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MANY persons have quickness to discover their faults who have not energy enough to eradicate them.

REMEMBER there is no spot in the universe to which you can retreat from your influence upon others.

"JENNY," said a little girl's mother, "why don't you be good?" "Yes, mamma, but it is hard to be good, and I can be bad without trying."

"Do unto others as you imagine they would do unto you under the same circumstances," is a sort of brass rule more in use than the golden article.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A LADY writer says if women were as particular in choosing a virtuous husband as men are in selecting a virtuous wife, a moral reformation would soon begin which would be something more than froth and foam.

"IN brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man;
Look not on pleasures as they come and go;
D. fer not the least virtue; life's poor span
Make not an ell by trifling in thy woe.
If thou dō ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains."

THOU mayest be sure that he that will in private tell thee thy faults, is thy friend; for he adventures thy dislike and doth hazard thy hatred; for there are few men that can endure it, every man for the most part delighting in self-praise, which is one of the most universal follies that bewitcheth mankind.—

Sir Walter Raleigh.

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

THE nervous system is the highest order of organized matter. It is the immediate organism of vitality, and the vital operations, and the intellectual manifestations, and hence it has been said that the nervous system constitutes *the man*, and that the bones and muscles, and the whole assemblage of internal organs, with their various functions, are only intended to sustain and serve the nervous system. All impressions on the mind from the external world, and all mandates from the will to the muscles, are conveyed through the medium of the nervous substance. All motions, changes, or functional actions which are performed by the muscles of the body, depend on the power, energy, or influence transmitted to the muscular tissue from the nerves.

Through the action of the nerves on the appropriate organs, the food is digested into chyme, and thence into chyle, and thence into blood. The blood is transformed into the various solids and fluids of the system, and at the same time, by the nerves, it is supposed that the temperature of the body is regulated. By virtue of the vital endowments of the nerves, we perceive our internal wants, and external conditions and relations, and by these nerves we act upon the muscles and through them upon the bones in our voluntary motions. By the mysterious endowments of the nervous substances, we think, and reason, and feel, and act, as intellectual and moral beings.

All organized bodies, both animal and vegetable, depend on a system of nerves, which manifest a class of functions which are concerned in the nourishment, growth, and temperature, and general sustenance of the body as an organized being. There is a tissue in vegetable bodies which, in its functional character, corresponds with the nervous tissue of animals as nearly as the functions of vegetables and animals correspond in their processes and results. The vegetable seed, by virtue of its

own vitality, excited to action by a genial soil and other appropriate circumstances, puts forth its little roots into the earth, and absorbs foreign matter, and converts it into the substance and texture of its own organism.

So far as those vital operations are considered by which chyme, and chyle, and blood are produced, and the blood circulated through the system, and all the body in its various parts nourished, and its growth and development effected, and all the other functions of organic life sustained, the animal differs but little from a vegetable; and in health, is equally destitute of animal consciousness. In animals, however, there must be care used in the proper selection of substances to nourish the body, instead, like the plant, of its getting all its nutrition on a fixed spot. So, in animals, there are organs of sensation, locomotion, and prehension, subject to voluntary control. The primary office of these organs is to perceive and procure the materials by which the body is nourished, and place them within reach of the organs of nutrition. The zoöphytes, the lowest order of animals, have furnished a matter of controversy with naturalists, as to whether they were animal or vegetable. They are but dimly conscious of their being, and are nourished by means which hardly demand faculties superior to those with which the vegetable is nourished.

The nervous system is divided into two systems: The *organic*, comprising those nerves concerned in, and presiding over, the functions of digestion, absorption, respiration, circulation, secretion, organization, or the process of structure, and the production of animal heat. The other is called the *cerebro-spinal*, comprising the nerves of sensation and motion. To this latter belong consciousness, the perception of external impressions and internal affections, reflection, volition, and other faculties called intellectual. The first of these systems is composed of all those nerves called *sympathetic*, which preside over the functions of organic life. The second comprises the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves of sensation and motion.

The grand center of the nervous energy of the body has been by many reckoned as the brain and spinal marrow, with numerous cords, branches, and twigs, dispersed over the whole organized system. Those holding this theory claim the brain as the grand center of the nervous system, or a kind of *galvanic battery* which continually generates nerv-

ous energy and presides over all the vital functions of the system. The brain is undoubtedly the central point of sensorial power, but it does not seem to be the presiding center of those nerves by which the development of the different parts of the body is effected.

The central point of the nerves of organic life is in the midst of those parts of the body first produced in its natural order of development. It is a mass of nervous matter, which, in composition, very nearly resembles the brain. This is undoubtedly the first-formed portion of the human body, and it is the grand center which presides over all the functions concerned in the growth of the body and the functions of nutrition during life. This central mass of nerve is situated at the roots of the diaphragm, in the upper and back part of the abdominal cavity, or nearly back of the pit of the stomach, and consists of several parts, two semi-circular bodies about an inch long and half an inch broad lying, one on the right, and the other on the left side of the backbone. These are called the *semi-lunar ganglia*. They are closely connected by many large branches, which pass from one to the other, and from what is called the *solar plexus*.

In the figure which accompanies this article we have an illustration of the *ganglionic or organic nervous system*. AAA is the solar plexus, with its varied lines of nerves extending to the brain proper, the spinal column, and various organs of the body over the functions of which it presides. In a healthy condition of the bodily organs these nerves have no sensibility of which the brain takes cognizance. For instance, the brain does not feel food in the stomach, nor blood in the heart, nor air in the lungs, nor bile in the liver, yet their presence is felt or recognized by the organic nerves. When, therefore, we are *conscious* that we have a stomach or a liver from any feeling in those organs, we may be certain that something is wrong.

These nerves are endowed with an exquisite organic sensibility, which qualifies them most perfectly for the performance of their constitutional functions in the living system; and the complete integrity of those functions essentially depends on the healthy properties of the nerves. But the organic sensibility of these nerves may, by continued or repeated irritation, become exceedingly diseased, and a diseased sympathy may be induced and permanently established. In this state of things all the functions of organic life are necessarily impaired.

The food is less perfectly digested in the stomach, the chyle is less perfectly elaborated, the blood necessarily becomes deteriorated, and the whole system, in every part and tissue, consequently suffers. By continued irritation, inflammation may be induced, and the most painful sensibility developed in these organs. This state of things is not only distressing, but is always injurious, and often hazardous to life.



The degree of sympathetic influence which each organ of the body has on the others, is always proportionate to the functional importance of the organ in the system, and the nearness of its nervous relation to the great center of organic life. The stomach holds an immensely important station in the assemblage of vital organs. It is supplied largely with nerves from the great center of organic life, and associated by plexuses with all the surrounding organs, and hence it sympathizes more

directly and powerfully with every other internal organ, and with every part of the living body, than any other organ; and, in turn, every other internal organ, and every part of the living body, sympathizes more directly and powerfully with the stomach than with any other organ.

If proper and healthful food be placed in the stomach, it is healthfully excited, and all the other organs rejoice with it and take hold with alacrity to perform their labor; but if an improper substance irritates the stomach, all the other organs mourn with it, and their functions are disturbed by it. By carefully considering this bond of sympathy in the entire domain of organic life, we shall certainly realize the force of St. Paul's expression, when, using the human body as an illustration, he says: "And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it." 1 Cor. 12: 26. Do not cause these members to mourn by improper treatment in eating and drinking.

J. N. L.

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 Godlike.

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 the perfection of manhood and womanhood, was the appetite. The representatives of the race were overcome. The consequent moral darkness and 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 taints 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 talked 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 that 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 the appetite. These we can 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 over 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 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 many of those who profess to be ambassadors for Christ are known to be gluttons or tobacco slaves?

The following facts and figures, taken from the *Christian Statesman*, setting forth the enormity of the liquor traffic in the United States, well illustrate 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 United States 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 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 coin, 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 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 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 free use of tea, coffee, and tobacco, 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 in the best possible condition for easy digestion and assimilation.

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 take 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. 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.—*Elder James White, in Health Reformer, 1872.*

THE LESS DRUGS THE BETTER.

DR. HUFELAND, of Berlin, said a few years ago: "My opinion is, that more harm than good is done by physicians; and I am convinced that, had I left my patients to nature, instead of prescribing drugs to them, most would have been saved."

Sir Astly Cooper, an English physician of great notoriety, said: "The science of medicine was founded on conjecture, and improved by murder."

Said an old practitioner, in a German medical journal, a few years ago: "I know very well that perhaps more than seven-tenths of mankind die, not from disease, but from the unsuitableness and excess of medicine."

Keiser, in another German medical journal, averred that, "in most cases, the proverb is true, 'the remedy is worse than the disease, and the doctor more dangerous than the disorder.'"

The London *Lancet* is one of the oldest and most influential of medical journals. Each num-

ber is first issued in England and afterward republished in New York for American readers. A few years ago the following appeared in an editorial of that journal: "The true meaning of 'empiricism' is precisely equivalent to *experimentation*, the system of making trials, in order to find out what are the facts connected with a given subject. It has been too much the custom to oppose what is called *rational* or *empirical* medicine, as if there were really anything discrepant in nature; whereas, *empiricism* is the most rational thing in the world." The same editor at another time adds: "How little do we know of disease compared with what we have yet to learn! Every day develops new views—teaching us that many of what we before thought *immutable truths* deserved only to be classed with baseless theories; yet, dazzled with the splendor of great names (of men) we adhere to them. On these theories, *which have usurped the place of truth*, a system of *routine*, or empirical practice, has grown up—*vascillating*, uncertain, and often *pilotless* in the treatment of disease."

It is useless to try to explain how men of learning, who have actual experience, can defend that which in their cool moments they acknowledge to be so wanting in certainty and precision, and so injurious to the human family. The men quoted above are not novices in medicine, but leading men of influence. The editor of the *Lancet* declares in favor of experimentation as a means of ascertaining the action of medicines. I say nothing against his proposition. Experimentation is well in its place. But who are the proper subjects of the experiment to be made? Shall we make the sick, the afflicted, and the dying, the subjects? Shall these unhappy creatures be beguiled into the belief that they are to obtain relief, when they are only to be made the subjects of experiments with poisonous medicines of (to them) unknown strength? Let experiments be performed, but let them bear their true name.*

How much better to draw our conclusions from experiments made upon the healthy, not the sick,—generally upon the experimenters themselves—and that, too, under their true name, experiments or provings. Suppose we institute a series of experiments, even on the healthy. Let us

* That society at large recognizes this as a true principle is shown by the recent legislation which allows lard to be used for butter, but requires that it be sold under its true name—*oleomargarine*—instead of its stolen name, butter.

administer two, three, or five medicines at a time. Now let us note and carefully record all the results of our experiments on the system of our subject. Think you that we would be able to learn much of the action of any one drug? This is precisely the method pursued by many in the administration of drugs, and upon such experiments they depend largely for their knowledge of their efforts.

I freely acknowledge that a great improvement in this respect has taken place in the practice of physicians in the last twenty-five years, and, as a consequence, a more definite knowledge of drug action has been obtained by those who have thus adopted this reform. But no radical change has been made. Very seldom is there found in the prescription files kept by drug stores a prescription consisting of less than two or three ingredients. Indeed, most of them contain from three to eight. In a book bearing date of 1860, which I examined a few days ago, the author was trying to convince his readers of the vast superiority of his method of treatment of a certain disease over that of his rivals. As evidence of his right to such a claim he stated that his prescription *contained over thirty different ingredients!* Many nostrums now on the market are little better. The immense sale that most of them enjoy is only evidence of the surprising want of information of the masses in regard to drug action.

Most people think that drugs act upon different organs of the body; whereas the truth is more accurately stated by making the object the subject. Organs of the body act upon medicines in most cases. If I take a large dose of ipecac my stomach, true to the interests of my system, resents the injury offered it and rejects the nostrum at once. Ipecac is for this reason known as an emetic. The action of the bowels in ejecting castor-oil is quite similar, hence it is called a cathartic. The ordinary use of such vile stuff is an outrage against nature. The professor of materia medica in a certain well-known medical college never refers to this fancied "panacea for human ills" in so many families, except as "*axle grease.*" I know of no other use to which it is so well adapted.

From the above very brief but truthful presentation of the violence of the effects of some medicines, and the extreme uncertainty of the effects of others, are they far wrong who say, "The less medicine you take the better"?

J. E. CALDWELL, M. D.

THE BLIND BIBLE-READER.

THIS is one of the numerous small and unpretending but useful mission efforts in the city of London. A few friends have for years employed Mr. Bayliss, a Christian blind man, as a Bible-reader. His "mission is to read the Scriptures from Moon's raised type, in the courts and lanes of the metropolis."

Starting in the morning with his reading desk before him, suspended from his shoulders, he takes his stand in a back street or lane, and, feeling the words with his fingers, he commences to read aloud, and men, women, and children gather around him and listen. After reading a few verses, it is probable that someone will make a remark, or ask a question; or if no one does so, the reader will make some remarks which elicit a reply, and thus a religious conversation is commenced. When the reader thinks he has stood long enough in one place, he passes on to another, and pursues a similar course.

In addition to reading the Scriptures, he carries portions of the Scriptures for sale at a low price, and during the last year he sold nearly nine hundred of these, and read the Scriptures in more than seventeen hundred streets, courts, and lanes.

But is there any need for doing this? Cannot the people read the Bible at home for themselves? And are there not plenty of opportunities for those who wish to buy? The Bible says, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters," which means, I suppose, that it is wise and right to use any and every means that may attract the attention of men to spiritual things; and this "blind Scripture reader" does attract attention, and probably reads the word of God to many who do not read it for themselves, and induces some to purchase portions of the Scriptures who would not otherwise do so.

Sometimes persons come to the reader and ask him to read for their especial benefit; and there are occasions when the portion read seems just suited to the circumstances. Take the following instance:

A woman came up to the reader, and suddenly placing her hands on his book, said, "Give me a word to think about." He turned over the leaves till he came to the fifth chapter of Isaiah, and then read: "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them!" The woman trembled, and said to him: "You know me

then, and my failings." He replied: "No, you are a perfect stranger to me." She then asked: "How is it, then, that you read that verse which speaks of my very sin?" And then with much feeling she added: "Well, it is very strange. I suppose that it is God that sent that verse to me," and she burst into tears. Recovering herself she inquired for the chapter and verse, shook the hand of the reader, and said, "God bless you!" and left.—*Sel.*

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WHILE the importance of observing hygienic rules as a means of preserving health cannot be too highly emphasized, what encouragement may be offered to those whose health has already failed? This class includes vast numbers of individuals, both old and young, so much so that in some communities the well persons seem to be the exception.

We see these afflicted ones bearing their burdens of ill health and striving to perform the duties which devolve upon them as faithfully as their weakened frames will permit. Their lot is a difficult one, and calls forth our warmest sympathies.

In many of these cases the laws of health have been grossly violated. But oftentimes the sufferer is not the one chiefly at fault; the seeds of disease have been sown through the ignorance or indulgence of fond parents and friends. Some, while yet in tender years, have, through lack of parental vigilance, been enticed into wrong habits which have sapped the very springs of life. Others there are who have sacrificed health to ambition. Their labor may have been directed towards a laudable purpose, but they have failed to regard the great principle underlying all usefulness, that our first duty is to preserve the body which God has given us as "the temple of the Holy Ghost." What shall we say to such as these?

In my childhood home a tall, old-fashioned clock stood in the corner of the ample kitchen. It was a relic of past generations, bearing the name of the maker, "Solomon Osgood," on the face of the dial-plate. The aged clock was of the best material and workmanship, but it sometimes needed repairing, and it was hard to find a person who understood its peculiar structure, hence the old clock often stood silent. At such times grandma would remark, "If old Solomon Osgood was alive he could make that clock keep good time." Do not these words convey a wise suggestion? Is that

most complicated of all machinery, the human system, out of repair, what can be more appropriate than to intrust it to the great Creator? He who designed and formed the delicate organs of the body is able also to restore and regulate their impaired functions, and to impart new vitality. We are assured that it is the Lord "who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who *healeth all thy diseases.*"

The compassionate Saviour never turned a deaf ear to the cry of human suffering; he went about the cities and villages of Galilee "healing every sickness and disease among the people." What gracious words he uttered: "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace."

Dear friends who are bearing the burden of disease, you who love the Lord Jesus, and who long for health and strength which you may consecrate to his service, will you not go to the great Physician and commit your case to him? He is able to speak the word only, and you may be healed; or he may send you new light, calling your attention to wrong habits, and suggesting the right way. The kind heavenly Father is both able and willing to heal. He imposes but one condition, "according to your *faith*, be it unto you."

A. W. HEALD.

HOW TO INSURE GOOD HEALTH.

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

CHEERFULNESS.

THE duty of being cheerful is one which is at all times binding upon us. We have no right to be morose or sullen, or accustom ourselves to look on the dark side of things. No sense of the solemnity and importance of life can excuse us for giving way to a sour and unhappy temper. Though sadness must at times fall across our path and our hearts and souls be often impressed with the weight and seriousness of imposed duty or of surrounding circumstances, yet sadness and seriousness ought by no means to be considered synonymous with gloom and despondency. From the exercise of trustfulness and cheerfulness, in a high and true sense, we are never absolved, whatever discouragements or temptations beset us.—*Sel.*

DISEASE AND ITS CAUSES.

Words to Christian Mothers on the Subject of Life, Health, and Happiness.—No. 6.

BY MRS. E. G. WHITE.

DR. HERBST says that "a middle-sized man, twenty years old, after a natural expiration, or emission of air, inspired, or took in, eighty cubic inches when dressed, and one hundred and sixty when his tight dress was loosened. After a full dilation of the chest he inhaled one hundred and twenty-six inches when dressed, and one hundred and eighty-six when undressed."

Another young man, aged twenty-one, after a natural expiration took in fifty when dressed, and ninety-six when undressed. Had Dr. Herbst made his observations on some of the ladies who carry the use of corsets to extremes, we apprehend he would have obtained results of a nature really alarming.

At the hotel "Dieu," the great hospital at Paris, a young girl of eighteen presented herself to Breschet for his advice. On the right side of her throat she had a tumor of variable size, but never larger than one's fist. It reached from the collar-bone as high as the thyroid cartilage. When pressed downward, it wholly disappeared; but as soon as the pressure was removed, it was indolent, soft and elastic. It was observed to be largest when the chest was tightly laced with corsets. In short, by placing the ear on it, the murmur of respiration could be heard in the tumor, which proves that the protrusion of the lungs had taken place, or, in other words, that the poor girl had been so tightly laced that her lungs, having no longer sufficient space in their natural position, were squeezed out of it, and were forcing their way up along the neck.

Judging by their actions, women reflect upon their Creator in regard to their formation. They virtually say that God did not look far enough into the future to make provision for this age. They therefore seek to remedy the oversight of the Creator by artificial aids. The form the Creator has given women is not after the present approved style of fashionable milliners' and mantua-makers' ideas of graceful beauty; therefore corsets are invented and recommended to be used, that the waist may be compressed into the least possible dimensions, for the form nature had given them was altogether too old-fashioned for this progressive age.

The panniers worn by fashionable ladies are a

monstrosity, deforming instead of beautifying. These articles are composed of almost any material, according to the taste and circumstances of the wearer. Some are made of cotton, some of hair, others of newspapers, or cotton rags. Those who are wealthy purchase the beautifying adornment at the stores. Thus nature is deformed because fashion wills it, and the delicate organs located near the small of the back are injured by pressure and too great heat. These panniers are very inconvenient. They are made stiff, to retain their form of plumpness, and bound over the kidneys, and press upon the nerves and spine, retarding the free circulation of the blood, and inducing it to those parts which should be kept cool, and free from inflammation. In addition to this injurious arrangement, fashion binds upon women sashes and overskirts, with any amount of puffs, and tucks, and ruffles. These all tend to burden the body and create unnatural heat. The kidneys become irritated and do not perform their proper function, and the entire system becomes diseased by impurities being retained in the system. Nature cannot do her work while suffering such abuse.

A dressmaker, while engaged in sewing at the Sanitarium at Battle Creek, was observed to sit without supporting her back against the chair. She showed signs of great weariness, and was asked to make her position more comfortable. She answered that she could not lean back against the chair, for the pannier that she wore would press upon her back and cause her great pain. The pads were examined and found to be hard and unyielding. They were made very stiff that they might not lose their form and bulk. This instrument of torture this lady wore over the kidneys and spine, and the pressure upon the nerves was so severe that it was almost beyond endurance.

She also wore corsets laced so tightly that she could not breathe freely, or have freedom of motion. She was reasoned with in regard to the sin of so injurious a practice, which was, according to her own admission, destroying the healthy tone of the nerves. She answered that she must dress as the world dressed, although it exhausted her means to do so, and was robbing her of her health. "What can I do?" was her inquiry. "If I did not keep up with the present styles I should not get employment. I live by my trade." Said she, "I would not adopt the reform dress if I knew my life would be lengthened several years by

so doing." She also stated that the artificial arrangements upon her head were most uncomfortable, and that she had pain in her head nearly all the time, yet she said that she would not be singular in her dress if it would save her life. Here a woman was sacrificing comfort, happiness, and life, to the customs of society. Her lungs were so pressed that she could not take a full inspiration of air. Because of imperfect breathing and unbalanced circulation, caused by pads over the brain and the small of the back, her blood was being poisoned, and her vitality was being diminished, every day. Yet she unblushingly stated that she preferred to sacrifice years of her life rather than be out of the fashion. Here she exalted fashion above health and life. This is not a solitary case. The world is full of just such devotees to the health-and-life-destroying fashions. And we cannot expect a better state of things until Christian mothers have the courage to dress comfortably and healthfully, independent of the tyrant Fashion.

The *Herald of Health*, under the caption of tight lacing and torpidity of the liver, asks: "Has tight lacing anything to do with torpidity of the liver and constipation of the bowels, except in an indirect manner by contracting the lungs, diminishing the respiration, and thus weakening the entire system?"

"Tight lacing has a great deal to answer for in the production of these, as well as other diseases. Its injurious effects are produced in two ways: First, by the direct pressure upon the liver, confining it to a smaller space, compressing it and thus directly preventing its proper action. Lace up an arm or leg in the same way, and notice how soon the circulation will diminish, the limb decrease in size, and its strength waste away. The effect of continued pressure upon any organ of the body is the same.

"The second way in which it produces injury is by preventing the right mode of breathing. In natural respiration the diaphragm contracts at every inspiration and forces the liver, stomach, and bowels downward and outward, while at each expiration the diaphragm relaxes and the abdominal muscles contract, forcing these organs back to their former position, thus keeping them in constant motion. This motion of respiration is necessary to good digestion, and the healthful action of the liver and bowels. With tight lacing this natural mode of breathing is impossible, and the stomach, liver, and bowels, being deprived of the needed motion, become torpid and inactive. From inactivity of

these organs many of the most dangerous diseases arise."

It is no marvel that women are suffering invalids. The lower part of the lungs are compelled to suspend action for want of room. Enormous appendages are placed upon the back of the head and the small of the back. The spinal nerves centering in the brain, are excited by the extras placed upon the head. The kidneys and spinal nerves are inflamed by the extras upon the back. The panniers upon the back incline the form forward. This, with compression of the waist, makes it impossible for women to walk naturally and gracefully. They virtually say that God did not understand the philosophy of real symmetry when he formed Eve in the perfection of beauty.

Christian mothers, shall we accept the plan of God and the sample he has given us of healthful beauty in the natural form? Or shall we go in for modern improvement upon his plan? Shall fashion, however injurious to health, natural beauty, and true modesty, be our standard? The masses of professed Christians hold themselves under obligations to follow changing fashion, as though they had no right to reason for themselves, and call in question its monstrosities, any more than they would the truth of the Bible or the existence of a God.

Would God that Christian mothers would become intelligent in relation to the influence that fashionable styles of dress have upon their health and life. Before any permanent improvement can be expected, they must become intelligent in relation to the best manner of dressing, so as to secure the healthy, well-balanced circulation of the blood in every part of the system, and also the free and natural action of the lungs.

Christian mothers, I close my appeal to you for this number, with the words of the apostle, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? for ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."

THE man who thinks he can build himself up by running down his neighbor always finds, when it is too late, however, that all of the filth that he threw up fell upon his own head.

"WISDOM is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom."

GREGG WATSON'S REVENGE.

"DON'T, Gregg, don't! remember we are told to be forbearing." And a pair of arms were around Gregg's neck, with their owner's eyes looking up into his face beseechingly.

How could he withstand that irresistible appeal?

"I see you do not comprehend this matter, Mary," and Gregg's voice was constrained as he spoke. "A man who allows his wife to be slandered is looked down upon by all honorable people, and it is right and proper; a man is not deserving the name who submits to it. You have an excellent judgment in most cases, Mary, but you are one who would do anything for peace, forgetting that, at times, even patience ceases to be a virtue. If I allow this story of Matthews to go uncontradicted, or do not punish him for his scoundrelly conduct, there will be more than one ear ready to listen to it, and willing to believe it; it will go from mouth to mouth, and not without receiving embellishments by the way. He knows that I am opposed to fighting, that I would avoid a fighting character as a pestilence; he knows, too, that I am ungovernable when once started; he has seen me in my school-boy days; his craven spirit envies me my good fortune and your love; and he would provoke me to do something desperate. His devilish cunning has found a way, at last, to either drive us from the neighborhood, or disgrace me in the eyes of the law-abiding."

Gregg's eyes glanced with a scintillating light and his teeth pressed his nether lip in the effort to govern himself. Mary's arms tightened around his neck, and the color receded from her cheeks, as she beheld the murderous expression in his eye.

"O Gregg, listen to me."

"Not now, Mary; I know what you would say. Had he stopped with calling you a thief—but I am frightening you," and he placed one hand on her hair, and stroked it back from her forehead, pressing a kiss upon her lips.

"Yes; but, Gregg, everybody knows that he was drunk when he said it."

"Then he should have acknowledged himself in the wrong as soon as he became sober," replied her husband, quickly.

"You will only demean yourself by fighting with him; and, may be, cause sensible people to think there is more truth in the story by taking such a way to prove my innocence; as it is, those who

know me know it to be false, and those who listen to it are the very persons whose friendship we will be much better without. You know, Gregg, he is not your equal," plead the wife. "Do nothing rashly; he is not fit to bear the mark of an honest man, even if it was right that you should take vengeance into your own hands."

"This is not vengeance," replied her husband, emphatically; "it is doing our duty—defending our good name. Besides, it is not necessary that I should grapple with the villain," he added in a calmer voice; and again that murderous look gleamed out of his eyes.

"Gregg!" the searching eyes of his wife were scrutinizing his own keenly. She who had plead the moment before, stood up before him as a dictator. "Gregg!" his eyes fell before that steady gaze; the girl wife had vanished, and in her place stood a determined woman, strong in the consciousness of her own rectitude and purity. "What would I be to you without my love, Gregg. For the love you bear me you would murder a fellow-being, forgetting that by so doing you would lose my love, and the love of your God. Whom should you serve most? But in letting matters alone, you will please me, as well as your Creator. No, no, Gregg! wait till we feel it; then we can move away to the West if our friends desert us. But, Gregg, I can never consent to your quarreling with this man." Then kneeling down again and twining her arms about him, "Come, Gregg, promise you'll not touch him. You remember you promised me long ago that if ever it should happen your choice lay between pleasing the opinion of the world or mine, you would please me. And oh! Gregg, the thoughts of your being a murderer would break my heart. Please me, Gregg, this once—do. I see now you intend to fight a duel; and you know, Gregg, I have heard you say it was a great crime. Promise me to let the matter rest as it is; you know I am true to you; you believe me the same Mary you befriended as an orphan years ago."

Gregg bowed his head on her shoulder and said in a low voice, "You are right, Mary, I shall not notice him."

An hour after that, as Gregg was passing a group of men on the street corner, a voice from the group addressed him. Gregg recognized in the speaker a distant relative of his wife.

"You are saved the trouble of punishing Matthews; they say he fell from Appleby's porch in a

drunken fit, half cutting one arm off on a scythe. They say he can hardly get over it."

Gregg was surprised; but he merely uttered, "Is it possible!" and, retracing his steps, sought Appleby's. Matthews was insensible. Dr. F—— leaned towards Gregg upon his entrance, and said:—

"This looks like retribution, Mr. Watson; it is barely possible he can recover, even with best attention; and I fear the attention he will get will be but middling."

"Why so?"

"Why, you astonish me, Mr. Watson! Are you not aware of the report he circulated about your wife?"

"Perfectly, Doctor."

"Well, if every family regards him as mine does he will not receive much attention from anyone in G——, and less sympathy still. And then the manner in which he lived will operate unfavorably; he is literally burnt out with brandy."

"This is no time for anyone to cherish ill feelings, Dr. F——. I would attend to him myself rather than see him neglected, and all the readier since he has no one belonging to him."

"Mr. Watson, you are noble-spirited. I confess you are more of a Christian than I can ever claim to be."

Gregg returned the pressure of the doctor's hand silently, and left the room.

As the doctor had predicted, Matthews would have suffered for want of proper attention had not Gregg Watson neglected his business to administer to his wants. People wondered; many thought it would have been more like human nature had Gregg put a bullet through him, ere he was overtaken by the accident. But they did not know the influence of Gregg's wife, whose spirit shone through it all.

Matthews' life hung on a thread, as it were, for a long week; then a change for the better took place, and his recovery was beyond doubt. Still through it all, Gregg never left his side until he was able to sit up; then a motive of delicacy caused him to relinquish his place to another; and he turned to his business, that had so much need of his attention, left at a moment's notice, and in confusion. How often he thanked his wife for her advice, and how much happier he felt in doing right during those long vigils.

Some two weeks after Gregg had returned to his business, there was a picnic in G——, which all

the citizens of the place thought it worth while to attend. It was a very pleasant affair, altogether; but in the midst of the festivity a buggy, with a solitary occupant, drove upon the ground.

"It's Matthews!" was whispered from mouth to mouth, while lips were curled in scorn that a moment before were wreathed in smiles.

Matthews advanced to the center of the throng and stood upon a platform that had been made for the dancers. He was evidently very weak, yet no one offered him assistance. One hand asked their attention, when in a broken voice he said:—

"I do not come here to interrupt your harmony, as I have no doubt many of you think, but to make a statement that could better be made here than anywhere else. You have all heard, I suppose, of the vile report I spread concerning Mrs. Watson, who is now present with her husband. His conduct toward me proved it false. But I desire to make this statement as an act of justice, and to relieve my own conscience. I envied Gregg Watson his happiness. You can see the motive that originated that story—or, in your own language, *that black lie*. But I hope that I am not now as I have been heretofore, though I can never remain longer in G—— and look its inhabitants in the face."

Matthews' cheeks were bedewed with tears as he descended from the platform; but ere he had advanced many steps, Gregg Watson's hand pressed his warmly, amidst a murmur of approbation.

Matthews was an altered man from that time forward; and shortly afterward he sailed as missionary to T——.

At the close of the picnic, Mrs. Watson whispered in her husband's ear, "What a glorious revenge yours has been!"

"Say, rather, *yours*," replied Gregg, with an attempt at reproof.

It has passed into a saying in G——, "As noble as Gregg Watson's revenge."—*Selected*.

THE proposition to give women suffrage on the license question passed the Massachusetts House 118 to 95, and was lost by one vote in the Senate. The anxious faces of the liquor-dealers in the lobby would have been an instructive sight to those friends of temperance who still fear that woman suffrage would strengthen the liquor interest. Whoever else may fancy that the majority of mothers would vote for dramshops, the liquor-dealers themselves are under no such delusion.—*Woman's Journal*.

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 with impatience to regain health and still retain old habits, physicians and friends are expected to contribute to the demands of the patients while they 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, 1888.

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.

Don'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., May 13.

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 new symptoms, even of a trivial nature; and in these paroxysms 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, M. D.

A FEW THINGS WHICH DIFFERENT PEOPLE EAT.

THE old saying that what is one man's meat is another man's poison is realized in the opposite tastes of people.

The Turks shudder at the thought of eating oysters. (So, also, it might be added, do some people who are not Turks.)

The Digger Indians of the Pacific slope rejoiced in the great locust swarms of 1875 as a dispensation of the Great Spirit, and laid in a store of dried locusts' powder sufficient to last them for several years.

The French will eat frogs, snails, and the diseased liver of geese, but draw the line at alligators.

Buckland declares the taste of boa-constrictor good, and much like veal.

Quass, the fermented cabbage water of the Russians, is their popular tippie. It is described as resembling a mixture of stale fish and soap-suds in

taste, yet, next to beer, it has more votaries than any other fermented beverage. A tallow candle washed down with quass forms a meal that it would be hard to be thankful for.

In Canton and other Chinese cities rats are sold at the rate of \$2.00 per dozen, and the hind quarters of dogs are hung up in the butchers' shops alongside of mutton and lamb, but command a higher price. The edible bird's nests of the Chinese are worth twice their weight in silver, the finest variety selling for as much as \$30 per pound.

The negroes of the West Indies eat baked snakes and palm worms fried in their own fat, but they cannot be induced to eat stewed rabbits.

In Mexico parrots are eaten but they are rather tough.

The Guachos of the Badda Oriental are in the habit of hunting skunks for the sake of their flesh.

The octopus, or devil-fish, when boiled and then roasted, is eaten in Corsica and esteemed a delicacy.

In the Pacific Islands and West Indies lizards' eggs are eaten with gusto. The natives of the Antilles eat alligators' eggs; and the eggs of the turtle are popular everywhere, though up to the commencement of the last century turtle was eaten only by the poor of Jamaica.

Ants are eaten by various nations. In Brazil they are served with a resinous sauce, and in Africa they are stewed with grease or butter. The East Indians catch them in pits and carefully wash them in handfuls like raisins. In Siam a curry of ants eggs is a costly luxury.

The Ceylonees eat the bees after robbing them of their honey.

Caterpillars and spiders are dainties to the African bushmen.

After they have wound the silk from the cocoon, the Chinese eat the chrysalis of the silk-worm.

Spiders roasted are a sort of dessert with the New Caledonians.

MORAL.—Never consider anything fit for food simply because it is fashionable to eat it.—*Sel.*

GETTING THE BEST OUT OF LIFE.

THE London *Standard* in discussing whether it pays to try to live to be a hundred years old gives some useful suggestions. It says: "The man who really gets the best that can be got out of life is the man who, with a fairly good constitution to begin

with, is ready to squander it at any moment and on every occasion in a sufficient cause. He keeps no account of profit and loss with his vital energy; he sees work to do and he does it, he sees pleasure to be enjoyed, and he enjoys it. He is alive all his life save when he sleeps; and he wakes from each fresh slumber looking the world cheerfully and courageously in the face, and ready and even eager to be a combatant when there is a good, honest fight, and a runner when there is a good, honorable race afoot. He may not live to be 100, but he may well live to be 70, 75, or even 80. He may have a career, if not so conspicuous, yet as active, as varied, and as restless as that, say, of Mr. Gladstone, and yet not be really old when time registers him among the aged. 'Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay;' and better 20 years of uncalculated activity than the slow pulse and measured step of the circumspect snail that creeps surely on to 100. We are not denouncing centenarians. They are like angels' visits, few and far between, and they are too rare not to be welcomed. Moreover, we doubt not that they deserve their length of years. But it would be a misfortune if it was ever thought an object of life to live very long. The object of life is to live, live nobly, live bravely. As Shakespeare says, 'Ripeness is all.'—*Herald of Health.*

A NEW ORLEANS paper tells of a printer who, when his fellow-workmen went out to drink beer, during the working hours, put in the bank the exact amount which he would have spent if he had gone out to drink. He thus kept his resolution for five years. He then examined his bank account and found he had on deposit \$521.86. In the five years he had not lost a day from ill health. Three out of five of his fellow-workmen had in the meantime become drunkards, were worthless, and were discharged.

THE most easily digested articles of food as yet known are sweet apples baked, cold raw cabbage sliced in vinegar, and boiled rice; the most indigestible are suet, boiled cabbage, and pork; the former require an hour, the latter five.

IN order to have any success in life, or any worthy success, you must resolve to carry into your work a fullness of knowledge—not merely a sufficiency, but more than a sufficiency.—*James A. Garfield.*

Temperance.

THE DEVIL.

MEN don't believe in a Devil now, as their fathers used to do; They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his Majesty through.

There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his brow,
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

But who is it mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,

And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?

Who blights the bloom of the land to-day, with the fiery breath of hell,

If the Devil isn't and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint and digs the pit for his feet?

Who sows the tares in the fields of time wherever God sows his wheat?

The Devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true; But who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go around like a roaring lion now; But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row To be heard in home, in church, and State, to the earth's remotest bound,

If the Devil by a unanimous vote is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make their bow and show

How the frauds and the crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know.

The Devil was fairly voted out, and, of course, the Devil's gone,

But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

—Rev. A. J. Hough, in *Independent*.

HOW ONE DRUNKARD WAS MADE.

It was done in the usual way, with this difference (to me, at least), I saw it done. Had I known the end from the beginning, I should have raised a warning cry. Who would not? Was not the drunkard's end, when the wine which "moveth itself aright" is biting like a serpent and stinging like an adder, what I had always looked at? But one day the beginning and the end of his course were set over against each other in such a way that I seemed to see the picture as a vision.

It was New Year's day, 186—. A storm had been raging outside since morning; but we who

had gathered in Mrs. C.'s beautiful parlor knew nothing of bitter wind and sleet, except that we had fewer callers than usual. The bright fire glowed in hospitable welcome on the hearth for winter cheer, and one might forget in the bloom and fragrance of the flowers that brightened the room everywhere that it was not summer-time and summer weather.

I remember the scene so well. The happy young faces, the gay dresses, the songs with which we filled the intervals, the tables so loaded with dainties, and the friends about it who came into the sunshine of that pleasant home with wishes for us all of a "Happy New Year."

Just at nightfall a group of young men entered, and among them was Dr. Richard L., a particular friend of the C.'s, a young man of whom I knew little beyond the very evident fact that he was handsome, intelligent, and wonderfully popular. He had been looked for all day, and now that he was come everyone was all attention when his cheery voice was heard.

"You are welcome as flowers in May," said Martha C., extending her hand with an old friend's greeting, "but how could you stay away so long?"

"So that the best should come last," he said gaily. "I think I'll crown my New Year wishes with one for your health and happiness, Miss Martha."

"Not till you have pledged me in this," she answered, turning as she spoke to a decanter that until then I had not seen among the flowers on the table, to fill a delicate bubble of a glass to the brim with wine.

"Thank you, Miss Martha. Will you excuse me if I say that I have been out all day, and have not come to that yet?"

There was something in his tone, some self-assertion in his manner, that seemed to rouse in Martha a desire to show the influence she had over this young man. Her little hand was still holding the glass toward him.

"Ah, indeed! Then you are the more ready to take it now, Richard."

"What if he never takes wine?" suggested a friend who stood by watching the young man in what he thought, and rightly too, was a dilemma.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Martha, lightly. "You will take it for me. Just this once, Richard?"

I shuddered at her persistency; for a thought of the serpent that might lie coiled within that cup

flashed upon me. She was near enough for me to put my hand on hers. Would she bear a check from me? I thought she would; but while I stopped to parley with the doubt, and to balance friendship with duty, the time for action had passed.

"Just this once," echoed Richard, blushing as he took the glass, without a smile, from her hand. "Here's wishing you many happy returns of the day."

I turned away, chilled with disappointment over his lack of courage, and pained, too, with that question of my own duty in the case. But after events hinged on that night's doings have forever settled the question of all such doubts for me.

A little over two years after this I sat one summer day by a friend's open window. We were talking of this and that, as we bent over our sewing together, when a loud knocking across the street aroused us both. We saw a man standing at the door whereon a doctor's sign was conspicuously displayed.

"He need not wait there," said Alice gravely, "Dr. L. ought to put up a notice, 'No patients wanted here.' He has been lying there dead drunk for hours. My husband says he has been in that disgusting condition for two days, only waking to get more liquor, which he keeps on the stand beside him. The poor fellow seems bent on killing himself."

"It is not possible," I exclaimed, "that this Dr. L. is Martha C.'s old friend!"

"The very same," said Alice.

"But," said I, still unwilling to believe it, "I heard it said that he never takes wine, at least but seldom;" for then the memory of his words, "Just this once," came back to me as they sounded that night.

"I cannot say how that is," said Alice. "I only know that two years ago last New Year's night he was carried home drunk for the first time in his life. He has been going down, down ever since, has been turned out of home and church, and any day we may hear of a coroner's inquest over a man found dead in his office."

So I had seen one drunkard made. That glass I had seen Richard L. put to his lips was said to be his first, and it ruined him. In sight of that closed door, and remembering the poor debased victim inside, I resolved, God helping me, never again to stand by while the tempter snared another soul.—*SeL.*

THE USE OF TOBACCO WRONG.

(Continued.)

IN the third place, the use of tobacco works against the element of *power*. One of the noblest conceptions of man is that he is a *power*. He is not a thing, not even an animal, however strong; but he is a being with free will, whose collective strength of body and spirit is to be used for the performance of the grandest deeds of life, that by this means the greatest amount of glory may accrue to God. A single man with fully developed strength of body and mind, may accomplish more than a dozen persons all weakened and wasted; and consequently more glory will go up to God from the one than from the twelve. This is the way to view men everywhere. They are a vast congregation of powers, and he who does most, with highest wisdom and highest benevolence, is greatest. It is not blind force that I want, but it is force sublimed by its connection with goodness and knowledge. The infinite strength of God as manifested in the totality of creation, has its moral value from the fact that it is directed by perfect, wise love. "A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength." What we demand for the race, individually and collectively, is fullness of created life—life throughout the whole body—life throughout the whole soul. By possessing this, there will be strength of endurance, unflinching perseverance. Then we shall have force of will, force of intellect, force of heart, and force of body to be used by the vigorous mind. This is the true and ultimate conception of man viewed as a power; and enlightened reason assents to it as correct. We shall now test the principle, by contemplating first the bodies of men.

Consider the *physical weakening of races* by the use of tobacco. I begin with the North American Indians. It is well known that these natives of this continent are wasting away. The time is not far distant when they will cease to be. I cannot view this condition of these red men without thinking that the poisonous plant which they have used for so long a time has had much to do in undermining their constitutions. Of course, the practice of drinking ardent spirits has vitiated their natures exceedingly; but tobacco has also done its work. The continued use of this plant, for so many ages, has doubtless weakened their frames, and prepared them to become a prey to another and different evil.

What is true of these Indians seems to be equally true of savages in remote lands. The first cry, when a trader reaches them, is for rum and tobacco, and this fact ought to be noted, that as all savages are indolent in their habits, they will smoke, chew, and snuff more than men who are civilized and active. This being the case, we need not be surprised that many of these barbarians are vanishing away from the face of the earth. Certain missionaries stationed upon the islands of the Pacific, having seen that tobacco has proved a curse to the people, have made it a rule that no one shall be permitted to unite with the church who uses it.

But this weakening process is not confined to such people. We see the same thing among other populations. I have no doubt in my own mind that the decay and lethargy of the inhabitants of Turkey are partly the result of excessive smoking. The people have no spirit, no power, no element of endurance. The life of the body is drawn off; there is no vigorous tone to the system. Look also at the Spanish race. Their former power has departed. You behold an entire people sinking down into a dull and sluggish state, with no manly energy in their constitution. We are compelled to say that tobacco has much to do with this. A principle of deterioration is also gradually destroying the otherwise strong constitutions of the inhabitants of Germany. The use of the pipe is so common it is a matter of certainty that the body must be weakened. The French in like manner seem to have been seized with a mania for tobacco. Within the past ten years there has been a great increase of this vile drug among the people. In England the evil is making rapid strides. It seems to make but little difference that a high price is paid for the indulgence of this ruinous luxury. If men have a shilling which ought to be used for nourishing food, a part of it must go for tobacco or snuff. The poor will sit and dream, over their pipes, of coming wealth and strength, while a hungry demon is picking the flesh from their bones, leaving them weak and faint and helpless. As we come to the people of the United States, we have only to notice them for a moment to see what tobacco is doing. The perpetual chewing and smoking, by such vast numbers of boys and men, must drain the vital principle from the system. Hence the multitudes that we see of pale face, hollow-chested, weak-limbed men. Nothing is more apparent to an observer than the nervous character

of the inhabitants. The fact is, the nervous system is ruined by the constant use of tobacco. Men faint and grow weary in a little while, so the dose is repeated, that the nerves may be soothed and stilled, and supposed strength gained for the labor of life.

There are thousands of men to-day complaining of the lack of energy, who know not that tobacco is the cause of it. They are not able to work much; they have no appetite; their food does not digest; they try different medicines; at the same time, as they can do nothing else, they will smoke all the more, and thus keep killing themselves by inches. Possibly there are individuals with a strong constitution and healthy employment who do not feel the bad effects of tobacco to that extent that others do. But this is really nothing to the point. It does not prove the habit to be beneficial. There are some men of iron constitutions who have been accustomed to drink liquor for a long period and have lived to an old age, but surely this does not prove that all may drink with equal impunity. A large portion of men are destitute of great physical strength, and having no healthy employment, rum or tobacco is sure to injure them.

Who will say that *life* is not *shortened* by reason of this seductive evil? There can scarcely be a doubt that a number of years are lost to many by this very means. I am willing to admit that the average life of man is longer now than it was before the introduction of tobacco. But what is the cause of this? Obviously the improvement of house-building, better ventilation, more comfortable clothing, a greater abundance of pure water for large cities, a system of draining scarcely known in former times, the great progress that has been made in medical science, the general diffusion of knowledge among the laboring classes, the wide circulation of the Bible, the extension of the Christian religion—these things and many more have tended to lengthen human life. If all were thoroughly temperate in their habits, we might reasonably calculate on an advanced ratio to the years of man. Let tobacco, opium, and rum be banished from the earth, and at once life would be prolonged. Is it not a fact that the generation now on the stage is weaker than the one that preceded it? This would seem to be the case. The strong, aged men are dying off; the men of constant health, fine muscle, astonishing endurance, are passing away; and a puny, sickly, short-lived race are working out

their destiny with no great power, with no full and hearty happiness. The difference here we must attribute, in part, to the increasing use of tobacco. Smoking and chewing are commenced at such an early age that the body is sapped at its foundation, and speedily falls to ruin. If the evil would only end here, it would be less discouraging, but it ends not here. There is a great law of transmission. A vitiated constitution goes from parent to child, from one generation to another. The weakening of races becomes in this way an appalling fact, the shortening of life becomes a dread reality.—*John Reid, in Christian at Work.*

(To be continued.)

MUDDER MODERATION AND HER UGLY SON.

OLD Massa Alcohol nebber had but wun chile, a facinatin' tempter called *Modrit Drinkin'*. She am renowned throughout de world for her captivat' ways, for she hab charms dat nebber fade, an' a youthsumness dat knows not how to grow old.

In course of time, dis promisin' young gal had a son called *Inn-Temp'rance*, though him known by udder names too ugly to mention. From dis we learn dat Moderation am de mudder of Drunkenness, an' a more mis-be-lookin' an' un-be-matched kuppel you nebber klapt eyes on.

De cheatability of dis young-lookin' ole woman am miles ahead of ebery udder sham in de history of decephshun. Dar's nothin' else artful enuff to be worth puttin' on de same page. But berry few folks seem to hab enny idea dey am mudder an' son; for wun am young an' good-lookin', while de udder am ugliness itself, an' a bit over. In dis way dey carry on a most awful game, ded 'gainst all de best interests of human life. Dis Satanic kind of hide-and-seek, wid de bodies and souls of men for prizes, and de winnin' always on de cheatin' side, am a deadly game dat ought to be stopped; for dese two imposters in solushun hab splashed more tears an' blood onto de pages of history, dan enny udder pest known to man, or women either. De pranks dey hab played wid de lives an' pockets of de people hab changed de current of life's events an' sometimes stopt sum of de events an' de men's lives as well.

Dey hab ruined homes an' shattered into splinters life's most joysum hopes. Dey hab spared

nothin' from de cottage to de palace, till dey've even made kingdoms, principalities, an' powers shake in dare shoes, while sum of de population dey've left widout enny shoes at all.

Ebber since Mudder Moderation hab bin lookin' after de interests of her ugly son, war, pestilence an' famine hab had to go onto de second shelf in de world's great Chamber of Horrors.

Moderation am de acorn of de Drink system, Drunkenness de full-grown oak; an' awful an' unbeckind to a degree, am de birds of prey dat build dare nests in its dangersum branches.

Mudder Moderation am de great Thirst-Maker-General of de world, an' her mod'rit drinkin' slaves am de samples kept for show; because de right-down, genuine article would scare away de customers. It's only de poor drunkard dat am sold.

Mod'rit drinkers am de town-trabblers dat keep the bizziness togedder an' bring all de fresh customers, an' konstitute de most necessary part of de drinkin' system.

De last t'ing I hab to say 'bout dis seductive ole tempter an' her ugly son, am dat dem who want a new version of "de Beauty an' de Beast" can hab it here.

But I guess de ole wun will find most favour, not becos it am "all a pack o' lies," but becos dis wun am all a pack truth.—*Sel.*

LET a woman go to India with an avowed purpose of bettering the condition of the natives, and we call her a missionary. In any town in the State let her show her interest in laws that may effect our boys and our homes, and the foulest, dirtiest, profanest man pronounces her a crank and a long-haired fool.—*Iowa Home Journal.*

OF the 200,000 working women in New York the highest average earning is \$7.00 a week. Numbers earn but \$5.00 a week. Thousands are unable, with sixteen hours' work every day, to reach the lower amount.

LUNATICS have increased from 6,000 in 1870 to 10,000 in 1887 in one department of France alone, this increase being mainly attributed to alcoholism.

LET every man take care how he speaks or writes of honest people, and not set down at a venture the first thing that comes uppermost.—*Cervantes.*

Miscellaneous.

A LUSCIOUS FEAST.

BRING apples from the quaint old tree,
Pears, cherries, peaches blushing red,
With figs and tamarinds, to be
A substitute for gingerbread;
Bring berries from the garden wall,
And nuts that ripen in the glade,
With never a cheerless shade to fall
Upon the feast that we have made!

Bring clustering Muscats rich and ripe,
And melons in their golden prime,
And crown with each delicious type
The glory of our harvest-time.
O banqueters of vine and tree,
Partakers of their fruitage rare,
Unto this poor humanity
What glorious lessons do ye bear!
—*Vegetarian Messenger.*

EAT YE THAT WHICH IS GOOD.

"EAT ye that which is good," is the word of inspiration. As it is the wish of the Lord that we should "be in health," it is only to be expected that he should want us to eat that which is good. But this does not mean that we shall eat that which simply *tastes* good, because that which tastes good may not really be good, and because our sense of taste may be perverted so that things the most injurious may taste the best, while that which would be the very best for us may be, to the perverted sense of taste, the most unpalatable. It is evident then that the advice is to eat that which *is* good rather than that which by its pleasant taste *seems* to be good; that is, that we should eat that which will make the best blood and through that the best physical fiber, whether of bone, muscle, flesh, or brain.

Physically we are made of what we eat, and, other things being equal, we shall be in the best condition physically, accordingly as we eat that which is best. Nor does it state the whole truth when we say that by such means we shall be in the best condition *physically*—it is equally true that we shall be in the best condition *mentally*, because clear, vigorous thinking requires quick, active exertion of the brain; and in order that this may be there is required a bountiful supply of good blood. If the blood be heavy and gross, its course will be slow and sluggish, and the mental activity correspondingly so; while if the blood be pure, composed of the best particles, and vivified by pure air, it goes bounding through the arteries, carrying not

only life and vigor to the whole physical system, but to all the mental powers as well. Few people realize how much the power to think easily, clearly, and well, depends upon the condition of the blood. But the condition of the blood depends almost wholly upon what we eat, and the kind of air we breathe; therefore, if we will be in good condition either mentally or physically, we must have good blood, and to have good blood we *must* eat that which is good. Even the wonderful mechanism of the human system cannot make good blood out of bad material.

Nor is it yet enough to say that the physical and mental conditions depend so largely upon what we eat, the *moral* condition is also deeply involved in this. Because, says the great apostle, "With the mind I serve the law of God." Our service to the law of God is the measure of our moral condition. Therefore, as with the mind we serve the law of God; as the condition of the mind is largely dependent upon the condition of the blood; as the condition of the blood is largely dependent upon what we eat—it inevitably follows that our moral condition, our service to God, is largely dependent upon what we eat. By many it may be thought that this is bringing a singular sort of element, not to say aliment, into the field of morals. But whatever may be thought of it, the principle is correct, this very element belongs in the field of morals, and the sooner we recognize it and act in accordance with it, the better it will be for us. God made the whole man to serve and glorify Him wholly. It is impossible to separate the mental from the physical, or the moral from the mental, in man. God has made it and combined it all together; the Lord Jesus died to redeem it all unto God; because we are bought with this wondrous price, we are required to glorify him in our bodies and our spirits which are his; the whole spirit and soul and body is to be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord (1 Thess. 5: 23); and when he comes he shall change our bodies, that they may be fashioned like unto his glorious body. "Thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God. . . . Thou shalt not eat any abominable thing." Deut. 14: 2, 3.

In our next we shall give some account of what God has said about what is good to eat.

A. T. JONES

THE way of the transgressor is hard.

BIBLE WINES—A BIBLE-READING.

GOOD WINE.—1. *Question*—Is there any kind of wine that is good for the stomach?

Answer—“Use a little wine for thy stomach’s sake and thine often infirmities.” 1 Tim. 5 : 23.

2. *Q.*—Does wine have a blessing in it before it is destroyed by fermentation?

A.—“As the new wine is found in the cluster, and one saith, Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it.” Isa. 65 : 8.

3. *Q.*—How does the wine that God brings forth out of the earth, and prepares in the cluster, affect the heart of man?

A.—“That he may bring forth food out of the earth; and wine that maketh glad the heart of man.” Ps. 104 : 14, 15.

BAD WINE.—4. *Q.*—How does wine affect the heart (and also the eyes) when destroyed by fermentation?

A.—“Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.” Prov. 23 : 29, 30.

5. *Q.*—Should we totally abstain from wine after fermentation has commenced?

A.—“Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.” Verse 31.

6. *Q.*—When the work of fermentation is completed is it an *irritant*?

A.—“At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.” Verse 32.

7. *Q.*—Is it a *stimulant*?

A.—“Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine *inflammeth* them.” Isa. 5 : 11.

8. *Q.*—Is it a *narcotic*?

A.—“And Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, took either of them his censer, and put fire therein, and put incense thereon, and offered strange fire before the Lord, which he commanded them not.” “And the Lord spake unto Aaron, saying, Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die; it shall be a statute forever throughout your generations; and that ye may put difference between holy and unholy, and between unclean and clean.” Lev. 10 : 1, 8-10.

9. *Q.*—Is it an *anæsthetic*?

A.—“They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not; when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.” Prov. 23 : 35.

10. *Q.*—Does its use derange the mind?

A.—“Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things.” Verse 33.

11. *Q.*—How unsafe will it render a man’s life?

A.—“Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or he that lieth upon the top of a mast.” Verse 34.

12. *Q.*—Is it wise to drink this fermented wine, that has no blessing in it, but always brings a curse?

A.—“Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.” Prov. 20 : 1.

G. K. OWEN.

AN EFFICIENT AND RELIABLE INSTITUTION.

I FEEL very grateful to the Rural Health Retreat for what they have done for my family in the restoration of health.

My little girl, Pearl, eight years of age, had been sick for some two or three months, and our family physician, in Oakland, notified us that the case was beyond the skill of earthly physicians, and that the child could only live a short time. I immediately sent her, with her mother, to the Rural Health Retreat, St. Helena, California, and after seven weeks of thorough treatment she was pronounced cured. She seems well, and hearty, and will soon start to school again.

My wife, who has not been very well for several years, has lately passed through a successful surgical operation (the removal of a tumor), and her general health is much improved by her two months’ stay at the institution.

I had the privilege of a three days’ visit at the Retreat, and was very favorably impressed with the institution and its beautiful surroundings. They have thoroughly competent physicians, attentive nurses, agreeable and intelligent helpers, wholesome food, pure water; and last, but not least, the blessing of the great Physician seems to attend the work done there.

The climate, scenery, and beautiful drives about the Retreat are all that could be asked for by the most fastidious health or pleasure seeker. The

rooms are large, well lighted, and the entire main buildings are heated by steam.

Everything is kept neat and clean, and the best of order prevails. No tobacco or intoxicating liquors are allowed about the premises. The employes are Christian ladies and gentlemen. If I were sick I know of no place where I would rather go, with better hopes of getting well, than at the Rural Health Retreat.

B. R. NORDYKE,

Mgr. Periodical Dept. Pacific Press.

Oakland, Cal., May 1, 1888.

LIFE WITHIN.

How hard it is to feel that the power of life is to be found inside, not outside; in the heart and thoughts, not in the visible actions and show; in the living seed, not in the plant which has no root. How often do men cultivate the garden of their soul just the other way! How often do we try to persevere in trying to make a sort of neat show of outer good qualities, without anything within to correspond; just like children who plant blossoms without any roots in the ground, to make a pretty show for the hour. We find fault in our lives, and we cut off the weed, but we do not root it up; we find something wanting in ourselves, and we supply it, not by sowing the divine seed of heavenly principle, but by copying the deeds that the principle ought to produce.—*Sel.*

DIET AT THE HEALTH RETREAT.

LET it be borne in mind that Rural Health Retreat is a resort for those wishing rest and recuperation, as well as a sanitarium for the sick and suffering. For this reason there is quite a wide scope in our dietary. In the case of dyspeptics, or those suffering from various forms of disease, requiring, in their treatment, a prescribed diet, there may be food prepared under the direction of the physician-in-chief, who has made a study of their cases. The bill of fare, given below, is such that anyone can surely select from it a good "square meal" if they so desire. While we make fruits, grains, and vegetables the staple articles of diet, it is the study of Mrs. Klase, our head cook, who has had many years' experience in hygienic institutions, to see that these are prepared in the most acceptable forms, and to constantly present, at different meals, some changes from the previous meals, so that

there will be no cloy of the appetite to any reasonable epicure.

To show how our diet is regarded by those who have given it a fair trial, we will refer to a young merchant of San Francisco, who has, at different times, taken meals at the Retreat. Said he, "I make out to get along with my diet in San Francisco by aid of some of the sanitary supplies I get from the Retreat, but when I want a good, full meal I come up to the Health Retreat to get it."

We took the liberty to take an inventory of the Retreat tables at the times mentioned below, without the knowledge of the cook that any such inventory was to be taken, so, of course, there was no stepping aside from what she would have had on those days.

SUNDAY, APRIL 8, 1888, BREAKFAST.—Bread: Graham, fine flour, fruit bread, graham gems, gluten gems, finger rolls, oatmeal biscuit. Grains: Oatmeal mush, graham mush, germea, granola. Crackers: Gluten crackers, graham crackers, fine flour, carbon crackers, rye wafers, dyspeptic crackers. Vegetables: Irish potatoes baked, sweet potatoes baked. Meat and eggs: Beefsteak broiled, boiled eggs, poached eggs. Miscellaneous: Domestic coffee, hot and cold milk, fruit toast, cream toast, dry toast, butter, honey, cream.

At each meal there were from three to five of the ten kinds of crackers that are prepared fresh in the Retreat bakery, and several varieties of gems, though not mentioned in the bills below, to avoid repetition.

SUNDAY, APRIL 8, DINNER.—Bread: Graham, fine flour, finger rolls, gems, buns. Vegetables: Potatoes boiled, cabbage boiled, stewed tomatoes. Meats: Roast beef, beefsteak. Dessert: Steamed Indian pudding with whipped cream, oranges, canned apricots, apple sauce. Miscellaneous: Granola, butter, honey, hot and cold milk, domestic coffee.

MONDAY, APRIL 9, DINNER.—Bread: Graham, fine flour, finger rolls, gems. Meats: Beef fricasseed, beefsteak. Vegetables: Potatoes mashed, sweet potatoes stewed, onions boiled, tomatoes stewed, canned corn. Fruit: Plums canned. Dessert: Queen of puddings, apple pie, filberts, almonds and raisins. Miscellaneous: Butter, granola, honey.

DINNER, APRIL 10.—Bread: Graham, fine flour, corn meal, gems. Egg soup. Meat and eggs: Beefsteak, poached eggs, boiled eggs. Vegetables: Potatoes

toes mashed, asparagus, macaroni. Fruits: Dates, canned peaches. Dessert: Orange pie, lemon pie, apple pie. Miscellaneous: Molasses cookies, granola, butter, honey, hot and cold milk, domestic coffee.

DINNER, APRIL 13.—Bread: Graham, fine flour, finger rolls, French rolls, gems. Vegetables: Potatoes mashed, sweet corn. Meat: Fresh salmon, beef-steak. Dessert: Floating rock, corn starch pudding with whipped cream, silver cake, gold cake. Miscellaneous: Cocoanut cookies, granola, butter, honey, hot and cold milk.

J. N. L.

REPORT OF CASES.

THE following are selected from the report made by the medical superintendent, to the Board of Directors of Rural Health Retreat.

DYSPEPSIA.

Mr. A., aged 21, a yeoman by birth, came to the Retreat complaining of the misery, despondency, and mental and physical suffering which those afflicted with this disease often suffer. We will give the story, in his own words, as he gave it when he came to the Retreat: "I came to this country two years ago. I was then in good health. I took cold, food began to disagree with me. I was very careless in my diet. I have not been well since. I have pain in my stomach much of the time. My stomach feels as if it was full of blood. I have lost considerable in weight, and have not strength to do anything. Have had headache very much of the time. For the last year my appetite has been good. I think I often eat too much. I feel my stomach nearly all the time. My stomach often gets sour after meals, and I get flatulent, and have eructations, and my mouth tastes bad. I have too much blood in my head, and cannot sleep. I am troubled much with cold hands and feet. My water is very thick and cloudy. I get very nervous and despondent, and want to be alone all the time. I can read and write but little on account of nervousness and loss of memory. I am troubled some with piles and catarrh of the bowels. I am affected with dizziness and often feel as if I did not want to live any longer."

This case was so aggravated that food had to be kept away from the stomach entirely at times, and several months he was kept more or less upon artificially digested food. In less than one year he was discharged cured, feeling well and having regained his normal weight.

CATARRH OF NOSE AND THROAT.

Mr. B., age 35, father of a family, engineer by trade, came to the Retreat suffering from catarrh of the throat and nose. The right nostril was completely closed by an overgrowth and thickening within the membranes, and the left nasal passage was so hypertrophied as to make respiration through the nostrils well-nigh impossible.

After taking a course of treatment at the Retreat these hypertrophies were reduced and the catarrh and offensive droppings in the throat were cured. I am happy to report that these results were accomplished without the use of knife, acids, or caustics, but simply by mild applications and electricity.

TUMOR AND DYSPEPSIA.

Mrs. N., mother of a family, had several years been suffering with dyspepsia and tumor of the womb. She complained of headache, shortness of breath, eructations, so severe at times as to cause choking. Her appetite was so poor and digestion so weak that she could take only the plainest articles of food, and that in small quantities, without producing sickness and headache. She remained under treatment three months at this institution, during which time the tumor was removed. She recovered from her pelvic troubles, and went home very much improved in general health.

TUMOR.

Mrs. S., age 32, was troubled with a tumor upon her back that had been growing for nearly four years and for the last two months previous to her coming here had grown very rapidly, giving her much pain and great anxiety of mind. It interfered much with her work. She came to the Retreat, had the tumor removed, and in two weeks was able to resume her work.

J. S. GIBBS, M. D.,

Medical Superintendent.

These are only samples of scores of similar cases which are constantly receiving treatment and cure at this institution.

Old Lady (to small boy who is smoking)—Don't you know that smoking isn't good for little boys?

Little Boy—Yes'm. Dis stub (puff) was makin' me little brudder sick (puff) an' I tuck it from him

NIAGARA is compounded of two Indian words
Niag hera, hark to the thunder!

Household.

KIND WORDS.

“How many, many loved ones,
About our path each day,
Grow famished at its portals,
For words we never say.
Ah, not till death hath borne them,
Far, far beyond our reach,
Doth the heart its bondage sunder,
And blossom into speech.”

MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.

“I DON'T know what the reason is that my neighbor John gets along so much better than I do.”

“I shouldn't think you need to ask such a question, I should think you'd know it was all your fault. I've told you times enough.”

The wife took a pie from the oven with her apron and gave her husband a triumphant look.

“I'd be the last one to dispute you on that point, Sarah Jane. I've heard it till I'm tired of it.”

“Well, won't you go and saw some wood to bake the next batch of pies with?”

He went outside muttering: “It's nothing but saw wood all the time; she burns it faster than I can get it ready. Why! I sawed four sticks for her this morning; wonder what she has done with that. She is slovenly and extravagant and I'm *clean* discouraged trying to get a living; but I'm not going to work for \$1.25 per day, so old Babcock might as well understand that first as last. I can't get up so early mornings and Sarah Jane won't.”

Sarah Jane sat peeling apples with a carving-knife, muttering as the thick skin came off:—

“I never saw such a shiftless, good-for-nothing man in my life. He just sits round and smokes that old clay pipe from morning till night; he won't even mend broken chairs or jog the baby while I work. He won't buy more than two pounds of sugar at a time; but when I find great hanks of tobacco in his coat pocket, I know it's all a lie, that he hadn't any money to buy the nutmegs. I say half a loaf's better than none, and if he don't go to work in the mill I shall. I patched and darned a whole week to get the children ready for school, and now they are all in rags. I only wish I had all the money I've given them to buy candy with since school began. They pester my life out of

me for *pie*. It's 'pie, pie,' all the time, and they won't eat the crust, either. I wonder if he is making that wood, he's slower than a snail. Jim, Jim, I'm waiting for that wood.”

She was standing in the doorway wiping her nose upon her apron.

The leak in the household bucket was plain to be seen; the holes were large enough for pennies, tobacco, and pie-crust to go through.

The sight of Sarah Jane was enough to discourage any man. It was nearing noon, but her hair had not been combed, and being *fire red*, presented anything but an attractive appearance; her dress once boasted of ten buttons, but there were only six doing duty, and three of these were white shirt buttons. The dress being a combination of silk and wool of a dark color, one could not help noticing the contrast, also that the pleating was gone in places and what remained was spattered with grease, as was also the front breadth of her dress, for her apron was used for such a variety of purposes that it accumulated a good deal of dirt. She had forgotten her collar and her elbow was out hunting after something. Jim didn't admire her very much, and often spoke of neighbor John's neat wife, without improving the matter.

If Jim didn't see much in his wife to admire she certainly looked in vain for neatness in him. His suspenders were hanging, his slippers down at the heel; everything about the place had a slipshod look and was going to ruin. The neighbors said rightly, “want of calculation.”

Just across the yard neighbor John's wife sang merrily as she went about her household duties. The voice was clear and sweet:—

“Up in the morning early, just at the break of day.”

In came little Johnie:—

“Mamma, I'm hungry, I want something to eat.”

“Well, tie up your shoe all nice and I'll give you a grand slice of fresh bread and butter. I can't feed untidy boys.”

Johnie was satisfied, and his mother prepared a nice soup from a few bits of roast beef, the thickened gravy, a quart of water, the one stalk of celery that was left from yesterday's dinner, some salt, pepper, a small onion, and two potatoes. Nothing went to waste in her house.

“Are you going to have pudding to-day, mamma?”

“Yes, and I want my boy to pick over a cup of

raisins. Get the big apron and do them nice, for papa is very particular."

"What kind, mamma?"

"You know we had boiled rice for dinner yesterday and tapioca cream for supper. There was a little of both left; these I shall put in a pudding dish with a quart of milk; I shall beat in an egg, some sugar, and a few drops of lemon, and a rolled cracker if I think it needs it. When it is baked brown it will be very nice."

Just then the bell rang, and Johnie let a lady friend into the kitchen. She was given the low rocker by the window and the neighborly chat began.

"Is your husband going to stand the cut-down at the mill?"

John's wife smiled as she answered cheerfully:—

"Yes, there is no other way. It will pinch us some this winter; but I can manage somehow. I can be brave as long as John is."

"Ain't you rather extravagant to wear linen collars in the morning?"

The good wife did not lose her patience, but answered:—

"Not at all, for I make them out of the borders of John's old linen handkerchiefs—the hemstitched ones. It only needs a thickness of coarse cotton for a lining to make them do up smooth and stiff."

She was busy picking out bastings from an indigo blue dress which she was making.

"Did you ask me what I paid per yard? Ten cents. No, it isn't extravagant; I know you can buy gay prints for five and six cents per yard, but I consider an indigo at ten much cheaper in the end. They do not fade and you can mend them a long time. Be sure when you purchase and select a bright blue, not a very dark one, as they do not wash as well. I never starch them. When I have on a white apron I feel quite dressed up. I buy a yard of cheese cloth for seven cents, put in a wide hem, a few tucks, and as I am particular to starch them, I always have a dainty apron."

When the inquisitive but good-natured friend rose to go she stepped to the wood-shed and watched Johnie piling the winter supply of wood.

"That's a grand sight, it looks forehanded," said the old lady.

When the noon whistle blew, John came home to dinner. He had a kiss of welcome for his wife and a pleasant word for Johnie.

It was plain to be seen why Jim Crockett made

frequent mention of his neighbor's wife and envied, in his stupidity, his neighbor's prosperity.—*House-keeper.*

WHAT SHE SAID.

A FAST young man decided to make to a young lady a formal offer of his hand and heart—all he was worth—hoping for a cordial reception. He cautiously prefaced his declaration with a few questions, for he had no intention of "throwing himself away." Did she love him well enough to live in a cottage with him? Was she a good cook? Did she think it a wife's duty to make home happy? Would she consult his tastes and wishes concerning her associates and pursuits in life? Was she economical? Could she make her own clothes, etc.? The young lady said that before she answered his questions, she would assure him of some negative virtues she possessed. She never drank, smoked, or chewed; never owed a bill to her laundress or tailor; never stayed out all night playing billiards; never lounged on the street corners and ogled giddy girls; never stood in with boys for cigars and wine suppers. "Now," said she, rising indignantly, "I am assured, by those who know, that you do all these things, and it is rather absurd for you to expect all the virtues in me, while you do not possess any of them yourself. I can never be your wife; and she bowed him out and left him on the cold doorstep, a madder if not a wiser man.

THE SIN OF FRETTING.

THERE is one sin which it seems to me is everywhere and by everybody underestimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuations of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech—so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone, we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes more or less complaining statements of something or other, which most probably everyone in the room, or the car, or the street corner, as it may be, knew before, and which most probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment; ill-cooked meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are always plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much

annoyance and discomfort may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. But even to the sparks flying upward in the blackest smoke, there is a blue sky above; and the less time they waste on the road, the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.—*Sel.*

CALIFORNIA HEALTH AND TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

On April 22 and 23 there was held in Oakland two five-hour sessions of the California Health and Temperance Association. J. N. Loughborough is president of this association, and John Burden, of the Rural Health Retreat, was appointed secretary for the remainder of this year. During these two sessions there was much animated and friendly discussion of the important topics of health and temperance. This was participated in by Mrs. E. G. White, who spoke at some length on the subject of health reform and the position that our health institutions hold to the question. J. E. Caldwell, M. D., made remarks showing that our health institution should occupy the position of educator of the people on the Pacific Coast on this important theme. W. C. White followed with remarks to the effect that while the institution has a duty to perform to the people, the people in response to such efforts in their behalf have a duty to hold up the institution and extend its benefits to others. Thus they may very materially aid the good work.

Committees were appointed to take into consideration measures for the furtherance of the cause of health and temperance. As vigorous efforts shall be made to scatter light, we shall expect to see the cause advance much more rapidly than in the past. So may it be.

RURAL HEALTH RETREAT ASSOCIATION.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Rural Health Retreat Association, held at the Retreat, April 27, the number of the Board of Directors was increased from five to seven, and the directors elected for the ensuing year are as follows: J. N. Loughborough, W. C. White, John Fulton, W. A. Pratt, A. B. Atwood, William Saunders, and M. J. Church.

Immediately after their election the Board was

organized by electing for President, J. N. Loughborough; Secretary, John Fulton; Treasurer, W. A. Pratt. John Fulton was appointed as superintendent, Mrs. A. M. Loughborough was appointed as auditor and matron, and Mrs. John Fulton was appointed housekeeper. J. S. Gibbs, M. D., was appointed as physician-in-chief and medical superintendent. The editors appointed for the PACIFIC HEALTH JOURNAL are J. N. Loughborough, J. E. Caldwell, M. D., and C. P. Bollman.

RURAL HEALTH RETREAT.

J. H. KELLOGG, M. D., says of this institution: "We are glad to learn of the increasing prosperity of the Rural Health Retreat, of St. Helena, California. When in California last fall we were surprised that so many invalid tourists should be content to lounge about the crowded hotels of the cities, struggling to subsist on a dyspepsia producing hotel diet, when there is offered to them such a delightful, retired, and home-like place for recuperation as is found at this thriving institution. Numerous improvements have been made during the past year, and we understand that others are in contemplation. Those of our readers who may visit the Golden State in search of health or pleasure might spend a few weeks at this institution with very great profit.—*Good Health, April.*"

MAKING MATCHES.

"FISH again!" petulantly exclaimed a young lady at the table. "I declare, mother, you are determined to give us girls a surfeit of it." "That is my opinion exactly," remarked the elder sister. "Mother entertains an idea that our brains need cultivating, and as fish is said to be good for the brain, she is anxious to promote its healthy growth." "It is not for that purpose," replied the old lady. "It is not given you as a brain food—not at all." "Then why do you give us a fish diet three times a day?" asked a third sister. "Is it a matter of economy?" "No, my children—not exactly, in the strict sense of the word." "Then why do you insist on having it served three times a day?" asked another. "You must be aware that it is exceedingly distasteful to us." "Fish is really beneficial, my daughters, and high medical authority asserts that it is rich in phosphorus; and, as you have all reached that period in life when it is time to seek a matrimonial alliance, I have dieted you on fish, as phosphorus is the principal ingredient in making matches."

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"It advocates the pure principles of temperance, dwelling by no means lightly on cradle and table temperance, and the disuse of the more repulsive and dangerous stimulants and narcotics. The preservation of health is a prominent feature.

"The department for general articles deals with such instructive and practical topics as the food question, disease and its causes, the relation of physical to mental vigor, of temperance to morality and religion. Its miscellany consists of short, mind-awakening sketches aimed at preventable evils, and designed to foster a taste for that which is pure and ennobling.

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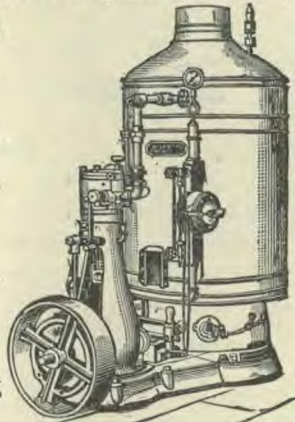
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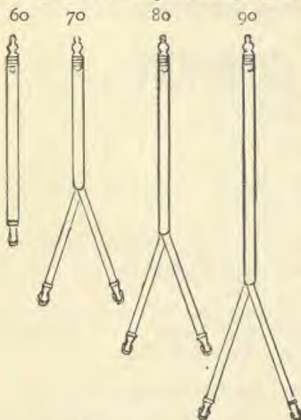
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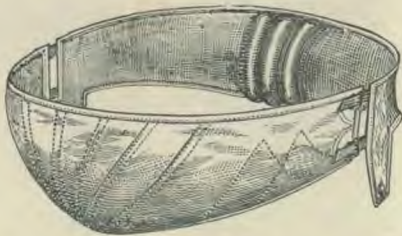
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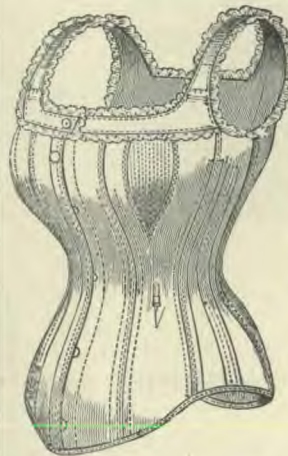
LADIES' SKIRT SUPPORTERS.

IT is the unanimous opinion of those who have made female disorders their life study, that one of the most fruitful causes of these complaints is supporting the under-garments from the hips. When this burden is transferred to the shoulders, there is at once an improvement in health.

Mrs. E. B. Lyman, the popular lecturer to ladies "on dress, and its relation to female diseases," says: "Pathology demonstrates the fact that during the past 15 years that class of diseases peculiar to females has been steadily on the increase, and the verdict is almost universal among those physicians who make a specialty of these difficulties that they are largely the result of the improper mode of dress adopted by our women. First, from its being too tight, or so inconveniently arranged as to prevent the free action of the internal organs. Second, from the great number of bands, with heavy skirts, resting entirely upon the delicate walls of the abdomen, causing the intestines to fall down upon the organs in the pelvic cavity. Owing to the flexible nature of the abdominal walls, NO WEIGHTY clothing should be permitted to rest upon the hips, but should, instead, be supported from the shoulders entirely."

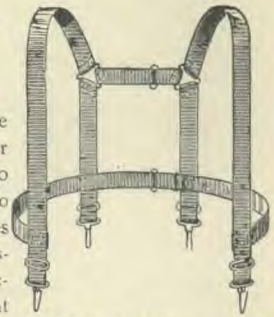
THE HYGIENIC CORSET

Is suspended from the shoulders. It is so arranged that the garments may be attached to it by means of hooks, as shown in this diagram. This useful article, as may be seen in another column, can be obtained from the Rural Health Retreat. Price, post-paid, \$2.00.



A SHOULDER BRACE AND SKIRT SUPPORTER

To which the skirts can be hooked, may be obtained for 60 cents; misses' size, 50 cents, post-paid. Those who have been using these articles could not be induced to dispense with them. Their practical utility must be apparent to all who give them even a careful look and a moment's thought.



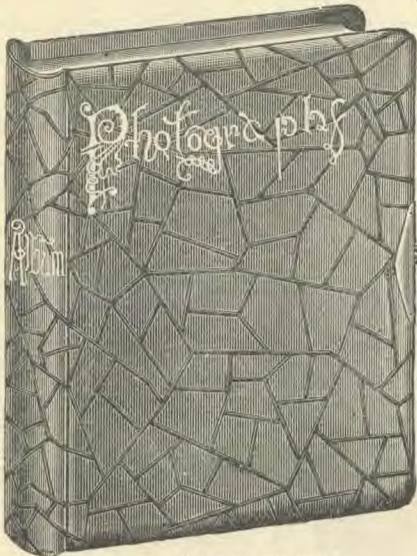
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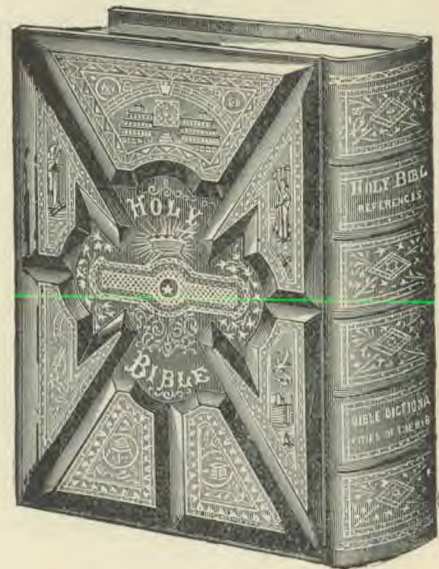
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