingredients, only that one will be used in the animal economy that is needed for the disease, whatever it may be. Let us see: I once saw a compound, composed of lean beef and strychnine, placed in reach of a large, hungry, night-roving dog. Now it would seem that the beef was the element required in the animal economy, for he was hungry; but, strange as it may appear, the other ingredient operated on the system, and the dog never left the lot alive.

Some one declares that his medicine will relieve a person from uneasiness in the stomach caused by eating a hearty meal; but would it not be better for that person to eat just such a quantity of wholesome food as the wants of his system demand, than to overload the stomach and then, because it complains, pour into it a poisonous slop to paralyze the gastric nerves? Another declares that in all the sicknesses of children, his syrup will always afford relief, and that his pills will generally cure, in older people, about three-score and ten diseases, such as bronchitis, freckles, foulness of the complexion, neuralgia, rheumatism, palpitation of the heart, etc.

Why will parents let their children die if a bottle of syrup is sure to give relief? And since it has been discovered that pills will remove freckles and all foulness of complexion, will not some transcendent genius add to them an ingredient that will change thick or projecting lips into those of beauty; that will fashion the uncouth nose, give expression to the eyes, impart closeness and symmetry to the loose features—in short, whatever the appearance of the face may be, will mold it into one of exquisite beauty?

The following "purely vegetable," which appeared in the *Water Cure Journal* some years since, is a good burlesque on the patent medicine advertisements which fill up so many papers.

NEWLY-INVENTED POMATUM OF LIFE,
BEING THE EIGHTH WONDER
OF THE WORLD.

Dr. Colossus takes transcendent delight in being able at this important juncture in the history of medicine; at a crisis when quacks are prowling and preying over the country, administering their deleterious nostrums to the credulous, robbing the ignorant and humbuggible by their recipes, and killing off humanity more rapidly than sword, pestilence, famine, or intemperance; he is most transcendently happy at such a crisis to announce to the afflicted the wonderful virtues of his all-powerful compound, the Pomatum of Life.

Its Composition. The Pomatum of Life, or Resurrection Grease, is composed of equal parts of the double concentrated extract of buzzard's fat, and the rectified quintessence of magic oil, intermingled with a highly precipitated decoction of humbug's lard, to give it an agreeable perfume of purely vegetable luster.

Its Virtues. It is an unfailing remedy for

every disease under the sun or moon, and for 15,367 diseases that do not exist; so that allowing one disease to appear annually, it will meet all contingencies for 15,367 years.

Certificate. To Dr. Colossus: Your Resurrection Grease, or Life Pomatum, I tried last night on a skeleton in my office. I gave the frame a thorough saturation of Pomatum, wrapped it up in warm blankets and laid it out in the moonshine, and I was wakened early this morning by the fellow calling for soap and water.

At the commencement of this article, the hypothesis assumed was, that the advertisements were universally believed, which, happily is not the case. Some have tried the nostrums till they have given up in despair, while others have got their eyes open far enough to see that it is impossible for one medicine to be a panacea. And yet how many there are who are spending their money for these medicines and relying upon them for aid, while at the same time they are living contrary to the laws of health.

A short time ago, a man in a neighboring town was taken sick. He sent for a medicine, but before it was brought, he had so nearly recovered as not to need it. Now if the medicine had arrived in time, it would have been swallowed; and, if it did not prevent recovery, it would have been regarded as an efficient remedy for all such diseases.

The best medicine (if it may be called medicine) is plenty of out-door exercise, a well-ventilated place to sleep, a fire at which to warm the feet before retiring, meals never less than five hours apart, at which have plenty of fruit, raw or cooked, with vegetables, well cooked without seasoning, and bread made of meal instead of flour; eating nothing, not even an apple, or what are worse, nuts, between meals.—*J. T. Glover.*

A HORRIBLE DEATH.—The circumstances of the horrible death of a woman in this city have come to our knowledge, and we print them to warn others from laying themselves liable to a similar suffering and probably fatal result. A few weeks since the lady in question was taken ill, and medical aid summoned. Despite all the physician's skill, the disease baffled him, and he could afford his patient no relief. The nature of the disease was a mystery to the doctor, and, indeed, to all who saw her, and for that reason a post mortem examination was determined upon. It was noticed that during sickness the lady had torn all her hair out by the roots; and after death, the doctor raised the skin from the scalp, and was horrified to find the head one mass of worms—a most sickening sight. In life, the woman had been accustomed to wearing "jute" switches, and the worms bred by them had eaten into the skull, causing a loathsome disease, and an ultimate death. This incident is true, and can be substantiated.—*Indiana Journal.*

DR. TRALL'S
Special Department.

Overcoming Morbid Appetites.

A MAJORITY of invalids who resort to Health Institutions, after having been under treatment a few weeks, become satisfied with the simple regimen, and feel no desire to eat anything but the plainest food, nor to drink anything but the purest water. Their morbid cravings for flesh-meats, nervine drinks, and stimulating condiments, seem to have been conquered, or at least subdued; and so long as they remain under similar influences and surroundings, their appetences will be their servants and not their masters. But yet they are not safe to go into the world. They are improved, but not renovated. Habit is a second nature, and not easily eradicated. Let them now go among their old associations, with temptation on all sides, and the inclination to "live as other folks do," will revive, perhaps overwhelmingly. In vain will the strong will be opposed to the stronger appetite. The depraved instincts had become apparently normal, because the influences were all in the right direction. But weeks or months longer were required to so establish and confirm the organism in the better way that temptation would not overcome good intentions.

Some persons are so fortunately organized, or so little depraved, that a sojourn at a Health Institution for a few weeks, or even a few days, will rid them of all disposition to indulge morbid appetites. And some few will experience no inconvenience whatever in abandoning all accustomed luxuries and adopting the hygienic regimen in full at once. But with the majority it is quite otherwise. In the transitional state from bad habits to good, they must expect to suffer more or less. The rule is, the more necessary it is for them to change their habits, the more they will suffer in so doing; because, the more they have been perverted or depraved, the severer the struggle to recover the normal condition. The confirmed opium-eater, the drunken sot, and the tobacco-toper, are seldom safe until they have been at least one year without indulgence. Persons who have lived ten, twenty, or thirty years in the use of flesh, fish, and fowl, tea and coffee, butter, sugar, salt, vinegar, pepper, and hogs' lard, can hardly expect to emancipate themselves from all desire for them, under all circumstances, in a few weeks, or even months. One, two, or three years is not too long a time to calculate upon; and on these terms, the result is worth all it costs. One, two, or three years devoted to reorganizing the body, and reconstructing the instincts, may add ten, twenty, or thirty years to their earthly pilgrimage.

A majority of invalids, however, who need a thorough reconstruction of themselves, cannot afford to be on expense at a Health Institution for a long time; and if they go among their friends, or into society as now constituted, instead of sympathy and encouragement, they will find little else than ridicule and opposition. Among the wants of the age, and the needs of the Health Reform, therefore, are farms and workshops, connected with Health Institutions, where patients, after recovering health, can remain a year or two, and find employment sufficient at least to pay expenses. Then they could go abroad proclaiming the glad tidings of the gospel of health effectually, and without danger of relapsing into "living as other folks do." Perhaps in the good time coming some philanthropic millionaire, some humanitarian society, or some intelligent government, will endow an institution of this kind. A million or two of dollars expended in this manner would be of more advantage to our country and to the human race than a hundred millions of millions expended in bringing us teas from China, coffee from Brazil, liquors from Europe, trinkets from Japan, and fashions from Paris.

Mixed Medical Classes.

THE Cincinnati *Eclectic Medical Journal* is opposed to mixed classes of men and women in medical colleges. The editor, we suspect, utters judgment from the masculine standpoint. He says: "We have had some experience in this, and can say confidently that it won't do." And in proof that it won't do, the editor cites the case of a Professor of surgery who, while performing an operation on the sexual organs, indulged in remarks that were both vulgar, uncalled for, and indecent. It may be it is the Professor instead of the mixed class that won't do. The facts adduced show very conclusively that the Professor was out of his proper place in a medical college. He had no more business there than a donkey has in a drawing room, or a pig in a picture gallery. We can see no necessity nor excuse for obscene language, whether the medical class is mixed or masculine. But possibly it may have been for want of the refining element of woman's influence that the said Professor had become so addicted to vulgar ways. We have had twenty years' experience in teaching mixed classes, and find that it will do. But our college has no vulgar professors.

Death in the Green.

GREEN trees and green fields are so pleasant to the eye and so beautiful to the mind that we do not wonder that "living green" is so extensively imitated in carpets, wall-paper, furniture and upholstery, to say nothing of toys and can-

dies for the children. But it has long been known that arsenic is a chief ingredient in most of these green colors, and that the atmosphere of our rooms and houses are liable to be more or less poisoned because of it. Especially is this the case with green-papered rooms, as the paper does not hold the coloring matter, hence a room whose walls are covered with paper in which green is a prominent color, is sure to be more or less impregnated with arsenical dust. Many cases of serious illness, in which the peculiar symptoms of arsenical poisoning were unmistakable, have been traced to this source. Green window curtains, especially of paper, are still more objectionable, because the motion to which they are subjected assists to infect the atmosphere with the deadly drug.

Hygienists, aware of these facts, have thought to protect themselves by selecting greenless colors, or such furniture and fabrics as had but a small amount of the dangerous color. But now comes the *Chemical News* and informs us that *all colors*, as well as green, have the deleterious drug in abundance. It is a cheap article, and is hence used more or less in nearly all colors. What, then, are we to do? We can imagine but one remedy. Let those who are unwilling to be drug-medicated through their wall-papers, and bed-curtains, and sofas, and window-blinds, and bureaus, and silks, and calicos, set their faces and their custom against all colored materials, unless the dealer will satisfy them that arsenic is not an ingredient in any one of his colors, and will agree to pay the cost of chemical analysis, if the poison is found. Such a demand would soon produce the desired articles.

Vegetarianism Muddled.

MR. JAMES ALEXANDER MOWATT, somewhat celebrated as a temperance lecturer, in an article published in one of our exchanges, makes the following rather queer statement:

"Take, therefore, all our cereals, with roots and fruits, and adding to these eggs, and milk with its products, butter and cheese, we have a dietary ready to our hand, from the produce of the soil direct, which far surpasses flesh as food for man under any and all circumstances."

We like all that Mr. Mowatt says or can say in favor of vegetarianism; but we fear such reasoning as the above will "react" very damagingly to the cause. The "enemy" may say that the logic is dreadfully muddled because the author does not eat meat and is a vegetarian. But we shall contend that the muddlement is entirely attributable to the fact that he eats eggs, milk, butter, and cheese, and is not a vegetarian.

Now eggs, milk, butter, and cheese, in a dietetic arrangement, may be good, better, or best, or bad, worse, or worst. Be this as it may, let each stand on its own merits, or fall on its own

demerits. But, in the name of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, do not let things be mixed in this way. We have never before heard it alleged that eggs, milk, butter, and cheese, were produced directly from the soil. If this be so, then they must be vegetables, for we are not aware that any animal is so produced.

The Nature of Disease.

A LATE number of the *London Lancet* has an article on this vexed question from a learned professor of one of the London medical colleges. But the author is as much vexed in relation to the problem as have been all his illustrious predecessors. He traces several familiar diseases to their causes, and comes to the just conclusion that diseases and their causes are different things entirely. He then enumerates the various symptoms, and determines that these cannot be the disease. And so, as usual, he talks very learnedly, and leaves the subject just where he finds it.

Now we will give an illustration of the subject so plain that the wayfaring person, though a physician, may understand it if he will think a little. And as several HEALTH REFORMERS are sent to London, we hope some of our friends will call the attention of the said Professor to the solution of the problem. Let the Professor take a pinch of snuff. If he wishes a *strong* demonstration of the nature of disease, let him take a big pinch and snuff it up hard. He will immediately be sick. The disease will be sneezing. The symptoms will be, irritation or tickling of the nose, a discharge of tears, a prolonged inspiration, and a violent expiration of air from the lungs. The cause is the snuff. Here is the whole case to a *nose*-ological demonstration. Snuff, the cause; tickling, tears, and spasmodic respiration, the symptoms; and sneezing; the malady. And this illustration will apply to every disease the doctors can find in all their books.

And now where does the "law of cure" come in? If a person has snuff, or any other noxious or dirty thing in his nose, he ought to sneeze it out. The disease should be cured. The patient should be allowed to sneeze as long as there is anything to sneeze about. If the patient should take a drug which would paralyze the nasal organ so that he could not sneeze, the disease (sneezing) would be cured, but the patient would be all the worse for the curing because the poison would still remain in his nose. These simple facts show us how it is that disease is a remedial effort, and a process of purification, and why it should not be cured; and why the patient should be cured by removing the cause. The drug system means nothing more nor less than curing one *disease* by producing another. The Hygienic System means, curing the *patient* by ridding him of all causes of disease. This is why patients who have their acute diseases cured

with drug medicines are very liable to suffer of worse chronic drug diseases. And this is why patients who are cured by Hygienic treatment never have any pathological sequelæ, but are sound and whole every whit.

Bogus Diplomas.

THE Legislature of Pennsylvania has repealed the charters of Dr. Buchanan's "Eclectic Medical College," and of Professor Paine's "University Medical College," both located in the city of Philadelphia. These colleges were accused of issuing bogus diplomas, and as the accusation was sustained by ample and undisputable evidence, the Legislature had no alternative. It was proved that graduating diplomas have been sold to notorious ignoramuses, and to persons who had never attended one of the lectures; indeed, it was established by abundant testimony that selling diplomas at various prices, through agents and otherwise, was one of the systematic speculations of both institutions. Philadelphia has, therefore, lost two of its five M. D. manufacturing, but for all useful purposes we incline to the opinion that there are enough left. The great Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, once said to his medical class, "There has been a great increase of physicians of late, but, upon my life, diseases and deaths have increased in proportion." Of course the learned doctor had reference only to drug physicians. Hygeio-Therapy had not then been heard of.

While the subject of bogus diplomas was being agitated in the papers, some renegade—and we think we know which of the two New York humbugs it was—succeeded in getting a villainous article in the *New York Tribune*, associating us and the Hygeio-Therapeutic College with the bogus diploma business. Some of his assertions were not only utterly false, but grossly libelous, for which we have promised, in due time, to call him or the *Tribune*, to account. The writer stated that he had himself received the diploma of our college without attending a full term. This part of his story was probably true, and admits of explanation as follows:

We frankly confess to some "irregularities" in the issuing of diplomas. Some persons who have studied elsewhere, or attended other medical schools, or who have practiced our system, were not always held to the strict letter of the law. Be it understood that our college is the only one of the kind in the world, and that its teachings are distinctive mainly in Pathology and Therapeutics. Anatomy, Chemistry, Physiology in part, Surgery, and Obstetrics, can be learned in other schools. Hence we do not oblige our students, in order to graduate, to attend all of our lectures on these subjects. If they understand the subjects, can bear a satisfactory examination on them, and attend those lectures in

our college which are peculiar to our system, we have given them diplomas. Among our students have been the graduates of other medical colleges, and men and women who have practiced the Hygienic System successfully for several years before attending lectures. It would be absurd as well as unjust to require of them all the formalities applicable to beginners.

As to Honorary Diplomas, they are merely complimentary, or intended as a letter of credit. There is nothing wrong in them that we can perceive, and certainly there is nothing illegal. The Honorary Diploma does not graduate its recipients, nor pretend to. It does not certify that the person on whom it is conferred has attended a course of lectures, as the graduating diploma does; nor is it signed by the College Faculty or teachers, as the graduating diploma is. It has, however, been of great service to those who have received it, and to the cause of Hygienic Medication, as we are glad to know. It is known and respected in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Denmark, Turkey, Mexico, and the West Indies, and it will continue to be conferred on properly authenticated persons, although possibly one in a hundred who receives it may prove as unworthy of our personal kindness and the honors of our college as has the cowardly wretch who got a defamatory and lying article in the *Tribune*, but did not dare to sign his name.

Answers to Correspondents.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WOMEN.—D. S.: "Dr. R. T. Trall: Soon after your return from England in 1862, you stated in the *Water-Cure Journal*, as the result of your personal observations, that English women, as a general rule, were more healthy and vigorous than American women. Mrs. C. B. Allen, M. D., a graduate of your college, now traveling in Europe, finds the health of English women at a very low standard. Wherein do you and she differ?"

We do not differ at all. Our remarks related more to original constitution and vital development than to existing ill health. And therein English women have the advantage, which we imputed to better training and more simple habits of childhood. Mrs. Allen shows that English women are generally sickly, and that their beer-drinking habit is among the prominent causes of their diseases.

GETTYSBURG MINERAL WATER.—M. M. D.: "Is there anything at all in the story that the water of the springs at Gettysburg are a solvent for calculous matters in the system? or is it a lie made out of whole cloth?"

There are two things in the story—a big lie, and a small speculation; and the lie is not made out of whole cloth, but of a piece of a drug shop.

PHYSIOLOGY AND SALT.—S. P. T.: "Do not

all of our standard authors on chemistry and physiology, without exception, teach that salt is useful and even indispensable?"

Verily, they do. But the important question is not who teaches the doctrine, but whether it is true. We can prove that salt is a mineral poison, and neither digestible nor usable in the animal economy; so there is an end of that matter as far as we are concerned.

DIFFICULT DIAGNOSIS.—J. H. A.: "The patient, a very plethoric woman, forty-eight years of age, mother of six children, has been troubled for several years with palpitation, sinking spells, asthmatic breathing at times, constant sense of weight or heaviness in the chest, and occasional pains or cramps in the stomach. Ten years ago, she had ague and fever, and took the usual routine of calomel and quinine. One doctor says she has heart disease; another calls it congestion; and a third, spasm of the pylorus. What is your diagnosis?"

The patient has an indurated condition of the liver, probably complicated with enlargement, or ague-cake, of the spleen. A daily ablution with abundant friction, and a strict fruit and farinaceous dietary are the curative means. You say nothing of cough and expectoration, but if these symptoms exist, she should go to a health institution.

LEAD PALSY.—C. S. L.: The paralysis of the arm is probably the result of poisoning from the absorption or inhalation of some preparation of lead. The wet-sheet pack (warm) once or twice a week, the tepid ablution daily, followed by thorough friction, and fomentations to the part occasionally, are the bathing processes.

COMPOUND OXYGEN.—E. B. C.: "The *Chambersburg Sanitarium* advertises 'compound oxygen' as among its most important remedial agents. As I have always supposed that oxygen was a simple element, I am curious to know what the compound is. Will you please explain?"

Compound oxygen is simple nonsense. The author probably means super-oxygenated air, or atmospheric air containing oxygen in excess. This "oxygen treatment" has been run as a hobby, and run out several times in the history of medicine. Man has yet to prove that he can make better air, water, or food, than the Almighty.

THE ACTION OF MEDICINES.—M. D.: Your article contains nothing but assumptions—mere opinions and assertions; and you assume as indisputable, the very thing to be proved. If you will present any facts or arguments in favor of your position that medicines act on the living system, we shall be pleased to publish and reply to them.

DEATH AND DRUNKENNESS.—W. C. H.: "You teach that death is produced by the or-

ganization resisting the causes of disease. I see how this can be; but how is death produced in cases of violence, the organization in such cases resisting? What makes an intoxicated person talk incoherently, and stagger when he attempts to walk?"

When death results from vital resistance to things abnormal, it is because the vital structure has become disorganized by such effort. In the case of death of violence, the structures are disorganized by mechanical force. In the state of intoxication, the vital energies are so much occupied in resisting and expelling the alcohol, that the brain and voluntary muscles are deprived of their usual supply of blood; hence imperfect functional action as manifested in gibbering, staggering, &c.

FELONS.—I. L. S.: They can generally be arrested in their early stages by freezing. The process should be repeated whenever the pain returns.

The Contrast.

LAST Monday morning, a young man in the buoyancy and vigor of youth, felt slightly indisposed for lack of exercise and proper attention to diet, and concluded to go to the hospital for a few days. (He was a soldier.) He was supposed to have a severe attack of bilious fever, and was accordingly subjected to a thorough course of medical treatment. The result was, that within forty-eight hours, he was in the "Dead House," laid out in military uniform, ready for his forced march to the grave.

A few weeks ago, a farmer from Illinois went to Kansas and settled on a farm with a large family of sons and daughters. Owing to their long journey with teams, and the consequent irregularity in sleep and diet, and unaccustomed exposure, some of the family were slightly indisposed. They decided to call a physician in season, lest they should become seriously ill. Accordingly, a drug-doctor was called in, and the result was, that, in one week, two of the family were dead and buried, and other members of the family were injured, probably, for life. And yet, strange to say, he was installed their family physician, and his name extolled for having probably saved all the family, but two, from certain death.

Some years ago, while traveling in Western Iowa, being overtaken by a severe snow storm, I called at the only house near, to get shelter for myself and horses. I was refused, as there was a sick man there whom they did not expect would live till morning, for he had taken all his medicine, and was still no better, "but rather grew worse," and the severity of the storm made it impossible for the doctor to come. Their extremity was my opportunity. I told them I thought I understood his case, and if they would entertain me, I would relieve him in a few hours.

This being agreed to, I threw away his drinks, buttered toast, &c., with which they were gorging his stomach.

I gave him only cold water to drink, as his thirst demanded, and a thorough warm bath. This, with careful nursing, was all the treatment he received for thirty-six hours. At the end of this time, he asked for food. Until then, his stomach had refused any nourishment whatever. I gave him a light diet, which he relished exceedingly. In two days more he was able to ride, and soon recovered.

The enlightened world is enshrouded with a superstition far more destructive in its effects upon the human family, a thousand-fold, than the superstition of any heathen on the globe. May the Lord speed the day when the earth shall be filled with the "knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

P. G. CARTER.

Kansas.

Dangers of the Table.

"LET their table become a snare before them."
Ps. 69 : 22.

The connection of this text with what follows (see verse 25, and Acts 1:20) shows conclusively that the case of Judas Iscariot is here pointed out. And we may fairly infer that the necessity which prompted him to steal from the funds intrusted to him, and the cause of his design for the prize of betrayal, was his love for the dainties of life. His table was doubtless spread too luxuriously for a man of his means; and he contracted (perhaps) debts, which pressed him hard to pay; and he used the money belonging to others, and accepted the proffered bounty on the person of his Lord. Here, then, we have the secret of Judas' crime. Claims of appetite caused the fall of our first parents, and to how great an extent the same cause has wrought ruin to our race, in crime, directly and indirectly, the books kept in Heaven alone will show.

In view of this subject, as it appears in this light, it certainly cannot be considered out of the way to discuss this point in all its bearings; and physicians, medical publications, and every moralist, and Christian, and philanthropist, have duties to perform here, in pointing out the secret snares, laid for the life, health, and honor, of all who may be warned, or instructed, or benefited, by such light as science and revelation afford on this subject, so important to all.

JOS. CLARKE.

A SLUGGISH housemaid exclaimed, when scolded for the untidiness of her chambers, "I'm sure the rooms would be clean enough if it were not for the nasty sun, which is always showing the dirty corners!"

GOING UP AND COMING DOWN.

This is a simple song, 't is true—
My songs are never over-nice—
And yet I'll try and scatter through
A little pinch of good advice.
Then listen, pompous friend, and learn
To never boast of much renown,
For fortune's wheel is on the turn,
And some go up and some come down.

I know a vast amount of stocks
A vast amount of pride insures;
But fate has picked so many locks
I would n't like to warrant yours.
Remember then and never spurn
The one whose hand is hard and brown,
For he is likely to go up,
And you are likely to come down.

Another thing you will agree
(The truth may be as well confessed),
That "Codfish Aristocracy"
Is but a scaly thing at best.
And Madame in her robe of lace,
And Bridget in her faded gown,
Both represent a goodly race,
From Father Adam handed down.

Life is uncertain—full of change;
Little we have that will endure;
And 't were a doctrine new and strange
That places high are more secure;
And if the fickle goddess smile,
Yielding the scepter and the crown,
'T is only for a little while,
Then B goes up and A comes down.

This world, for all of us, my friend,
Hath something more than pounds and pence;
Then let me humbly recommend
A little use of common sense.
Thus lay all pride and place aside,
And have a care on whom you frown,
For fear you'll see him going up,
When you are only coming down.

—Sal.

June—A Picture.

BRIGHT June, her lap filled with roses and fresh leaves, with a train of gay attendants, makes her royal appearance, and chants through the many voices of nature,

"I'm with you once again, my friends."

Nature has again donned her emerald robes, and seems quite at home in her new wrappings. April and May have, for at least two months, been prophesying of summer, while the gentle showers and genial sunlight have wooed the gay blossoms that now deck the garden and orchard, meadow and wildwood. The green, velvety carpet, so tempting to our feet, we find brocaded with golden dandelions—no less beautiful because so common.

To harmonize perfectly with their surroundings—for nature ever delights in a harmony of colors—the forest trees put on their "bonny green kirtles." And the willow waves its slender branches triumphantly over the humble flowers that bud and bloom at its feet. As friend meets friend, the fact is no more announced that buds are opening, and leaves are unfolding, for they are now in their prime; even the crocus,

daffodils, trailing arbutus, and star anemones, are among the things that were.

We hail with joy the advent of blithesome June—the princess royal, the life, the vitality, the bud of promise, of the year. And beside the charms peculiarly its own, it is prophetic of a golden harvest a little way in the future. Nature, ever true to her promises, willingly vindicates our faith in her, and brings to life the whole vegetable world.

MORNING.

The sun is just rising, painting the hill-tops and tall trees in brighter colors than they are wont to wear during the day. Merry birds have trilled their matin songs over and over again in their attempt to wake slumberers from their dreams. As the sun rises higher in the sky, the dew-drops that gently rested upon the grass and flowers sparkle with a brilliancy unsurpassed by art. The bright sunbeams give the blossoms a good morning kiss, and then lure away the glistening drops that have reposed during the night in their bosoms. The waterfall hums cheerily as it sends up a silvery spray which mingles with the cloudlets above. Gentle morning breezes ruffle the lakelets, and send their ripples dancing from shore to shore. Morning glories open their bright eyes to greet the sun and court the presence of the humming-birds now in search of their morning meal.

NOON.

Now it is noon. But through the forest's deep shade, rippling waters of rivulets flow on, and, with their gurgling and babbling, invite the weary traveler to rest on their mossy banks. Cattle are standing in marshy pools, lazily brushing away the buzzing flies. The busy bee, knowing that summer days do not last forever, and that flowers bloom but to fade, passes in and out of the clover fields, improving the golden moments in storing away a rich harvest of honey for future use.

EVENING.

"Softly through the meshes of the vine,
I hear the birds unto each other calling;
And in the casket of the eglantine
The gentle dews are falling."

The shades of evening are drawing on. Stars already begin to twinkle in the sky. The sinking sun, darting its lurid arrows into the fleecy clouds above, gives them a lining of pink and salmon. Shadows have lengthened and widened until they finally mingle into one, and overspread the grassy plain. Drooping plants and flowers are now freshened and enlivened by the gently-falling dew. Night-hawks and bats are on the wing, crossing and re-crossing the mead on a mission known only by themselves and Him who created them. Whip-poor-wills are filling the woods with gushes of sweet melody. Katydid and crickets, and the "brown old grasshopper,"

pipe away in full concert, caring little whether or not their "melodious strains" are welcome to the listener.

A little later, and

"On all there rests a halo and a hush,
And nature's spirit slumbers."

Many of us are in the morning of life; some have arrived at the noon mark; while evening shadows are closing over others. A bright morning is soon to dawn that will not merge into sultry noon, and pass on to evening. The fairest June morning will not compare with that morn which knows no night. Though earth groans under the curse pronounced upon it because of sin, still the bountiful Creator permits some roses to bloom by the wayside, floods of rich music to greet our ears, and has reserved some sweets for the taste; but they are only to comfort us on the way to the heavenly land.

The Christian cannot witness the change from dreary winter to joyous springtime and the glow of summer without feeling that the pledge of the resurrection shall as surely be kept. As the radiant beams of the sun, rising higher and higher in the heavens, restore life to vegetation, so "He that shall come" will bring life and immortality to his waiting ones, and winter shall nevermore be known.

JENNIE R. TREMBLEY.

Tough, Tougher, Toughest!

WE have heard so much of the entire helplessness of the human race, of the extreme tenderness of infancy, and the infirmities of the flesh, that most people have been led to conclude that we cannot endure anything; but I am satisfied that this is all nonsense, and furthermore, that of all living creatures, the human being is by far the toughest in every sense of the word. The mental effort of an earnest student demands more physical force every day than is expended by many powerful animals in a month. I have known men who consumed tobacco and whisky enough from morning until night to make a score of elephants crazy, and depopulate a good-sized neighborhood of its dogs and cats in a few hours (who don't wish that such persons would do themselves a favor, at the same time rid the community of useless curs and our back yards of the feline swarms, so that people could rest in peace?); but they will insist upon squirting the filthy juice on the street and in the drawing-room, while the turbulent kittens make night hideous, and independent curs, by dozens, tumble pell-mell over the fences, doing their best to make every horse they see run away and kill his driver! Oh, what a waste of tobacco! What a pity such brutes are allowed to go without it!

It is not my intention to write an essay upon whisky and tobacco. I will only remark that no animal, except man, is fool enough to drink

the liquid fire, no other is mean enough to desire it, or so debased as to get on "*benders*," and it is doubtful if any other would be tough enough to stand them.

As for tobacco, it is very difficult to acquire the taste for it, and mankind, in all probability, would never have become addicted to its use, had it not been that to the lords of creation alone was given the *sublime* faculty of spitting; cows, horses, pigs, dogs, and all of this low order of creation, that go on all fours, with their mouths hanging down, looking as though they could spit just as easy as not, seem to be entirely too neat in their habits of life to indulge in the luxury. The man, walking erect, looking upward, as if in search of a more exalted destiny; well dressed, with yellow kids, a gold-headed cane, tall hat, clean bosom, and stiff collar, stops on the street, halts in the dance, wipes his eyes at a funeral, and bends over to squirt tobacco juice through his moustache, without touching a hair, and looks ridiculous. Every day he uses enough of the filthy weed to kill a score of strong men who have not acquired the villainous practice, wastes time enough spitting, wiping, and hunting a good place to spit, to make him rich at the age of sixty. What a fool he is, and how very tough he must be.

After all, whisky and tobacco are good in their places, and I do not know how the criminal courts could be sustained, the jails kept full, and the hungry scaffolds fed, or the devil drive much of a business, if he had no tobacco to destroy stomachs with and make people spit themselves dry as graven images, with whisky to touch off the human tinder, and so start little bits of hell everywhere; he knows his business, attends to it well, and greets his subjects with demoniac grace and subtle laughter when they lie, cheat, rob, swear, murder, spit, and drink!

Mr. Editor, if *your* devil will pardon this digression, I will risk the other one without any apology, and say no more of whisky and tobacco this time.

Although men endure almost everything, and live, they are not as tough by any means as the women. It would kill a man in a very short time to fix ten or a dozen pounds of hair upon the back of his head, cut out the upper part of his coat, vest and under-clothes, so as to expose to the air and view as much of the chest as possible and avoid the civil law; then put on him a corset filled with stays, and girded up well so as to compress the stomach and bowels in about one-half of their natural dimensions; then swallow turkey, beef, salad, coffee, ice-cream, and pastry without stint, and hang to his hips from eighty to one hundred yards of goods (weighing from eleven to twenty-five pounds), the lower six or seven yards trailing behind him, sweeping up the dust and dirt of streets or carpets—while every few minutes some fellow stands on the nuisance, almost jerking him down—and then to

finish him up in full fashion, put on his feet shoes as thin as paper, with heels so elevated as to oblige him to walk on tiptoe; now, how long do you think, dear reader, a man so fixed could survive? You may have heard of the silly chap who attempted the trial of all these new styles to test his powers of endurance, and who in six hours complained of great heat in the head, with all the symptoms of brain fever; in twelve hours had an attack of pleurisy, from the nakedness of his chest, the best medical minds declaring that he was a candidate for consumption. In less than six hours more, from the compression by his corset, and the extra set of ribs going the wrong way, supplying the abdomen with the article forgotten by nature, he showed all the signs of inflammation of the stomach and bowels; was obliged to have the incubus removed from his hips, and the dirt collected by his automatic broom (or trail) cleaned from his body so fomentations could get down to the skin; but all to no purpose, for the poor fellow had only a few more hours to live. The next day he wound up his earthly career, and the honest parson, with a few heart-broken and bereaved relatives and friends, consigned him to the tomb's cold, cheerless, and silent embrace; stifling for a moment the hot tear, and stilling the troubled heart with the glorious consolation, "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away." Poor unfortunate, sleep in peace; let no harsh tongue ever tell to those sad ones who mourn your loss that you got sick, backslid, and died in two days, because you tried the fashions for *fun*, for a few hours, which women practice, and seem to enjoy, for years! The sudden demise of this tough man, if true, demonstrates that women are tougher; but the pallid cheek, the blanched lip, the deep furrows ploughed in the face of youth, the bended form, the hurried respiration, the faint, shrill, feeble voice, the husky throat, and hacking cough, are but the flags of death, hanging over the forms of beauty. Woman, it is only a question with you, for insulted, outraged, and violated nature, will find a day of certain retribution, and your offspring, enervated by your follies and ruined by your practices, could justly inscribe upon your tomb: "A fashionable suicide."—*The Bistoury*.

A MICROSCOPIC examination of flesh from the body of a young lady who died at Urbana, Ill., from eating ham, revealed fifty thousand trichinæ to the square inch.

A HEATHEN OPINION AS TO THE FATE OF DOCTORS.—Lieutenant Masters, of the British Navy, who has been traversing Terra del Fuego, edifies his government with comments on the people, whom he represents as believers in devils, who are departed spirits of doctors only. The chief business of life appears to be to keep these ghosts from doing mischief.

Extracts from Letters.

NORTH BLOOMFIELD, O.

ED. HEALTH REFORMER: I thank God for what he has done for me through health reform. I was a mere wreck, only able to work a very little. My case was considered hopeless by many medical men. I was full of drugs and their evil effects. When the light of health reform came to me, I seized upon it as a last resort. I immediately gave up all my bad habits of living. This may not be the best way in all cases, but I think it was the only way for me. My health began to improve at once, and in a short time I was able to do a good day's work.

This was eight years ago. I have not gone backward since that time, but have tried to go forward as the light advanced. I would say to all those who are trying to reform, Go ahead! You will get no help by going back. The light is always ahead.

Inclosed you will find ten dollars as a thank-offering. I would show my gratitude to God by this offering, although it is not a tithe of what I would be glad to give. I hope to show my faith in this good work by obedience to its principles.

SANFORD ROGERS.

HEALDSBURG, CAL.

I LOVE the HEALTH REFORMER. Its usefulness in my family cannot be over-estimated, for it teaches us how to live to preserve health, and how to regain health when lost. We prize your paper very highly.

J. W. BOND.

Why I Gave up Smoking.

BY A MISSIONARY.

I WAS a smoker, and the son of a smoker. I began to smoke when I began to preach; that is, when about twenty years of age. Most of the preachers of my acquaintance did the same; I thought it preacherly to imitate them. I smoked during the time I was at college; that was contrary to the rule of the institution; but then the president was a smoker, too. In after years, however, when we were having a friendly chat over our pipes, he positively and solemnly assured me that, if he had found me out, he would have expelled me from the college *instantly*! When about to sail as a missionary to a distant land, I recollect having the honor and felicity of having, in a little room, not three miles from Paternoster Row, in London, a pipe with a veteran in the service, whose praise was, and is, in all the churches. "A fine thing," said he, with a little Scotch accent, "is a pipe of tobacco in a hot climate. Let me recommend you, my young brother, to take with you a good stock of pipes and tobacco."

You need not ask me whether I did so. In

the course of time, however, when laboring as a missionary, I felt compelled, for the sake of example, to become a teetotaler, and to throw myself, heart and soul, into the total abstinence movement; but I still adhered to the beloved pipe.

In a parcel of temperance tracts, kindly sent me, was one headed, "*Dost thou smoke, Bill?*" I read it, and it made me feel uncomfortable. Some copies of it had got into circulation among my people before I was aware. A fine young black man came to me one day, and after bowing and scraping, and bidding me "good morning," said, "Will massa please gie me one leetle tract?"

"Yes, Quamina, and welcome. Which will you have?"

"Dat tract called, '*Dos you smoke, William?*'" (He thought it would be too vulgar, in my presence, to say "Bill;" politeness led him to say "William.") I gave him the tract; but I felt I would rather he had asked me for any other than that, and my uneasiness was increased. The tract was evidently exciting some attention. It was condemning, among the people, their pastor's habit.

One night, soon after Quamina's visit, having knocked out the ashes of my last pipe, before retiring to rest, a colloquy took place between my conscience and myself, of which the following is a faithful report:

Conscience. You have given up all intoxicating drinks, and you have done well. Why not give up that smoking, too?

Myself. I cannot. It is a pleasant habit, to which I have been addicted for fifteen years.

C. Does it do you any good?

M. I must confess that it does not.

C. Is it not, in a variety of ways, positively injurious to you?

M. It is; both my judgment and my experience are against it.

C. Do you not, at temperance meetings, feel that many of the arguments urged against alcoholic drinks tell with almost equal power against the use of tobacco?

M. I cannot deny that I do.

C. How much have you spent on tobacco during the fifteen years that you have been a smoker?

M. Oh! not much; I never smoke cigars, except when some ship captain makes me a present of a few; they are otherwise too expensive; the pipe is much more economical.

C. But how much has the pipe cost you since you became a preacher? Try to form an estimate.

M. (after a long pause.) The amount, I find, is larger than I thought it was; I cannot, however, exactly say how much it is.

C. But I insist upon knowing. Honestly, now, can it have been less, on an average, than ten dollars a year, or one hundred and fifty dollars in the fifteen years?

M. I believe that will be somewhere about it.

C. And how much, during the same period, did you contribute directly toward the spread of the gospel?

M. I really cannot tell; for I try not to let my left hand know what my right hand doeth.

C. Come, come; none of that cant and nonsense. I insist upon knowing. Call to mind your contributions, and give me some approximate idea.

M. (after another long pause.) I believe about fifty dollars.

C. (in a thundering voice.) What, only one-third of what you have spent upon tobacco?

M. Only one third.

C. And yet you are a minister of the gospel?

M. Yes, I am.

C. A missionary sent out to this distant land?

M. Yes.

C. Supposed, of course, to be a very good man?

M. Yes.

C. And your business as a missionary is to try to make these black and colored people around you good?

M. Yes.

C. You tell them that their money is not their own; and you urge them to deny themselves, and to make sacrifices, in order that they may be able to contribute toward the support and spread of the institutions of Christianity?

M. I do.

C. You urge even the children not to spend their little pocket money in oranges, mangoes, sugar-canes, and sapodillas, with other fruits and sweets, but to give it to send the gospel, and to plant its institutions where they are not yet known?

M. I do.

C. A pretty fellow, then, you are! During the time you have had the honor of being a minister of the gospel, you confess that you have yourself spent three times as much of God's money on that worthless weed, or rather that injurious poison, tobacco, as you have given for the spread of that glorious gospel, which you call "Heaven's best boon to man!" And yet you have the face to call upon others to deny themselves for that purpose! Shame, shame upon you!

M. I am ashamed and confounded. I scarcely ever felt more despicable in my own eyes than I do at this moment. *From this night forth, I now that I will never spend another penny in tobacco.*

C. Good, good! Stick to that, and you will be more worthy of your position and office.

So ended the colloquy. Having asked God to forgive me the great sin of which I had been guilty, and to grant me grace and strength to carry out the resolve I had just made, I went to bed.

The next day was the commencement of a

great conflict. At the usual times for taking the pipe, the craving for it was very strong. I managed to resist it, however, by putting to myself a few simple questions, such as, "What is the matter with you? Why are you restless and unhappy? Have you a headache?" "No." "A toothache?" "No." "Have you pain in any part of your body?" "No." "Are you cold?" "No." "Hot?" "No." "Are you hungry?" "No." "Thirsty?" "No." "Then why, in the name of all that is rational, are you not contented, and even thankful to God, for the exemption from pain which you enjoy?"

In this manner I lectured myself against the unnatural craving. Every time I resisted the appetite, I felt that I had achieved a victory; that I was rising higher in the scale of being; that my moral strength was augmented; that I was getting more in harmony with God's laws and my own conscience; and that my example in regard to the youths of my congregation was becoming more worthy of me as a Christian missionary and pastor. Ere long, the craving ceased; the appetite died away; I was emancipated! And now I would not be again enslaved for "all the world calls good or great." Most devoutly do I thank God for my deliverance both from alcoholic drinks and from tobacco. Against them both I am determined to battle till I die.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

The Silver Lining.

RAIN is not always comfortable while it is falling; but when it ceases, and the clouds clear away from the sky, everything thrills and dances with delight. The dew is chilling to earthly pursuits, and while it is falling, darkness is upon the world; but when the bright beams of daylight come, and the rising sun flashes on the hills, and its golden rays illuminate the valleys, it would seem as if an angel had oversown the fields with diamonds, and hung a brilliant on every blade and leaf. The very air is redolent of heavenly fragrance; and the whole earth is breathless amid the songs and glories of a celestial baptism. And so there may be discomfort and darkness, clouds and gloom, while the word of the Lord is finding its way into our souls; but those clouds will soon clear away, and that night be over. And when the sunlight comes, and the day renews itself, and heavenly morning dawns, there shall come visions of beauty and experiences of good, beyond all present imaginings, and over which the universe will thrill with rejoicings at what the word of the Lord, honestly received into the soul, has wrought.—*Sel.*

AN affectionate corset is on exhibition at Dubuque, Iowa, which has hugged three ladies to death.

A Few Reasons Why the Health Reformer Should Be Placed in Every Family in the Country.

1. THE managers and physicians of the Health Institute that publishes the REFORMER are men and women that fear God, and give evidence of possessing real piety.

2. The editor and the principal writers of the journal are persons who have been schooled in affliction, therefore know how to sympathize with suffering humanity, and, in a true sense, are practical men and women.

3. The nature of the journal is what might be expected from that class of men. It possesses a high moral tone, and treats upon the subject of health in a manner that every family may inform themselves and carry into practice that which will save them much suffering and expense.

4. It contains no "novel stories," which dissipate the mind; but the thirty-two pages in each number contain plain, practical, common-sense reading, not dry and prosy, but full of life.

5. It is a very neat journal, printed with good type, and is cheap, costing only \$1.00 for nearly 400 pages. By getting them bound into one volume at the close of the year, a family will have one of the most useful books for general information on the health question that there is in existence.

In view of the above considerations, we recommend a wide circulation of the HEALTH REFORMER. Every new subscriber obtained is one good deed done to suffering humanity. It can do no one any harm, and all who reduce its teaching to practice will be benefited thereby. The price of it for one year would hardly pay for one doctor's visit, and in many cases its simple instruction has saved its readers prolonged sickness, besides giving immediate relief in colds, inflammations, and acute diseases. I have been a subscriber for it, commencing with its first number, and am acquainted with hundreds that take it; and what I have stated is from a knowledge of facts.

S. N. HASKELL.

A Most Alarming Evil.

A POOR little lad once received a bit of sugar-coated tobacco from an older youth, who told him to eat it, as he was doing. The little fellow, supposing it some sort of confection, quickly swallowed it. But in a very few minutes he grew deathly sick, and hastened to his home. He grew ill so fast that a physician was called, and everything was done that could be to aid him; but, in spite of all, the poor little victim died in a few hours' time. The poison had taken such a powerful hold on an empty stomach that it was carried rapidly through the whole system.

Is it not strange that any can risk putting such a poison into the mouth, even though they do not intend to eat it? How surprising that any lad can be so foolish as to wish to acquire a taste for anything so loathsome. Yet how common the practice has become!

When the excellent Dr. Goodell had come back from a foreign land, and spent some time in visiting various places in this country, he said, "I see nothing in America so alarming as the increasing use of tobacco among the young men and boys."

He very well knew that tobacco and the pure religion of Jesus have no relationship—that tobacco and strong drink are twin brothers. Every boy who has learned to smoke and chew has started on the fair road to a drunkard's career. I hope that every reader will set his face like a flint against this loathsome vice, no matter though even a father's or a minister's example may point the other way. What would the Lord Jesus approve? should be the question, rather than what others practice.—*Presbyterian*.

WHAT THE BRAIN FURNISHES.—The brain is the great electrical reservoir of the body, and furnishes electricity to all the nerves, without which not one of the numerous functions would be performed. Every nerve, however small, constitutes a perfect magnet, and in health represents the two forces, positive and negative, in equilibrium.

A disturbance of these electrical forces in the atmosphere is the cause of the convulsions of nature. When it moves according to natural laws, it bids the seed to arise from the earth, to bring forth its flowers and its fruits, to breathe its balmy fragrance over the bosom of nature.

When its equalization is disturbed, we see it flashing in the clouds, and hear its thundering voice roaring above us, and yet that same voice showers down upon us the blessing of the rain-drop. It is this same electrical power from whose lips falls the dew when night covers the earth with her sable mantle, and the same agent which basks in the sunbeams, while they impart a fragrance to the flowers, and the luscious taste to the fruits. It is the loss of this power that causes our death. So all the organs of the body are affected, controlled, and acted upon by this subtle fluid.

We know that the nervous fluid and electricity are one and the same, for by severing the hypogastric nerve, digestion will cease, because deprived of its vital force from the brain; but if a current from a battery is applied to the nerve below the separation, digestion will go on uninterruptedly. Experiments made in Paris proved that digestion can be carried on in animals even after this life is extinct, by a proper application of the galvanic current.—*Mrs. S. E. Merrit, M. D.*

The Health Reformer.

Battle Creek, Mich., June, 1872.

The Power of Appetite.

GOD designed that the appetite should be man's servant. Of all the trees of the garden he might freely eat, *save one*. In this prohibition the appetite is put under the watchcare and guardianship of the moral and intellectual powers. When controlled by the higher powers, the appetite is one of God's blessed gifts; but when it becomes master, it is a debasing tyrant, crushing out of man that which is noble and God-like.

God tested the innocent pair of Eden upon the appetite. And they did not stand the test. Appetite then and there ascended to the throne, and has ruled the masses from that day to the present. We go back in imagination over long ages, until we stand among the glories of Eden before sin entered, and there we meet the painful fact that the weakest point in the character of Adam and Eve, while in all the perfection of manhood and womanhood, was the appetite. The representatives of the race were overcome. The consequent moral darkness, and the downward tendency, increasing with each successive generation, the reign of appetite has been proportionately more debasing and supreme. If appetite could move our first parents in Eden to an act of base disobedience, what must be its power on men and women of the nineteenth century in whose physical, mental, and moral natures the taint of the fall exists, and which has deepened with each generation since Adam and Eve passed out of the gate of Paradise?

It is true that among the patriarchs and prophets were men who walked with God, and were the masters, and not the slaves, of appetite, like Daniel and his friends, who refused to defile themselves with the king's meat and wine. And the apostles treat of Christian temperance in a most pointed manner, making the success of the Christian life to depend upon it. "Every man," says Paul, "that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things," and adds by way of application to the Christian life, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." 1 Cor. 9:25-27.

And we take pleasure in mentioning the fact that there have been, and still are, men of moral value, who have not been especially interested in the plan of redemption through Jesus Christ, who have shown themselves masters of appetite. These we can but regard quite as near the kingdom of Heaven as those who boast of their faith in Jesus Christ while in slavery to morbid, debasing appetite.

The present is a remarkable age for Bibles, the Sacred Scriptures now being read in two hundred and fifty-two languages and dialects. And yet probably there never has been a time when the people of Christian lands have been more completely under the rule of appetite than at the present. The gospel is preached everywhere. And it is said to be an age of wonderful light and gospel liberty. But unfortunately for the present generation, the gospel of our time hardly touches the appetites and passions of men. And why should it, when the majority of those who profess to be ambassadors for Christ are known to be gluttons, drunkards, or tobacco-slaves, and in some cases guilty of all these crimes?

The following facts and figures, taken from the *Christian Statesman*, setting forth the enormity of the liquor traffic in the United States, well illustrates the power of the human appetite.

"Those who would measure the enormity of the liquor traffic by the money which it absorbs will be impressed by some figures presented by Mr. Edward S. Young, Chief of the U. S. Statistical Bureau, at a meeting of the Congressional Temperance Society, in Washington. Mr. Young stated the annual product of whisky in this country to be, according to the returns made to the government, 62,500,000 gallons, representing a money value of \$375,000,000; fermented liquors, 6,300,000 barrels, worth \$126,000,000; imported liquors, \$100,000,000. There are in the United States 150,000 licensed liquor stores, whose average annual sales are \$4,000 each, making a total of \$600,000,000; and this exhibit he thought was probably \$100,000 below the facts. Mr. Young used the following comparisons to enforce his statistics:—

"An expert could not count more than \$20,000 in one-dollar notes in a day. Working twenty-five days in a month, it would take one man one hundred years to count the money. If spread upon the ground in notes of the same

denomination, it would cover an area of 20,446 acres. If paid in gold, a ton of which is worth \$574,000, and loaded on wagons each carrying one ton and occupying a space of seven yards, it would require 1,045 wagons, which would form a procession six miles long. In silver, worth \$31,200, it would require 19,230 wagons which would form a line of seventy-six miles in length. To complete the picture, let the wives and children of drunkards, and the widows and orphans of those who have died drunkards during the past year, follow these wagons in melancholy procession, their cries of anguish ascending to Heaven, and the line would extend thousands of miles."

It is a humiliating fact that this annual expenditure of \$600,000,000 in the United States alone, with all the consequent moral and physical destruction and wretchedness, is occasioned by the reigning power of appetite. The following from *Our Home Monthly* gives the idea that nearly sixty dollars are paid out for intoxicating drinks in the United States to each one dollar paid to clergymen :

"The clergymen cost the United States \$12,000,000 annually; criminals, \$40,000,000 annually; lawyers, \$80,000,000; intoxicating drinks, \$700,000,000."

And many temperance men, with the waning cause of temperance as it relates to intoxicating drinks on their hands, are feeling that but little can be done in reforming drunkards, or in restraining young men from becoming such, while they indulge in the use of tobacco. The only way to cure men of the love of whisky is to restore the appetite to its natural state. And this never can be done while the common and free use of tobacco, tea, and coffee, is continued. The only way to make real temperance men, is to abandon all unnatural habits, and to use only those things which God designed for the use of man, and these as far as possible in their natural state.

One has only to reflect for a moment to be overwhelmed with astonishment at the filthy, unnatural, expensive, debasing, soul-and-body-destroying habit of tobacco-using. We need not say that it is a filthy habit. If tobacco-chewers would only swallow into their stomachs that which is so sweet in their mouths, instead of spitting it out to the great annoyance of cleaner people, their path would not be so detestably filthy.

It is hardly stating too much to say that very many of these slaves of tobacco we meet in nearly all the common walks of life are living, walking nuisances. Spit, spit, spit! They eject from their mouths that which is offensive in the extreme on the street, in public places, and on the cars. Why, it has been said that tobacco-chewers in the United States furnish an amount of spittle sufficient to run Niagara Falls half an hour in each twenty-four.

The habit is unnatural. Not one lad in a thousand loved tobacco when he first tasted it. And more than this, most boys suffer a terrible sickness, and pass a severe struggle in taking their first lessons in tobacco-using. Then why do they go into a habit unnatural and disgusting? But one answer can be given. It is this: The force of the habit, as witnessed in judges, lawyers, ministers, doctors, and men of all rank and station, is pressing all our dear boys, with few exceptions, into this terrible vice. And these men, especially those who profess to be Christ's ambassadors, will meet the result of their influence in the final settlement of the last Judgment. And as for doctors, who will recommend tobacco as a curative agent, there should be no delay in their sentence. They should be immediately hung.

The expense of tobacco using is enormous. The following startling facts touching the money cost of this vice are taken from "An Essay on Tobacco-Using," by Dr. Trall, noticed in our list of health publications :

"It has been estimated that two thousand millions of dollars are annually expended *directly* on alcohol, opium, and tobacco, by the four leading nations of the earth—Great Britain, France, Russia, and the United States. The *indirect* expense—loss of time, sickness, casualties, etc., cannot be reckoned at less than an equal sum. How much of this enormous waste is attributable to tobacco-using we can only estimate approximately. But it cannot be much if any less than one fourth of the sum total. Here, then, are *five hundred millions a year* wasted on the 'filthy weed.' It is, perhaps, useless, yet it is interesting to speculate concerning the amount of good which might be done were this sum devoted to useful purposes. It would certainly go very far toward providing for every pauper, educating every child, and reforming every criminal, on the earth.

"Several years ago, a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* computed the whole amount of tobacco grown on the face of the globe at not less than two million tons—*four thousand millions* of pounds. The price paid for tobacco by consumers, including all varieties, must exceed twenty-five cents a pound. Choice brands have been sold at auction in Kentucky, quite recently, for one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents per pound; so that, probably, if we should estimate the whole cost of the tobacco used in the world at one thousand millions of dollars annually, we should be more likely to be within than outside of the truth. Then there is the loss of hundreds of thousands of acres of land desecrated to its cultivation, and the loss of the time of hundreds of thousands of persons engaged in its manufacture and sale.

"A curious statistician has calculated that the expenditures, directly and indirectly consequent on tobacco-using, amount, in a single century, to a sum equal to all the property on the earth. If the money expended for tobacco were to be placed at interest, and the interest compounded semi-annually, it would more than justify this seemingly extravagant calculation. If a person smokes half a dozen cigars daily, they must cost him not far from fifty cents. This, at compound interest, would amount, in thirty years, to something like ten thousand dollars. Three hundred millions of smokers at this rate, would waste in a single generation the fabulous sum of \$3,000,000,000,000; and in a century, a sum quite beyond all ordinary comprehension.

"Many college students expend for cigars more money than their board bill amounts to. I have known a poor mechanic, with his wife, children, and furniture, turned into the street for non-payment of rent, when his cigar bill for the quarter amounted to more than his indebtedness to his landlord.

"The money expended for cigars by thousands of industrious laborers, mechanics, and artisans, is just the difference between comfort, competence, and a happy home, and a life of poverty and degradation on the part of the parents, and, not unfrequently, of ignorance and vice on the part of the children.

"These are serious thoughts for the toiling millions, on whom the chief burdens of the extravagance and dissipation of all classes fall. Whatever is used or wasted, they must produce

it. If all the property of the earth is wasted in riotous living, sensuality, and debauchery, once in a century, or oftener, they must reproduce it. When the laboring masses emancipate themselves from slavery to tobacco and alcohol, they will very soon thereafter solve the vexed question of Labor and Capital, for they will be independent pecuniarily, and can dictate their own terms."

And nine hundred and ninety-nine of every one thousand tobacco inebriates would be glad to rid themselves of the habit. But they have become slaves to the power of appetite, and have not the moral courage to persevere in that self-denial, and pass through that suffering for a time, necessary to master the vice. We are not writing the condition of the few only. It is a painful fact that a vast majority of the men of our time have surrendered to the debasing rule of appetite for tobacco.

"I know it is a filthy, expensive, and hurtful practice," said a minister in the State of Indiana, "and I would give three hundred dollars to be rid of tobacco; but the habit is formed, and I cannot overcome it." Officers were not wanting in our armies, during the late American war, who could lead their men into the hottest fight without the flinching of a single muscle, who would surrender upon their knees to a plug of tobacco. It is the mind that makes the man. Just in proportion as appetite and passion by excessive indulgence strengthen, the intellectual and moral powers are enfeebled. And in the same proportion as the moral and intellectual are strengthened by self-denial, healthy conditions are restored, morbid appetite is dethroned, and the chains fall off from the enslaved victims.

WHAT IS WANTED.

The restraints of the Sacred Scriptures, and the self-denial especially taught in the Christian Scriptures, are wanted to save men from the controlling power of appetite. The sentiments uttered by Christ and his apostles upon this subject are the purest of the pure.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself."—JESUS.

"Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God."—PAUL.

"Abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul."—PETER.

The grandest thought in all the range of revealed theology is, that Christ in his life on earth was tempted and tested on all points as mortal men are, that he, our gracious Redeemer, might be "able to succor them that are tempted." We now pass over his temptations in the wilderness, with the offer of the kingdoms of this world, and to cast himself from the temple, which he overcame, to qualify him to save his willing people from the love of this world, and from the sin of presumption, and call attention to the Redeemer's fast of forty days. That was not a partial fast. The Record says, "In those days he did eat nothing."

The Redeemer of a world lost by yielding to the power of appetite, subjected himself to a total fast for nearly six weeks, that he, in experience painful almost infinitely beyond description, might go down to the very depths of the pangs of hunger, in order to be better qualified to save sinners lost through appetite, and that his long arm might reach to the depths of human wretchedness and weakness even of the poor glutton and the miserable drunkard.

All was lost in Adam, in yielding to the power of appetite. The Redeemer, both divine and human, as an overcomer in our behalf, stands in the very position where Adam failed, and plunged the race in ruin. No wonder that the angels, in view of the victories of the Son of God, sung over the plains of Bethlehem in the ears of the shepherds as they watched their flocks by night, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Christ stood the very test Adam failed to endure. The Redeemer took hold of redemption just where the ruin occurred, and succeeded in carrying out the plan of redemption. The subject is grand. And as we trace these lines there is kindling in our being the most ardent love and the deepest reverence for our all-conquering King. He overcame on our account. He leads the way in triumph, and bids us follow in everlasting glory. We hear from him by way of Patmos, saying, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." Rev. 3: 21. Mark well these vital points in this subject:

1. Christ did not overcome on his own account; but for us.

2. His temptations and victories were to

qualify him to succor his tempted people.

3. Therefore his temptations were in kind just what his people must meet and overcome.

The victory of our triumphant Head over the most subtle temptations during his forty-days' fast, and the glorious promise of reigning with him on his throne throughout the ceaseless rounds of eternal ages, on conditions that we overcome as he overcame, establishes the fact that the highest attainment in the Christian life is to control appetite, and that, without this victory, all hopes of Heaven are vain.

Are there sufferings and self-denial in the work of overcoming? The Bible Christian will joyfully welcome these, in view of his heirship to the eternal throne and crown of glory. "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him."—PAUL. "But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."—PETER.

"Who Will Care for the Children?"

SURE enough! Why have we not thought of it before? So I mentally soliloquized while riding in the cars not long since, as I saw a mother, wrapped in a warm shawl and scarf, sitting by an open window, holding in her arms an infant that was just beginning to run alone, with all its extra clothing removed, clad in a thin, white dress, its shoulders and arms entirely naked, and its feet and limbs nearly so. I did not wonder that it was restless and fretful. Its mournful tones were painful to one who could divine the cause of its distress, without being able to afford the means of relief, although so apparent and simple. Yet, so unconscious did the mother seem to the real facts in the case, that, undoubtedly, should nature succumb to such treatment, and manifest its resentment in croup, diphtheria, scarlatina, or some other form of infantile disease, and death close the scene, the event would be considered an afflictive Providence; and to patiently submit to the loss as being according to the will of God, as the right of Christian resignation.

This incident, with the thoughts suggested, forcibly reminded me of the vast importance of this branch of the health reform, and our responsibility in this direction; and such a department as is suggested, in the hands of a competent person, is a desideratum of no small moment.

But, Who will do it? is a question all may ask, and but few answer; still it is hoped some one may feel the responsibility of the matter, and step forward and do their duty. But, in

the meantime, we may, and should, all do what we can to let our light shine in this respect; and, by so doing, something may be accomplished toward relieving the condition and saving the lives of the little ones. As an illustration, in a community where I am acquainted, last summer scarlatina raged severely, and, as far as I am informed, in every instance where a physician was summoned and drugs administered, it proved fatal; while, in all cases where the efforts of nature, assisted by simple remedies, were relied upon, the children recovered, although in the latter cases the symptoms were quite as severe and alarming. For instance, in one family were two little girls, one of which at the crisis of the disease was supposed to be dead, and the other, dying. One case of each class, as examples, is worthy of notice. In the first instance, a physician was called, and death ensued in a few hours; while, in the other instance, though the symptoms were very similar and quite as severe, two or three days of careful treatment, hygienically administered, served to relieve the sufferer and start it on the high road to health.

I should have remarked that there are in the community a few practical health reformers, whose influence is being felt. Let us then do what we can, remembering that bread cast upon the waters is not always lost.

S. B. WHITNEY.

IMPROVEMENT OF FLOUR.—Prof. John Darby says that "It is a matter of the highest interest that some plan should be devised by which the whole of the nutritive portion of the wheat should appear in the flour. Appreciating the importance of it, many attempts have been made to accomplish this end, but none have been successful. The graham flour, in this country, has had some consumers, but has not become popular—fashion and a vitiated taste are insurmountable obstacles. Liebig, in Germany, made a similar attempt, but gave it up in despair. Those for whom he labored did not appreciate his philanthropy. The dark color of the bread seems to be the great obstacle to its introduction; and he would be a benefactor to mankind, indeed, who could succeed in making a white bread out of the whole of the nutritious portion of the wheat. There is no doubt that untold suffering is the effect of our present practice. Dyspepsia in its thousand varying forms, liver disease, nervous ailments, decaying teeth, deficiency of bone formation, are some of the evils resulting from depriving the great staple of human food of its most active and important elements."

We believe that the principal reason why people use white flour instead of brown, is because they have been taught to do so in early life, and particularly by the public teachers of a genera-

tion ago, who almost invariably scouted the idea of brown, or, as they termed it, "bran," bread. Brown bread is really quite as beautiful as white bread, sweeter and healthier; but custom has rendered it unpopular, and it will take several generations to eradicate the notion, especially when scientific men, instead of teaching the truth, spend so much time in discovering supposed substitutes for the phosphates removed in the bran, thus complicating the process of bread making, and substituting an ingredient of doubtful value, instead of a natural and healthful one. A little common sense is what is needed on this subject.

Prof. Darby's own words on the subject of flour contain facts of the highest importance to bread makers. He says:

"The mineral substance contained in wheat amounts to about two per cent. In 100 parts of this portion, there are 30 parts of potash; soda, very various in amount, from 1 to 6 per cent; lime, 1 to 8; magnesia, 10 to 14; oxide of iron, 1 to 2; phosphoric acid, 40 to 49, with small quantities of sulphuric acid, silica, and carbonic acid. It will be seen that a large proportion of the mineral portion is phosphoric acid, which is nearly all rejected in the bran and shorts, so that this most important element of nutrition is not found in our fine flour, except in very small quantities."—*Herald of Health.*

Counsels we Need.

THERE are many saying many things about hygienists, who know nothing of the true principles of hygiene, and much less of the people who advocate and live out those principles. Some have said we starve ourselves, when we only practice temperance, that we may secure the highest physical development, keeping before us the words of the apostle: "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." We eat to live; not, as many do, live to eat. I have heard people say they would rather live a shorter life, and enjoy it while they do live; as though enjoyment came from excesses imposed on the stomach and alimentary organs. Every law of nature, when violated, will reflect its punishment on the body, and there is no escape. Surely, "the way of the transgressor is hard." It is stupidity and blindness to gratify the taste (and that an abnormal one), and suffer untold miseries from which one can never be relieved, except by ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well. Yet many cling, as with a death grip, to error, which will surely prove their destruction; for it has destroyed thousands.

Some have said that without animal food and other stimulants, they could not endure labor and fatigue, when the reverse is the exact truth. If they would properly break off from the use of flesh, tea, coffee, tobacco, alcohol, and all the

modern table condiments, and let their diet be purely vegetarian, they would then realize what it is to have natural strength and power of endurance. Then could they exclaim, as all do who give this system a fair trial, "I feel like a new person;" "My youthful vigor is restored;" "I would not go back to the old mode of living for the world;" &c., &c. All who honestly seek the right way will find it.

The doctrine of the health reform is a unit, as is Christianity. The latter is exemplified by individuals all using the means of grace Christ provided for them, all centering in him as "the way, the truth, and the life." Though we are many, and the diseases that bowed us down, some of us almost to death before we found the better way, yet the deliverance is alike in all. Obey and live. Hence, our creed is in the singular, doctrine; not in the plural, doctrines. On this sure platform, we stand united, not easily to be divided. Some may have found only one pearl; others, many; yet we are one, united for life, for duty, for conflicts and reverses in our struggles for truth.

There is work for us all in the field of reform; and that it may be a success, each one must find his place and part in the work. The leaders are to occupy their position, and their counsels are to be obeyed, while the thousands of workers are to rally to the united command. Then we may expect the most triumphant success to attend this reform.

Now is a good time to work. Never was greater need than now. The work of death is on the march; the sick and dying are all around. Who shall help the weak but the strong? Who shall bring the light to those in darkness but those who have it? This does not mean a few physicians only, who have given up all for the cause, but it means you also, humble health reformer, wherever you are, to assist in building up that cause that has done so much for you.

Could a price be set to buy you back to the ignorance that held you down? If not, then as you value your freedom, labor to send out the light to others. They need it as much as you did, and if not helped, must perish in their ignorance of the saving laws of life.

There is reason for encouragement; for the cause is gaining ground. Where there was one health reformer twenty years ago, now there are one hundred. They are in almost every city and village, and scattered here and there in the rural districts. Those who have not taken notice of these things would be surprised at the progress of health reform throughout the country. In the past, some have had heavy burdens to bear in sustaining the reform; but now reinforcements are getting so strong that they can be relieved from their heaviest burdens. By their experience, they are now able to give us wise counsel, which, if heeded, will make our work successful.

We should patronize and sustain our true health journals—those that are unflinching in the advocacy of true principles, and are honest enough not to cater to the false notions of the public. These we must sustain; yea, we will sustain them. Let all be encouraged. There is work for all, and a rich reward for all. As we sow, we shall reap.

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Piles.

ONE correspondent writes from Petersburg, Va.: "Please inform me of the cause and cure of bloody piles. My little girl is troubled with it; she is troubled with costiveness."

There are various causes which bring about such conditions, which affect alike both old and young; chief among which is unhygienic food, such as fat pork, fine flour bread, and pastry of all kinds. This kind of regimen used in families develops various ills peculiar to those who indulge in such habits. These taints are transmitted from parent to offspring, and these again in intensified degree to the second and third generation, until many times the family becomes extinct, or each member remains invalid for life.

The safest remedy is to guard well the diet, because if our food is unsuited to our wants, it acts as a constant source of evil, and impoverishes the body, but feeds our diseases.

The constipation is always present more or less in hemorrhoidal disturbances, which causes congestion of the veins of the lower part of the rectum. When these veins become congested for a length of time, they become ruptured, as in the case of varicose veins of the legs, forming knotty tumors which sooner or later break, forming what is termed open, or bleeding, piles; before this takes place, they are called blind piles.

They are of a scrofulous origin, but are increased by improper diet.

Many who are troubled with scrofulous diseases deny having any such taint, and feel quite indignant at the suggestion of such ideas; and yet there are but few who are entirely free from it. It appears in various forms, such as erysipelas, rheumatism, constipation, white swelling, rickets, fever sores, and various other ills.

The origin of all these maladies may be traced to improper diet, as pork, fine flour, and intemperance of all kinds. These errors are transmitted to the offspring, and these in turn are brought up according to the time-honored fashions in diet, and in dress; and the general habits of life are such as to add to the already existing causes which tend to shorten life.

So long as people will feed their children upon these abominations, and cater to the prevailing fashions, so long it seems of little use to think of rearing healthy children. It is a well-established fact in medicine that if the cause is removed the

disease will take care of itself. If concentrated food is given, constipation will be the result. If from the flour eaten, twenty-five per cent of the most nutritious part is sifted out in the bran, there is no wonder if children are affected with piles, scrofula, fever sores, rickets, &c., &c. Give these little ones plenty of outdoor exercise, a generous diet of fruits and grains in their natural state, dress loosely and clothe the body evenly and warmly, and disease will usually give place to rosy cheeks and blooming health.

The constipation usually attending piles can be removed by hygienic diet and cool or tepid injections; but it is not best to depend on enemas, as they tend to do injury when too frequently used. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, catarrh, and a host of other ills, are all induced by exposures, and most of all, by improper diet. Nature's cure is to cease these evils, and retrace our steps. But nature's method seems so simple to many that confidence is lost in her, and hence the great cry in the doctors' ears is, "Can't you give me something to take?" "I want you to kill or cure," &c., &c.

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Good for Both.

THE narration of S. N. Haskell's experience in the February number of the REFORMER, in treating horses hygienically, has suggested to me a similar course.

Three years ago, when about sixty miles from home, my horse, a very spirited animal, manifested very marked symptoms of horse ail, or "horse distemper," as it is commonly called. Not having good facilities for treating him away from home, and not knowing how long he might be affected with the disease, I made haste to get home. Before getting home, however, he became so ill that he could neither eat oats nor drink water. The symptoms became so aggravated, and the horse so weak, that I feared I was going to lose him. The morning after my arrival home I proceeded to treat him as I have often done human beings for diphtheria, by giving him a thorough pack for two hours in tepid water. At the same time I tied cloths wet in cold water around his throat, renewing them every ten minutes. After unwinding the cloths in which he was packed, I poured about two pails of cool water over him and then gave him a thorough rubbing from neck to heels with a brush dipped in soap and water, and finally rubbed him dry. I then took him out and walked him briskly for half an hour, and in three hours after he was able to eat a little for the first time in two days. He ceased coughing, and the nose ceased running, immediately after he was taken out of the pack, and in two days

after I drove him ten miles, and he has never been sick since.

When it is known to be a common thing for horses treated in the ordinary drug way to be sick with the distemper for months at a time, and many never get over the effects of the drugging, I think the simplicity and efficacy of the natural treatment for animals will be as obvious to all as it has long been in regard to the human species.

R. J. M.

Nursing our Aches and Pains.

SOME who are always sick seldom think that they have it in their own power to do for themselves that which no other one can do for them, but are always presenting their cases to all who meet them, with long stories of comments and suggestions until their auditors are weary and make excuses to get out of their company. Daily, and almost hourly these feelings are talked over without the least alleviation until both sick and well become discouraged as to any favorable result. If such would only become acquainted with the principles of mental hygiene, and act accordingly, how much suffering to self and friends might be saved.

Human nature is generally prone to extremes, and by these conditions diseases of various kinds and grades are induced, and impatience to regain health and still retain old habits, physicians and friends are expected to contribute to the demands of the patients while themselves act as an independent party. No greater mistake could be made.

There must be co-operation of both patient and attendants to insure success. Patients who constantly worry about themselves, and study every ache and pain, very seldom make rapid recovery. Below we give a specimen of these invalid thinkers:

SUNDAY, MAY 12, 1872.

To-day has been pretty cold for me. Have been feverish and had ringing in the ears. Feel the least draft of air. Sweat some at noon. Feet and hands cool to cold and sweating most of the time. Since noon, knees cold and back brain congested at times. Finger nails quite purple clear to tips most of the time. Salivated a little. Pulse at 7 P. M not too full, and beats 55 per minute. Mental condition pretty fair. Digested two comfortable meals without much feeling at my stomach. Slept a little at rest hour. Urine good. Effluvia from body pretty rank, especially so from arm pits. Need a light spray or dripping sheet as a wash-off. Not much change in rash spots on arms and body for over a week past. Those on body incline to assume a purplish cast, showing poor skin, capillary circulation, and not much remedial effect in that direction.

Do n't I need a more carbonaceous diet to warm me up?

Want a Swedish Movement, as it will warm without abstracting heat as water does.

MONDAY, A. M.

Slept pretty well last night, and for the first time was not conscious of sweating. Ears rang pretty much all night, and woke up several times feverish with a sense of lassitude, which passed off upon getting up and exercising a little. Pulse 65 at 7 A. M.

Find that the circulation at my extremities is poor, but that my waist and abdomen are developing rapidly.

Poor circulation is what I need to overcome. At one time of day can hardly detect veins on hands, and at another they are full and prominent. Consequently I am too cold at times, at others, rather too warm, even to the point of feverishness.

This patient uses up a vast amount of vitality in nursing his feelings. At times, he looks wild and greatly agitated at the discovery of some new symptom, even of a trivial nature; and in these paroxysmal frights, much strength is used up to no purpose.

Nature has but one way to restore the sick, and that is by obedience to physiological law. Patience and cheerfulness will do more to restore the sick than the most scientific compound of medicine. These principles are just what is needed in the above case and are alike applicable to thousands of others in like condition. Even our hygienic friends will do well to seek a nearer acquaintance with these two principles when sick; viz., Patience and cheerfulness. Both are fundamental points in mental hygiene.

J. H. GINLEY.

HYGIENE OF BOOTS.—Breaking in a young span of boots is ecstasy, or would be if fitting boot makers could be found; but there's the pinch, though they do give you fits sometimes.

Getting tailored to suit me, the next thing was to get booted. I succeeded. It cost me nineteen dollars. I'd willingly return the compliment for nothing.

At last my boots were finished, and I went into them right and left; at least, I tried so to do. With every nerve flashing lightning, I pulled and tugged most thrillingly, but in vain.

"There's no putting my foot in it," said I.

"Give one more try," said he.

Although almost tired out, I generously gave one more. I placed the boot-maker's awl in one strap, and his last-hook in the other, and with "two roses" mantling my cheeks, postured for the contest. I tried the heeling process, and earnestly endeavored to toe the mark; but to successfully start the thing on foot was a bootless effort. Then I slumberously gravitated, and dreamed thus:

Old "Leather-brains" in Satan's livery, producing a hammer from a carpet-bag, proceeded

to shape my feet, and fill them with shoe-pegs. My nap was ruffled, and not to be continued under those circumstances, so I wisely concluded it.

"They're on!" says the boot-maker.

And a tight on it was, excruciatingly so.

My feelings centered in those boots, tears filled my eyes, and I was dumb with emotion; but quickly reviving, I slaked the cordwainer with a flood of rabid eloquence.

The cowering wretch suggested they would stretch. But they shrank. However, "in verdure clad," I was persuaded into wearing them, and stiffly sidled off, a badgered biped, my head swinging round the circle, and my voice hanging on the verge of profanity all the way.

As fit boots they were a most successful failure. I gave them to the office boy; but the crutches I afterward bought him cost me twenty-seven dollars. Yours calmly.—*Victor King, in Punchinello.*

What Is Cell Structure?

THE above question is asked by a correspondent.

A cell is a small particle endowed with life, and is found in animals and vegetables. It starts from a small point, gradually increasing until it divides into two or an indefinite number of other cells. The aggregation of these cells, whether by division or by accumulation, the process by which they are formed (inherent in plant or animal) is called cell formation, and looking at this work as a whole, we call it cell structure. For a full explanation of this subject, our correspondent is referred to Virchow's Cellular Pathology, where the cell theory is fully explained.

J. H. G.

CLEAN up your premises! If you have n't already attended to the matter, do so at once. The indications are that the season is to be an unhealthy one, and every possible precaution should be taken to prevent the air we breathe from becoming impregnated with the seeds of disease and death. The matter is largely under our control, and delay is dangerous.

A GOOD TEMPERANCE SERMON.—One of the best temperance sermons ever delivered is this sentence, "If it is a *small* sacrifice for you to give up drinking wine, do it for the sake of others; if it is a *great* sacrifice, do it for your own sake."

A YOUNG man in Hartford read somewhere that more deaths occurred at five o'clock in the morning than at any other hour, and now gets up regularly at four, in order to be out when Death makes his morning calls.

MISS WHITE'S DEPARTMENT.

SUMMER.

The breath of summer fans my brow,
Her voice is in my ear;
And earth, in all its loveliness,
Proclaims her presence here.

The buds and blossoms fill the air
With perfume from each cup—
There is a bird on every bough
To catch the echo up.

And oh! in every human heart,
However worn and lone,
Bright summer wakes with thrilling touch
A sweet, long-silent tone.

And so we bless the azure sky,
And bird, and tree, and flower,
And all things that remind our hearts
Of summer's magic power.

And we rejoice that round our way,
Though often dark and dim,
God sends so many messengers
To draw our souls to him.

—Kate Cameron.

Experience.

GENUINE, OR FALSE, AND ITS BEARING ON INVALIDS.

EXPERIENCE is said to be the best teacher. Genuine experience is indeed valuable. But habits and customs gird men and women as with iron bands, and these false habits and customs are generally justified by experience, according to the common understanding of the word. Very many have abused precious experience. They have clung to their injurious habits, which are decidedly enfeebling to physical, mental, and moral health, and when you seek to instruct them, they sanction their course by referring to their experience. But true experience is in harmony with natural law and science.

Here is where we have met with the greatest difficulties on religious subjects. The plainest facts may be presented, the clearest truths brought before the mind, sustained by the word of God; but the ear and heart are closed, and the all-convincing argument is, my experience. Some will say, The Lord has blessed me in believing and doing as I have, therefore I cannot be in error. The experience is clung to, and the most elevating, sanctifying truths of the Bible are rejected for what they are pleased to style experience. Many of the grossest habits are cherished, with the plea of experience.

Many fail to reach that physical, intellectual, and moral improvement it is their privilege and duty to attain, because they will contend for the reliability and safety of their experience, although that misjudged experience is opposed to

the plainest revealed facts. But that which they term experience is not experience at all, but a course of habit, or mere indulgence, blindly, and frequently ignorantly, followed, with a firm, set determination, without intelligent thought or inquiry relative to the laws and causes at work in the accomplishment of the object and the result.

Genuine experience is a variety of experiments entered into carefully, with the mind freed from prejudice and uncontrolled by previously established opinions and habits; marking the results with careful solicitude, anxious to learn, improve, and reform, on every or any habit, if that habit is not in harmony with physical and moral law. With some, the idea of others gainsaying that which they have learned by experience seems to them to be folly, and even cruelty itself. But there are more errors received, and firmly retained, under the false idea of experience, than from any other cause; for this reason, that which is generally termed experience is no experience at all, because there has never been a fair trial by actual experiment and thorough investigation, with a knowledge of the principle involved in the action. Men and women, with constitution and health gone, because of their wrong habits and customs, will be found recommending their experience, which has robbed them of vitality and health, as safe for others to follow. Very many examples might be given to show how men and women have been deceived in relying upon their experience.

Persons who have been a long time feeble are in danger of imagining their cases far worse than they really are. Their fears are easily aroused. They have so long made their own cases subjects of thought that they really think they fully understand their own cases. If the counsel and judgment of physicians do not agree with their views of themselves they are set aside as of no account. "They do not understand my case" is often repeated. "They did not manage my case right." Invalids are generally poor judges of what they need. If they understand how to manage their own infirmities why have they not made a success of treating themselves so that they need no physician.

There are men and women of peculiar traits of character who have determined wills, who are suffering from disease, which has had a tendency to make them notional. They form habits which become as second nature to them. Others can discern their peculiarities, and their dangers, when they may be blind to them, and think their peculiar habits are a necessity, and that they cannot change and live. Persons of this stamp of mind will be very slow to recover health. And they will frequently exhaust the patience and courage of their physicians who may be doing all in their power to help the invalid to health.

But before it is possible to do this, their false

habits must be broken up. But as the physicians try cautiously to do this, they have the strong, set will of the patient to meet, and he feels injured, thinking he is misjudged. He becomes vexed with his best friends, who are doing all they can to bring him back to health again. They want to get well, but desire to give especial information to the physicians just how their case must be treated. When they thus take the case into their own hands they show that they have not confidence in the physician.

This class have diseased imaginations, which frequently lead them to the conclusion that they cannot exercise. It tires them to exercise, and they cease employment, and become restless. They will study their peculiar symptoms, which become greatly aggravated to their imagination by dwelling upon them, which frequently leads them to say and do many things which, should they see another do, they would at once see the inconsistency of such a course.

Many invalids give up to inaction, which gives all the chance possible for the imagination to chase after symptoms. The worst thing the sick can do is to suspend all physical labor, supposing this the way to regain health. In thus doing, the will, which energizes the nerves and muscles, becomes dormant, and the blood circulates through the system sluggishly, and becomes more and more impure. And still the imagination takes the lead, and makes out the case worse than it really is. Indolence is helping on the matter, and produces the most unhappy results.

Well-regulated labor gives the invalid the idea that he is not wholly useless in the world. This will afford him satisfaction, give him courage, and impart to him vigor which nothing else can. Some have received the idea that it is dangerous to exercise, because they are sick. Such ones cannot get well without exercise. God made man a moving, working machine. He designed that the muscles, and every organ of the body, should be put to use. But some, guided by their feelings, will tell you that they cannot walk, or exercise in labor. They will relate their experience, that when they have attempted to exercise it has greatly wearied them. Yet all the works of the human machinery were there. No organ was missing. Why, then, could they not be set in motion? The motive will-power was wanting.

A diseased imagination, under the control of a strong will, held the machinery from action. These mistaken souls rely upon what they are pleased to term experience, which is nothing more nor less than pet notions, plans, and schemes of their own, which are not in harmony with physical law, but agree with their perverted judgment. These view their cases from the standpoint of diseased imagination. They will relate that they have tried this and that course to their entire satisfaction. Feelings have been their standard.

Feelings are a poor criterion at any time, but especially when under the control of a diseased imagination and strong will. Invalids of this class are almost sure to continue to be invalids. They generally have some fault to find with the course of all who try to help them. They are seldom willing to be guided by the judgment of those who understand the human system and who have long experience in treating disease. Physicians cannot, by their counsel, or treatment, help the sick unless the invalids give them their confidence. If they take their cases into their own hands, and do not recover health, they should not charge the failure upon the physicians.

Genuine experience is in harmony with the unchangeable principles of nature. Superstition, caused by diseased imagination, is frequently in conflict with science and principle. And yet the unanswerable argument is urged, "I must be correct, for this is my experience." There are many invalids to-day who will ever remain so, because they cannot be convinced that their experience is not reliable. The brain is the capital of the body, the seat of all the nervous forces, and of mental action. The nerves proceeding from the brain control the body. By the brain nerves, mental impressions are conveyed to all the nerves of the body, as by telegraphic wires, and they control the vital action of every part of the system. All the organs of motion are governed by the communication they receive from the brain.

If invalids receive the idea that a bath will injure them, the mental impression is communicated to all the nerves of the body. The nerves control the circulation of the blood; therefore the blood is, through the impression of the mind, confined to the blood-vessels, and the good effect of the bath lost, because the blood is prevented by the mind and will from flowing readily, and from coming to the surface and stimulating, arousing, and promoting circulation.

Invalids have frequently used water injudiciously, especially if they are extremists. They may not have a correct knowledge of the use of water. They may have used the water too warm, and not reduced the bath sufficiently with cold, to tone up the pores of the skin, which has a debilitating influence upon the system, or they may have used the water too cold, and driven the blood from the surface to the internal organs, producing congestion. They may have exposed themselves to cold air immediately after bathing. I have known persons to take cold, from which they have never recovered, by sitting in a room without a fire and becoming thoroughly chilled immediately after taking a bath. Many are not benefited by taking baths, because they do not practice lying down after a bath and giving nature time to react. If they cannot rest at least half an hour after a bath, they should exercise by walking or working to keep from a sense of chil-

liness, in order for reaction. Those who have taken baths carelessly, and have suffered in consequence, receive the impression that it was the bath which injured them, when it was their own injudicious management that produced the bad results.

And when the physician prescribes baths for this class they will frequently rise against it. They think the bath will injure them. The brain sends this intelligence to the nerves of the body, and the blood-vessels, held in obedience to their will, cannot perform their office and react after a bath. There is no reason in science or philosophy why an occasional bath, taken with studious care, should do any one anything but real good. Especially is this the case where there is but little exercise to keep the muscles in action, and to aid the circulation of the blood through the system. Bathing frees the skin from accumulation of impurities which are constantly collecting, keeps the skin soft and supple, thereby increasing and equalizing the circulation.

Persons in health should on no account neglect bathing. They should by all means bathe as often as twice a week. Those who are not in health have impurities of the blood, and the skin is not in a healthy condition. The multitude of pores, or little mouths, through which the body breathes, become closed and filled with waste matter. The skin needs to be carefully and thoroughly cleansed, that the pores may do their work in freeing the body from impurities; therefore, feeble persons who are diseased, surely need the advantages and blessings of bathing as often as twice a week, and frequently even more than this is positively necessary. Respiration is more free and easy if bathing is practiced, whether sick or well.

By bathing, the muscles become more flexible, the mind and body are alike invigorated, the intellect is clearer, and every faculty is livelier. The bath is a soother of the nerves. It promotes general perspiration, quickens the circulation, overcomes obstructions in the system, and acts beneficially on the kidneys. Bathing helps the bowels, stomach, and liver, giving energy and new life. Digestion is promoted by bathing, and instead of the system being weakened, it is strengthened. Instead of increasing liabilities to cold, a bath properly taken fortifies against a cold, because the circulation is improved. The blood is brought to the surface, and a more easy and regular flow through all the blood-vessels is obtained.

The Lord made man upright in the beginning. He was created with a perfectly balanced mind. The size and strength of the organs of the mind were perfectly developed. Adam was a perfect type of man. Every quality of mind was well proportioned, each having a distinctive office, and yet dependent one upon another for the full and proper use of any one of them. Adam

and Eve were permitted to eat of all the trees in the garden, save one. The Lord said to the holy pair, In the day that ye eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, ye shall surely die.

Eve was beguiled by the serpent to believe that God would not do as he said he would. Ye shall not surely die, said the serpent. Eve ate, and imagined that she felt the sensations of a new and more exalted life. She bore the fruit to her husband, and that which had an overpowering influence upon him was her experience. The serpent had said that she should not die, and she felt no ill effects from the fruit which could be interpreted to mean death, but just as the serpent had said, a pleasurable sensation, which she imagined was as the angels felt. Her experience stood arrayed against the positive command of Jehovah, and Adam suffered himself to be ruined by his wife's experience.

Exercise, Fresh Air, Dress.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

"FATHER," said Ellen Kent, "why may I not go with Charlie and James? you all seem to think that six weeks of tramping, hunting, and fishing, will give them strength enough to study on for the next year. I have been at school as steadily as they, and must go on studying as hard when vacation is ended; yet you and mamma have been talking of giving me the making of all their shirts and the mending of all their flannel, besides expecting me to get my own clothing ready for next term."

The father laid down his *Tribune* and regarded his daughter steadily. "Young ladies," said he, oracularly, "practice sewing; and as it cannot be done while they are at school, it should be attended to at all leisure seasons."

"But I find sewing really fatiguing, father. I am truly in need of recreation and rest."

"I think, Ellen, if you divide your time properly, relieving yourself by house-work, and now and then spending an evening among young people, you will need nothing further. As to your going into the backwoods with the boys, the idea is wholly absurd."

"Now, father," cried easy-going Charlie, who had just entered and caught the depressed look of his sister's face, "I had n't thought of it before, but really Sis is looking pale and thin. It seems to me that life in the 'John Brown Tract' would do her as much good as it will James and myself."

James had been sitting unobserved in a corner of the room, taking notes. "I cannot consent," said he, suddenly, "that my sister should use a moment of her vacation in sewing for me. What have I done for her? Certainly, I tender her no personal service whatever; and, as she says, her need of recreation is fully equal to mine.

Get ready, Sis; we'll take you, and take care of you! As to our flannels, if necessary I'll make them myself between classes. Young men 'should practice sewing,' particularly when they are so destructive of clothing that mother and sisters are kept on the rack to keep them supplied."

Mr. Kent sat staring. "Take Ellen with you?" he said. "Why, she has no strength, suitable for such an excursion, even if it were proper she should tramp off through the woods like a squaw, and catch fish or shoot deer as you mean to do."

"One thing is certain," said Charlie, "she never will have strength if she isn't allowed to use it. I'll tell you what I'll do, Sis; if you'll take off those death-inviting corsets, cut away half the heels of your Parisian boots, make yourself a short dress, clip your curls so they won't catch in the boughs and hang you as Absalom was hung, I'll get a steady, sure-footed horse, and one of us will ride it along shore while the others are in the boat, so it will be ready for you whenever we must walk. I'll teach you how to row, and James shall show you how to catch trout. I'd rather you wouldn't try to handle a rifle much, as you will be too inexperienced and might shoot yourself, instead of the deer; but we'll engage to keep with you and treat you as well as we would treat a mate of our own sex; that is to say, we shall require no drudging attendance in the way of cooking, washing dishes, and so on. We three boys will work together, won't we, James?"

"Well," said Mr. Kent, putting up his glasses, and folding his paper with a look of uneasy resignation, "you may take her, though I don't think much of the plan."

At this ungracious consent, Ellen darted from her sewing chair with a burst of grateful tears, flung her arms around her father's neck, and then rushed from the room to begin her preparations. "Take off my corsets?" said she; "have n't I been gasping for breath the last six months just because it is the fashion to gasp? I'll make up a dress without an over-skirt, too, and drop this horrid pannier into the river Styx, or some other dark place. For once I'll be sensible!"

Was there ever a six weeks' trip like that? Ellen flung off all false tricks of manner and expression, blossoming into the sweetest and brightest of moods day after day. Merriment rang its changes through the whole diapason of her life. Even in her hours of utter fatigue—and she had many such at first—the lightest event served to startle her into mirthfulness. The scorching of a venison stake, the upsetting of a bowl of broth, the breaking down of a rustic bedstead, all woke peals of laughter, as infectious as it was pleasant.

"I am sure," said she at last, "that these old trees give out an electric life that every nerve feeds on. For the first time within my memory,

I feel as though there is not a dead particle in me!" and she lifted her hand, rosy with the sweep of healthful currents, and wondered at the fullness of its netted veins.

So the "three boys" journeyed on, hardly staying twenty-four hours in one place, and always delighted with the new camping ground, whether it was by rushing waterfall, or sleeping lake, under lofty pines, or near the hill-chestnuts, overrun with the luxuriance of wild grapes, confounding their thorny burrs with the clustered globes. They were fast learning a lesson more valuable than setting stitches or stating problems—that of looking for beauty in the roughest paths and perceiving it amid the most rugged surroundings; for it is certain that nothing floats the soul into the very presence of its Creator with swifter wings than the rightful perception of loveliness, whether material or spiritual—the recognition of the former being necessary to real growth and a consciousness of the latter.

At last, the golden season came to an end. More than six weeks of utter seclusion from the world—not even a letter to tell that outside of that world of nature was a world of toil! Ellen bounded up the steps of her home, with a foot that had forgotten the languor of an aristocratic gait, and trolled a merry song through the hall as she ran in search of father and mother.

But how still the house was! Some sense of it struck upon her as she burst into the empty sitting-room, and hushed her voice from its gay warbling. She stopped and stood listening. "Surely," she said, "father and mother are having a vacation, too!" then she ran up stairs and at the landing met—Dr. Henderson.

"My child," said he, "you have come home in good time. Your father is very ill of typhoid fever, and your mother worn down with watching."

"How sick is he?" asked Ellen with a blanched face.

"So sick that without the most extreme care, he must die."

"He shall have it!" said Ellen softly, and went on into the chamber.

Then began a month of toil, and anxiety, and sleeplessness, such as the Ellen of six weeks before must have utterly sunk under. Day after day she kept her mother from the bedside when the mind of the sufferer was busy with the unsettled fancies of a desperate fever; but if an hour of quietude came and he manifested a recognition of his surroundings, she drew the wife in and left her to the enjoyment of such faint converse as might be had between the two. Night after night she hung over him, or lingered in his room as he slept, awaiting the instant when he should need her, and responding to his lightest motion.

Her brothers had parted with her on issuing from the green hunting-grounds, and gone di-

rectly on to their college—having loitered too long for a homeward trip—and though they were at once informed of their father's sickness, they were merely bidden to be in readiness in case of any unfavorable change. So she bore it all, and bore it with a courage, a noble renunciation of self, and a buoyancy of hope that made her mother wonder, and called forth daily commendation from the physician.

"Miss Ellen," said he one day, "there is not a young lady of my acquaintance who could sustain what you have sustained for the last three weeks. I notice you are not be-laced, and be-padded, and burdened with clothing as the rest are, and can actually do so indiscreet a thing as to draw a full breath! That accounts for your vigor and elasticity. When my Harry finishes his course of lectures and comes back with his diploma, ready to marry and settle down, I shall whisper a few things in his ear! In the mean time, do n't blush, unless for joy, for you have saved your father's life, and I shall take care that he knows it, as soon as he is able to talk."

"Ah, yes!" said Mrs. Kent, with a smile that Ellen never forgot, "and she has saved her mother's heart from the direst blow that could afflict it."

"Right, madam," added the doctor; "next week we'll give the child a rest, and send her to the sea-shore."

But Ellen did not care to go to the sea. On the day when her father first sat in his great chair, feebly smiling, and declaring himself sure of a speedy recovery, she walked up stairs, pulled a curiously shaped and be-whaleboned creation off a nail in her closet, fished an inflated invention out of the "river Styx, or some other dark place," and proceeded directly to the kitchen fire. I think that fire never burned so brightly as it did then; and as the flames ran roaring up the flue, she said to herself, "So perish every hindrance to health and usefulness! Never again will I run the risk of disabling myself from the power of helping others, and caring for those dearest to me!"

As she went back to the chamber where her father sat, drawn up to the window that he might see the russet and crimson robes of Autumn richly gleaming in the sun, his greeting smile was as pleasant a sight as ever gladdened a daughter's heart.

"My dear," said he, "I want you should have, in future, all the fresh air and exercise you can possibly require, if there is not a second suit in the house for one of us. Sewing can be hired, but health is a plant that, with you, bears such golden fruit I have no desire to keep it in the shadow, where it must droop and perish. Come here!" and he drew back the lace curtain and pointed to the gate, by which was fastened a clean-limbed, gentle-eyed horse, saddled for a lady's use.

"And is that mine?" asked his daughter, the sudden tears rushing to her eyes.

"Yours!" answered her father; and may my right hand forget its cunning if I venture again to rob my child of her right to God's own sweet air and sunshine!"—*Home and Health.*

MARVEL NOT!

When the mystery of summer beauty
Cometh unto thee, O patient earth,
All the sweet and marvelous surprises,
Bud and blossom springing into birth;
Shower, and dew, and sunlight touching softly
Into tender glory Nature's face,
All her brown unloveliness of feature,
Molding into form of perfect grace;
Dost thou marvel at thy wealth of sweetness?
Marvel, God should send thee such completeness?

When the mystery of deathless beauty,
Weary spirit, cometh unto thee;
When the tender touch of God, the Father,
Tarns forever thy captivity;
When the glory of his full forgiveness
Shineth on thee through a mist of tears,
And the starry blossom, Faith, upspringeth
From the ashes of thy wasted years;
Dost thou marvel at thy wealth of sweetness?
Marvel, God should send thee such completeness?

Life from death! God's ways are not our ways;
Unto us he giveth not his power;
We only know that bud and blossom,
Follow after sun, and dew, and shower;
We may only know that faith upspringeth
Where the footsteps of our God have been;
We may only listen for his coming,
Only rise and bid him enter in.
Earth accepts, unquestioning her sweetness;
Dost thou marvel at thy joy's completeness?

—*Anna Smith.*

To Young Ladies.

BEAUTY is but an auroral flash, or a gilded morning cloud. When Solomon calls it vain, he means that it is transient. Speedily will it die out under the tramps of every-day events. Trouble will turn its smile into gloom. Disappointment will hang a cloud upon its brow; and time will drive its ploughshare over its smooth cheek until the furrows are numerous and deep. There is but a mere point where beauty culminates, and you cannot exactly fix that point. It is like the flower-bud which you have watched and waited for; and yet, after the opening, you could scarcely tell the exact moment when it was in perfection. But had you any doubt when it began to fade? So it is with beauty of person—the fairest flowers of God's creating—there is but a moment, as it were, when it reaches its culmination, and then the shadow begins to settle upon its passing glory.

What a lesson for human vanity! The young lady should cultivate those mental and moral qualities which neither age, nor misfortune, nor sickness, can render less beautiful, but which these serve to bring out in stronger relief and in greater perfection. Woe to the maiden who builds her happiness for the future on the mere

physical charms which attract the eye of sense.

Young women have duties peculiar to their age and sphere. All are not situated alike. Their circumstances and surroundings indicate their duty. Some are rich, and their "coming out" is with gayety and grandeur. The idea of such a one addicting herself to any stated occupation, or even sharing with a mother the household cares and duties, is, in her views, perhaps, absurd. "My business," she says, "is to enjoy. I have enough to do to meet my social engagements, to prepare my exterior adornments, and to attend to the numerous complimentary calls made upon me." She has occupation, but it all centers in herself, and is about as profitable as blowing soap bubbles, or chasing the butterfly.

Such a life may be characterized by gayety and apparent freedom; but it is not without serious drawbacks—vexation, disappointment, and chagrin. A life so artificial is never satisfactory. By wealth and luxurious training, a young lady is not relieved of responsibility. Place her where you will, she has duties to her family, to society, and to God. In fact, her elevated position increases her responsibility. She has no license from God or from conscience to live to herself, or to worship at the shrine of pleasure. If she does thus live, she will surely lament, sooner or later, her folly.—*ScL.*

Self-Reliance.

THERE is nothing more likely to result in a successful career than confident self-reliance. It is astonishing how much more a youth will accomplish who relies upon himself, than one who depends upon others for assistance. Having first ascertained the direction in and the means by which his object is to be reached, let him put his whole energies to work, and with unflagging industry press forward. The young man who instead of rising at five, sleeps till seven or eight, and who spends his evenings on the corners, or in the companionship of those who are wanting in laudable ambition, rarely ever wins a position of honor, or achieves a reputation above that enjoyed by the common masses. In a country like ours, where the avenues to honor and wealth are open alike to all, there is no reasonable excuse that can be offered for a man's failure to achieve one or the other, or both. Ill-health or extraordinary misfortune may keep him down, but these are the exceptions that establish the rule. Few men know of how much they are capable until they have first thoroughly tested their abilities. An hour of each evening, spent with some good author, or in the study of some branch of useful science, will, in the course of a few years, give to a young man who thus devotes this small portion of his time an amount of information, literary and scientific, which cannot fail to fit him for positions to which he could never properly aspire without the attention to study.

Brevities.

HOME is "Heaven's fallen sister." A delightful truth lies shrouded in the designation. A Christian home should be a heaven begun on earth; the happy abode of warm and loving hearts—thinking, working, and sorrowing together: all melted down by grace, and uniting together in love. The road to home happiness is over the stepping-stones which lie about the brook of daily discomforts.

KEEP IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—The world is made up of differently shaped persons—as, for instance, round men and square men; and half the trouble in life is caused by the round men getting into the square holes. People should not be everlastingly mixing things—the sand and the sugar, the flies and the milk, etc.! Better to succeed as a blacksmith than to fail as a poet; to measure ribbon well than to bungle in trying to be a statesman.

"How many years have you been dumb?" sympathetically asked a gentleman of a beggar who pretended to be bereft of speech. "Five years, sir," replied the impostor, completely taken off his guard.

SOME men make a great flourish about always doing what they believe to be right, but always manage to believe that is right which is for their own interest.

MULTITUDES of women lose health every year by busying themselves in a warm kitchen until weary, and then throwing themselves on a bed or sofa without covering.

TO BE truly happy, forget your unhappiness in ministering to some one more miserable than yourself. Whoever carries coals to another will warm his own hands.

BENEFIT your friends, that they may love you still more dearly; benefit your enemies, that they may become your friends.

IT is not a knowledge of abstruse and difficult questions that we need, so much as a familiarity with the every-day affairs of life.

A PERSON may as well be in darkness as to be overwhelmed by a flood of light.

LET him who regrets the loss of time make the proper use of that which is to come.

SOME people have so little character that they are even destitute of failings.

THERE is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

FOR whitening the hands: honesty.

Items for the Month.

New and Valuable Work.

THE Hygienic System is the title of a small work by R. T. Trall, M. D., just published and for sale at this Office. It is just the work for the time, and should be read by the million. Price postpaid, 25 cents.

We take the following from the preface: How do you do? Gentle reader, you will not regard it so very odd to here meet this common interrogation when you consider that it relates to your chief earthly good. Health is your capital. Without it, wealth is of trifling value. Health should be your highest earthly interest. This is indicated, though not properly considered, in the common civility when friend meets friend, in the words, How do you do?

We take pleasure in calling your attention to the Hygienic System, as set forth in the pages that follow. Are you prejudiced against the system? it is because you do not understand it. Read attentively, and let prejudice vanish away. You will then comprehend the fact that it is not a "one-idealism," but a system that "adopts all the remedial appliances in existence."

"Hygiene," says Webster, "is that department of medical science which treats of the preservation of health; a system of principles or rules designed for the promotion of health." The people can, and should, understand these principles. When they do, they may preserve health, and save the money they now pay for doctors' visits and drugs, for better purposes.

Each new "reform in medical practice," which gives rise to a new pathy, casts doubt upon the preceding one, and calls in serious question, the entire drug business. And the people are calling for light upon this question of such vast importance to them, with the feeling that they should read up, think independently, become intelligent relative to it, and act for themselves on the great subject of life and health. We bespeak for this valuable little work a wide circulation.

Mutual Effort.

We cheerfully notice those smaller Health Institutions whose managers have not an advertising medium of their own, and invite them to contribute to our columns, and to our mutual interests, by sending along hosts of subscribers to the REFORMER. Please feel that the REFORMER is yours, and let us all lift together at the great wheel of health reform.

ELD. J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH of Santa Rosa, Sonoma Co., Cal., is our authorized agent on the Pacific Coast to collect dues and solicit subscription for the REFORMER, to whom subscriptions may be paid if more convenient.

THIS number of the REFORMER goes to press without the supervision of the editor. He is on a tour through the West.

EATING WITHOUT AN APPETITE.—Multitudes eat when they do not feel any appetite, simply because it is the regular eating-time, apprehending that if they do not then eat, they will afterwards become hungry when it may be very inconvenient and even impossible to get anything at all to eat. This forcing food into the stomach against the instincts of the body, is a wicked waste of power; is a fighting against nature, and puts man below the brutes which perish, for they never go against their instincts. Irregularity in meals is a dangerous habit; but it is never wise to force food into a reluctant stomach for the sake of regularity.

AT an inquest upon the body of Mattie Morton, in Burlington, Vt., the evidence proved conclusively that the girl came to her death by eating arsenic to beautify her complexion. She had been in the habit of eating cloves, pickles, chalk, &c., for the same purpose, and having seen in a newspaper that some ladies in the old country ate arsenic to whiten their skin, she took some of the poison for that purpose, and with fatal results.

CLEANLINESS.—A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged, house exerts a moral influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of each other's feelings and happiness. The connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced, and respect for others, and for those higher duties and obligations which no laws can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious, dwelling, in which none of the decencies of life are observed, contributes to make the inhabitants selfish, sensual, and regardless of the feelings of others; and the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal.

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

A PARENT has sued the Health Department of New York for \$10,000 damages, for the forced vaccination of his child, charging, first, an assault upon the child; and, secondly, the introduction of serofula into its system.