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JENNER vaccinated his first patient in 1797, and Dr. Waterhouse, of Cambridge, Mass., was the first to perform the operation on American soil the same year.

If you wish to measure the rapid flight of time, borrow a hundred dollars for thirty days and see how quickly pay-day will get around.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald.*

MILTON was asked if he intended to instruct his daughters in the different languages—to which he replied, "No, sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."—*Salem Standard.*

SUPERSTITIOUS people claim that a death is sure to follow the howling of a dog. It depends a good deal, the Quincy *National* thinks, on the kind of a whack one gets at the dog.

AN old lady was asked what she would do with all the corn if it could not be made into whisky. She replied: "I would make it into starch to stiffen the backbone of the temperance people."—*Exchange.*

THE three words hardest to pronounce in the English language are, "I was mistaken." Frederick the Great once wrote to the Senate: "I have just lost a battle, and it was entirely my own fault." Never be too proud to own yourself in the wrong, when it is the case with you. It is manly to do so.

### CEREBRO-SPINAL NERVOUS SYSTEM.

THERE is no sensibility of which the mind takes cognizance in the action of the organs of the vital domain. We know when we are diseased, or when we want food or drink, not because of the nerves of organic life, but because of another class of nerves, which are established for the express purpose of imparting to the mind a knowledge of the wants and ills of the human system. This system of nerves is called the cerebro-spinal nervous system. Its center is the brain, which is situated in the head, occupying the whole inner part or cavity of the skull, but separated from it by a thin membrane.

The brain is composed of the same substance as the nerves. It resembles marrow, and is filled with blood-vessels, the whole brain having a grayish color. The brain in a grown person is about six inches long, five wide, and four inches thick. It weighs from three to four pounds, and will fill the two hands of a man. The brain of man is larger than that of any of the lower animals except the elephant and whale. The elephant's brain weighs about eight pounds, the whale's brain about five pounds.

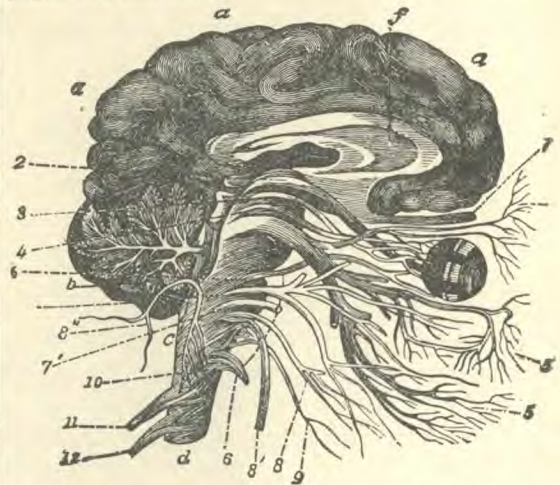
All the substance called brain does not lie in the head. The animal nerves are only small strings of the same substance, running from the top of the head to the extremities of the body. The largest nerve in the body is the spinal marrow, which is situated in the center of the spine or backbone, extending from the middle of the brain down between the arms, through the neck and spinal column. This large nerve sends out smaller ones in great numbers through the body; some of these great nerves go to the ears, nose, eyes, tongue, and give us feeling. Without nerves we should be without feeling. If we had no nerves connecting the eye with the brain we could not see. We could not smell or taste if there were

no nerves connecting the nose and tongue with the brain. If a nerve is cut or destroyed, the organ to which it is attached loses its function entirely. If the nerves connecting the hand with the head were destroyed, our hands might be burned in the fire and we would have no consciousness of pain or suffering.

The spinal marrow, which lies in the hollow of the backbone, is composed of the same whitish gray substance as the brain proper. It is divided longitudinally, into a right and left half, each of which consists of a front and back column, so that the whole marrow is composed of four columns, or rather of two corresponding pairs, as the two front portions correspond with each other in form and character, and the two back ones correspond with each other. They constitute a double spinal marrow, and give to each half of the body an independent existence so far as the spinal marrow and its nerves are concerned. And for this reason it is that one whole side of the body may be paralyzed, while the other remains in full possession of its powers. The spinal marrow is enveloped in three different membranes, corresponding to the three inclosing membranes of the brain. Connected with the spinal marrow, through small intervertebral openings formed for the purpose, on each side of the spinal canal, are thirty pairs of nerves, which are called spinal nerves. A portion of the filaments which compose each spinal nerve rise in the back portion, which are the nerves of animal sensation. Some of these go to the nerves of voluntary motion and convey to the mind information concerning the motion of those muscles, and thus enable the mind to regulate their motion. The rest run to the outer skin of the body, and are the nerves of sensibility or feeling on its surface. Branches of these nerves run to the fingers' ends, where they are highly sensitive to the touch. The filaments of nerves that arise from the front portion of the spinal marrow are nerves of motion. These convey the stimulus of motion, in obedience to the *will*, to the voluntary muscles, causing them to contract. Although these filaments start from opposite sides of the spinal marrow, they unite in one cord, almost immediately on leaving it, and go in one cord to their muscles, yet these filaments may be traced distinctly by the anatomist on dissecting the cord. The spinal marrow seems to be a connecting link between the brain and various nerves of the body, or, as it were,

a protected thoroughfare through which the mandates of the *will* may be carried to the body, and information carried to the mind.

The cut which accompanies this article illustrates the cranial nerves. (This cut, as well as the one used in the May number of the JOURNAL, was furnished to us by the courtesy of J. H. Kellogg, M. D. They were taken from his "Home Hand-book of Domestic Hygiene and Rational Medicine," pages 119 and 121.)



By looking at the cut we see that the spinal marrow passes upward through an opening in the base of the skull, extending about an inch into the cranium and terminating in a single bulb, about an inch in length, and about two-thirds of an inch in diameter, which is commonly called the *medulla oblongata*. From the sides of this bulb, rise several pairs of nerves, and from its top arise all the other parts within the cranium. When either lobe of the cerebellum (lower back brain) is cut, it presents a tree-shaped arrangement of marrow-like matter, called *arbor vite*. It is seen in the figure, just back of the medulla oblongata.

There are nine pairs of nerves embraced in what are called the cranial nerves, all of which in the cut are marked numerically, as they are named. 1 is the *olfactory* nerve, the nerve of smelling. Nerves pass off from this, which are distributed upon the mucous membrane of the nose. 2, *optic* nerve, the nerve of seeing. It comprises two large cords, extending from the medulla oblongata. At its front it extends into the nervous membrane called the retina. This nerve is always present where the faculty of seeing exists. 3 and 4 are nerves of motion connected with the eye. These go to

the muscles which serve to roll the eye and direct the pupil toward the object of vision. 4 is used to give pathetic expression to the eye, and hence is called the *pathetic* nerve. 5, with its branches, is called the *trifacial* nerve, and is distributed to every part of the face, forehead, eyelids, lips, nose, jaws, and ears. It communicates with the organs of the five senses, and brings all the parts with which it is connected into a direct and powerful relation with the stomach and the whole domain of organic life. This nerve is connected with all the nerves of the teeth; and this explains why decaying teeth may give rise to headache, earache, etc. This nerve being connected with the pneumogastric nerve of the stomach, both head and stomach are affected in that distressing malady, sick-headache. This, you will see, is the largest nerve of the cranial group. 6. These are also nerves of motion connected with the eye. These nerves when paralyzed cause squinting. 7. The seventh pair are facial and auditory nerves, and are connected with the chin, lips, angles of the mouth, cheeks, nostrils, eyelids, eyebrows, forehead, ears, neck, etc. It is on these nerves that the expressions of the face depend. 8. The eighth pair of nerves consists, as may be seen, of three classes of nerves: *glosso-pharyngeal, pneumogastric, and spinal accessory*. The glosso-pharyngeal, or tongue and pharynx nerve, is distributed to the mucous membrane at the base of the tongue, to the tonsils and mucous glands of the mouth, and to the throat. When this nerve is paralyzed the voice is destroyed, and the act of swallowing hindered. 9. The ninth pair of nerves regulate and control the muscles of the larynx, or the organs of voice.

I cannot better close this article than by making a quotation from the words of Dr. J. H. Kellogg, on the care of the nerves: "As the brain and nerves are the controlling parts of the system, it is evident that upon the preservation of their health must depend in a very great measure the health of the whole body. A man whose brain and nerves are diseased cannot be healthy otherwise; neither is a person whose nervous system is in a healthy condition likely to be diseased otherwise. The marked increase in nervous affections of late years has become so noticeable that almost every medical writer calls attention to it, and this fact makes specially important the consideration of the laws which relate to the healthy action of this part of the body.

"Nerves as well as muscles require exercise to promote their growth and insure their development. That both brain and nerves are capable of development by exercise, and that development of these structures is largely dependent upon proper exercise, are facts too well established to require proof by systematic evidence in this connection.

. . . It is not essential that the training should have been given in a school, or that the mental exercise should have been practiced in an academy or college; the farm, the workshop, the forest, or the coal pit may have been the training-school or the gymnasium, but the work was done, and in such a manner as to secure a satisfactory result, and all that needed to be asked.

"Mental exercise lies at the foundation of mental growth and mental health, and indirectly, we believe, it furnishes a firmer basis for muscular and general physical health than can be attained without it. The commonly-received notion that mental work is harmful and incompatible with physical health we believe to be a gross and pernicious error. Our college students, male and female, who break down in health just as they have finished their studies, or before they have completed their course, are not victims to overwork, as a general thing. The same may be said of the great army of valetudinarian clergymen, lawyers, merchants, and others whose occupations are sedentary while involving considerable brain work. In the great majority of instances, the failure of health in these cases is the result of flagrant violations of the commonest laws of health, such as deficient muscular exercise, bad food, late hours, fashionable dissipation, and, most of all, mental worry. The student hives himself up in his close study, probably smokes from three to a dozen cigars a day, lives upon the poorest boarding-house fare, and takes only just such little muscular exercise as he is compelled to do in going to and from his classes. Soon he finds his head dull, and he begins to worry because he finds it difficult to master his lessons. Now instead of gaining mental strength by his daily exercise, he is each day wearing out the vitality and wasting the very substance of his poorly-nourished brain. Mental worry is corroding his intellectual powers, and he will sooner or later break down, a chronic invalid, and mental work will get the credit. In a similar way the clergyman, the lawyer, the politician, the merchant, breaks himself down. Thousands suffer with what is called 'softening of

the brain,' when that organ is wholly intact except so far as it suffers through sympathy with other diseased organs, the whole trouble being in the stomach and liver."

J. N. L.

#### CONTROLLING APPETITE.

WE have more to say upon the subject of appetite, which, for want of room, we could not give last month. We have spoken quite fully upon the power of perverted appetite. Now we wish to show how the tyrant may be conquered. And we would here state that reclaimed drunkards, and emancipated tobacco, tea, and coffee slaves, may shout greater victories than officers who lead their men in the most successful battles. An inspired proverb reads: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." It may be said with equal truth and force, he that conquers perverted appetite is greater than he who conquers armed forces.

Hard and difficult as it may be, the work of restoring morbid appetite to a natural and healthful condition can be done. And as appetite gets the mastery by indulgence, so it is conquered and becomes man's servant only by rigid abstinence. As indulgence is the cause, and the debasing rule of appetite is the result, in the one case, so abstinence is the redeeming cause, and natural appetite, controlled by reason and conscience, health and happiness, are the glorious results, in the other case. But the man of strong habits, who undertakes to grapple with and conquer his appetite for fashionable indulgences, may as well understand on the very start that he "has the bull by the horns." And he should count the cost, lay his plans well, and nerve himself for the contest.

There is, however, a very important fact we wish here to plainly state for the encouragement of those who feel the need of reforming in habits of life, and at the same time dread the difficulties and sufferings that they may have to encounter. It is this: Proper abstinence will soon give them complete victory, when the delights of taste, and the pleasures of existence in simple and natural habits, will far exceed those of their present gross and unnatural lives of hurtful indulgence.

The drunkard leaves his cups, and suffers inexpressible mental and physical agony until by abstinence, and proper habits, the fire is taken from his blood and brain, and nature restores order, and gives his being, as far as possible, its original

stamp. This accomplished, the redeemed inebriate has lost his love for liquor, and feels that he is a man again. It is not to be questioned that the man who satisfies his depraved cravings for whisky feels a sort of momentary pleasure in indulgence. But the enjoyments of existence with him whose habits are natural and healthful are almost infinitely greater than with those who are ruled by appetite, and who surrender to the momentary pleasure found in the gratification of morbid appetite.

Here are facts of the greatest importance, not only in harmony with natural law, but sustained by the happy experiences of thousands of reclaimed drunkards. But it is difficult to make the drunkard, in his soberest hours, see and feel the force of these facts. His friends may wish to help him; but he, alone, must fight the battle with appetite, or never enjoy the victory. The higher powers of his mind are benumbed and enfeebled, having surrendered to the rule of appetite, which has ascended to the throne of his being. He, however, decides to make the effort to reform, and abstains from liquor for a few days. He is in agony, and feeling no assurance that, if he perseveres, the period of his suffering will be brief, he is in danger of yielding to the pressure of the mistaken idea that abstinence dooms him to a life-long period of mental agony. Oh! to get across this, to him an impassable gulf, beyond which he now sees no field of delight; but where, when fairly across, he may shout victory in the midst of the natural and healthful pleasures of an almost new existence, is the greatest victory that mortal man can achieve, and one long step toward Heaven. And yet this victory can be won.

What we have said in the case of drunkenness is as true of tobacco inebriety. The appetite for tobacco will continue so long as it continues in the system. The system can be freed from tobacco by abstinence, and by hygienic treatment, when the appetite for tobacco will cease. Boys have a natural dislike for tobacco. But this they overcome by taking it into the system by use. And when their blood becomes poisoned, and tobacco enters into their being, so that they become walking tobacco, the collision between nature and tobacco ceases, and tobacco on two legs, enjoys tobacco in any form. Tobacco is quite at home with tobacco, while dame Nature is compelled to stand back and witness the terrible ruin. Completely eradicate tobacco from the human system,

and restore the taste to a natural and healthful condition, and tobacco will be as offensive to the emancipated tobacco slave as to the pure youth before he took the poison into his blood.

We do not recommend anyone to try to overcome appetite for tobacco by a long, tedious, murderous process of leaving off by degrees. The victory is seldom if ever reached in this way. Total abstinence is the only sure course, and we recommend hygienic treatment to those who find it a difficult task to overcome tobacco. In order for a speedy and sure victory, the poison should be taken from the blood as soon as possible. Water treatment will do this at a rapid rate. We have packed tobacco invalids in the wet sheet, and taken them out in forty minutes, when the room would be filled with the scent of tobacco, sensible to the smell and even to the taste; and the sheet itself would become discolored with the filthy taint of tobacco. We recommend treatment, with plain, hygienic food [this can be had at the Rural Health Retreat, St. Helena, California], as the surest and quickest means for the tobacco invalid, or tobacco slave, to recover, and conquer the power of the habit.

And what we say of intoxicating drinks, and tobacco, is true, in the main, of tea and coffee. Total abstinence is the only remedy. And when these habits are overcome, and restoration, as far as possible, to natural conditions, takes place, whisky, tobacco, tea and coffee sickness, in a hundred forms, subside. For example, there are thousands of women in our country who use neither tea nor coffee, who once used strong tea for the headache. Tea did give them temporary relief, but at the same time laid the foundation for more severe headache. And now they bear the joyful testimony that when they had by abstinence overcome their love for tea, their headache had also disappeared.

Those on our side of the question, who have passed through the struggle against the clamors of morbid appetite, and have gained the victory, can appreciate this view of the subject. Those on the other side must pass over to us, and in their own experience work out the matter before they can fully understand the subject.

And right here is where the subject of health reform meets one of its greatest difficulties. Those under the control of appetite hardly see anything in the reform but privation and starvation. They

sit down to a hygienic dinner, without flesh meats and highly seasoned gravies, where all the food is healthful, they pity us, and, deciding from their condition of taste, are grieved that we are starving ourselves. But the very dinner they despise, we enjoy with the keenest relish, and, in point of amount, do it liberal justice. We starve? not we. Who ever saw a real health reformer with a "poor appetite"? If one exists we would like to see him. Returning to temperate habits restores the appetite, so that health reformers take their food with keen relish. We had a clear illustration of this matter in the case of our Willie. Before the reformation in our table, when it was set three times a day with flesh, the child's reply to his mother's interrogation at breakfast, "What will you have on your plate, Willie?" would frequently be, "I don't see anything on the table I want." But when the table was cleared of greasy, spiced, and saleratus cakes, flesh-meats, pepper, vinegar, pickles, mustard, etc., and the two meals a day were adopted, the boy's answer to the question, "What will you have on your plate?" was, "Victuals, mother, victuals." The simplest and most healthful food could then be received with a relish far exceeding that enjoyed in eating the greatest delicacy before his appetite was restored by proper habits. Here we find the reason why the poor serf enjoys his simple fare a thousand times more than his epicurean lord. But it is a hard matter to make fashionable eaters understand the facts in the case.

Should we be compelled to sit down to a fashionable dinner and eat of dead swine, sheep, oxen, or poultry, highly seasoned, the performance would be disgusting and painful. The very spices, pepper, vinegar, mustard, and pickles, that would delight fashionable taste, would be extremely painful to ours. And we should not only pity our friends who were under the control of fashionable appetite, but we would pity ourself for that day at least. And the grand difficulty in the subject is, that those on the other side cannot understand the matter fully until they have come all the way over, in an experience of their own, to our side of the question.

The Lord has done his work wisely and well. When men leave their artificial and gross habits of life, and adopt, as far as consistent, the natural then they will enjoy the delights of taste restored to its healthful tone and condition.

We say to all health reformers, Live strictly up to the convictions of your own enlightened minds. Be not led into condemnation by the entreaties of friends. At home live health reform, and when you go abroad carry it with you. Live it, and at proper times, in proper places, and in a proper manner, talk health reform. Never let the opposition, or the kind entreaties of friends, gain ground on you. But ever hold on your way, and, by all proper means, labor to impress those around you with the importance of the subject.

To those who are making changes we would say, If you make them all at once, be sure to make a corresponding change in your mental or physical labor. If your circumstances are such that you cannot nearly suspend labor for awhile, or spend three months at our Health Retreat, you should, in matters of diet, make the changes gradually. But do not forget to change. As you prize health and the favor of God here, and a happy existence in his presence in the next world, turn from the violation of natural law. And let it be your study and constant effort to come, in your habits of life, more and still more in harmony with those laws instituted by the beneficent author of your being.—*Elder James White, in Health Reformer, 1872.*

PARLOR TALK TO THE PATIENTS AT RURAL  
HEALTH RETREAT, JUNE 3, 1888.

BY J. E. CALDWELL, M. D.

AT our last lecture we examined different articles of food, and classified them, with reference to their chemical composition, into, (1) carbo hydrates, and (2) albuminoids. We found the carbo hydrates to contain carbon (C), hydrogen (H), and oxygen (O); and we then learned that articles that belong to this class are taken into the system for the purpose of producing heat and force. Even though it should be stored up in the tissues as fat it is of little real use to the body until it is called for by the physical economy and used for fuel. Albuminoids, we found, differ from carbo hydrates, chiefly in the fact that in addition to carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, they contain nitrogen (N). These, we are told, enter into the system itself and help to form muscular, nervous, and bone tissues. From an examination of the chart of foods there presented we learned that whole wheat furnishes the essential chemical ingredients of a perfect food in

proportion more nearly as nature has been found to demand it than any other of the cereals. (In the lecture referred to it was established that the proportion of carbo hydrates to albuminoids should be as 1 to 4.) Let us now examine wheat a little more carefully. (Here a blackboard drawing was exhibited, giving a microscopic view of a thin section of a kernel of wheat. In this the cellulose, or vegetable fiber, which constitutes the bran of the wheat, is found on the outside, and is of a chestnut-brown color. Next to it is seen a layer of a yellowish-grey color, which is said to contain most of the gluten of the wheat—gluten is the albuminoid of cereals—and occupying the center of the grain, we see the starch cells, pure white in color.) The miller, in response to a public demand for white flour, has acquired the ability to separate not only the bran, but also the second layer, the gluten, from the starch, thus giving a perfect flour, if color alone is considered, though he has left out the very life and strength of the wheat. Starch from wheat is no better than starch from potatoes; and, chemically considered, it is a very inferior food. It is said that a dog fed on bread made from the highest grade of patent roller mills white flour alone will pine away and in a few months die from want of nourishment. This is just the result predicted by the chemist after conferring with the physiologist. One author says that in a thousand parts of wheat there are one hundred and forty parts of mineral matter, including phosphate of lime. In best fine flour there are less than forty parts of mineral; thus showing a clear loss of more than one hundred parts of important bone and nerve-forming material, by excluding the part which is rich in phosphates. Whole-wheat flour contains all the nourishment found in the wheat, excluding only the indigestible fibrous coating of the wheat—the bran.

A certain quantity of bran, even, may assist indirectly in the vital processes, though it does not itself become a food to the tissue. Being indigestible, it forms a foreign substance, to irritate, very mildly, the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal, thus producing vernacular or peristaltic action in the walls of the stomach and bowels, and contributing much to the completeness of the digestive process. It is in consideration of this principle that the doctor sometimes prescribes bran mush for indigestion with constipation.

In view of all these facts let us ask our baker

for some whole-wheat bread. It is free from the objections against graham bread and contains all the really nutritive parts of the wheat.

Let us now examine a little more fully into the digestion of carbo hydrates, and ascertain what is meant by their digestion. Starch, sugar, and fats or oils constitute this class of foods. Starch, as such, cannot be used in the system—cannot be absorbed. To digest it is to prepare it for absorption, and this is done by converting it into glucose or grape sugar. If you ask the chemist how this is done he will say, By causing each molecule of the starch to take up a molecule of water. Thus: starch plus water equals glucose [ $O_6H_{10}O_5$  (starch) +  $H_2O$  (water) =  $C_6H_{12}O_6$  (glucose)]. This, chemically considered, is a very simple process. It can be induced artificially by boiling starch very slowly in water slightly acidulated with muriatic acid; physiologically, it is performed as the result of action of the saliva, also the pancreatic juice. Cane sugar must also be digested in a similar way by being converted into glucose, but as its chemical formula is more complex than that of starch, its conversion into glucose is a much more elaborate and difficult process. This change is wrought chiefly by the pancreatic juice. The sugar of fruits is called grape sugar. Its chemical formula is the same as that of glucose, and hence it needs no digestion. It is ready for absorption without further change. Fats are still more complicated in their chemical composition than either starch or sugar. Their digestion consists chiefly in their being emulsioned, or broken up into extremely fine particles, and thus held in suspension in a fluid form. Fats and oils exist in the form of globules, something like drops of dew. When these are emulsioned they are broken up into fine globular particles so fine that a single globular cannot be seen by the naked eye. They can then be absorbed and used for food in the body. The oil in milk is in perfect emulsion. This gives it (the milk) its white appearance. Cream is the oil of milk, which, by being lighter, has floated to the top. The particles of oil have become somewhat massed together; but when not too thick, cream needs but little emulsionizing to fit it for absorption. In butter these particles of oil have been forced to unite still more closely and require to be digested in the alimentary canal before the absorptives can handle it, and carry it into the circulation.

Vegetable and animal fats all contain the same elements, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and differ only in the proportion of the different elements that enter into the compounds. This process of emulsionizing fats and oils is performed in the small intestines below the stomach. If we now place in tabular form these different carbo hydrates, giving the time in which a small quantity of each can be digested, in order to show the comparative facility of their digestion, using the figures of one author, they will appear as follows:—

ARTICLE OF FOOD.	TIME OF DIGESTION.
Sugar of ripe fruits.....	needs no digestion
Starch.....	1 hour
Cream.....	(perhaps) 1 to 1½ hours
Butter.....	2½ hours
Sugar (cane).....	3 hours
Mutton fat.....	3½ hours
Beef fat.....	4½ hours
Pork fat.....	5½ hours

These figures are understood to apply to the digestion not impaired by disease. It must be noticed that fats and oils are much richer than starch and sugar, so that a given weight of either one of them equals a much greater weight of either of the latter. Chemically considered, then, and considering only the cost of digestion, cream is the most economical carbo hydrate that can be furnished, except the grape sugar of ripe fruits. The sugar of flowers is similar to that of fruits, hence honey, which is largely composed of this sugar gathered by bees, ought to yield an easily digested carbo hydrate.

If we apply to men and women for their actual experience we shall probably find that they will take many exceptions to the above list. These figures are made by the chemist and physiologist jointly. Personal peculiarities, the degenerated condition of the race, diseased digestive organs, all tend to modify the figures and thus give varying results.

In our last parlor talk we expressed the opinion that most men and women eat too much. Yeo, in his physiology, gives the following as his idea of a fair average amount of food required each day by a healthy man engaged in hard labor:—

Albuminoids.....	3.5 oz.
Fats.....	3.1 oz.
Starch.....	10.7 oz.
Salts.....	1. oz.
Total.....	18.3 oz.

of solid food, in addition to which he allows five pints of water to be taken. He then adds, "As a matter of fact many persons do thrive on a much less quantity of proteid than that given in this table."

Remember the quantity is sufficient for a healthy laborer, who can doubtless digest more than twice as much as the average individual in this room. Scarcely more than a pound of solid food is sufficient for twenty-four hours, and many eat two pounds at a single meal. What wonder that dull morning headaches, coated tongues, foul breath, and indigestion, with all its attendant evils, are so common! The digestive organs are thus overtaxed, not of necessity, but because people will gratify their pampered, perverted appetites.

#### DISEASE AND ITS CAUSES.

Words to Christian Mothers on the Subject of the Treatment of Children.—No. 8.

BY MRS. E. G. WHITE.

WHEN the limbs and arms are chilled, the blood is driven from these parts to the lungs and head. The circulation is unbalanced, and nature's fine machinery does not move harmoniously. The system of the infant is deranged, and it cries and mourns because of the abuse it is compelled to suffer. The mother feeds it, thinking it must be hungry, when food only increases its suffering. Tight bands and an overloaded stomach do not agree. It has no room to breathe. It may scream, struggle, and pant for breath, and yet the mother mistrusts not the cause. She could relieve the sufferer at once, at least of tight bandages, if she understood the nature of the case. She at length becomes alarmed and thinks the child is really ill, and summons a doctor, who looks gravely upon the infant for a few moments, and then deals out poisonous medicines, or something called a soothing cordial, which the mother, faithful to directions, pours down the throat of the abused infant. If it was not diseased in reality before, it is after this process. It suffers now from drug disease, the most stubborn and incurable of all diseases. If it recovers it must bear about more or less in its system the effects of the poisonous drug, and it is liable to spasms, heart disease, dropsy of the brain, or consumption. Some infants are not strong enough to bear even a trifle of drug poisons, and as nature rallies to meet the intruder, the vital forces of the tender infant are too severely taxed, and death ends the scene.

It is no strange sight in this age of the world to

view the mother lingering around the cradle of her suffering, dying infant, her heart torn with anguish as she listens to its feeble wail, and witnesses its expiring struggles. It seems mysterious to her that God should thus afflict her innocent child. But she does not think that her wrong course has brought about the sad result. She just as surely destroyed her infant's hold on life as though she had purposely given it poison. Disease never comes without a cause. The way is first prepared, and disease invited, by disregarding the laws of health. God does not take pleasure in the sufferings and death of little children. He commits them to parents, for them to educate physically, mentally, and morally, and train them for usefulness here, and for Heaven at last.

If the mother remains in ignorance in regard to the physical wants of her child, and, as the result, her child sickens, she need not expect that God will work a miracle to counteract her agency in making it sick. Thousands of infants have died who might have lived. They are martyrs to their parent's ignorance of the relations which food, dress, and the air they breathe, sustain to health and life. The mother should be a physician to her own children. The time which she devotes to the extra beautifying of her infant's wardrobe, she should spend in educating her mind with regard to her own physical wants, and that of her offspring. She should store her mind with useful information in regard to the best course to pursue in rearing her children healthfully.

Mothers who have fretful infants should study into the cause of their uneasiness. By so doing they will often see that something is wrong in their management. It is often the case that the mother becomes alarmed by the symptoms of illness manifested by her child, and hurriedly summons a physician, when the infant's sufferings can be relieved by taking off its tight clothing and putting on it garments properly loose and short, that it may use its feet and limbs. Mothers should study from cause to effect. If the child has taken cold, it is generally owing to the wrong management of the mother. If she covers its head as well as its body while sleeping, in a short time it will be in a perspiration, caused by labored breathing, because of the lack of pure, vital air. When she takes it from beneath the covering it is almost sure to take cold. The arms being naked exposes the infant to constant cold, and congestion of the lungs or brain.



These exposures prepare the way for the infant to become sickly and dwarfed.

Parents are accountable in a great degree for the physical health of their children. Those children who survive the abuses of their infancy, are not out of danger in their childhood. Their parents still pursue a wrong course towards them—their limbs as well as their arms are left almost naked. Mothers dress the upper part of the child's limbs with muslin drawers, which reach about to the knee, while the lower part of their limbs are covered with only one thickness of flannel or cotton, and their feet are dressed with thin-soled gaiter boots. The extremities are chilled and the heart has thrown upon it double labor to force the blood into the chilled extremities, and when the blood has performed its circuit through the body and returned to the heart, is not the same vigorous, warm current which left it. It has been chilled in its passage through the limbs. The heart, weakened by too great labor and poor circulation of poor blood, is then compelled to still greater exertion, to throw the blood to the extremities, which are never as healthfully warm as other parts of the body. The heart fails in its efforts, and the limbs become habitually cold; and the blood, which is chilled away from the extremities, is thrown back upon the lungs and brain and inflammation and congestion of the lungs or the brain is the result.

God holds mothers accountable for many of the diseases their children are compelled to suffer. Mothers bow at the shrine of fashion, and sacrifice the lives of their children. Many mothers are ignorant of the result of improperly clothing their children. But should they not inform themselves where so much is at stake? Is ignorance a sufficient excuse for you who possess reasoning powers? You can inform yourselves if you will, and dress your children healthfully.

Parents may give up the expectation of their children's having health while they dress them in cloaks and furs and load down those portions of the body with clothing where there is no call for such an amount, and then leave the extremities, that should have special protection, almost naked. The portions of the body close by the life-springs need less covering than the limbs, which are removed from the vital organs. If the limbs and feet could have the extra coverings usually put upon the shoulders, lungs, and heart, and healthy

circulation be induced to the extremities, the vital organs would act their part healthfully, with only their share of clothing.

I appeal to you, mothers, do you not feel alarmed at seeing your children pale and dwarfed, suffering with catarrh, influenza, croup, scrofula, swellings appearing upon the face and neck, inflammation and congestion of lungs and brain? Have you studied from cause to effect? Have you provided for them a simple, nutritious diet, free from grease and spices? Have you not been dictated by fashion in clothing your children? Leaving their arms and limbs insufficiently protected has been the cause of a vast amount of disease and premature deaths. There is no reason why the feet and limbs of your girls should not be, in every way, as warmly clad as those of your boys. Boys, accustomed to exercise out-of-doors, become inured to cold and exposure, and are actually less liable to colds when thinly clad than the girls, because the open air seems to be their natural element. Delicate girls accustom themselves to live in-doors, and in heated atmosphere, and yet they go from the heated room out-of-doors with their limbs and feet seldom better protected from the cold than while remaining in a close, warm room. The air soon chills their limbs and feet and prepares the way for disease.

Your girls should wear the waists of their dresses perfectly loose, and they should have a style of dress convenient, comfortable, and modest. In cold weather they should wear warm flannel or cotton drawers, which can be placed inside the stockings; over these should be warm, lined pants. Their dress should reach below the knee; with this style of dress, one light skirt, or at the most two, is all that is necessary, and these should be buttoned to a waist. The shoes should be thick-soled and perfectly comfortable. With this style of dress, your girls will be no more in danger in the open air than your boys; and their health would be much better were they to live more out-of-doors, even in winter, than to be confined to the close air of a room heated by a stove.

It is a sin in the sight of Heaven for parents to dress their children as some do. The only excuse they can make is, it is fashion. They cannot plead modesty to thus expose the limbs of their children with only one covering drawn tight over them. They cannot plead that it is healthful, or really attractive. Because others will continue to

follow this health-and-life-destroying practice, it is no excuse for those who style themselves reformers. Because everybody around you follows a fashion which is injurious to health, it will not make your sin a whit the less, or be any guarantee for the health and life of your children.

#### A TWO DAYS' STRIKE.

THERE were four of them in all—Freddie the forgetful, Laura the lounger, Theresa the tomboy, and Bertie the bawler. "Four little devils," Bridget sometimes called them; for Bridget's temper was as fiery as her hair, and though she was a good worker, she was not the least bit ladylike in her talk. Mrs. Grey seldom found fault with her; but Mrs. Grey was a patient, long-suffering woman, so patient and so long-suffering that when—during the absence of Mr. Grey on a business trip to the West—she announced one night at bed-time that she was going on a strike the next day, Freddie the forgetful, Laura the lounger, Theresa the tomboy, and Bertie the bawler, all pricked up their small ears and looked at her in amazement.

"Why, what are you going to strike for, mother?" asked Freddie, who occasionally idled over a newspaper when he ought to have been studying his Latin grammar. "I am sure you don't want shorter hours; for I have heard you say that the days were too short for you to get through your work in. And when it comes to wages, father always throws his pocket-book in your lap whenever you ask him for money."

"Listen, all of you," said Mrs. Grey, "and I'll tell you what I am going to strike for. I shall shut myself up in my room to-morrow, and I shall not come down-stairs again until I am promised less forgetfulness on the part of Freddie, less lounging around on the part of Laura, less climbing and clothes-tearing on the part of Theresa, and less bawling from Bertie. I am sick and tired of sending Freddie back to the store for things he has forgotten, and of hearing Laura say, 'I'll do it by and by, mamma,' and of mending torn dresses and aprons for Theresa, and of hearing Bertie bawl when I know there is nothing in the world the matter with him but badness. I shall continue the strike until you, one and all, promise that I shall have what I demand."

"Mother on a strike! That will be a good joke!" exclaimed Fred. But somehow when he came

down to breakfast the next morning, and saw his mother's place vacant, the joke seemed to have lost its point.

"Well, Frid," said Bridget, who had just placed the breakfast on the table, "have ye gone and forgot that milk?"

"What milk?" asked Freddie.

"Well, I niver saw the likes of ye! Didn't your mother tell you that our man wouldn't be around this morning, and you must go to the dairy on Y—Street and order a can of milk from there?"

"Oh, I forgot all about it!"

"Well, then, ye'll none of ye have milk, that's all; and ye may be sure ye'll hear from Bertie when he comes to his breakfast."

Mrs. Grey would have dispatched Fred for the milk even then, as the dairy was not more than two blocks away; but it was a matter of small concern to Bridget whether the children had milk or went without. The latter spoke truly when she said Fred would hear from Bertie; for when that youngster missed his milk, he lifted up his voice and bawled, much increasing the general discontent. Bridget grinned and said, "I told ye so!" But when the bawler proceeded to upset his food on the table-cloth, she changed her tune and boxed his ears, telling him he should have something to cry about. In getting ready for school, Fred the forgetful could not remember where he had left his slate the day before; and as his mother was not there to suggest where it might be, he naturally searched in all the wrong places first, and, consequently, was late and hurried in getting off. Laura the lounger, not having been called by her mother, did not make her appearance down-stairs till nearly nine o'clock, when she was informed by Bridget, then up to her ears in soap-suds, that she was just one hour too late for breakfast.

"But haven't you saved any for me?" asked Laura.

"Indade I haven't," was the reply. "Nobody said I must."

And then Laura remembered with something like a pang that her mother, who would have taken care that she did not go breakfastless, no matter when she came down, was now on a strike. About this time Theresa came in from the back yard with her dress torn completely across the front breadth. (She and Laura went to a private school, and it was now vacation with them.)

"I tore it on a nail as I was climbing down the

fence," said she. "Won't you mend it for me, Laura? Mamma said you could sew just as well as she could when you tried."

But Laura was too hungry and cross to be obliging.

"Mend it yourself," said she. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! A great big tomboy like you, always climbing trees and fences, and yet not able to sew up the holes in your clothes after you have torn them!"

This set Theresa to crying, but after a while she dried her tears and went to work herself to repair the damage she had done. Her sewing was of the cat-stitchy, puckery kind, and she had another cry when Bridget laughed at her work after it was done—Bridget didn't laugh at her when her mamma was present; but she consoled herself by climbing the largest cherry tree, a feat she had never performed before, and when she was safe among the branches she called to Bertie to look at her. But Bertie had come to grief while attempting to cut down one of the althea bushes with Fred's pocket-knife (which the latter had left behind in his haste that morning), and was now calling for his mamma to tie up his cut finger. His mamma was shut up in her room, out of hearing, and though Laura actually put down her novel to tie up the bleeding finger, she scolded Bertie so for meddling with the knife that the sufferer bawled louder than ever during the operation.

Dinner consisted of potatoes and fried bacon; for it was washing-day, and Bridget hadn't time to cook anything more. On such days Mrs. Grey was in the habit of herself getting up some nice little dishes for the children's dinner; but Laura had never learned to cook. The young people grumbled, whereupon Bridget informed them that children quite as good as themselves were often glad enough to get potatoes for dinner, to say nothing of bacon. That night there was no one to send Theresa and Bertie to bed when they were sleepy, so the former went to sleep on a lounge in the sitting-room, while the latter made himself comfortable on the kitchen floor, whence he was aroused by Bridget about eleven o'clock that night (after her young man had taken his departure) and marched off to bed. Theresa was left unmolested till the next morning, when she awoke feeling very strange and lonely and neglected.

The second day was, in many respects, only a repetition of the first.

"Dear me!" sighed Fred at dinner, "it seems as if mother were dead!" Whereupon Bertie began to bawl most lugubriously.

"She is going to die," observed Bridget, who had come in to clear away the dishes. "The way you children go on is enough to kill a stronger woman than she is. She has stood it a long time; but she an't made of iron and steel."

"Is she sick?" demanded the children in chorus; but Bidy (the only member of the household now admitted into Mrs. Grey's room) only sighed ominously.

Fifteen minutes later a note was pushed under the striker's door, a note which read thus:—

"DEAR MAMMA: If you will come down-stairs once more, I will do all you ask me to without having to be spoken to twice. Your affectionate LAURA."

Then the writer came down-stairs and informed Fred what she had done. Ten minutes later a large ball went bouncing into Mrs. Grey's open window, a ball around which was pinned a half-sheet of paper whereupon was scrawled:—

"DEAR MOTHER: I have capitulated. Stop your strike, and I'll never forget anything again as long as I live.

"Your dutiful son, F. W. GREY."

The two younger children had watched Fred's proceeding with open-mouthed interest, and the next heard from was Theresa, who, at imminent risk of life and limb, scrambled up some lattice-work that brought her within speaking distance of her mother's window, and then and there promised with great vehemence that if the striker would only come down-stairs again, she, the speaker, wouldn't climb anywhere—not even on the back gate, where even Bertie could climb. Mrs. Grey was watching Theresa's descent with some concern when her attention was distracted by a pounding at her door, accompanied by the piteous iteration, "I want my mamma! I want my mamma!" Opening the door, she saw Bertie lying flat on his back (he had been doing the pounding with his boots), his small face wet with tears.

"Mamma," exclaimed he, springing up and darting into her room, "if you wont schike no more, I wont bawl no more—not if I cut my finger off, not if I cut my head off!"

Such overtures were not to be withstood; and Mrs. Grey once more made her appearance down-stairs, much to the joy of the assembled family, even Bridget looking quiet pleased at the satisfactory termination of the strike.

"Why, Bridget!" exclaimed Theresa reproachfully, "what did you mean by telling us mamma was going to die?"

"I didn't say she was going to die to-day or to-morrow, did I?" replied Bridget. "I only said she was going to die; and, unless she has a dale better luck than other folks, she will be sure to do that when her time comes."—*Clara Marshall.*

#### HOT BREAD.

WE often hear it said that hot or even new bread is less wholesome than that which is older; but as reasons for this statement are seldom given, comparatively few people know why it is, and very many even doubt the statement, simply because they do not understand it.

It is not the fact of the bread's being warm that makes it unwholesome; for as a general rule, moderately warm foods are better for the stomach than cold foods; but it is the structure, the nature, of the new or warm bread that makes it difficult of digestion, and therefore unwholesome. Everyone knows the difference between "light" and "sad," or "heavy" bread, and that is practically the difference between hot and cold bread. It is its "lightness," or porosity, which makes bread easily digested; and it is impossible for hot bread to retain this quality during mastication.

One or two very simple experiments will serve to demonstrate the truthfulness of this statement:

1. Take a small piece of good bread from twelve to twenty-four hours old, and pick it to pieces with the fingers, making it as fine as possible; then do the same with a piece of equally good bread fresh from the oven, and note the difference. See which you think would be the more fit to be taken into the stomach, and which would be in the better condition to be readily acted upon by the gastric juice.
2. Take a bit of the cold bread and chew it just as you would in eating, but instead of swallowing it note its appearance; then do the same with a like quantity of hot bread, and after comparing the two samples, mentally ask and answer the question: Which of the two is in the better condition for easy and ready digestion? It will not be difficult to decide which would be acted upon the more readily by the digestive fluids. The fact is that hot bread of even the very best quality goes into the stomach a "sad," soggy mass, difficult of digestion and well calculated to

make the eater sad too, especially if he happens to have poor digestion, while the cold, or stale, bread reaches the stomach in a condition to be readily acted upon by the gastric juice.

But it may be asked, If this be true, why is it that physicians recommend oatmeal and graham pudding for sick people, and for persons troubled with weak digestion? Upon this question the *Journal of Chemistry* says: "The two cases are by no means similar. The oatmeal, or graham flour, is made digestible by boiling, the starch granules being ruptured so that their contents are more easily acted upon by the digestive fluids." Such a question would never be asked, however, if people would only use as good judgment in regard to what they eat as they do in most other matters. It would be quite impossible to make dough marbles out of properly-cooked oatmeal or graham mush, and it is just about as impossible to eat hot bread without reducing it to a "heavy," doughy condition very suggestive of the dough balls which almost every child delights to make. C. P. B.

#### HOW TO EAT.

IN the July number of the JOURNAL we made a few suggestions relative to eating, showing that three things are essential to correct habits of eating, namely, regularity, deliberation, and perfect mastication. To these we now wish to add a fourth and fifth, namely, cheerfulness and moderation; or perhaps the idea would be more readily understood were we to say, enjoyment in partaking of one's necessary food, and moderation. It may seem upon first thought that deliberation in eating would certainly secure perfect mastication, but such is not necessarily the case. Some people make a practice of reading while they are eating; this of course causes them to eat slowly, or at least to spend a long time in eating; but it does not follow that that which is eaten is as thoroughly chewed as it should be. Indeed, the tendency of the practice is rather in the opposite direction, for the mind being fully occupied with the reading matter, the food is likely to be swallowed about as soon as it can be; and besides this the process of eating becomes purely mechanical, the secretion of the solvent fluids is retarded, and digestion is hindered.

The reason for the statement just made may not be apparent to those who have given the subject no

thought; but a little explanation will, we think, make it clear to everyone. While it is true that certain organs of the body perform their functions automatically, or, more properly speaking, involuntarily, that is, without the mind willing that they shall perform those functions, it is none the less true that the mind has some influence upon every organ of the body. The heart beats more rapidly not only under greater physical exertion, but under even slight mental excitement; and everyone knows by experience how easily the stomach is affected even by a thought. Who has not had his relish for some particular article of food utterly destroyed, or at least very much impaired, by some trifling circumstance which accidentally associated it in the mind with something unpleasant? And sometimes this mental influence is so strong that it actually produces nausea. Even the kidneys and bowels are affected in some degree by great mental agitation; in fact, it stands to reason that, as the brain is the great nerve center, every organ of the entire body must respond more or less readily to its emotions.

These well-known facts are stated simply to show that the stereotyped phrase which we so often hear, "Even the very thought of it fairly makes my mouth water," is vastly more than a mere figure of speech; it is the statement of a physiological fact. The action of the mind undoubtedly increases or diminishes the flow of the saliva; and it has at least an indirect effect upon the gastric juice also; for the presence of saliva in the stomach tends to stimulate the gastric glands, and thus increase the flow of the principal digestive fluid.

We believe that the Creator designed that man should find enjoyment in eating. That this is so is indicated by Gen. 2:9: "And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food." Instead of creating fruits that are pleasant to the eye, and also to taste, the Lord might have clothed all fruits in somber hues, and made them as tasteless as pure albumen; but had he done so, partaking of food would have been a laborious task instead of a pleasure, as it now is to all who have not grossly abused this gift of God. The man who bolts his food as nearly whole as he can get it down, or who swallows it in moody silence, or while so deeply absorbed in a book or paper that he scarcely knows what he is eating, certainly finds little pleasure in partaking of food; and the chances are that what

he eats will not be nearly so well digested nor so well assimilated as though it were eaten in a proper frame of mind.

It has been well said that "cheerfulness is an aid to digestion," and in the light of the suggestions already made, the reason is not far to seek: cheerfulness is essential to the enjoyment of anything, and a certain amount of enjoyment in eating is essential to the secretion of the proper amount of the solvent juices required for perfect digestion; hence, cheerfulness is essential to proper eating.

But not less important than the other things which have been enumerated is moderation, or temperance, in eating. One may eat only the best foods, slowly and at regular times, masticating well, and yet eat a great deal too much. Persons who eat slowly are, however, much less likely to overeat than are those who eat rapidly, for if given time a healthy stomach will scarcely fail to indicate when it has had enough; but if the food is fairly shoveled in, the stomach is filled to its utmost capacity before it has time to file even a weak protest. But in the end it is sure to let its discomfort be known by that dull, heavy sensation so often felt after a hearty meal, especially if hastily eaten.

Temperance has been aptly defined as "the proper use of good things," and, tried by this rule, very many who suppose that they are really temperate in all things, would be found sadly lacking in this virtue. The Creator certainly designed that man should enjoy his food, but real enjoyment in eating can be secured only by those who eat properly and moderately.

Overeating is far more prolific of disease than many suppose. Every particle of food taken into the system beyond that which is needful to repair waste, imposes an unnecessary burden upon digestive, assimilative, and excretory organs and tends to produce disease. The purpose of food is to nourish the system; and to that end, being properly prepared by digestion, it is taken into the blood and carried to every part of the body. But if too much food is eaten one of two things must take place, either the work of digestion is imperfectly performed or else the blood is overloaded with surplus material for which the system has no use, and for which there is no demand. Of course every organ of the body makes supernatural efforts to throw off this useless matter, and this exertion may be kept up for years, but sooner or later some of the

overworked organs will be found to be diseased, and in some crisis may fail to perform their proper functions, thus causing some otherwise easily controlled malady to terminate fatally. If the whole truth were always told in obituaries, very many of them would bear upon their face the legend, "Died of overeating." Therefore, in eating, as well as in everything else, "let your moderation be known unto all men."

C. P. B.

### NURSES CONDEMNED.

SOMETIMES it is almost incredible the complaints that are made against us by our fellows, sometimes painful and occasionally amusing.

Nurses are not excepted. Not long ago a woman attracted the notice of an acquaintance by her garments of woe.

The latter asked, "Who are ye mournin' for?" "Me husband, God rest his soul!" was the reply. "And what did he die of?" "Why, sure, he was carrying the hod and fell and hurted him." "Did that kill him?" "Laws, no. He was taken to the hospital, and the nurse give him his gruel in a damp basin, and he cotcht his death o' cowl'd."  
—Sel.

THE jug is a most singular utensil. A pail, tumbler, or decanter can be rinsed, and you can satisfy yourself by optical proof that it is clean; but the jug has only a hole in the top, and the interior is all darkness. No eye penetrates it; no hand moves over the surface. You can clean it only by putting in water, shaking it up, and pouring it out. If the water comes out clean, you judge you have succeeded in cleaning the jug, and *vice versa*. Hence the jug is like the human heart. No mortal can ever look into its recesses, and you can only judge of its purity by what comes from it.  
—Sel.

WHEN the nervous system has long been habituated to any habit, as of certain stimulants, and to certain circumstances at certain periods of the day, the whole system seems to expect these changes at these respective times.

THE perfection of wisdom and the end of true philosophy is to proportion our wants to our possessions, our ambitions to our capacities.

SYMPATHY with a dyspeptic stomach is the originator of nervous derangement of the liver.

## Temperance.

### THE POLICEMAN'S STORY.

I AM policeman 12,004,  
Been on the force for years, a score.  
Lots of stories I have to tell,  
Queer, sad, terrible, funny, and—well,  
I'll stop to tell you a little thing  
That happened a year ago last spring.

Weary, but watchful, I paced my beat,  
Up and down through a well-known street,  
When a block away I saw a throng,  
And hastened to see what was wrong.  
There I found a wee, wee girl,  
Dainty and pretty, fair hair in curl.

Weeping, her hands in air she tossed,  
Crying, "O mamma, O papa, I's lost!"  
One moment she wept, another she smiled,  
And I thought of my own pet, darling child  
At home, and safe in her mother's arms;  
So I tried to quiet this one's alarms;  
And first her sunny head I caress'd,  
Then lifted her up to my beating breast,  
And carried her, sobbing, sweet little fay,  
To the station house, only two blocks away.

Captain Caffry was then in command.  
He took the lost baby-girl by the hand,  
And, setting her up on the desk by his side,  
Pleasantly talked till no longer she cried,  
But dried up her tears, and soon, smiling and gay,  
Was earnestly lisping and prattling away;  
And told of her beautiful mamma, her joys,  
Her big-bearded papa, her home, and her toys;  
How she heard a wandering German band play,  
And, listening, followed them on their way;  
Stopp'd when they stopp'd, and cross'd when they  
cross'd,  
Grew tired, cried for home, and found she was lost.

The door of the station house opened just then,  
Admitting a "drunk" between two of our men;  
Not dirty and ragged and spoiling for fight,  
But what you may term a "respectable tight."  
Led up to the desk he just lifted his eyes,  
Started back, nearly fell, with a cry of surprise,  
Of terror, of shame: "My Grace! Can it be?"  
The instant had made him as sober as she.

"My papa! Dear papa!" They kissed and caress'd,  
Both weeping, as she nestled close to his breast.  
"Quite a scene!" said the captain, his face in a glow;  
"I think you've been punished enough. You may go."  
The father bowed low—the little one smiled—  
And he passed through the door in the care of his child.  
Do you know that I feel that he made a great vow  
Just then against liquor, and 'tis unbroken now!

—Sel.

## AN UNPROFITABLE DISCUSSION.

It is strange how intelligent and even thoughtful people will allow their minds to be diverted from questions of prime importance by side issues, which amount to nothing. For instance, a great deal of time and energy have been expended by temperance people in combating the favorite proposition of the defenders of liquor drinking, that "alcohol is a natural product." Now in one sense alcohol certainly is a natural product; it is the product of decay, and decay is natural; but that does not prove that alcoholic drinks are wholesome, any more than it proves that we ought to eat putrid beef or rotten potatoes. Arsenic is a natural production, but it does not follow that people should become arsenic eaters, or that arsenic ought to be used in coloring cloth, wall paper, etc. The berries of the deadly nightshade are just as natural as apples, but that don't prove that they are fit to eat, or that they would make wholesome pies.

Another favorite forensic battle-ground is the question of Bible wines. Now even granting for a moment that in Bible times Christian people did use fermented wines, and that the practice was not condemned, and that in some texts it is even commended, does that prove that the unholy traffic which is carried on nowadays, and which is every year sending tens of thousands to drunkards' graves, and hundreds of thousands to poor-houses and asylums, is right, and that it ought not to be prohibited by law? By no means.

The Scriptures do teach that in the last days men will be gratifying their appetites and passions as never before since the flood; but they do not teach that such things are right. The Bible does, however, say expressly: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." This much for personal indulgence; while of those who make merchandise of the poison we read: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also."

These texts and the evils of the traffic, which are to be seen on every side, are a sufficient answer to all the arguments (?) which all the liquor hosts ever have drawn, or ever can draw from *any* source, to sustain them in their covenant with death and their

league with hell. And temperance people should see to it that no side issue, or wrangling about words, is for a moment allowed to divert their attention from the main question, namely, the total prohibition of the sale of liquor to be used as a beverage.

C. P. B.

## WHAT MY LAST CIGAR COST.

My first cigar cost me a terrific sick-headache. The boys all said it would; but as I was an extraordinary boy in my own opinion, I hoped there would be some interposition in my behalf, so I would not suffer as they had; but it did not seem to me that there was any special let-up in my case when I tried it. However, as my mother had often told me "it required courage and persistent effort to be manly," I supposed it needed the same virtues to be man-like, so I kept on, and at twenty was a confirmed smoker, as shaky as my grandfather, and more nervous.

When I was twenty-three, I married; and, acting on the advice of my doctor, who told me if I kept books and smoked another year my bride would be a widow, we took our little all and started for the far West, where a friend of mine had gone some years before. I took a claim of one hundred and sixty acres ten miles from town; it was timbered and watered, and I proposed to make a stock farm of it. My health was recovered; I could work early and late. Bessie was a true wife and helpmeet, and the baby, just beginning to talk at the time of my last cigar, was the light and joy of our home.

We had then been West three years. I had forty acres in corn, twenty in wheat, and thirty head of cattle. Our little house was home-like and full of pretty things, while the log cabin of our first year was a corn-crib, full of corn.

When I told Bessie what the doctor said, in answer to my question if she could leave father, mother, and friends and go with me to found a humble home in the far West, she had answered,—

"Yes, George, I will go anywhere with you, and do anything for your good, if you will leave off smoking here, now and forever."

It was a sacred pledge to her; but I meanly evaded it by promising, "Bessie, I will never spend another cent for cigars."

It was a contemptible subterfuge, the old trick that is begotten by smoking, drinking, or any other ruling passion, to evade the giving it up entirely.

So, during those three years, when I went to town I often smoked if invited to, and to Bessie's remonstrances I would give the plea, "I only promised not to spend a cent."

One autumn day, after a wet summer and a long dry spell of weather, we needed to go to town. We had to cross a high prairie, six miles in extent, unbroken by fence, stream, or tree, where the tall prairie grass, never trodden by hoof of cattle, was as dry as tinder.

Some time before, I had taken the necessary precaution to protect my house by ploughing several furrows around it, and, leaving a strip of fifty feet or so, had ploughed again and burned off the inclosed circle. It was a merry party that bounced along towards town behind our gay ponies that sunny morning, even though we had no spring seat in our lumber-wagon, and had to soften the jolting by spreading thick comforts over the board we sat on, and had the baby in the cradle, as being still easier for her.

We made our purchases, took dinner with our friends owning the store, and at five o'clock had started back homeward due south from town. Our wagon was well laden with supplies, among them a gallon each of kerosene, vinegar, and molasses. There was also a water cask that we generally took along for a drink, if we chanced to want one when crossing the prairie; but, alas! there was little water in it now!

When we were well out of town, Bessie said to me, quietly, "You have been smoking again, George."

"Yes," I answered tartly, "but it didn't cost me a cent." The fact was, the unusual smoking had made me wretchedly nervous, and, feeling at fault, I wanted to blame somebody else, so I added, after a little, "I can't be in leading-strings all my life."

Bessie said never a word; but her evident grief vexed me still more. She busied herself with the baby, who was tired and fretful, and soon put her in the cradle behind us. While she was back there rocking the baby, some spirit of evil tempted me to light another cigar that I had in my pocket, and when Bessie sat again beside me with her face turned the other way that she might jog the cradle, I was still puffing away at that terrible cigar.

I hoped she would say something, for I had a very mean reply in my mind to make her; but she did not, and when half through I tossed it over-

board, saying, contemptuously, "There goes the last one for now, and it didn't cost me a cent, either!"

I was a little startled to see the smoke curl lazily up from where it fell in the dry grass; but we soon passed over a little rise out of sight, and I thought no more about it. Annie was sound asleep, and Bessie faced around. After a time of silence, she said, as if in meditation, "Our honor is the dearest price we can pay for anything."

My conscience smote me. I seemed to see a vision of a happy young girl leaving all she loved for my sake, and I had betrayed her trust in me time and again for a cigar. I had not the manliness to own to these accusing thoughts and ask for forgiveness, but drove the ponies on, while every breath of the soft south wind in our faces seemed to whisper, "You are a perjured liar and coward."

Busy in thought, I had forgotten that Bessie was by me. We were but four miles from home, when, in a moment, the wind swept round to the north and chilled us. I stopped the horses, lifted the cradle over to the front of us, covered the baby, wrapped Bessie in a comfort, and was just starting on, when there came a loud noise like thunder, not a crash, but a dead, heavy roar, far behind us.

"Is it a hurricane?" asked Bessie.

If it only had been! But I knew the sound too well. That long roll was the fire call, and, looking back, we could soon see the lines of fire sweeping towards us faster than any horse ever ran.

"O George, it is a prairie fire! Light a back fire, or we shall be burned to death."

She took the lines, and the frightened horses, to whose instinct the fire meant death, swept on, while I vainly searched my pockets. I had used my last match to light the cigar that had started this dreadful fire!

"I haven't any, Bessie. God forgive me—will you forgive me?"

Oh, the supreme agony of that moment! I can never forget its glimpse of that hell which remorse can make in any guilty man's breast.

"Never mind; you didn't mean it, dear. We are very near death now. God forgive us both. But oh! my poor baby Annie, must she die too?"

With chills of horror that went over me, while the hot sweat of agony streamed from my face, I saw that the fire was fast gaining on us. I was incapable of thought, but Bessie said,—



"There is a chance for us, George. We can wet the comforts with the vinegar, water, and molasses, cut the traces and let the horses go, when we get in that patch of buffalo grass on the next hill. We can lie down in the wagon and cover our faces with the comforts. Perhaps we shall not smother."

"O Bessie, can you forgive me?" I cried, as the horses galloped towards the place suggested.

"As I hope to be forgiven," she answered, solemnly, and the earnest words of her reply years before, to which I had given such evasive promise, rose before me.

The frightened horses, as soon as cut loose, after one backward look as of pity on us, sped away, while we saturated the comforts, and, spreading one on the bottom of the wagon, covered ourselves with the others. Providentially, having taken a load of corn to town that morning, I had on the high side-boards, which helped to break the flames.

The noise of the fire drowned every sound, and the smoke was stifling. The air was full of flying cinders; the flames leaped high up, jumping over wide spaces of grass that the oncoming waves of fire speedily devoured. While crouching down awaiting the shock, confessing my guilt and penitence in words that could not be heard, Bessie suddenly darted from our covert, and, seizing the can of kerosene, that had been forgotten, hurled it far in front of us, and the tide of smoke and flame caught her before she was under the protecting comforts.

It seemed a life-time to me while we were in that hell upon earth, the flames of which I myself had kindled. It was to my guilty soul like the day of Judgment, and God's voice was thundering to me, "Thou didst it; thou art the man!"

At last the heat abated, the smoke cleared, and I thrust my head out in the blackness of darkness. Far ahead of us now were those rushing billows of flame; the sun at the right of us was as a ball of fire in the midst of the smoke; the freezing north wind was now only cool and grateful.

"O Bessie!" I groaned.

"Yes, George, I am alive," but her voice was as of one in a dream. She raised her hand to the cradle. I pulled the blanket off baby Annie; she did not move or stir. I hoped she was still sleeping.

"Annie, Annie!" I said, and lifted the limp little form.

Bessie roused quickly. "Baby Annie, baby, baby!" she cried. We chafed her limbs, we tried to breathe life into her, but in vain; our baby was dead.

It was a forlorn sight two panting horsemen saw ahead of them a half-hour after—a man crawling along with a dead baby in his arms, haunted by an accusing voice, saying, "You did it!" while a white-faced woman beside him was saying gently, "Dear George, I love you best; I have you still; you did not mean to."

The fire had been seen from town. When the wind turned, they feared it would overtake us, and had come, as it proved, to our assistance. They lifted us on their horses, and as the sun was setting we rode down the hill that overlooked our valley home; but there was no home there; only smoking ruins and the panting horses and cattle in the little creek close by were left to mark our former Eden.

For weeks Bessie hovered between life and death, and her health was permanently shattered; in throwing out the kerosene can she had taken so much heated air into her lungs, and the shock and terror affected her mind. I do not think she would ever have rallied except for my miserable sake; she wanted to live that I might not be her murderer also.

No more baby voices have ever since been heard in our lonely home, made far away from where everything was so painful a reminder of what my last cigar cost me.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

#### SMOKING AND LOSS OF SIGHT.

"TOBACCO smokers," says the London *Medical Mirror*, "must look to their eyes. Proofs are accumulating that blindness, due to slowly progressive atrophy of the optic nerves, induced by smoking, is of frequent occurrence. "In one of the volumes of the "London Hospital Reports," Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson has narrated several cases of amaurosis, the histories of which go to establish the fact that in each case the blindness was brought on by that rapidly increasing, and, as it appears, baneful habit; and in the *Medical Times and Gazette* of a late date, the same distinguished surgeon has described another striking case of "tobacco amaurosis, ending in absolute blindness, induced in eighteen months."

THE drunkard and glutton shall come to poverty.

### PROHIBITION CONSTITUTIONAL.

MANY people are not aware of the fact that local prohibition may be secured under our State constitution. Liquorites, and politicians in league with them, are unwilling for this to be known very extensively, but it is nevertheless the fact. At the framing of the new constitution it was understood that section 11 of Article XI was in reality a local-option clause. It was so intended. It was so understood by lawyers whose opinion was sought. It was so known to be at the time by liquor folks and temperance people. The saloons hushed it as much as possible and said, "Mum is the word," but notwithstanding that the constitutional provision is there and should be known by all persons.

By section 11 of Article XI of the constitution of California, the power is expressly given to any county, city, town or township to make and enforce within its limits all such local, police, sanitary, and other regulations as are not in conflict with general laws.—*Western Watchman*.

AT its last session the Methodist General Conference declared that complete legal prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating drinks is the duty of the Government. The United Presbyterian General Assembly likewise declared in favor of prohibition. All these things add strength to the prohibition movement, but it may be some time yet before prohibition becomes an accomplished fact; nevertheless, the JOURNAL proposes in the meantime to so educate all whom it can reach that they will adopt prohibition for themselves.

THIS is the way the *National American* puts the matter of prohibition: "When Moses spoilt the golden calf business, he did not stop to inquire how much money was invested in it. Neither will the prohibitionists stop to inquire how much capital prohibition will wipe out in the brewing business. It is always necessary for sinners to sacrifice something when they mend their ways, whether they do it voluntarily or from compulsion. The brewers will have to bear it just like ordinary sinners."

IN 1882, 70,402,810 pounds of grain were manufactured into liquors in Canada, and 12,036,979 gallons of malt liquors were produced throughout the Dominion; and 265,608 gallons of brandy were imported.

### SUMMER DIET.

BAD habits of eating and drinking are the cause of much of the ill health of summer. The dietary of hot weather should differ from that of cold, as does the dress. Less food is required in summer than in winter; less of the albuminoids as tissue-builders, because tissue changes take place less rapidly; less of fats as fuel-foods, for the same reason that less coal is required in the furnace. Ripe fruits and fresh vegetables are especially indicated as prominent elements in the summer dietary; but they should be substituted in place of the more stimulating foods of winter, not taken in addition to them, as is too often done. Errors in diet are more speedily and surely punished in summer than in winter, and greater care is needed to prevent derangements of digestion.—*Congregationalist*.

### RURAL HEALTH RETREAT.

A RECENT visit to this unusually successful institution (situated on Howell Mountain slope, two and one-half miles easterly from St. Helena) shows it to be in a more flourishing condition than ever before. Although the number of rooms for guests and patients has been doubled during the past season, all are well filled with patients and guests, some of whom have come from distant parts of the Union.

Dr. J. S. Gibbs has been quite successful in his treatment of many patients cured, and others greatly benefited, at this institution during the past few years. He is now ably supported by Dr. Caldwell and a number of attentive male and female assistants.

Dr. Caldwell gave a lecture on health last Sunday evening, which proved very instructive and highly appreciated by a full audience. Reliable information of this institution can be obtained by any person upon sending their post-office address to the Retreat.—*Pacific Rural Press, June 30*.

IT is now generally admitted that the excessive use of beer is very frequently the cause of suicide.

GOOD company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

A KNOWLEDGE of our weakness creates in us charity for others.

EVERYBODY knows good counsel except he that most needs it.

## Miscellaneous.

### GRANDMOTHER GRUMBLE CONCERNING THE PANIC.

YOU remember the panic last autumn in Wall Street,  
When thousands were ruined and millions were scared.  
To some 'twas a curse and to some 'twas a blessing;  
I'll tell you how John and his family fared.

He came home one night looking pale and discouraged,  
Scarcely eating a mouthful or speaking a word;  
But nobody noticed, and all went on talking  
The veriest nonsense that ever you heard.

At last Miss Eugenie demanded ten dollars  
To purchase some gewgaw. John lifted his head.  
"I have not a dollar. Your father is bankrupt;  
There's nothing left now but to work for our bread.

"But if you will stand by me, my wife and my children,  
If you will bear bravely the changes in store,  
We shall not be ruined; for God is above us,  
And life will be larger than ever before."

I remembered how David once lost all his savings  
By signing a note with a treacherous friend;  
We clung to each other, grew stronger by struggling,  
And richer and happier too in the end.

But Matilda—that's John's wife—tried hard for hysterics,  
After vowing, "I'll die, John, before I'll be poor!"  
I brought her to, saying: "John, order her coffin,  
You'll have one the less to support, to be sure!"

The children did credit to all their home training,  
"Will the house here be sold?" "And the carriage and  
bays?"

"Must I give up college?" "What will the McBrides say  
If we do our own drudgery the rest of our days?"

John threw up his hands with a sharp exclamation,  
Rushed up to his chamber and bolted the door.  
I followed. "Don't shut out your gray-headed mother  
From the only son left of the seven she bore."

He stood in the doorway, his right hand behind him,  
To hide the revolver I missed from the stand.  
Ashen-faced and wild-eyed—on the verge of self-murder—  
The thought struck me dumb; but I held out my hand.

He knew what I meant, and he gave up the weapon,  
With a sudden strong shudder, which closed in a groan.  
"I will not take from you the life that you gave me,  
Though every heart save yours be harder than stone."

And then he broke down and just cried like a baby.  
He sat on the floor, with his head in my lap.  
But what could I say? When a wife proves unworthy,  
Not even a mother's love closes the gap.

But I prayed for my darling; and while we were kneeling  
One after another the children tears in.  
They knelt by his side, and with tears and caresses  
Confessed just how selfish and wrong they had been.

"You have worked like a slave," cried the foppish Gustavus;  
"And now I will show you I can be a man!"  
"So will I!" echoed Lincoln and little Ulysses,  
While the girls cried in concert, "We'll do what we can!"

"God bless you, my children," was all that John could say,  
I think if his wife the same spirit had shown  
He would have been happy. But there! 'twasn't in her;  
You can't make a diamond from stratified stone.

But the shock has awakened the souls of the children;  
They'll never get stuck in the old ruts again;  
For they are becoming—what I dared not hope for—  
The pride of my old age—true women and men.

—Independent.

### THE NECESSITY OF TAKING REST.

"NATURE benignly indicates the time to pause; but man, stiff-necked and presumptuous, too often disregards these warnings, and, instead of ceasing to work, works badly, against the grain. Then, again, as to voluntary cessation from labor, there are conditions to be observed with respect to the perfect realization of the idea of a holiday, which some men, by reason partly of their natural dispositions, partly of their adventitious surroundings, can rarely fulfill. The nominal holiday often brings with it anything but genuine rest. Too frequently a man's business pursues him into the country, haunts him at the sea-side, sits upon his back wheresoever he goes. 'This is his own fault,' it may be said. Nay, rather it is his misfortune. It is the result commonly of a conscientious feeling, that what a man can do he ought to do with all the power that is in him; and that he has no right, for the sake of personal ease and enjoyment, to lose sight of his appointed work, unless he be perfectly assured in his own mind that it can be done equally well by others in his absence."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

The obligations of duty to one's business should not be persistently obeyed to the sacrifice of one's health. Whatever may be the nature of a man's feeling on the subject, he should remember that he owes the first consideration to himself. There is not only a necessity for his taking rest, but it is his duty—imperative duty—that his life may be prolonged. We have had many examples in illustration of this idea. Men who, with a constant devotion to their business pursuits, cut themselves off from relaxation and enjoyment of rest, are committing a suicidal act. In an unexpected moment, the thread of life, which has been subject to long and utmost tension, snaps suddenly, and the

defier of the laws of nature becomes the victim—not of hard work, but of a too rigid application. Hard work can be endured, but intervals of rest are the conditions; and these conditions will enforce themselves. Sometimes these periods of rest come in the form of sickness, when the mind and physical powers, worn down by ceaseless activity, utterly refuse to perform their tasks. This the sufferer may regard as a hard dispensation, but, in reality, it is only the interference of Nature to revenge herself for the breaking of her laws, and to apply her genuine restorative—rest.

Business is a tyrant. Men become its slaves. And not only at the desk, in the office, or in the workshop, but at home with their families, in hours that should be passed in sleep, and on the Sabbath—that great day of rest—they occupy their minds in working out plans, or speculating with anxiety as to the result of some business enterprise. Never absent from business during the appointed hours, the cares, the anxieties, the hopes, and the fears with which it is accompanied are always present with them. Is it any wonder that, at last, like the writer in *Cornhill*, whom we have just quoted, they are compelled to succumb? "I have," he says, "been ordered to halt and to stand at ease; I have been compelled to rest, whether I would or not; and however much I have chafed at the commencement, I have always acknowledged, at last, that the hour has been well spent. For rest is a thing to be *done*, as well as work, and if we are disinclined to do it, we should be thankful that the 'Providence which shapes our ends' sometimes compels us thereto, in spite of ourselves. But for these occasional compulsions, I might, long ere this, have been in a church-yard or a mad-house. At least, I am convinced—and the conviction brings a strong feeling of gratitude in its train—that if I always had my own way, I should not now be writing this essay, enjoying the soft summer air, and the sweet odor of the roses in my garden. What we are wont to call mischances are commonly blessings in disguise. And so I thought that as these small pauses had not been enough for me, it had been beneficently ordained that I should be laid in my bed for six weeks and ordered to take my rest."

Prostrate with sickness, these over-constant business men become helpless, and cease to burden themselves with their material cares. And we heartily agree with the writer we have just quoted,

that the absence of these distracting thoughts "makes a period of sickness the nearest approach to a period of rest to which man is ever likely to attain, until he has rid himself of all fleshly incumbrances. There is something very comforting in utter helplessness. It is God's will that you should for a while be inactive—and there's an end of it. Satisfied that all that comes from the almighty Disposer of all events is for the best, you resign yourself to his bidding, as a child; and with this child-like confidence come child-like tastes and inclinations, and something like a child-like state of intelligence; the mind, like the body, eschewing strong diet and delighting in the mildest nutriment."

A month or two months' vacation may be of little avail to a person in regaining and fortifying his health, if he carries his business with him. He does not fulfill the conditions of health unless his vacation affords him a perfect freedom from all matters which agitate or disturb the mind.

That man who is regular at his business, who never fails to take proper intervals of rest, in which he shuts out everything pertaining to his business life, will accomplish more, without the sacrifice of health or life, than he who takes no intermission from his labors. The danger is not that we shall take too much relaxation, but that we shall not exercise proper discretion in governing our labors by our capacity and need of rest.

Rest is the grand purpose for which the Sabbath was ordained, and nights that bring refreshing slumber and rest is the state to which we all look forward with longing. As our author very beautifully says:—

"There is something very soothing and solacing, amidst the cares and distractions, the ceaseless goings to and fro of active life, in the thought of some day being able to lay down one's burdens and to cease from the strenuous business to which one has been harnessed for long years—to make over the traces and the collar and the reins, which one has worn so long, and the bit one has champed for nearly half a century, to a younger and stronger horse, and to go out quietly to grass. And yet there are some men who shrink from the thought—who have a vague presentiment that if the harness cease to brace them up any longer, they will fall down by the wayside and die. I think it is a miserable mistake. Every man should listen to the warnings which benignant nature is continually uttering to him."—*Sel.*

**"THOU SHALT NOT EAT ANY ABOMINABLE THING."**

THE Lord desires that we shall "prosper and be in health." He desires that we shall "cleanse ourselves from "all filthiness of the flesh" as well as of the spirit. He desires that we shall present our bodies holy and acceptable in his sight. He says: "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should show forth the virtues of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light." 1 Pet. 2:9. This is what his people always must be. This is what he has always desired that they should be. In old time he said to his people: "Thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God, and the Lord hath chosen thee to be a peculiar people unto himself, above all the nations that are upon the earth. *Thou shalt not eat any abominable thing.*" Deut. 14: 2, 3.

As they were to be an holy people unto the Lord, it was essential that they should not eat unclean and abominable things, but only that which is good. But he has not only told us to "eat that which is good," he has also told us what is good to eat, and has given plain, definite rules, and so simple and so easily applied that every person may certainly know what is and what is *not* good to eat. He has not given a set of rules that none but scientists can apply, because the word of God is not written to scientists alone; but he has given directions which persons of the commonest kind of understanding may understand and apply equally with those of the highest learning. But, though this distinction between that which is good and that which is not good to eat, be not stated in scientific terms, yet it is a distinction which science will justify in every instance, whenever science becomes sufficiently advanced and enlightened to understand the matter.

For instance, the direction by which we are to know which among the beasts are good for food, is this: "Every beast that parteth the hoof, and cleaveth the cleft into two claws, and cheweth the cud among the beasts, that ye shall eat." Whatsoever beast therefore is cloven-footed and chews the cud, is fit for food, and whatsoever does not meet *both* of these requirements is not good for food. Thus, the camel chews the cud but is not cloven-footed—he is not good for food. And the swine, although he is cloven-footed, does not chew the cud—he is not fit to eat. The

horse is neither cloven-footed nor does he chew the cud—he is not good for food. While the ox, the sheep, the deer, etc., both chew the cud and are cloven-footed—these are good for food, and may be eaten. Of other animals which go on all fours, nothing that goes upon its paws is good to eat; such as the lion, the tiger, the cougar, the cat, the raccoon, etc.—these are not good for food. Of things that are in the waters, "These shall ye eat of all that are in the waters: all that have fins and scales shall ye eat; and whatsoever hath not fins and scales ye may not eat." Deut. 14: 9, 10. Whatever has not both fins and scales—is not good food. As, for instance, the snake, it has scales but no fins—it is not fit to eat. And the eel and the sturgeon have fins but no scales—they are no more fit to eat than is the snake. For full directions on all this subject read Leviticus 11 and Deuteronomy 14: 1-20.

Now there is no one who would contend for a moment that there is anything in the division of the hoof, or the chewing of the cud, which, *in themselves*, would tend to make the flesh of one animal better than another; nor that there is anything in fins and scales that, of themselves, make one fish better than another—that is not the intention of these directions at all. These are only distinguishing marks by which anybody who has eyes can tell which among animals and fishes and birds are good for food. It is true, these directions are not generally observed, and they never have been by the heathen; nor have they been observed by the professed people of God, except in the case of the Jews, and some others. But that these directions have not been generally observed is no proof at all that they should not be. The observance of these directions has kept the Jews the longest-lived people on the globe—they living about one-fourth longer than their gentile neighbors by their side. The average life of the Jews in Frankfort, Germany, is forty-eight years and nine months, while that of their fellow-citizens is only thirty-six years and eleven months; one-half the Jews living fifty-five years and one month, while one-half of their gentile neighbors lived only thirty-six years."

And the "Sanitary" column of the New York *Independent*, April 24, 1879, said:—

"As multitudes fall, and as among them are victims from the better classes, we are inclined to say that the plague spares neither young nor old, neither race nor caste, neither the select nor the de-

based, but falls indiscriminately upon those whom it meets in its march. Not so. Statistics and inquiry over large areas shows very great selective affinity. Bodies that are in the best condition, as a rule resist diseases far the best. The habits of different classes very much influence the mortality. *It is noticeable in most of our epidemics how far strict Jews escape.* Their health rates are higher than those of promiscuous feeders. *The Jewish sanitary code is still a model.*"

And it always will be a model, because it was given by Him who made man, and he who made man knows what is best for him, that he may live the longest, and live the best while he lives.

We stated above, that though the directions given in the Bible are not expressed in scientific terms, nor given in the form of scientific rules, yet science will justify the wisdom of the rule whenever it becomes sufficiently enlightened to discover the facts in the case. For instance: The Scripture said more than three thousand years ago that, among other things, the swine and the hare should not be eaten; a few years ago, by a powerful microscope, science discovered that the flesh of these animals is filled with a loathsome parasite—trichinæ—and confirmed the truth so long ago stated, that these animals are abominable things to eat. This also confirms the truth that on that point, at least, the word of God was more than three thousand years ahead of the highest attainments of the sanitary science of the most enlightened peoples. And that is just about the distance that the Bible is ahead of the science of the world in most things. And although the flesh of other things which are forbidden as food may not be filled with trichinæ, yet when science becomes sufficiently advanced to discover the facts in the matter, it will confirm the Scripture statement that these things should not be eaten. But whether science ever makes the discovery or not, it will yet remain the exact truth that the things which in Leviticus 11 and Deuteronomy 14 are forbidden to be eaten, *are not fit to eat.* Those who have respect to the wisdom and word of God, and who desire to fulfill his purpose in making unto himself an holy people, both in body and in spirit, will be willing not to eat any abominable thing.

"Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should show forth the virtues of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light." "For thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God, and the Lord hath chosen thee to be a peculiar people

unto himself, above all the nations that are upon the earth. *Thou shalt not eat any abominable thing.*"

ALONZO T. JONES.

#### WHAT OTHERS SAY.

HE who wants to know how to take care of his health needs the *Pacific Health Journal and Temperance Advocate*. This journal has chosen for itself a wide and popular field, which it seems to have both determination and ability to cultivate. "The Less Drugs the Better," from the pen of Dr. Caldwell, is a timely article. "Nursing Our Aches and Pains," in the form of a diary, is a good one. "The Use of Tobacco Wrong," we heartily commend to our brethren who "indulge in the weed." Published monthly by the Pacific Press Publishing House, Oakland, Cal.; \$1.00 per year.—*American Baptist, St. Louis.*

THE May number of the Pacific HEALTH JOURNAL is upon our table. It is an excellent journal and keeps well up to its high standard in general, temperance, and household articles.—*Tulare Weekly Standard.*

"SUNBEAMS OF HEALTH AND TEMPERANCE" is the title of an excellent book published by the Health Publishing Company, Battle Creek, Mich. It contains 216 pages, each 9½x12 inches, and every page is filled with highly interesting and instructive reading matter. The illustrations, which are numerous, are not only pleasing to the eye, but add materially to the real value of the book, because they aptly illustrate the various subjects treated in it. This book, instead of being dry and prosy, as some might suppose from the subjects treated, is all that its name indicates—sunbeams. We know of no book which would in our judgment sell so readily as this one, and canvassers would do well to write to the Pacific Press, Oakland, Cal., sole agents for the Pacific Coast, for terms to agents. The book sells at \$1.90 and \$2.50 per copy according to binding, and almost every family would buy it. If there is no agent in your neighborhood, you can procure the book direct from the publishers, or from the Pacific Press, at the regular price.

LEARNING, money, wit, and grace  
Will fit a man for any place.

HE who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent days of sorrow.

## Household.

### WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

THE right to watch while others sleep,  
 The right o'er others' woes to weep,  
 The right to succor in distress,  
 The right when others curse to bless,  
 The right to love when others scorn,  
 The right to comfort all who mourn,  
 The right to shed new joy on earth,  
 The right to feel the soul's high worth,  
 The right to lead the soul to God,  
 Along the path her Saviour trod;  
 Such woman's rights God will bless  
 And crown her champion with success.

—Sel.

### TEACH CHILDREN TO BE INDUSTRIOUS.

THERE is one thing that has impressed itself upon my mind for some time, which I would like to bring before your readers, believing many of them to be mothers who have many earnest thoughts in regard to the future of their children. It is this: If we expect to have useful, honorable business men and women in the next generation, the boys and girls must be kept out of the streets more, and be given regular tasks, or work, every day, for which they must be made to feel that they alone are responsible. It has been my observation for more than a score of years, that boys and girls who have been brought up with nothing to do but play, out of school hours, never amount to much. On the contrary, give a child some special work to do from the time he or she is three or four years old, increasing the number of "chores" as they grow older, and have it understood unless they are positively ill they are alone responsible for that labor, however slight, and when they are grown to manhood or womanhood you will find persons who are capable and willing to fill any position in life. Let the boys and girls have their fun and play at proper times and places, but keep them out of the streets; don't let them become rude and bold by the contamination of street influences. And as for the work required of them, it will only give an added zest to their sports.

There is a boy who is my neighbor, who has been brought up in the way I suggest, until now, although less than fifteen years old, and small of his age, he is doing what not one boy in ten of my acquaintance would ever think of doing. One

year ago his father was taken very ill, and all through the long, weary months of summer and early autumn, lay wasting away with consumption, and finally died in the late autumn. No one can know what a comfort and support that boy was to his father through the long months of his illness, or to his mother through the same trying time and the darker hours of her bereavement and sorrow. The chores about the place were never neglected, but were done as the careful father was accustomed to do them, and there were no worries lest their boy should forget or leave cattle or horses to suffer, for he had been trained to faithfulness. Perhaps some have looked on and said, "Too bad, so young a lad to bear such responsibility." "It's too bad to make a man of him so soon." Perhaps he has borne harder burdens than some young shoulders could; but I predict if that lad lives to be a man, he will be one whom his towns-people will delight to honor for his uprightness and integrity, as well as the strong right arm and support of his widowed mother and only sister.

On the other hand I have for my neighbor a young married woman, who from a small child was allowed to have her own way, and when out of school to run and play just as she pleased. She never was required to do anything but this until she was almost a young lady, and then her requirements were of the lightest, and expected to be put aside for the most trivial excuse, and she grew up without responsibility or any fixed habits of industry. She was lively and sparkling in society, and had an abundance of good looks, and had the good-fortune, for her, to marry one of the finest young men of our place. But, poor fellow, what a life she leads him! She is a perfect sloven and "gad about." Her work waits idly for her hands; her house is ever in confusion and disorder, her meals are never ready on time, and when ready are never well prepared; to have a "good time" is her whole object and aim in life. If her husband was not a Christian, I believe he would have left her long ago, or resorted to that other panacea for earthly ills so common nowadays, committed suicide.

Her father groans in agony over her loud, unwomanly ways and habits, but her mother was spared the sight of the fruitage of the tares which she, perhaps in ignorance, allowed to grow, having passed away from earth before her marriage. This last may be an exceptional case, as I hope it is,

but it is as truly the harvest of her early habits of idleness and irresponsibility, as the rank weeds are the growth of foul seed.

Then I say to every mother and father, If you wish to have your children grow up to be honored, useful men and women, teach them from earliest childhood to be faithful and prompt in performance of duty.

Life is too full of solemn realities, and there are too many grand possibilities in it, to send forth upon its fitful, changeful billows children who have no practical idea of the meaning of true manhood and womanhood. Give them this chance of making the most of themselves, and in after years they will "rise up and call you blessed." Only as you fulfill your duty to them in this as well as other directions, can you expect that your sons will grow up as plants in their youth, and your daughters will be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.—*Earnest.*

#### BACKS AND BUSTLES.

I WANT to seat myself in one of the easy-chairs belonging to the assembly—an upholstered chair, please—and tell the crowd all about my folly and its painful consequences. I don't deserve one particle of sympathy, and I'm not soliciting any. I only want to unburden myself and help some poor unfortunate who may be suffering from the same cause. While I have never been strong, I have kept fairly well by wearing loose clothes. My trouble always was a weak back; but I have borne children, washed, ironed, scrubbed, and done all manner of things without suffering the least pain in my back while dressed in my flowing habiliments. In an evil hour, though, I bought a health waist, and pinned thereon a small woven-wire bustle. At the end of three months' constant wear of aforesaid bustle, my poor old back is a wreck, and I'm all undone. We are so situated now that we entertain more of my husband's chums than formerly, and a desire to appear ready for company at all times when they "drop in" on us, made me invest in that disastrous bustle. It doesn't add any more to my appearance or any other lady's appearance than it would to the statue of Venus de Medici; but it's fashionable, and I was foolish enough to conform to a senseless custom.

It was the weight of my skirts pressing that unnatural hump into my back that caused my back to

ache. After taking it off at night, it would be several minutes before I could straighten myself and screw my spine back into its natural shape, as it were. I see so many girls eleven and twelve years of age wearing corsets and bustles; in fact, nine-tenths of them do. If the bustle warps the muscles in an old back like mine, what must it do to the young, unformed backs of those little mothers to future generations?—*Hypatia, in House-keeper.*

#### KNEW IT TOO WELL.

"HAVE you something in the shape of a tonic and strengthener?" inquired a tired-looking man stepping into a drug store. "I've been riding all night on the cars and I've got to brace up for a day's running around the city."

"Yes, sir," says the clerk, briskly, producing a bottle of patent medicine; "there's nothing better than this—'Dr. McSlim's Invigorator'—50 cents a bottle."

"Thunder!" exclaimed the jaded-looking man, with extreme disgust, "I am the manufacturer of that stuff."—*Chicago Tribune.*

*Girl*—"Oh! you men are very mysterious about your secret societies. Guess you don't know we girls have a secret society too." *Man*—"Really, I did not; you have kept your secret well." "Yes, we have one; it was formed last night; but its object is a secret, you know." "I suppose so." "Yes; you see all the members are to be true to each other under all circumstances." "Of course." "And tell each other all the secrets they hear. Isn't it splendid?"—*Sel.*

A NEW YORK customer got a lizard in his pint of milk, and the explanation of the circumstance by the milkman is unique. He says it is the custom of the farmers to put pans of milk in running water to cool before shipment, and the lizard must have made his way from the stream into the pan. This explanation reminds the *Times* of the statement of the African who conjectured that a live chicken in his hat "must have crawled up his trowsers leg."—*Sel.*

HE that pelts every barking dog must pick up a great many stones.

SPEAK well of your friends—of your enemies say nothing.



## AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

No invention of the nineteenth century has worked a greater revolution in household economy, or conferred more of a benefit on humanity than the sewing-machine.

The first productions were crude and uncouth in the extreme, and it was reserved for American skill and ingenuity to bring forth a machine of any practical value.

In order to appreciate the great advancement which has taken place it is only necessary to compare one of the machines built during the infancy of the invention with one of the latest improved "Light Running New Home."

All the really good points contained in other machines have been utilized in its construction. Many new improvements and devices have also been added, the result of which is a machine as nearly perfect as it is possible to make one.

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**HYDROPHOBIA.**—May 23 a man died of hydrophobia at New Albany, Ind. Five weeks before he had been bitten on the hand by a Spitz dog. As the wound was slight, however, and healed in a few days, nothing more was thought of it till a day or two before his death, when symptoms of hydrophobia began to manifest themselves. But medical skill was then of no avail, and the unfortunate man died in great agony. All bites, however slight, are dangerous, and should be promptly cauterized, especially if the wound has not been made through clothing.

THROUGH the courtesy of the author we have received a copy of "Blakely's Parliamentary Rules," a brief but exceedingly comprehensive compilation of the rules governing deliberative bodies, together with the most complete chart ever published. This chart, which, with its explanations, is printed on a single page, 5½x9 inches, shows the relation of any motion to every other motion, and answers at a glance over two thousand questions in parliamentary law. Price, silk bound, 50 cents; pocket edition on parchment, 25 cents. Published by Pacific Press Publishing Company, Oakland, Cal.

THE best primary text-book which we have ever seen on the subject, is "First Book in Physiology and Hygiene," by J. H. Kellogg, M. D., published by Harper & Brothers, New York. We hope that the day is not far distant when this book will find a place in every school in the land. It is a book which makes the subject on which it treats attractive to every child that can read, and yet it is a work which most adults could study with profit. Full particulars as to price, etc., can be had by addressing the publishers.

HE that does good for good's sake, seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

## HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

**BLACK** ink of a good quality may be made from slate-colored Diamond dye dissolved in soft water.

**VARNISH.**—You can make a nice varnish by mixing two parts balsam of fir with three parts of turpentine.

**CANNED TOMATOES IN GLASS.**—You will have no trouble with them if you keep in a perfectly dark place. It is dangerous to can tomatoes in tin.

**KETTLES** or saucepans which get burned in using, may be cleaned quite easily by putting a little cold water and ashes in them, and letting them soak on the range till the water is warm.

**TOMATO TOAST.**—Rub a quart of stewed ripe tomatoes through a colander, place in a stew-pan, season with butter, salt (and sugar, if liked) to taste. Cut slices of bread thin, brown on both sides, lay on platter, add a pint of good sweet cream to the tomatoes, and pour over the toast. Serve immediately.—*Housekeeper.*

**OILING FLOORS.**—Take raw linseed oil (the quantity will vary with the size of the floor) and put on the stove to boil. Scrub your floor clean, and when dry apply the oil with a paint brush, being careful to apply only what the wood will absorb. It will probably need a dozen applications before it is finished satisfactorily, but the oil dries very rapidly. It will seem sticky at first, but after being mopped several times will be all right.—*Leslie Griswold.*

**TO TAN HIDES.**—The following receipt tans hides with the hair on, so they are soft, and will wash like a blanket. Wash the hide carefully in strong cold suds, squeezing it between the hands to get all the dirt from the hair, then rinse well with clean, cold water. Dissolve a half pound each of alum and salt in a little hot water, then put in into a tub with enough cold water to cover the hide; let it soak in this twelve hours, then hang it over a pole to drain. When well drained, spread it carefully on a board to dry, drawing it out several times while it is drying. When it is still a little damp, sprinkle on the flesh side one ounce each of saltpeter and alum pulverized and mixed, then fold flesh sides together and hang in the shade two or three days, turning the under fold out each day until dry. Then scrape the flesh side with a blunt knife and rub it with pumice-stone and with the hands. This will tan sheep-skins, which make such nice rugs.—*T. D., in Housekeeper.*

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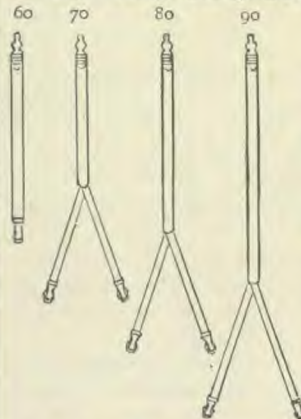
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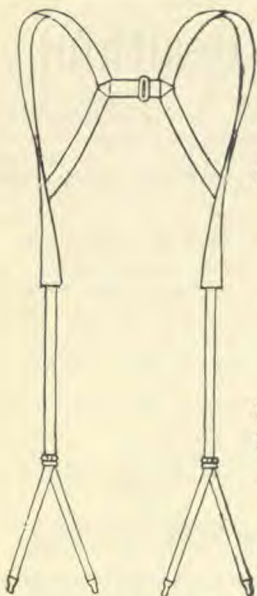
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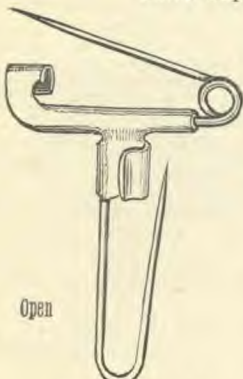


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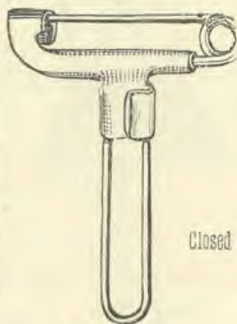
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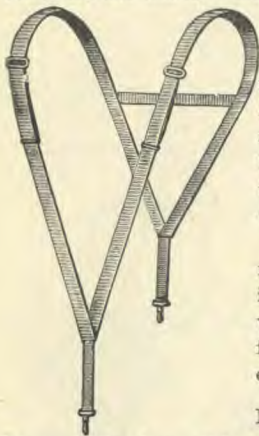


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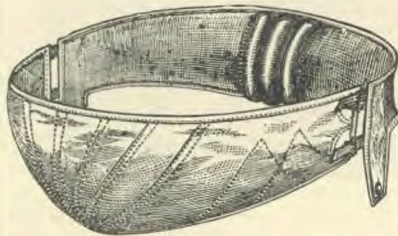
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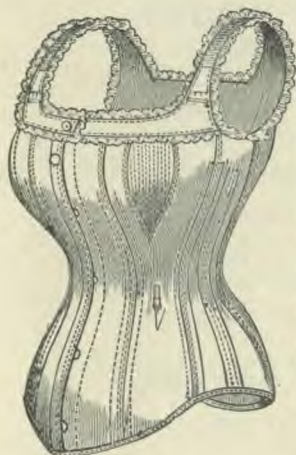
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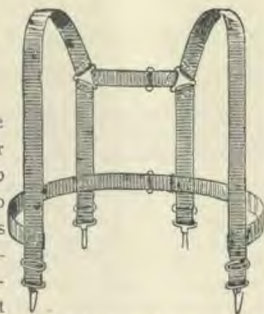
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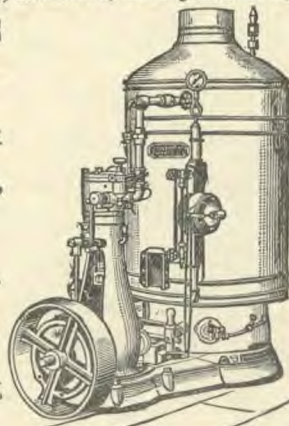
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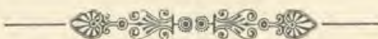
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# ❖❖ A Malignant Ulcer at the Vitals! ❖❖



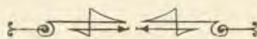
IN order that all may better understand what are the contents of the little work entitled, "SOCIAL PURITY," we give below a short extract from the first pages of the pamphlet:—

"We boast of our Christian civilization. We talk with pride of our foreign missionaries and the conversion of the heathen. We imagine that the glorious millennium is just beginning to dawn, while all the time a malignant ulcer is eating at the vitals of our society. We vainly seek to hide the ugly sore. If one ventures to talk to us about it, we say, Hush! such topics are indelicate; these things are not to be recognized in good society. But the foul cancer of moral rottenness will protrude itself in all its hideous deformity, in spite of our frantic efforts at concealment. And it does not confine itself to the brothel and the gutter; this monster of iniquity—unchastity—rears its vile head in every stratum of society, and among the fairest results of modern culture. A few months ago the Christian world was more than startled by the horrible revelations of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, which gave something of an idea of the ghastly exhibition of vice which stands at the very center of modern culture and civilization, and according to the reports referred to, is even fostered by princes and royal personages.

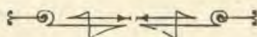
"Nor is this terrible state of things confined to the Old World. So good an authority as Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell tells us that we would 'uncap perdition if we should expose the vices of our great American cities.' Every grade of society is being permeated and corrupted by the most horrible and ineradicable diseases, maladies which have their origin in social impurity. And there are evils still more hidden which are doing their work of physical and moral destruction. Personal impurity is sapping the vital energies, debasing the mental faculties, and blunting the conscience of thousands of youth, who are ignorant of the present and eternal ruin which they invite. Unwarned and unrepentant, thousands are going down into the grave a sacrifice to hidden vices. If I could unfold to you one-tenth part of the iniquity which is covered by a garb of decent respectability in every community, it would seem to you that the days of Sodom and Gomorrah had returned; that ancient Pompeii and Herculaneum had been resurrected from the lava and ashes of retributive Vesuvius; that perdition itself had vomited upon the earth.

"But it is not my purpose to portray the moral corruption of the age. The inquiry which is of greatest importance to us is, What are the causes which have led to this condition of affairs? This is not a fitting occasion for a discussion of all the causes with which the observing and experienced physician is familiar; but I shall undertake to point out a few of those influences which I believe to be active agents in leading the young to lives of impurity. And in what I have to say upon this subject I shall not hesitate to call things by their right names. The time for silence, for timidity, for false modesty, for prudishness, has long passed, and those who are awake to the awful importance of this subject are in duty bound to speak out, and to speak in no uncertain tones, to 'cry aloud upon the housetop,' at least to declare, without circumlocution and without equivocation, the truth, and the whole truth, on every suitable occasion."

The above quotation is from "SOCIAL PURITY," a pamphlet of 40 large pages, with cover. A copy of this work should be in the hands of every young man and young woman in our land.



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